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THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXV.

FOR JANUARY, 1852.

THE POLICY OF NON-INTERVENTION.

To make a bad policy popular, it is necessary to associate it with generous impulses and courageous sentiments. Equally true is it of the wise and sound; good and bad alike require enthusiasm and the warmth of passion to extend them and communicate their power. Society being based upon the hearts of men, if we wish to move it, we must appeal to the passions of the heart; be the cause holy or unholy, it matters not. The same fire impels both.

Such is the power of glory and of sympathy, men will not only rush headlong to certain ruin, destroying all before them in pursuit of some imaginary good, which they are to achieve for others; but they will, with incredible subtlety and patience, fabricate for themselves compact and well-jointed systems of philosophy and faith, whose premises are laid in sheer pride and fury.

The most powerful leader of the people is he who moves them by the mightiest and most enduring of all passions, *the pride of personal liberty*, and who associates this power with emotions of brotherhood and the sanctity of religious faith. These mighty arguments overthrow all the calculations of prudence and of interest. By these only can the *spiritual oneness* of men be made the lever of political enterprise.

Whether the premises of those potent arguments, those magnificent and solid reasonings, by which the great orator, Kossuth, so moves the people, are the subtle contrivances of ambition, or the convictions of an honest mind; whether his appeals to the

pride of personal freedom, the sympathy of national brotherhood, and the sanctity of religious faith, are the rhetorical delusions of a demagogue, or the exhibitions of a truly great and self-sacrificing spirit; whether he is leading us headlong into folly and destruction, or rousing us from a pernicious lethargy; whether the fire of his soul has kindled ours in a vicious or a holy cause; in fine, whether he is making a bad cause popular, by touching the hearts of the people, or awakening in them their ancient spirit of freedom, large, magnanimous, and now *fortunate* in the power of a great empire; these questions, continually asked and agitated, are now, almost to the exclusion of all others, engrossing the attention of the people.

The leader of the Magyars, taken from captivity by the people of the United States, through the agency of their government, from the condition of a humble exile, dependent upon our hospitality, has achieved by his eloquence, delivered in a language foreign to himself, a reputation and an influence here, which leaves no room for wonder at the power he exercised by native eloquence among his own countrymen.

The event of the Cuban invasion, unequalled in the history even of republican valor—five hundred men attempting the conquest of a powerful state, and falling at the last, with a courage worthy of the highest patriotism, like men misled and deceived, and not like buccaneers—had served only to convince the people of the United States.

that their courage and audacity surpassed the consecrated valor of Thermopylæ, and left them without equals for enterprise in the estimation of the world.

This unlawful and unfortunate expedition, which a powerful opposition and the authority of government had been unable to suppress, served as a warning to the more active sympathizers, that in movements of so great magnitude the preparation also must be great, not only in men and arms, but in the public mind. Success in that expedition, had it even revolutionized the island, and rescued the Creoles from the despotism under which they suffer, might have inspired our people with a wild and reckless audacity, and carried us away in a tempest of foreign wars and adventures.

While the horror of the Cuban catastrophe continued to depress and subdue us, rumors reached us of the expected liberation of Kossuth. Our government, although determined to suppress the schemes of our own adventurers, was yet willing to show itself republican before the people of Europe, by giving a rescue to the patriots of Hungary, whose remote position made it seem possible to offer them an asylum, without thereby compromising the policy of this nation.

We were satisfied with having in this manner vindicated our character as republicans, and awaited with complacency the arrival of Kossuth. We received him with acclamations, not only as a republican, but as a man of genius and notoriety, who had been the subject of all tongues in Europe. He, on the other hand, accepted what we offered, with the air of a man quite used to the approbation of a multitude, and returned our salutations in speeches which seemed to develop a *new* policy for the nation.

To the majority of the people, it was mere amazement to hear the language of Hamilton and Jefferson spoken freely and eloquently by the leader of an Asiatic tribe, and breathing anew into their hearts the fire of liberty, the flame of '76. "The people of the Danube were then also freemen, like our fathers, and were enacting a second time the scenes of Concord and Bunker Hill. Their orator, their inspirer and leader, driven by the treachery of a second Arnold into exile, had taken refuge among us, his brothers in spirit and faith, and now beseeches us to become his brothers in arms."

Such was the first impression made by the coming of Kossuth. He gave us no time for reflection. With all the appearance of magnanimity, he accepted what we offered, not for himself, but for the cause which he represented. More than this; he seemed to open anew the principles of our fundamental law, and with sublime reasonings led captive our understandings. From the spirit of our *own* laws, he attempted to establish for us a *law of nations*, and a basis of *republican* diplomacy. He touched our pride and awakened our ambition. He roused the young giant of Democracy out of the uneasy slumber into which he had fallen, after his luckless clutch at the Spanish island. He did not do this after a consultation with our sages and great lawyers, but with native logic and spontaneous eloquence.

If we adopt the principles of the Magyar, we admit also their consequences, with the reservation only that *we ourselves are to decide upon the time and circumstances of their application*.

Kossuth affirms, That sovereign states ought not to be interfered with in the regulation of their *internal* policy.

He adds, That Hungary is a sovereign state, and, consequently, ought not to be prevented by the Czar of Russia, or by any other power, from adopting a republican and constitutional form of government.

That the people of the United States, being themselves a sovereign and independent nation, ought not seem indifferent, when the liberties of any other nation are endangered by foreign intervention.

That in the grand struggle between despotism and constitutional government, it is just and necessary for the people of the United States to recognize the position assigned them by the consent of all nations, as the vindicators of the rights of sovereign states.

That America should no longer be the asylum only, but the stronghold of liberty.

That the efforts of an intelligent and humane people, suffering under oppression, and stimulated by liberty of soul, demand not only the sacred sympathy, but the aid of the people of the United States.

That *combinations* of arbitrary powers against the liberty of single states may be rightfully opposed by equal combinations of constitutional and republican States for their protection; and that the aid extended

to each other by *despotic* governments not only justifies, but necessitates the mutual aid of *republicans*.

That, as the combinations of arbitrary governments against the *liberties of states* are prompted and sustained by the Autocrat of Russia, the natural defender of despotism; it is both *honorable* and *prudent* for the sovereign people of the United States, the natural defenders of state rights, to favor all movements and combinations for their defense.

That the continued and legalized cruelties of despotic governments are more destructive than all the casualties of war and revolution; the duration of human life in Russia being at an average of 25 years, while in America it is 35 years.

That the massacres, confiscations, and imprisonments, ordered by despotic governments for the suppression of the liberties of independent states, ought to be regarded by a nation *who have attained to happiness and power by resistance to foreign intervention*, as terrible calamities, not only to those who suffer, but to themselves; and that the people of the United States, as the natural and able guardians of state rights, ought to interpose their powerful influence to prevent the perpetration of crimes against the laws of God and of nations.

In his reply to a political deputation, he declares that the curtailment of his own rights as a citizen of Hungary by the Austrian government, and his personal sufferings under a despotism, were his first initiation into the great society of freedom, and made him the head and organizer of a constitutional revolution in his native land. He comes before the world, not as a constitution maker, but as one who claims only freedom for his state, after having in person undergone the ordeal of political slavery.

Believing that the first course for the regeneration of Hungary was freedom of thought, he proceeded to write and circulate a journal of the proceedings of the Hungarian Parliament. For this he was three years unlawfully incarcerated, and only set free by the refusal of his Parliament to grant supplies until his sentence should be reversed. From that time forward he employed himself in the political instruction of the people, first by a newspaper, and, when that was suppressed, by lithographed letters, and finally, by social eloquence. By this course

he formed for himself a national party, and became a leader of the people in his native land.

Shut in at length, on all sides, by the jealousy of a foreign government, he turned himself toward the material interests of the people, and was here checked and hindered in the same manner. His countrymen began now to understand him, and to feel an ardent sympathy and respect for his proceedings. His friends became the majority of the nation, and began a system of political and social reform, extending important benefits to the lower and middle classes of the people. The opposition of Austria, and her direct interference in the domestic affairs of Hungary, gave rise to serious difficulties, and finally to a war between the Emperor of Austria and the people of Hungary. The failure of the war is attributed principally to the *intervention* of Russia, directed against the republican tendencies of Hungary, as the Czar himself declared; and secondly, to the treachery of a leading general, whose surrender demoralized and disorganized the Magyar army.

The history of this man is a cycle. At first, a humble citizen, he interests himself as a lawyer in the constitutional code of his nation. That nation was an independent member of the empire of Southern Europe, as the colonies of New-England were of the empire of Great Britain. He discovers alarming violations of the internal law of his nation by the imperial power, whose policy it is to consolidate the members of the empire, under the direct government of the Centre. He becomes an advocate of state rights. He attempts, in public, the vindication of the *internal* freedom of Hungary, against the arbitrary consolidation of the Centre. The power of the Centre imprisons him. His nation releases him. He then discovers the *first secret* of republican liberty, freedom of opinion, violated first in his own person.

Without power to enforce his principle, after many unsuccessful attempts to establish it, he would at least render aid to his countrymen by plans for their material interests. Here, also, he is met by despotism, and discovers, in consequence, the *second secret* of popular freedom, namely: that the citizen should be free in business and industry as well as in opinion.

But one more step is needed for so phi-

losophical a mind, to make him a practical republican; he must assert *the freedom of self-defense, or of arms*. He does so, and is defeated.

Observing that, if it had not been for *combinations* of despotic powers, Hungary would have vindicated her ancient right of self-government, and himself be in the enjoyment of a free citizenship, instead of exile; he considers, *that the freedom of the humblest citizen of a sovereign state is dependent upon the conduct, not of himself alone, or of his companions in arms, but of the entire constitutional and enlightened world*; that there is a membership, a brotherhood of congenial governments, as well republican as despotic; that as despotism had hitherto beaten republicanism in detail, crushing, one by one, the disjointed members of its great enemy, a time must arrive for the union of free states; and when the day of union should arrive, Hungary would be able to maintain her independence, and become a powerful member of the grand fraternity. Acting upon this thought, he makes the tour of the world, seeking every where the aid of civilized nations, and calling upon them to recognize and stand by each other.

Thus do we seem to ourselves to have explained the most wonderful phenomenon of modern days—that the chief of an Asiatic tribe understands the practice and philosophy of the American Constitution; is able to give them eloquent lessons in the purest doctrines of modern polity, the doctrines of state sovereignty, and of the inherent liberty of the citizen.

Here, too, we conceive, must lie the secret of his popularity and power as an orator and writer, in the fact that he derives the great doctrines of American republicanism, not from books, but from personal suffering by their violation.

He is then *no* rhetorician, appealing to the passions of men, in order to obscure their understandings. The motives of his eloquence are *not* based on pride and fury. He has *not* fabricated a system upon false premises, but upon sincere and manly experience. He appeals to us as free men, not to flatter, but to reprove our inattention to affairs in which we have a vital interest; and it is by a truly honest enthusiasm that he overthrows, for a time, all the calculations of interest.

A man without courage or talent could

not have so interested the affections of three powerful nations. Without virtue, he could not have maintained the reputation of a pure and upright statesman. Without genius and originality, he could not have led a party toward national reform; and unless inspired with the great sentiment of patriotism, his own sufferings would not have suggested to him those of his country. There is nothing vain, trifling, or theatric in the man. His exterior is modest, but profoundly serious, and his countenance bears marks of the highest order of reflection. All things considered, Kossuth seems to us by far the most imposing character of this age; a character whose deeds have reacted upon itself, and converted enthusiasm into an earnestness almost superhuman. His coming to us begins an epoch, and throws a new light upon our own future and that of the world. Hitherto we have thought only of ourselves and our internal relations; the time has arrived when we must take our position before the world as one of the brotherhood of nations, and employ our powerful influence for the establishment of a law of nations congenial to our own institutions.

Kossuth is a thoroughly educated and a thoroughly philosophical republican, even amongst ourselves. He declares that there can be no freedom while the central power absorbs that of the citizen, or of the states, or of the municipalities. He speaks of the sovereignty of the people as an individual right, inherent in the citizen, and as that from which all other sovereignty originates. "The People," he says, "must be a sovereign in his family"—by which opinion he abjures aristocracy—"in his country"—by which he would have the central power a mere elected agent of the citizens—"and in his state;" by which he defends municipalities and states from the domination of the centre, and lodges the supreme power in its original source, the heart and mind of every intelligent member of the state. Kossuth seems to be of opinion that there will be no peace in the world while nations are oppressed; that is to say, while the rights of the citizen are denied. He observes that "the cheer of humanity which has greeted him, even from Sweden to the United States, is a revelation of the fraternal, the brotherly sentiment of distant nations," and persuades him that there is a "*solidarity, an identity*, in the destinies of mankind."

Surely, similarity is the principle of union, even among brutes; much more then among men, who in nothing so much associate, and are bound together, as in moral sentiment, in religion, and political feeling. The citizen of republican Hungary is properly in close sympathy with the citizen of the United States, because they are of one mind and one conscience in regard to national affairs, and each regards the other as prospering for the common good, or suffering for the common cause.

The great exile professes to have no regard for his own personal grandeur, but only for the correct representation of principles. Nor does he appear as the attorney or diplomatic ambassador of his nation, representing *interests*, in the capacity of an agent. As he was the first and greatest sufferer in the cause of freedom, he is its proper representative. If the crown of Hungary is ever tendered to him, he can put it aside, and say, "It was the desire of personal liberty, of the freedom of a citizen in his state, that prompted all my conduct. I have attained the height of my desire. To receive a crown would be to resign that for which I gave my life."

He wishes his country to become what it has been, the bulwark of European civilization against Asiatic despotism; the vanguard of freedom against the power of the East, which advances out of Siberia and the Ukraine to overwhelm Europe. Russia is to Europe what Media and Assyria were to Tyre and Jerusalem; what Persia and Tartary have been at times to the entire East; what the Empire of Bajazet once was to the Christianity of the West, when Greece and Hungary defended Italy and Germany single-handed against the Mohammedans.

But the aspirations of the illustrious exile are by no means romantic; he asks help, but he does not demand a crusade. He asks of England and America to reinstate Hungary by aid and protest in their own behalf, and to give her a listed field, and fair play, to make *herself* the champion of state sovereignty in Europe.

The Czar, throughout his empire, commands an army of a million of men, which can be augmented to a million and a half. By extraordinary efforts, he could concentrate a third of this number upon the frontiers of Hungary. The Magyar population have been lately estimated by the Austrians

at more than three millions; and as they are soldiers by profession and preference, a single call will bring an army of half a million into the field of the Magyars alone. It is only by the combination of two great powers that Hungary has been subdued. It was as though England and France had combined together for the suppression of the American colonists, numbering also three millions.

It cannot be denied that the policy of the exile, or, rather, our own acquiescence in that policy, might hasten the general catastrophe of revolution in Europe, and, by a remote possibility, even in the British empire. But we cannot suffer these conjectural catastrophes to stand before us in the path of duty, if that be clear. As a nation, we must regard *our own interests* as the paramount interests of the New Continent; were Hungary obliged thereby to wait ten years longer for her own release. Possibly it is the will of God that Catholic countries shall be always despotically governed. The protestantism of Europe is identical with its republicanism, and it may perhaps be a condition imposed by nature upon men, that they shall abjure the Jesuit before it is possible for them to shake off the despot. The liberal party in Hungary, we are assured, is Protestant; but they are immersed in a majority of superstition, and have the Jesuitical power and the empire (now transferred to St. Petersburg) united against them. If, on the other hand, constitutional monarchy, and not republicanism, is the goal toward which they move, their success in that direction, for a population mixed and discordant like that of Hungary, is perhaps still worthy of the powerful and hearty good will and effectual influence of republics. The existence of such a monarchy would indeed depend upon the character of the sovereign, who might be a Charles X. or an Alfred, with a mighty difference for the nation; destined in the one case to become the slave of Russia, and in the other to be gradually moulded to a form of law and liberty, moving toward the same point, with England and France in company. But upon such points as these it needs but little to *seem* wise, and the knowledge of a god, to arrive at any valuable conclusion.

It is now an open question to the people of the United States, whether they shall or shall not exert their powerful influence in the

cause of state rights and free citizenship for all the world. If they take the position offered to them by all republicans, it will involve them in considerations of not less magnitude than those which occupied the framers of the Constitution of the Union.

Before entering upon the question, whether we shall or shall not exert our direct influence in the cause of state rights and free citizenship—a question which no man shall gainsay our title to agitate and to pronounce upon, in our own honorable right as the equal of all good citizens in the great republic—as a member, by our voice, and whatever ability may be ours, however small, of the governing and sovereign people of America, the mightiest power on which the sun has ever shone—exercising this right, as we desire the glory of our country and are prospered in soul with its prosperity, strong with its strength, and honored in its good name; before entering upon a free discussion of this topic of the century, which hearts more than heads are threatening to decide for us in hot haste, while we deliberate; it is necessary to dispose of certain *moralities*, that have thrust themselves in of late among the great arguments of polity, like ghosts at a banquet.

The doctrine of unconditional peace, and of negro equality, have arisen, to vex and complicate the formation of our foreign policy.

A "Society of Peace" has been formed, which proposes to substitute arbitration for the sword. But there are some things which cannot be submitted to arbitration, such as the freedom of the people and the liberty of states. Arbitration by kings or despotic presidents will not set forward the cause of state rights, nor restrain the arms and diplomacy of a powerful empire. Though "the state of peace be natural to men," so also is the state of war; nor was there ever a good cause without its soldiers and its martyrs. Submission to despotism is the death of manhood, and there are millions, says Kossuth, who would rather die than be enslaved. It seems to us to be a condescension on the part of reasonable men to argue the "peace question," as it is called, at all; when it appears that a "series of resolutions" will not take us into the Millennial epoch. Freedom, like the kingdom of heaven, "is taken by violence, and the violent taketh it by force." Of all nations, those who are readiest to sacrifice life

in the cause of popular or of constitutional freedom, are the longest lived, and the most peaceful and humane in social life. Human life is ten years longer in the United States than it is in Russia. An addition of ten years, from the age of twenty-five to that of thirty-five, the best years of human life, secured to us by our superior freedom and refinement. Had a million of men perished in the war of Independence, that loss of life would have been but a small fraction of the increase of population, and of life itself, consequent upon the freedom of the American States.

Nothing, on the other hand, is more advantageous to a man, and, consequently, to a nation, than a reputation for martial courage; nor is any trait more commonly associated with generosity and delicacy of character. Christianity, the gentlest, has been, since its rise, the most valiant and victorious faith; and its founder has expressly told us that "he came not to bring peace, but a sword."

Republicanism, itself the fruit of war, removes almost all the causes of internal irritation, and, consequently, of civil war, from a nation. But the opposition of its principle to that of despotism places it in an attitude of opposition toward all governments based upon their violation. By their very nature, despotic empires extend their boundaries. Conceding no inherent rights, and acknowledging no liberties, their rulers regard it as a duty, and find it in practice a necessity, to enlarge the circle of their control; and if a power like Hungary rises upon the edge of a despotic empire, imperious necessity urges its subjugation.

For is not republicanism—the acknowledgment of a right inherent in the citizen, not only to govern himself, but to form his state—the most contagious of all systems to the nature of men? Were it once discovered by the subjects of the Czar that freedom adds years of happiness to human life, that it gives splendor to youth, and wealth and wisdom to maturer years; would they not cast themselves headlong into the gulf of revolution, to secure these blessings for their children? They could not be men and do less than that.

In a word, it is not the peace question which at present agitates us, but very strictly the "war question;" and until the sword of despotism ceases to wave as now, naked and glittering over the heads of the people,

the peace question, for republicans at least, is a remarkably futile topic of eloquence. A truce, then, to these idle and, as they waste our time and stultify us, these vicious abstractions. Whether the people of the United States shall throw their powerful influence into the scale against despotism, as the patrons and defenders of state rights, is a question of prudence merely: to do this may be wrong and ruin to-day, and necessity and safety to-morrow. It is a question of time. If it appears that their aid is effectual and beneficial to the cause, the people of America will not fail to render it. Why then have we not already taken a step forward in this direction? Is it because we have been taught from infancy to despise and fear ourselves? Has our education from infancy led us to believe that we are in need of Europe, and not Europe of us? Since the mighty truth has struck them, that the Western Empire is even physically greater, in resources, in wealth, and in military power, than either Britain or the Czar; since they have seen that the stalwart youth whose hand is equally familiar with the axe and the rifle, who knows no master but his God, has maintained, thus far, a silence not of indifference, but of prudence and necessity, in regard to foreign affairs; that the secret of the future is in the heart, not of kings, as in the old time, but of the fiery manhood of the West; the people of Europe look toward America with eyes of supplication, and stretch out their hands toward us and heaven. A veil has fallen, under which the mighty toil of men and angels went on so long in darkness, and the dazzling beauty and vast proportions of the work are at once made visible. The genius of the nation, whose shrines are in the hearts of all just men, advances modestly toward the glorious seat founded for her by the wisdom of our fathers, and, ere she assumes it, looks fearfully upward, as if supplicating the Most High against the pride of her exalted state.

Educated by the literature of Europe, have we not hitherto lived one life and dreamed another? Has not the ridicule of experiment attached itself to our institutions? Have we not fancied our very skin to be a temporary clothing?

Reality has been theory, and fiction the sole thing to be revered. A nation of soldiers such as no battle-field has yet seen, we are awed by the thunder of foreign cannon,

wonder-struck at the spectacle of foreign wars. More intellectual than any nation, we have allowed ourselves to be stultified by Teutonic obscurities, which would merit our contempt, had they risen amongst ourselves. Scientific as it were by nature, and with ease reaching the most labored conclusions of antiquity, we crowd and weaken our mental faculties with foreign criticism. A nation of beautiful women and of men with the vigor and nerve of heroes, we ravin and devour a literature of obese aristocracy. Freed from the vicious circles that hedge in the nobleman, and make him the slave of form and physical delicacy, we establish a puny exclusiveness, confessing our inability to sustain ourselves.

The doctrine of negro equality stumbles us on the very threshold of this argument.

If we assume the position of defenders of State sovereignty, we must cease to interest ourselves in the internal affairs of any State but our own. If, in defiance of this fundamental doctrine, we intervene between the two classes of inhabitants in the Southern States, and make war upon our fellow-citizens, to procure the election of the negro slave to an equality of position with ourselves, it will be a final period not so certainly to the union of the States as to their freedom, after so imperial an usurpation of the central power.

No persons of the sect called Abolitionists, however numerous and patriotic they may be, can favor the movements of Kossuth, if they have a right appreciation of his doctrine. The unnatural violence required for the enforcement of extreme ideas compel all ultraists to assume a despotic tone, and to show a spirit of usurpation.

Leaving all such discussions as, in fact, irrelevant, let us adhere to the guiding principles of State sovereignty. We cannot at once accomplish all the decrees of destiny. The work before us is already too great for our genius and our power.

While we are deliberating whether to give aid to the republics of Europe, the news arrives of the usurpation of supreme power by the President of the French Republic. He arrests a fourth part of the people's representatives; he offers universal suffrage to the people, and a new election for himself.

Every step taken by this man since his election has been a movement toward imperial power. It was the *virtual* suffrage of

the people that made the first Napoleon Emperor, and it seems probable that their *actual* suffrage will confer the same dignity upon his nephew. It is clear the republic of France is a *form* only, while ours is a reality; that is to say, it exists in our individual hearts and wills. We do not establish a republic by our *vote*; it is *already established in us*. We are *born* and educated freemen; our liberties are not conferred upon us, nor outwardly guaranteed to us. *We are* the sovereigns, our rulers only the *agents* of our sovereignty. If a choice were given to us, by "universal suffrage," whether this or that man should be our emperor, we should reply simply, "We have no need of either." In our families, our villages, our States, we exercise sovereignty. "Where, then," exclaims the Frenchman, "is the guaranty of your freedom, the sanction of your laws?" "In our weapons, Messieurs; we are familiar with the use of arms from infancy, and we learn by heart the Declaration of Independence.

In France, all interest and all power emanates from the centre; the people revere Paris, they despise each other, they have no confidence in themselves. Either by nature or through inexperience, they suffer the power of the state to fall away from them toward the centre. In America, on the contrary, each man is the state. *L'état c'est moi*, "I am the state," says the surly Democrat: and he is indeed the state; there is at least no other state. In him lies the family, the sovereignty, the church, and the empire; his heart is a focus of grand passions, and a radiating centre of all powers: and thus are we, the people, a well-founded republic, a well-developed organization, firmest and broadest at the root, whose vitality is in millions of living centres, cohering by spiritual unity.

Our faith in the republicanism of Europe has been shaken by the unfortunate issue of successive French and Italian revolutions. We discover at last that, though the educated talent of Europe is eager to follow our brilliant and successful essay at republicanism, the masses of the people, through ignorance or incapacity, either do not understand or fail to sustain these movements. Society has profited in a thousand ways; population has increased; trade, industry, and knowledge have advanced; but the idea of self-government and individual interest in the

state has not reached the lower classes of the interior.

Were France in danger of the Czar, we could not now offer to engage in a *Republican* war on her behalf. The Czar, it is said, governs France by diplomacy. If it is *true* that the Jesuits, and Emperor of Russia, exercise a joint dictatorship over the French people, through Louis Napoleon, and if it happens that this Louis Napoleon is elected by the universal suffrage of the people of France during the coming year, would any aid of ours be rightfully demanded by a people so little able to manage their own internal interests? To extend such aid against the intervention of the Czar, we must first know that the nation desires it for purely republican ends. To intervene in favor of a small republican party, unsupported by the masses, would be to destroy that party by exciting the hatred of the lower orders against ourselves and it.

But we are bound, as we revere our ancestors and respect ourselves, to propagate the creed of republicanism, and to extend the glory, the knowledge, and the benefits of freedom. How are we to do this?

If we interpose directly in the affairs of other nations, it must be with a definite understanding of the true interests of republicanism in America, where at least it has a solid existence.

Let us suppose again that the news has reached us of a revolution in Great Britain, and we are called upon by a portion of the people of England to assist them in subverting the monarchy and founding a republic. We must be sure before we render aid that we shall not be received as enemies and interlopers by the body of the population, and that this jealousy may not react upon the cause we came there to support. And yet it is our bounden duty, in all things, to sustain the good cause. How, then, are we to do this?

It is necessary to make good the cause at home, or we cannot decently offer aid to it abroad. The failure of our aid would throw us backward with violence into a state of inaction and self-disgust.

By the doctrine of Kossuth and of the Democratic party of the Union, gratuitous intervention in the internal affairs of sovereign states is a crime. Why is Abolitionism a detestable policy? Because it is a policy of intervention.

Why does the Emperor of Russia merit and receive our execrations? Because he is the patron of intervention.

Why do the people of America protest against the intervention of Great Britain in the affairs of the Central and South American states, unless it be that such intervention violates the liberties of states?

If we take the position of defenders of state sovereignty, it must be with the assurance that the doctrine is well and solidly established among ourselves. Before committing ourselves to a war of principle, in behalf of nations on the other slope of the hemisphere, it will be necessary to make a review and inspection of the hither slope.

As far as we are contaminated by the doctrines of *conquest* and of Abolitionism, (and it is claimed by many, that a considerable part of the nation is infected by the one or the other,) so far we are incapable of engaging in a crusade against monarchs for the maintenance of state rights.

While the doctrine of a balance of power arises by necessity among despotic governments, where the predominance of one endangers the existence of all, that of non-intervention, or of state rights, as certainly originates among republics. If rights are inherent, conquest is a violation of their inherence. Hence, we derive our favorite rule of NON-INTERVENTION, forbidding interference in the affairs of sovereign states.

Let it be supposed that the governments of Europe, alarmed at the growing power of America, in the commerce and policy of the world, had formed an alliance against us, and had agreed among themselves upon a system of secret war upon the States and institutions of the Union. They would argue the necessity of such a system, under their own doctrine of a balance of power.

The "Balance of Power," not now for Europe only, but for the civilized world, absolutely demands the breaking up of this immense and dangerous organization, which ought now to be divided into several portions, small enough to be played off against each other.

The doctrine of non-intervention, on the other hand, will compel us to oppose all such inhuman conclusions.

To carry out our doctrine in practice, as before observed, we must begin at home; and having first agreed among ourselves to hold it sacred as a rule of *internal* adminis-

tration, "that every state shall mind its own business," we might then demand of the world that the principle remain inviolate hereafter.

A series of powerful remonstrances, statesmanlike, and altogether high-toned and correct, could not fail to have a powerful effect, when issued by a nation of twenty-three millions, resolved upon "*the maintenance of order.*"

The SANCTION of *our* principle of non-intervention, within our own limits, is the army and navy of the United States, established for the "maintenance of order." "In point of fact," as they say in England, our "rule," without this sanction, would become a dead letter.

Looking now into the policy of administration, in States and municipalities, we find the sanction of non-intervention existing in our State militia, our volunteer companies, and our constabulary force. By these we compel the observance of "non-intervention" between man and man.

It appears to a philosophical eye, as though the entire system of the Republic, domestic and foreign, is, or, for consistency, ought to be, a mere ramification of this root-principle of non-intervention, with the sanctions necessary to its maintenance. The reader will, consequently, understand us, when we suggest that the sovereign people of America, in coming forward before all the world as defenders of their fundamental law or rule, in the affairs of nations, come forward merely as *republicans*.

The rule of non-intervention, with an adequate sanction, would become the cornerstone, or, more properly, the root-principle of a body of international law. That law has hitherto derived itself from monarchical codes, pending the several adjustments of the balance of power, that is to say, during the formation of the great empires of Europe and Asia. The opposition of the two principles, each pretending to be a root of all international law whatsoever, might occasion some confusion in the affairs of Europe, but could only settle and confirm ours upon a more enduring basis. Several ugly factions would probably be annihilated by it in the heart of the Union. The party of *conquest*, of which Mr. Polk was the representative, could not exist. That would be a good result.

If we are indeed to begin a new epoch, as some have proposed, by reconstructing

our foreign policy—in other words, by coming forward as the defenders of non-intervention—we have clearly a work of magnitude to accomplish. For, first, we have to establish for ourselves, in the mind of the entire nation, a true policy of intercourse, not only with monarchies, but with republics. If we rush into this affair without suitable preparation and agreement, we incur the danger of committing vast and horrible blunders, such as only republics commit, like a war without a reason, or a diplomacy of threat without a navy or an army to support it. It must appear, also, that what we do is undertaken in our own behalf, for it is not permitted to nations, much less to empires, to exercise a theoretic or an impulsive generosity. Our naval forces and our arms can be neither given away nor lent without consideration. Our “remonstrances” must be weighty and significant, drawing their strongest arguments from the *salus populi*, the good of the people.

When it is considered that this new foreign policy is to come out as the antagonist of the “balance of power” principle—that is to say, as the enemy of conquest and of despotic intervention—republicanism against a corrupt world; that it is to lay a new foundation and raise a new structure of international law; that we have first to establish it on a sure foundation at home; that it must be tested first among nations, our im-

mediate neighbors, within a few days' sail of us; when all this is considered, and the necessity added of a radical and complete reformation of the consular and diplomatic system of the United States in every climate of the globe; adding to all this a thoroughly organized office of foreign information, to be established at Washington, independent of party, and open at all times to the press and the people;—when all this, we say, is considered, we may with all earnestness urge upon the men of the Whig party—the party of order and constitutional security, the party whose creed is positive and not negative, constructive, not destructive—to consider the impending change; and, if it must come, be determined that the new policy shall be constructed in accordance with those principles which they hold to be vital, not only to their country, but to the cause of freedom throughout the world. It is no longer a time for divisions in the great party of principle. It is time that the great underlying sense and conscience of the nation should be aroused from its present lethargy, and throw off from the surface of society the scum of frothy politicians, who are manufacturing public opinion, and obtruding names for the helm of state in the coming storm, utterly incompetent. The next President of these United States, to be elected in a few months, must be the greatest statesman in the world, if he can be found among us.

CELEBRATED LECTURERS IN PARIS.

VILLEMAIN—COUSIN—GUIZOT—MICHELET—CUVIER.

It was the good fortune of the writer, when young, and at a later period, (one of the happiest recollections of his life!) to have attended the brilliant lectures of the world-renowned Parisian professors. We have had the honor to be personally acquainted and to hold intercourse with many of them, and to collect anecdotes and a correct knowledge of their character and talent. Our account, therefore, may contain something new; and, whatever else it may lack, we can yet vouch for its perfect accuracy.

If a foreigner should inquire, “What exactly are, in this country, *lectures and lec-*

turers?” any American gentleman could give him very proper and full information. An American would be quite at home with the subject. But ask him what they are and how they are managed in foreign countries, and especially in France; unless he has traveled much, it is probable that he may be at a loss for a reply, and that many mistakes should escape from his lips. The reason is, that a great difference exists between France and this country respecting this subject.

In the United States, the lecturers of every kind are numerous—almost as numerous as flowers in the spring. In France,

they are, properly so called, very few. In this country, every one can set up for a lecturer, whatever may be the amount of science, talent, and reputation of which he is possessed, *provided* he be gifted with fluency and copiousness of language. He is almost sure to be welcome, and to meet with public favor and remuneration; for in this country, be it said to our praise, we are fond of *lectures*, and very kind to *lecturers*.

In France, voluntary lecturers can start up on their own hook, as the Yankee phrase is; but they find very little favor and support,—that is to say, money or reputation,—unless they appear before an audience, heralded by highly laudatory recommendations of the press; for every where the flourish of trumpets has, at least for a time, an admirable and magical influence. The real lecturers, however, are the *patented* lecturers, if we may use the expression—that is to say, professors of eminence, who, after a long probation, and proofs of scientific or literary merit, are regularly appointed to a public institution, or a *Faculté des Sciences ou des Lettres*, to give a series of lectures, carefully prepared, upon the branch intrusted to them, and who are entirely remunerated from the public treasury. Every one, either native or foreigner, can attend these lectures without paying a cent. Thus it is that the professor never need feel uneasy about pecuniary compensation, and he has only to take care of his reputation for superior lecturing.

In the United States, moreover, the field for lecturing (and making money by it) is larger and wider. After an experiment of a fortnight or several weeks in some of the large cities, the successful lecturer may pursue a systematic course of travels and peregrinations over the States. Almost every where he is sure to find a taste for science or *belles lettres*, sufficient, at least, to give a few successful lectures, and to gather in his progress a certain amount of reputation and dollars.

In France, it is not so. The field is narrow and limited. With the exception of Paris and some large cities, there is no prospect of very profitable lecturing. Indifference prevails in small towns. In the chief cities of the departments, he would find the patented lecturer (*le professeur de la faculté des lettres ou des sciences*) already established, under arms, and supported by public favor and esteem, more especially because

he is lecturing gratuitously for the community at large. What chance, then, there under these circumstances? The chance of speaking to empty or very thin benches; which is, indeed, neither pleasant nor profitable.

Which is the best of the two systems? It would be out of place here to enter into a full disquisition of their merits and demerits. Both have their advantages and their defects. By the first, favor and encouragement, and sometimes success, are secured to adventurers, to quacks, and charlatans; by the other, the field is narrowed to untried lecturers, and they are smothered at the *début*, though they may be gifted with talent and information. Disheartened by the difficulty, they dare not face a formidable competition, and turn their exertions in other directions—for instance, writing for newspapers, and giving lessons. Hence, the literary or scientific market is overstocked with reporters and sub-editors, who, under other circumstances, might have been successful lecturers.

We recollect that last winter an American gentleman living in Versailles, and writing to a newspaper in this city, somewhat angrily complained of his not having the opportunity of attending various lectures for his evening amusement, and said, in the way of peroration: "Why do they not give us those interesting lectures to which I was accustomed in the States?" He was right in his complaints; but I suspect that, if he had lived in Paris, he would have found there plenty of enjoyment, and plenty of lectures of high interest.

There was, and is still, I think, in Paris, an old and venerable institution called the "Athenæum," where since 1785 there have successively appeared men of brilliant attainments in science or *belles lettres*, and where lectures are given as in this country. But the *stars* have been few; the indifferent lecturers have been almost a legion; and hence the popular favor has never strongly supported the institution, and it is living more on the glorious recollections of the past than on the success of the present time.

Some years ago, a literary gentleman struck on a new and happy idea. Availing himself of his numerous relations with the aristocracy and ladies of cultivated taste, he established *des matinées littéraires*, in which

he lectured on the various branches of literature, reading with a superior taste and skill the most beautiful extracts from poets or orators, giving anecdotes and biographical sketches of the authors, &c. After exhausting the *belles lettres*, properly so called, he delivered a series of historical lectures on France and England. For many years both were quite successful.

But the two great luminaries of science, literature, and learning are to be found in two institutions, entirely supported and paid by the Government, whatever it may be,—*le Collège de France et la Faculté des lettres*, at Paris, with which are connected, as special professors and lecturers, the most distinguished men in every branch. It is on this stage that the illustrious writers, whose names we have prefixed, have appeared, and it is there that they have acquired a great part of the glory and popularity by which their names are hallowed.

The establishment of the *Collège de France* may be traced back to the reign of Francis the First, three centuries ago. It has been modified, enlarged, and perfected, according to the progress of society and science. In our time, there are connected with it twenty-one professors or lecturers, whose duty it is to give, for six months, lectures on the Greek, Roman, French, and oriental languages and literature, upon general history, poetry, eloquence, natural history, political economy, &c. Their chairs are awarded to them for life. They may choose, on account of ill health, or other good reasons, an assistant professor to fill their place, to whom they resign the half or more of their salary. The mode of appointment is wisely calculated to secure a good choice. A professor to the College of France is appointed by the chief of the State from two lists of candidates, the one made up by the professors as a body, the other by the Minister of the Interior. A genuine and public reputation is necessary in science or literature, even to have one's name put upon the list, and, *à fortiori*, to prevail over his competitors. Those two powerful engines in the affairs of the world, intrigue and favor, have very little to do in the selection. "Has such a one published remarkable works?" or, "Has he given proofs of talent and superior acquirements?" These are the sole questions asked. An indifferent selection would be promptly and without fail con-

demned by public opinion. In fact, it would not be attempted.

The *Faculté des Lettres* (a branch of superior learning of the *Académie de Paris*) is under the direct jurisdiction of the Minister of Public Instruction. It embraces from sixteen to eighteen special professors for *les lettres et les sciences*. A professor is appointed by the Minister from a list of candidates made up by the *Corps de la Faculté*. Here the same qualifications are requisite as in the College of France. Here are found the same guaranties of permanency and the same advantages.

By the law of March, 1850, many alterations have been introduced in the system of public instruction throughout France. It has established as many *Académies* as there are *départments*, eighty-six in all. The instruction is superior, secondary, and primary. The superior itself is divided into five *facultés*: divinity, law, physic, sciences, and literature. There are seven *facultés* of divinity, (five Catholic and two Protestant,) 9 for the law, 3 for physic, 11 for sciences, and 13 for literature.

Collaterally to the *Université*, the superior learning is represented by institutions who perform a great part in forwarding the progress of mind and of science. Such are the College of France, the Museum of Natural History, the course of archæology at the National Library, the School of Living Eastern Languages, the School of Vulgar Arabic at Marseilles, the course of astronomy at the Observatory and the *Bureau des Longitudes*, (a scientific committee,) and *l'Ecole des Chartes*.

Summarily, the Faculty of Letters in Paris, and the College of France, constitute the chief establishments for the superior instruction. There has been a period of extraordinary splendor, (it is that, the history of which we intend to relate,) when thousands of enthusiastic young men attended the most profound and brilliant lectures. This time is no more, though many courses are well attended; but none of the actual lecturers have attained the influence or the glory of the former, with one exception.

Among the illustrious men whose names I have prefixed, the first three belong to the *Faculté des Lettres*, the other two to the *Collège de France*. The peculiar period in which the first three rose to so great an influence and distinction begins with Decem-

ber, 1827, and lasted only three years. They reappeared to give lectures, after an interruption of many years, occasioned by the blind and bigoted policy of the old Bourbons; they thus reappeared with the prestige of unjustly silenced and persecuted men. Public opinion was anxious to atone for this persecution, and eager to avenge and glorify the popular professors. Hence, combined with their splendid and really superior abilities, the extraordinary *éclat* which greeted their lecturing, the enthusiasm and influence which they produced throughout France and even Europe.

Two thousand persons, the *élite* of society, but mostly young men between twenty and twenty-five years of age, crowded, long before the appointed hour, in the vast hall of the old Sorbonne, anxiously awaiting the coming of the professor, and when he was seen, they broke out in a perfect storm of plaudits. These lectures, collected by experienced phonographists, were printed by thousands in the shape of books, and spread through all Europe.

Very few literary men have begun their career as splendidly as M. Villemain. At twenty-four years of age, he had obtained many crowns from the *Académie Française*, for eulogiums upon distinguished men, Montaigne, Montesquieu, &c., and had won a celebrated name. The public had been struck with surprise and admiration in finding in the writings of a very young man, scarcely out of college, the purity of taste, the maturity of thought, the superior style and eloquence, which are so rarely met in a *début*. In 1816, he was appointed to the chair of French Literature and Eloquence at the Faculty of Letters in Paris. He signalized his advent to that position by inoculating criticism with a judicious compound of vivacity, imagination, biography, and history; and gradually, as his studies extended over a wider circle, his ideas acquired greater energy and originality, his eloquence became more glowing, and his admiration of intellectual greatness more enthusiastic. His lectures possessed in the highest degree all the attractions of a fascinating conversation.

There are no records of his lectures during the first years after his appointment. Meanwhile, M. Villemain took an active part, at different periods, in political affairs, and in that career exhibited a firm progressive spirit. In 1821, he was called to the *Académie*

Française. His fame reached its highest point towards 1827, at the time he reascended, after an intermission of some years, his chair at the Sorbonne. His eloquence reëchoed through every part of France; each of his lectures became a literary event; every sentence, every opinion, whatever it might be, that fell from his lips, was hailed like the voice of prophecy; his influence was immense. Collected by stenography, these lectures have been printed in five volumes, of which two are on the middle ages, and three on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But the latter century was not completed; and some years afterwards, in 1837, he published two additional volumes, carefully composed in the closet, to supply the deficiency left in the literary history of that age. We will say something hereafter of these two volumes, which differ materially in character from the preceding.

The oral lectures at the Sorbonne seemed to flow extempore. They had in effect the stamp of improvisation,—the *abandon*, the vivacity, the digressions, the flashes of wit or high flights of eloquence, which have so magical an attraction. But we doubt not that they were carefully meditated and prepared, when at home. It was easy to perceive a deliberate order in a seeming disorder. But never did he avail himself of a sheet of paper as a help to memory. He occasionally brought a few volumes from which to make quotations; and yet he was gifted with so wonderful, so well-stocked a memory, that in a great many instances we heard him deliver from memory long extracts from orators or gods, without any hesitation, and with delightful expression and emphasis. He began usually in a conversational manner, calm and dispassionate. But soon the spirit roused up, and his voice assumed an oratorical energy. His voice, sonorous, flexible, and vibrating, was admirably suited to the expression of strong passions, as well as to that of irony and sarcasm. He varied his intonations with a consummate skill; his delivery kept the hearers in breathless delight. And when it is recollected that from these lips burst forth ingenious thoughts, witty allusions, profound reflections, brilliant and unexpected expositions, it will be easily conceived how attractive and powerful was the lecture. His fluency and felicity of language was extraordinary. He found always, as by inspiration, the proper or imaginative word,

to give to a sentence the utmost strength or elegance. He excelled in biographical sketches, in parallels, in great characteristics of a literary period, as well as in what the ancients call the playfulness of an orator, consisting of the attractive anecdote and the jocular sally.

Those alone who have heard M. Villemain can bear testimony to the brilliant variety of his words, to the deep and impressive intonation of his voice, to the playfulness of his allusions, to his eloquent and compressed action, and to those numerous instances when his soul, heaving like a wave ready to burst, pauses and calmly subsides, resuming the dignity becoming a lecturer, and leaving an ineffable thrill of pleasurable emotion in the mind.

He was fond of relating anecdotes to illustrate the wit or character of celebrated men. They were short, lively, and told *en passant*. This kind of dainties relished very well with the audience. One day, he was speaking of Voltaire, and of his wit, always ready with ingenious and sarcastic replies, so characteristic of the man. "An Englishman," said he, "after travelling over Switzerland, came one fine morning, with a proper introduction, to pay him a visit at his *Château de Ferney*. The gentleman was a scholar, and the conversation took a literary turn. The traveler said he had had the honor of being introduced to M. de Haller, and he had been very much pleased with him. 'M. de Haller!' exclaimed Voltaire, forgetting that at this very time there was a coldness between them, 'M. de Haller! he is a great man, a superior man, Sir! great poet, great scholar, profound naturalist!' The Englishman waited till the eulogy was over, and then candidly said: 'This is very fair and creditable to you, Sir, for I know that M. de Haller has the misfortune of not speaking in such fair and high terms of you.' 'Alas!' smartly replied Voltaire, with a peculiar smile, 'perhaps, my dear Sir, we both are mistaken!'"

Speaking of the wits and of the accomplished courtiers of the eighteenth century, he related the following:—

"The Count of Narbonne belonged to the highest nobility. Though he was a friend to liberty and reformation, he was carried out to foreign countries by the torrent of emigration and the exigences of his birth. He came back to France during the

first years of the empire of Napoleon. The Emperor welcomed him in the most gracious way. 'Well,' said he, one day, in a private conversation, 'you have lately left Germany; how did you leave your mother affected towards me? I have been told that she cordially detests me. Is there any hope that she will ever love me?' 'Sire,' replied the Count, with a respectful bow, 'it may be that her feelings are still confined to high admiration.' Could it be possible to find a more felicitous reply, to show respect both to truth and to high rank?"

Speaking of England one day, he long expatiated upon the genius of the nation; the far-sighted and skilful government, the wonderful increase of power and wealth, in spite of the tremendous struggle and war which she had sustained against France for twenty-five years. "Look at the present situation of England," said he. "What is it? Under the influence of her representative and free government, and through the most able and efficient administration, she has triumphantly emerged from this terrible warfare, which was very near hurling her to ruin and destruction. Look at what she is now in Europe, and throughout the globe! Her conquests and possessions have so much increased, that she is everywhere present and powerful! It was formerly said of Portugal that 'the *accessory* of its empire was in Europe, and the *principal* scattered over all the world.' This, in the decayed prosperity of Portugal, is no longer true; but it is strictly true, if applied to England. She can boast, as Spain of old, that the sun never sets upon her dominions. To-day, she rules an immense colonial empire, which embraces one hundred and thirty millions of inhabitants!"

"Take a map of the world: you will find England proudly conspicuous in almost every part of it. In America, she has under her domination the northern portion of the continent, Canada, New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia; the greatest part of the West India Islands, Honduras; in Africa, the fine colony of the Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, Gambia, and Mauritius; in Asia, the splendid and immense India and Ceylon, with one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants; in Oceanica, New South Guinea, Van Diemen's Land, Western and South Australasia, and New-Zealand; in Europe, Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and the Ionian Islands! She has

almost encircled the globe with an uninterrupted chain of forts, factories, settlements, possessions and colonies, over which runs, like the electric fluid, the spirit of this mighty nation. And do you know how much time it took to conquer, to organize, and to secure this gigantic colonial empire? Hardly one hundred years! A wonderful, prodigious, and immense achievement!"

The professor had delivered this *tableau* with so much spirit and eloquence, (and alas! after twenty years, I can find only in my brain a faint and languid sketch of it,) that here he was interrupted by enthusiastic applause; upon which, assuming a stern look, he said, in a grave, but with half bantering smile: "Gentlemen, I should be much pleased to know if it is *me* you intend thus to applaud, or the colossean and wide-spread power of our proud rival, which I tried to delineate as an historical fact." The audience broke into a laughter, with new plaudits, and the lecturer passed on to other topics.

The originality of M. Villemain as a critic—that originality which elevated him to a position unequalled in France—was of a lofty character. Before him, criticism kept in a special narrow path, aiming solely to teach the art of writing correctly and of expressing thoughts rationally; or, if it exceeded the prescribed limits, under pretense of deducing the laws of nature, it fell into the strangest aberrations. Before him, it was either cold, didactic, and fettered, like that of Laharpe, or lyrical and highly paradoxical, like that of Diderot. He opened new and higher paths; he effected a great revolution in the history of literature.

In what consists the excellence of high critical literature? Undoubtedly in combining a profound and comprehensive knowledge of history with great powers of imagination, in order to vivify the past. Criticism must follow the tide of ages, marking not only the vigorous intellects that speak with the action and tone of their nation and epoch, but also the political condition, whose practical influence is so powerful and universal on the development of genius. The critic, in following the stream of time, must alternately fix his eyes on the ruins he passes by and the abodes of the living; he must listen to the tumult that arises from the cities now flourishing, and note also the traces left on communities by preceding ages. Criticism, thus understood, is the history of in-

telleet; it is history elucidated by the progress of arts and letters; it becomes a vast picture, presenting within its frame a succession of illustrious individuals, renowned in their day for their deeds or writings, together with all that has happened in the world, attended by striking and important effects, thus forming the most instructive *ensemble* that can be offered to the study and contemplation of mankind. Nations succeed each other; governments are established and fall to the ground; great battles have been fought in every era; all these worldly commotions reëcho from the powerful intellects of each period, insomuch that criticism, or the history of letters, is the most animated part of history itself. When nations have disappeared from the earth, the literature that survives them serves as the beacon to guide explorers in the path of discovery and research.

M. Villemain was the first to feel that mere scholastic and literary inquiry could not satisfy the demands of our time, so aspiring in its objects of study, and so deeply agitated by political passions. He was the first to blend political science with art, to seek what had been the influence of an epoch on a writer, and, availing himself of a profound knowledge of history, of antiquity, and of several modern literatures, to draw historical pictures of a period, and to appreciate, with the searching impartiality of philosophy, the life and genius of an author. History with him vivifies the imagination, and rhetorical precepts form but the ground-work of the picture.

M. Villemain possessed abundant sources of knowledge for his critiques, and what he drew from them, skilfully combined, formed the great material of his literary eloquence. The first of those sources consisted in a profound knowledge of antiquity and of classic authors. The second was derived from an arduous study of the Fathers of the Church, who may be said to form the Christian antiquity. After having abundantly nourished his genius with those inestimable and inexhaustible remains of human intellect, the third mine he worked was England—Milton, Shakspeare, and the English orators. Germany was overlooked. In fact, M. Villemain had, by his investigations on England, imparted an impulse so great to the study of English literature, as to be justly deemed a mighty step for France, a country that had

before been so exclusive; and a knowledge of Germany is only now beginning to be generally appreciated among writers. The fourth and last, but most prolific source of M. Villemain's criticisms lay in his immense historical studies; he has plunged into all the darkness of the middle ages, and proved himself as erudite an historian as able and sagacious a critic. Such is the vast stock of knowledge whence M. Villemain drew the multitude of parallels, the luminous illustrations, which characterize his lectures on French literature.

At the time when he gave them, the republic of letters was violently distracted by the strife of classicists and romanticists. He preserved a medium between the rival schools. Although praised by the latter, he has not shown himself duly sensible of their eulogiums; for, in his lectures on the seventeenth century, he often throws out indirect but warm reproaches on a school that had spoken irreverently of the polished language of Louis the Fourteenth's time, and even of the magnificent style of Bossuet. On the other hand, his propensity to extend the circle of literature and of language, his evident partiality for some of the most decided modern innovations, clearly absolve him from the imputation of being blindly opposed to all efforts for breaking the fetters of the old school.

His opinions on the eighteenth century steer equally clear of the fervent admiration entertained by many for the philosophy of that period, and, on the other hand, of the furious wrath with which it is regarded by the brethren of the modern Catholic school. Whilst sentiments and ideas remain in such conflict as at present, there is nothing so difficult as to form a candid judgment, a fair appreciation of that extraordinary epoch. The historical critic could not fail to apprehend the great mission of this century as an intermediate agency to terminate all that belonged to the middle ages, and to prepare the way for modern society. All the thinkers of the eighteenth century were heralds of the new era; but M. Villemain scarcely seems sufficiently convinced of the error of many of those philosophers who labored to involve in one common destruction institutions founded on piety and faith, and abuses that had become burdensome and oppressive; and, however studious his efforts to attain a strict impartiality, he is nevertheless often

under the influence of the men he judges, and is partially dazzled by the splendor of their talents. We think him deficient in religious feeling, and, for that sole reason, we consider that his works are not destined to exercise a lasting influence on future generations.

When M. Villemain takes up the pen, he ceases to be the literary orator; he no longer possesses the same vivacity nor the same style. When he writes, his phraseology is, no doubt, more polished and perfect, fitting the thought with precision; but it bears at the same time a character of frigidity or rather paleness, when compared to the vivid animation sparkling in the oral lectures. Furthermore, in general, the written style of M. Villemain is of the utmost correctness, elegance, and brightness; but it is somewhat deficient at times in energy, pithiness, and vivid and soul-inspired eloquence. This is the case in the two additional volumes of M. Villemain, published within the last few years, on the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, they breathe a spirit of wholesome criticism, and abound in admirable disquisitions. There are some delightful pages on Vauvenargues, whose lofty and pensive soul is wreathed in the purest virtue; some remarkable ones on Rousseau, who is tenderly treated by the critic, notwithstanding the few partial chidings he addresses to the philosopher of Geneva towards the close of the chapter. Secondary names, as Prevost, Rolin, Louis Racine, D'Aguesseau, &c., are often revived with a peculiar charm and full appreciation of their merit.

After the Revolution of 1830, M. Villemain was transferred from the stage of Sorbonne to a higher, more splendid and influential, but somewhat dangerous theatre—politics and administrative station. He became a peer of France, Minister of the Public Instruction, and a man of political eminence and importance; but he was no longer a brilliant lecturer at Sorbonne, though he retained among his titles that of professor. The storm of 1848 having swept away the Chamber of Peers, M. Villemain renounced the political scene, to live in a quiet and literary retirement. He has scarcely attained the age of sixty. May he avail himself of his leisure to prepare and to perfect, for the enjoyment of his admirers and of the literary public, a new book of the same stamp as the former!

J. CH.

SOME SHAKSPEARIAN AND SPENSERIAN MSS.

THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE.

HALES was a contemporary of Shakspeare, and disinterested; and if his opinion of his learning had been positive, it would have been entitled to the utmost deference. It is, however, any thing but conclusive; for it is put forward as a purely hypothetic case. "If," said he, speaking of Shakspeare's learning, "if he had not *read* the classics, he had likewise not *stolen* from them;" [a sly hit, by the way, at Ben Jonson;] "and if any topic was produced from a poet of antiquity, he [Hales] would undertake to show somewhat on the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare." Of this testimony we make the opponents of our poet's learning a generous present. Next comes Milton; but might not the same thing, with equal truth, be applied to himself, without the slightest impeachment of his profound acquaintance with the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, as it was then known? The "wood-notes wild" of "Fancy's child" are as distinctly to be heard in the "Comus," the "Arcades," the "Lycidus," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso" of Milton, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Winter's Tale," the "As You Like It" of Shakspeare; and in neither case do they derogate from the scholarship of the respective poets. Rowe's opinion, founded on a vague tradition, inconsistent with the well-known facts of the case, and picked up some century too late, is a mere inference of prepossession, and is worth nothing; and as to Dr. Farmer's essay, it is really surprising how very little it contains seriously affecting the question at issue. We shall return to it presently more in detail; meanwhile, we must observe that the received opinion of Shakspeare's ignorance of the learned languages is far from having the general assent of the critics. Men of competent learning and observation have declared in favor of his erudition, however acquired; and were a true finding to be taken from the votes of the majority, the verdict would run in his

favor. Thus, Pope and Theobald, consenting in nothing else, agree in assigning him a considerable quantity of classical learning. Upton, a man of deep and critical erudition, carried his belief of our poet's scholarship perhaps to an excess. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonson, unswayed by partiality for his own hero, wrote a very able defense of his rival's skill in the languages; and the elder Colman, the translator of "Terence," found evidence in the works of Shakspeare enough to convince him that the author was not deficient in classical attainments. Authorities such as these, and so numerous, ought at least to suffice to set the reader's judgment in *equilibrio* until he shall have time to examine the question for himself; and we believe that nothing more is necessary than an unprejudiced examination of his works, to lead to the conclusion that our poet was, to say the least, as well acquainted with the writings of the ancients and such other branches of human learning as are cultivated in colleges, as if he had been a university student. We do not arrogate for him the highest attainments in the learned languages. We would not compare his learning with Thomas Heywood's, and admit him to have been as inferior to Ben Jonson in scholarship as Ben himself was probably inferior to Dr. Farmer; but, with those exceptions, we maintain (and the matter is capable of critical proof) that his works exhibit him a better classical scholar than any of his dramatic contemporaries,—Greene, Marlow, Peele, Lodge, Lylie, Nash, Duher, &c., &c.,—though they were all members of one or other of the universities, and many of them of both. We have neither time nor space for such a comparison here; nor, in fact, could it be made in any way so satisfactory as by a perusal of the productions of those worthies, contrasting them with these of our poet throughout; but whosoever will encounter such a task (as we have incidentally done) will not fail to come to the same conclusions as ourselves. If, then, he

had more learning than those who got credit for learning, merely because they could write themselves, on the title-page of any book, comedy, tragedy, tale, or poem, "*In artibus magister unius, vel utriusque Academicæ*," why should we not admit our poet, through the opening made for him by his contemporary, the author of "The Polemanteia," into the groves of Academus, and believe that he as well as they had received a university education to qualify him as a poet; that he, as well as others of his time, had prefaced the eating through of his terms at Grey's Inns or the Temple by sizing for some terms at either Oxford or Cambridge, to qualify himself for a lawyer?

His works are, in fact, a spacious garden, every where abounding in such flowers and fruits as are cultivated in universities, and nowhere else brought to such maturity. He appears, indeed, to have been a universal scholar, versed in all the knowledge and philosophy of his times; and, more than any other man on record, perhaps, realizes his own portrait of the madcap Prince of Wales:

"Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate;
Here him debate of commonwealth affairs,
And you would say, It hath been all in all his study.

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter," &c.

Let him be tried, we would add, by his skill in the art of reasoning, in metaphysics, ethics, morals and criticism, by his purified taste and cultivated judgment, and he will be found—if to those arts we can add a knowledge of the ancient languages—to have been deficient in none of those branches of learning in which an academic course makes men proficient.

But that to his undisputed attainments as a scholar his more disputed claims as a master of the learned languages may be confidently added, will, we think, be admitted without reserve on a candid and unpreposessed consideration of the following circumstances:

1. His thorough acquaintance with the whole of the ancient mythology, and the ease and propriety with which he avails

himself of it to illustrate and embellish his subject.

2. The affluence of Latin derivatives with which, whether first introduced by himself or adopted from the current stock then in use, he has enriched the poetical language of his country.

3. His quotations from the Latin classics, numerous, and always appropriate.

4. His frequent translations, in the ordinary current of his text, of passages from the ancient poets, rendered in a style which, for fidelity and elegance, may challenge the best of Ben Jonson's.

5. His having dramatized many Latin and Greek subjects, and executed his task with such general historic truth, such propriety of national manners, such freedom and yet such accuracy, such boldness, together with consistency of character, (consistent, we mean, with the original models of Greek and Roman story,) as appear of necessity to imply an extensive and familiar acquaintance with the ancient literature in which those stories, scenes and characters are to be found.

6. And lastly, (listen to this, ye critics and commentators!) he knew and practised the law of the dramatic unities as well and as exactly as the most rigid Greek or Roman of them all; and his apparent departure from them was the result of deliberate judgment and choice.

His competency, however, in all those respects has been more or less questioned by the commentators in occasional notes, by the biographers in their memoirs, and by Dr. Farmer in a formal essay. Believing them all to have been carried away by their prepossessions, we shall endeavor to set them right by a more candid enumeration of facts. For the sake of greater distinctness, we dispose of the several objections, in the order, and under the heads of the foregoing classification.

1. His mythology.

In this respect, very few—if any—errors, and those of a trifling amount, are to be found in his works; and if he sometimes appear to vary from an ancient authority, it is only where the ancients varied among themselves, or the established practice of more modern scholars led him astray. Even Farmer has not caught him tripping under this head, and the only serious instance that I can recall to remembrance of his departure from the ancient *mythe* is probably rather

the copyist's or the printer's mistake than his. It is where Falstaff's page, rallying Bardolph on the rubicundity of his face, calls him a "rascally Althæa's dream," and explains his meaning by saying that "Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand," &c.* Now, it was Hecuba who dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, of which, we have reason to think, Shakspeare could not have been ignorant; and Althæa's firebrand was a real one, of which we know he was perfectly cognizant. The page's jest is an obvious allusion to a passage in a very popular poem of George Peele's, entitled, "The Beginning, Accidents, and End of the War of Troy," and published in 1589. Speaking of the birth of Paris, and his mother's alarming prognostications, the poet observes:

"Behold, at length
She [Hecuba] dreams, and gives her lord to understand
That she should soon bring forth a firebrand,
Whose hot and climbing flame should be so great,
That Neptune's Troy it would consume with heat."

Coupling the thought conveyed in those lines with the sarcasm of the page, and with the droll imagery of a similar character, in which his master elsewhere plays on the countenance of the aforesaid Bardolph,† there can be scarcely a doubt but that the allusion refers to the passage, and that Shakspeare was thus (if no otherwise) aware of who the person was that dreamed the dream; and we

* 2 Henry IV., ii. 2.

† 1 Henry IV., iii. 3. Bardolph's face was the subject of much merriment to master and man. That which the page ridicules as the *firebrand* which Hecuba dreamed of, is by Falstaff caricatured into the "*lanthorn on the poop*" of an admiral's ship; its owner is "the Knight of the *Burning Lamp*;" it "reminds one of *hell-fire*, and Dives that lived in purple, for there he is in his robes, *burning—burning*;" to swear by it would amount to swearing "by this fire;" it is "*an ignis fatuus*;" a *ball of wild-fire*;" it is as good against darkness as "*links and torches*;" it is a "*salamander maintained with fire*;" and when Sir John declines complying with Bardolph's wish that "it were in his belly," on the ground that "so he should be sure to be *heart-burned*," is not the allusion to a similar fate impending over Troy, from the indwelling of Hecuba's metaphorical firebrand, pointed and complete!—that firebrand, Paris, to wit,

"Whose hot and climbing flame should grow so great,
That Neptune's Troy it would consume with heat:
And, counsel taken of this troublous dream,
The soothsayers said that not swift Simois' stream
Might serve to quench that fierce devouring fire
That did this brand 'gainst town of Troy conspire."

—See *works of George Peele*, by the Rev. A. Dyce, London: 1838; ii. 92.

may be the more certain of this, inasmuch as the author of this Tale of Troy was a fellow-dramatist, and a fellow-sharer in the Blackfriars theatre, together with our poet, in 1589, the very year in which the poem was published. But that he was fully aware of the story of Althæa's brand, that it was no dream, but a reality, we have under his own hand, in 2 Henry VI., i. 1, where he alludes to the story as it really ran in the ancient legend:

"York.—Methinks the realms of England, France,
and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burned
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon," &c.

Seeing, therefore, that our poet was aware that Hecuba, and not Althæa, was the person who dreamed of the firebrand, we do not hesitate to ascribe the error to the ignorance of the copyist or printer, and would, without scruple, recommend the correction to be inserted in the text of any future edition.

2. The Latinities of his diction.

In no instance whatsoever, under this head, has he been found wanting; and although, in numberless cases, he has employed Latin derivatives in senses not familiar to our modern use of them, still he will be found to have employed them in the exact vernacular sense which they bore in the Roman idiom. Would a man uncertain of his knowledge have ventured to commit himself on such a vein of language? Or could a man ignorant of the various and delicate shades of thought conveyed by peculiar words have carried on the practice through works so voluminous as his, and not have left behind him some slips to betray his presumption? Impossible, we should think. But, as he stands unimpeached on this subject, we may dismiss it, and proceed to the consideration of others, on which his competency has been more questioned.

3. His quotation of the Latin poets.

4. His tacit translations from the same.

We have carefully looked through Farmer's essay as the general repertory for objections upon these heads, but have found his charges so shadowy and fugitive as to leave us nothing to grapple with. Theobald may have been pedantic and Warburton fanciful in spying out recondite beauties and allusions; Upton may have "seen in Shakspeare more than Shakspeare knew;" and Whalley

given the credit of design to mere coincidences of thought and expression; and in the detection of such false criticisms lies the scene of Farmer's triumphs. And in such he has rendered yeoman's service to both learning and Shakspeare. But is Shakspeare to be answerable for the absurdities of his commentators? Deducting such triumphs, however, there is exceedingly little in the celebrated essay to affect the character of our poet as a scholar competent to the modest display of learning which his works exhibit. His quotations, as we have observed, are correct and applicable. What though some of them may have been cited by others where he *may* have found them? May he not as well have found them in their original places? Nay, must he not have understood their meaning and applicability wherever he found them? If it be an impeachment of any man's learning to prove that passages which he cites from the ancients have been cited before, then is not the reputation of almost every modern scholar in danger? then, would even Dr. Farmer himself come through the critical ordeal unblemished? We trow not. Passages cited by two or more persons may have been, in every instance, drawn from the fountain-head; and if so, it makes no difference which of them carried away the pitcher first.

But Farmer maintains the utter incompetency of our poet to taste of those waters. "He remembered," quoth the critic, "*perhaps* enough of his schoolboy learning to put the 'hig, hæg, hog' into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans, and might pick up, in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian; but his studies were most demonstratively *confined* to nature and his own tongue." To account, however, for some longer and stronger excerpts from the Latin poets, the Doctor is fain to insinuate the facilities afforded by the various *excerpta*, *sententiæ* and *Flores*; and yet is fain to content himself with the adduction of a single instance in which, as well as in others, it is contended that the poet was indebted to his Lilly's Syntax. The case is this: In "The Taming of the Shrew," Act i. sc. 1, *Tranio*, advising his master *Lucentio* how to deal with the sudden love with which he has been inspired, quotes from the "Eunuch" of Terence a line,* not

Redime te captum quam quæsas minimo.

as it appears in the poet, but as it is given by the grammarian; it is also quoted, as he adds, in the same form by Udall, in his *Floures for Latin Speaking*, gathered out of Terence, (1560;) upon which the learned Doctor triumphantly observes: "The quotation from Lilly in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' if indeed it be his, strongly *proves the extent of his reading*. Had he known Terence, he would not have quoted erroneously from his grammar." This is surely a *non sequitur*: he might have done so for a purpose; and if we consider that the line is thus put into the mouth of a servant who is attending his young master to the university, we see abundant reason and propriety in selecting the book of accident for the authority, rather than the original work of the poet. But we deny the inference of its showing the extent or the probable extent of our poet's acquaintance with Terence. The passage is quoted in the same form by Thomas Decker, a contemporary dramatist, in his "Bellman's Night Walk," &c.; and although we cannot say for a certainty that Decker was a university man, yet we may rest assured that he was a Latin scholar, capable of having read Terence in the original and of quoting him thence, by the number of very creditable Latin poems with which he has interspersed his pageant on the public entry of King James and his Queen into London, in March, 1603.† For any proof, therefore, which the passage affords of Shakspeare's incompetency in Latin, it is just as pregnant with reference to Decker. But against Decker it does not hold good; how, then, can it be held valid against Shakspeare?

"It is scarcely worth while mentioning," says the learned Doctor, "that two or three more Latin passages, which are met with in our author, are immediately transcribed from the chronicle before him."‡ Then why mention them at all, or why bring forward the second especially as an instance of our poet's double barbarity—his ignorance, to wit, "of two very common words in the French and Latin languages?" Suffice it to say, that

* Preface to 2d edition of the Essay, &c.

† "In terram salicam mulieres ne succedant."—HENRY V., i. 2.

‡ Notre très cher fils Henry, roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France; and thus in Latin: *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Anglia et hæres Franciæ*.—HENRY V., v. 2.

both passages are honestly and openly copied from Holinshed, in his own words; and there is no need in the latter instance to protect either the historian or the poet from the imputation of ignorance, by supposing *præclarissimus* a typographical error for *præcarissimus*, the translation of "*très cher*." Malone admits that in all the old historians he had seen, as well as Holinshed, he found the same version of the title. It is, therefore, probable that the two titles may have been considered distinct and different, one to be used when the French king wrote to his son-in-law in French, and the other in diplomatic papers written to the English king in Latin. It is true that this must have been a misconception, for in the original treaty of marriage, the Latin word is rightly *præcarissimus*; but the distinction between a French style for private use, as it were, and a Latin style for public, receives in that document sufficient countenance to justify those who, without having seen the original, may have thought the variation between *très cher* and *præclarissimus* intentional. And this we conceive sufficient to explain why Shakspeare must not "indisputably have thought it proper to correct the blunder, had he been acquainted with both the languages."

Let us now briefly advert to his tacit translations from the Greek and Latin poets. They are numerous but not ostentatiously scattered throughout his works, and many of them are of extreme fidelity and elegance. This practice has been thought a merit in Ben Jonson, and a considerable collection of such beauties has been made from his works by Mr. Upton.* Similar collections—but still very far from complete—have been made from Shakspeare, by Upton and Dr. Whalley; and though neither may have succeeded in every instance to establish his point, enough still remains to show that our poet too was a felicitous and skilful translator; sometimes more elegant than Jonson, and never so verbal and unidiomatic. We meet in Shakspeare no such uncouth and unintelligible Latinisms, "give them words," by way of a translation of or equivalent for Horace's expression of "*dare nobis; verba*;"† but in all Jonson we find nothing more striking and true to the sense of the original,

and the idiom of both languages, than the rendering of the following passage from Horace:

—"ut piget annus
Pupillia, quos dura premit custodia matrum,
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora."

In the English of Shakspeare:

"She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long wintering out a young man's revenue."‡

Many illustrations, equally good, of our poet's competency to translate or paraphrase the ancients successfully might be adduced; but we must refer for them to the selections already mentioned.† What we would observe upon in Dr. Farmer's treatment of them is, that he unfairly seizes on the misconceptions or hyper-refinements of the critics, and, having easily exposed their fallacy, leaves the genuine flowers transplanted by the poet's hand quite untouched, but still under the suspicion that their beauties would in like manner vanish if scrutinized with the same jealousy.

Had the Doctor confined his criticism to Shakspeare's positive failures, rather than gathered triumphs from the mistakes of his critics, he would have displayed more critical candor. "But," quoth he, "*the sheet-anchor holds fast; Shakspeare himself has left us*

* Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1.

† We must make room for one exception. Shakspeare appears to have paraphrased, happily enough, a passage in Anacreon. The lines in Timon of Athens, beginning,

"The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea," &c.,

has all the air of a free translation of the famous *chanson à boire* of the Teian bard, commencing with

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει—κ. τ. λ.

But no; Farmer now adheres to the version of Ben Jonson's invidious assertion, which represents our poet as having (not *less* Greek, but) "*no* Greek;" and rather than acknowledge him learned enough to read Anacreon in the original, is fain to neutralize a former illustration of his own. We have just seen how, from the words *très cher* and *præclarissimus*, in Henry V., he pronounced him ignorant of French and Latin; with a strange inconsistency, we now find him reversing the argument, and assuming his ignorance of Greek, because there were two pre-existing translations in Latin and one in French, of the ode in question. But if Shakspeare knew, according to the former argument, neither French nor Latin, how is his knowledge of Greek impeached by the pre-existence of those translations?

* Remarks on Three Plays of Benjamin Jonson, &c.: London, 1749.

† Volpone, i. 4.

some translations from Ovid. . . . This hath been the universal cry, from Mr. Pope himself to the critics of yesterday. Possibly, however, the gentlemen will hesitate a moment if we tell them that Shakspeare was *not* the author of these translations." Nor did he ever pretend to be so. They were ascribed to him by a fraudulent publisher; by him disclaimed with indignation at the publisher's presumption, and were finally reclaimed by Thomas Heywood, the real translator of them.* If Dr. Farmer, however, had rightly considered the circumstances of this fraud, he would have found in them something rather unfavorable to his own hypothesis of Shakspeare's character for want of learning amongst his contemporaries. The attempt to pass off a set of (what must be called, for the time) very creditable translations of a Latin classic, under the name of a man notoriously ignorant of any language but English, must have been a very hopeless speculation for even the most daring of the *curls* of the day. The very publication of the book with his name upon the title-page, is proof that the poet enjoyed in his lifetime the popular reputation of being scholar enough for such a performance. He had been sufficiently long before the public to have his pretensions thoroughly canvassed and well known; the practicability, therefore, of such a fraud, is an argument in our favor, drawn from contemporary evidence. Farmer has both overplied and misapplied his vast and various erudition on this occasion. It did not surely require the acumen of a critic so learned and so witty as he, to convince the world that Hamlet's "Old True-penny" comes *not*—according to Upton's conceit—"either by way of irony or literally, from the Greek *τετραπenny*;" but it would take more than his learning and pleasantry to efface the impression of our poet's large and habitual converse with the ancients, left upon our minds by a succession of such works as his "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," and (if it be not spurious) his "Titus Andronicus."

* Heywood's account of the matter is highly creditable to our poet. "He [Shakspeare] was much offended with Master Juggard, [the printer,] that, altogether unknown to him, he had presumed to make so bold with his name."—*Apology for poets; Appendix.*

And this brings us naturally to the fifth consideration on which we are bold to assert his sufficiency as a Latin and Greek scholar, namely, the truthfulness and skill with which he has dramatized the classical stories above referred to. Our own opinion we have already delivered; we now come to deal with the objections.

"It is notorious," says Dr. Farmer, "that much of his *matter-of-fact* knowledge is deduced from Plutarch; but in what language he read him, hath yet been the question." Many things had been most absurdly written upon this subject by the preceding critics; and we are free to acknowledge the acuteness, the wit, and the success with which the Doctor exposes the fallacies and pedantic inferences of Pope, Theobald, and Upton. But, cutting short the extravagances into which they ran, he runs himself as much into the contrary extreme. They quote passages from those plays, and, presuming them to be direct translations from the Greek, not only infer from thence our poet's learning, but proceed to correct the supposititious errors of his text by a reference to the original. Dr. Farmer proves, with a certainty beyond dispute, that in writing those plays, or so much of them as are derived from Plutarch, our poet drew his materials directly from North's translation; and that consequently the text, in accordance with that translation, should be held to be the genuine text, though a deviation from historical fact. So far, he is evidently right; but when he produces those facts as a demonstration of our author's inability to read the Lives of Plutarch in the original, we conceive he overdraws upon his premises. "The Wounds of Civil War," a tragedy by Thomas Lodge, would involve its author in a similar charge of ignorance. In this play, as the editor of Dodsley's Old Plays (vol. viii. 11) observes, Lodge has very much followed the lives of Marius and Sylla, as given by Plutarch: he was a scholar, and it was not *necessary*, therefore, for him to resort to Sir Thomas North's translation from the French, of which Shakspeare availed himself. It is pretty evident, however, from a comparison of a few passages quoted in the notes in the progress of the play, that Lodge *did* employ this popular work, although he has varied some of the events, and especially the death of Sylla. Lodge, then, had recourse, in the composition of his play, to North's translation: he

had no need, indeed, for he was a Master of Arts in the University of Cambridge,* and consequently able to consult the original. But still he worked—perhaps for the greater facility—on the popular English version. It is not of necessity, therefore, that Shakspeare must needs have been unlearned, because, in the composition of his classical dramas, he consulted the translated rather than the original version of his authority. The argument, if good against him, is good against Lodge; but applied to Lodge, it will not hold water; and applied to Shakspeare, it is equally irretentive.†

But even were Farmer's argument more staunch than it is with reference to Plutarch,

* See Introduction to the play, in Dodsley's collection.

† Dr. Farmer might be allowed to triumph over Upton, if he did not turn his victories over the critic into discredits on the poet. He certainly proves (against Upton) that in rendering the answer of Octavius to Antony's challenge, Shakspeare had consulted North's translation of Plutarch, and not the original. Shakspeare gives it thus (as from Octavius):

— "let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die."
Antony and Cleop., A. S.

"What a reply is this!" cries Mr. Upton. "'Tis acknowledged he (Octavius) sh'd fall under the unequal combat. But if we read—

— 'let the old ruffian know
He hath many other ways to die,'

we have the poignancy and the very repartee of Caesar in Plutark."

Upon this Dr. Farmer remarks: "Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the *modern* translation; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one." And so far the Doctor is right. Shakspeare consulted North; but when the critic thence infers his inability to read the original, he transgresses the bounds of fair inference, and involves writers whose learning he would be the last to dispute; for it is remarkable that Dryden has fallen into the very same mistake, and obviously from the same cause—not consulting the original Greek, but depending on the popular authority, whether North or Shakspeare. Thus:

Ventidius. I heard you challenged him [Octavius].

Antony. I did, Ventidius.

What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame!

He said he had more ways than one to die;

I had not.

All for Love, II. 1.

Was not Dryden a scholar? Nay, did he not translate Virgil, and parts at least of Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, and other Latin classics? Could he not read Greek? Nay, did he not translate Plutarch into the very modern version which Dr. Farmer alludes to?

it would leave the result quite inconclusive. "*Much*," says he, "of Shakspeare's matter-of-fact knowledge is deduced from Plutarch." True; but whence is the *remainder* derived? That remainder is very abundant, and involves a copious and exact acquaintance with the respective national (as well as individual) character of the ancients, their mythology, their religion, their morals, their habits of life, and their modes of thought and expression. Whence had Shakspeare his familiar mastery over this field of learning and knowledge?

Doctor Farmer does not attempt to throw any light on the subject; neither does he choose to grapple with the evidence furnished by those remarkable poems on which alone (or in conjunction with his sonnets) Shakspeare himself appears to have relied for permanent fame, and his contemporaries seem to have acknowledged his claims as a poet. We refer, of course, to his *Venus and Adonis*, and his *Rape of Lucrece*. These poems—the one a myth of ancient Greece, the other a legend of ancient Rome—evinced a very considerable and, we are bold to say, a very minute and correct acquaintance with the literature, the manners, and the modes of thinking of the respective nations from whose literary remains they are derived. Criticism the most captious has been unable to detect in them a mistake; and Malone admits,* that to him "they appear superior to any pieces of the same kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the most celebrated writers of this species of narrative poetry that were then known," both of them university scholars, and men of acknowledged learning. Is it to be thought, then, that a young poet, wishing to establish for the first time a poetical character, and dedicating his productions to one of the most eminent of the nobles in the learned court of Elizabeth, himself a graduate of both the universities, and a distinguished patron of learning and its professors—is it to be imagined, we say, that on such an occasion our poet, or any aspirant for poetical renown, except a mere dunce, would have risked his character on subjects upon which his want of competent knowledge would have betrayed him into frequent blunders, and risked, if not totally marred, the object he had in view? Or, on the other hand, is it to be imagined that a

* Notes at the conclusion of the *Rape of Lucrece*.

man who has executed his task so admirably was ignorant of the materials—the most elementary of the literary materials—upon which he was working? We would entreat the candid reader to peruse the quiet summary, or argument, in which the incidents of the Rape of Lucrece are prefixed to the poem, and then to say whether or not, in his opinion, it was drawn up by a man of competent knowledge, or whether the most exact scholar of his acquaintance could have done it with more easy skill and more classical mastery of the subject?

But even those productions furnish Farmer with no proof of the author's learning; on the contrary, he finds in them nothing but the evidence of two things, so contradictory that one of them must needs be false: namely, an unfounded pretension to learning which he had not, and a modest confession of the ignorance under which he labored. Let us examine each.

Shakspeare has prefixed to his *Venus and Adonis* a couplet from Ovid:—

"Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua."

Upon which the Doctor observes: "But Shakspeare hath *somewhere* a Latin motto; and so hath *John Taylor*, and a whole poem upon it into the bargain;" and his inference is, that Shakspeare knew as little of the languages as this "honest John Taylor, the water-poet, who declares he *never learned his accidence*, and that *Latin and French* were to him heathen Greek;" and yet whose works have "more scraps of Latin and allusions to antiquity, than are any where to be found in the writings of Shakspeare." If this representation be strictly true, John Taylor was a very singular man. Of his allusions to antiquity we shall make no count, because he, as well as Shakspeare, or any body else, might have picked up much knowledge on the subject from English books then current; but for his *scraps* of Latin, which are, indeed, both numerous and aptly applied, he must either have understood their meaning, or used them by inspiration—or his books were not written by himself. But who except Farmer, and for what purpose but a derogatory one, ever thought of naming such men as Shakspeare and Taylor in the same category? However, the water-poet may have needed and sought a meretricious fame. Surely, the great Poet

of Nature needed no stilts to add to his elevation; no wadding, to bombast his pretensions. He was rich enough in himself to depend on his own resources; and we believe that one of the most marked characteristics of the highest intellectual power is the scorn of all affectation, the abstinence from all false glitter and borrowed plumage. When Robert Greene, in 1592,* railed at our poet as "an upstart crow, beautified with the feathers" of his truly worthless contemporaries, we are told by the editor of the libel that he [Shakspeare] resented the indignity:† and we really are at a loss to know with what reason or propriety he could have done so, if in the following year (1593, when the *Venus and Adonis* was published) he was prepared to exhibit himself to his patron and the world as a pretender to learning, "beautified with the feathers" of a literature which he did not understand. We therefore believe that the claim to learning ostensibly put forth, not merely in his motto, but in the subject of his poem, was not an idle pretension, because as such it would have been an imposition on the noble friend whose patronage he was courting, and would on detection bring him to shame; and also, because the editor of the very first libel published on his literary fame apologizes for the wrong, and withdraws the charge, expressly on the grounds of our poet's integrity of character and admitted literary resources.‡ Doctor Farmer could have given the subject but very slight consideration when he cast this sneer on the character of an ingenuous man. An opponent of his own, upon the subject in question, prefixed to his essay a Latin motto. Would he have felt justified in disabling his rival's character for learning by such a phrase as this: "Mr. Whalley has *somewhere* a Latin motto; but so has Taylor, the water-poet!" As well might an

* Greene's *Groat'sworth of Wit*, edited by H. Chettle, 1592.

† Kindheart's Dream, by H. Chettle, 1592.

‡ "Divers of worship," says the penitent editor, "have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honestie and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his *art*." Whoever is acquainted with the use of the word *art*, with reference to letters, at the period in question, will perceive in the passage an admission of our poet's competence in such branches of learning as are taught at universities. Thus Greene, Nash, Chettle, &c., (Gabriel Harvey,) use the term *art-master* in the sense of one who had studied the art in a university

enemy infer, from the absence of a Latin motto from his own essay on the learning of Shakspeare, the Doctor's inability to furnish one. Would the objection in either case be valid? Is it in any case an unprejudiced, a generous, or a candid one? Let any of our readers suppose himself about to appear before the public in print; would he, if he were so unlearned as Doctor Farmer represents Shakspeare to have been, prelude his labors with a motto from any of the learned languages? No; for that would be an affectation of being what he was not—a scholar in the language assumed. Doctor Farmer himself would not, under the circumstances, do so. Why then should he impute to the greatest intellect, perhaps, that the world ever wondered at, an affectation and a fraud which he would himself scorn to practise; and why should we believe an inference at once so discreditable to an honest man, and so improbable in the case of any man of genius?

But Farmer has another "irrefragable argument," founded on those very poems, of the poet's want of learning. "Did not Shakspeare himself," quoth he, "*confess* it, when he apologized to his noble friend, the Earl of Southampton, for his *untutored* lines!" True, the phrase occurs in his dedication of the Rape of Lucrece; and he offers another apology to the same noble friend, in his dedication of the Venus and Adonis, for his "*unpolished* lines." Now, what is the purport of either phrase, but the modest deprecation of superior merit, in which poets generally love to veil their own inward sense of the beauties which they feel it more becoming to have praised by others than to praise themselves? The passages are parallel and equivalent. The lines of the one poem are just as "*untutored*" as those of the other are "*unpolished*;" the amount of learning and polish in both are pretty fairly balanced, and the epithets so interchangeable, that either of them which first occurred to the poet's mind might have been used to convey the thought which he intended. It is only in the humble estimate of the author, that the lines of the Venus and Adonis are "*unpolished*;" in the judgment of his contemporaries, they were exquisitely polished and harmonious; and he whose ear was so sensible to all the melody of versification, could not have been unconscious of their charms. In the same

sense, and to the same degree, was his second offering at the shrine of his patron "*untutored*." We may rest assured that he would not have ventured to affront the good taste of his accomplished friend and patron by sheltering under the protection of his name a composition which he conceived likely to betray his deficiency in those attainments which were, at that time, the chief, if not the only passport to poetical reputation, and the possession of which are implied in the subject and title of his work.

The passage in question, therefore, is not a confession on the part of the poet of his ignorance of the learned languages; and it gives so little countenance to Doctor Farmer's argument, that, taken in its content, it affords the presumption that he was not unwilling to be thought a scholar competent to the task he had undertaken. Such an assumption on the part of such a man, (if fairly deducible from all the premises,) outweighs any possible amount of inferential criticism.

Readers of the Farmer school, however, will not be so easily reclaimed. They will even be surprised at the fatuity of our undertaking, and question the sincerity of our reverence. "Strange, indeed," they will say, in the words of their *coripheus*, "strange that any *real* friends of our immortal poet should be still" [that is, after reading Doctor Farmer's Essay] "willing to force him into a situation which is not tenable: treat him as a *learned* man, and what shall excuse the most gross violations of history, chronology and geography?" And to this they will add false quantities in Latin names, together with sundry *proofs* of his ignorance of the modern languages.

For our own part, we do not seek to place him in any but the humble position to which his ambition was confined. We do not arrogate for him a rank amongst the profoundly learned of his day. Our sole object is to show that he might have been a student in either of the universities, and thence carried away as much of the learning there taught as the average run of its graduates appear to have done; and if we can show that his works exhibit at least as much learning, and only the same kind of errors, as the works—whether poetical or dramatic—of the graduates of one or both of the universities, who were his contemporaries, we shall have achieved all that we aspire to.

before been so exclusive; and a knowledge of Germany is only now beginning to be generally appreciated among writers. The fourth and last, but most prolific source of M. Villemain's criticisms lay in his immense historical studies; he has plunged into all the darkness of the middle ages, and proved himself as erudite an historian as able and sagacious a critic. Such is the vast stock of knowledge whence M. Villemain drew the multitude of parallels, the luminous illustrations, which characterize his lectures on French literature.

At the time when he gave them, the republic of letters was violently distracted by the strife of classicists and romanticists. He preserved a medium between the rival schools. Although praised by the latter, he has not shown himself duly sensible of their eulogiums; for, in his lectures on the seventeenth century, he often throws out indirect but warm reproaches on a school that had spoken irreverently of the polished language of Louis the Fourteenth's time, and even of the magnificent style of Bossuet. On the other hand, his propensity to extend the circle of literature and of language, his evident partiality for some of the most decided modern innovations, clearly absolve him from the imputation of being blindly opposed to all efforts for breaking the fetters of the old school.

His opinions on the eighteenth century steer equally clear of the fervent admiration entertained by many for the philosophy of that period, and, on the other hand, of the furious wrath with which it is regarded by the brethren of the modern Catholic school. Whilst sentiments and ideas remain in such conflict as at present, there is nothing so difficult as to form a candid judgment, a fair appreciation of that extraordinary epoch. The historical critic could not fail to apprehend the great mission of this century as an intermediate agency to terminate all that belonged to the middle ages, and to prepare the way for modern society. All the thinkers of the eighteenth century were heralds of the new era; but M. Villemain scarcely seems sufficiently convinced of the error of many of those philosophers who labored to involve in one common destruction institutions founded on piety and faith, and abuses that had become burdensome and oppressive; and, however studious his efforts to attain a strict impartiality, he is nevertheless often

under the influence of the men he judges, and is partially dazzled by the splendor of their talents. We think him deficient in religious feeling, and, for that sole reason, we consider that his works are not destined to exercise a lasting influence on future generations.

When M. Villemain takes up the pen, he ceases to be the literary orator; he no longer possesses the same vivacity nor the same style. When he writes, his phraseology is, no doubt, more polished and perfect, fitting the thought with precision; but it bears at the same time a character of frigidity or rather paleness, when compared to the vivid animation sparkling in the oral lectures. Furthermore, in general, the written style of M. Villemain is of the utmost correctness, elegance, and brightness; but it is somewhat deficient at times in energy, pithiness, and vivid and soul-inspired eloquence. This is the case in the two additional volumes of M. Villemain, published within the last few years, on the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, they breathe a spirit of wholesome criticism, and abound in admirable disquisitions. There are some delightful pages on Vauvenargues, whose lofty and pensive soul is wreathed in the purest virtue; some remarkable ones on Rousseau, who is tenderly treated by the critic, notwithstanding the few partial chidings he addresses to the philosopher of Geneva towards the close of the chapter. Secondary names, as Prevost, Rolin, Louis Racine, D'Aguesseau, &c., are often revived with a peculiar charm and full appreciation of their merit.

After the Revolution of 1830, M. Villemain was transferred from the stage of Sorbonne to a higher, more splendid and influential, but somewhat dangerous theatre—politics and administrative station. He became a peer of France, Minister of the Public Instruction, and a man of political eminence and importance; but he was no longer a brilliant lecturer at Sorbonne, though he retained among his titles that of professor. The storm of 1848 having swept away the Chamber of Peers, M. Villemain renounced the political scene, to live in a quiet and literary retirement. He has scarcely attained the age of sixty. May he avail himself of his leisure to prepare and to perfect, for the enjoyment of his admirers and of the literary public, a new book of the same stamp as the former!

J. CH.

SOME SHAKSPEARIAN AND SPENSERIAN MSS.

THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE.

HALES was a contemporary of Shakspeare, and disinterested; and if his opinion of his learning had been positive, it would have been entitled to the utmost deference. It is, however, any thing but conclusive; for it is put forward as a purely hypothetic case. "If," said he, speaking of Shakspeare's learning, "if he had not *read* the classics, he had likewise not *stolen* from them;" [a sly hit, by the way, at Ben Jonson;] "and if any topic was produced from a poet of antiquity, he [Hales] would undertake to show somewhat on the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare." Of this testimony we make the opponents of our poet's learning a generous present. Next comes Milton; but might not the same thing, with equal truth, be applied to himself, without the slightest impeachment of his profound acquaintance with the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, as it was then known? The "wood-notes wild" of "Fancy's child" are as distinctly to be heard in the "Comus," the "Arcades," the "Lycidus," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso" of Milton, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Winter's Tale," the "As You Like It" of Shakspeare; and in neither case do they derogate from the scholarship of the respective poets. Rowe's opinion, founded on a vague tradition, inconsistent with the well-known facts of the case, and picked up some century too late, is a mere inference of prepossession, and is worth nothing; and as to Dr. Farmer's essay, it is really surprising how very little it contains seriously affecting the question at issue. We shall return to it presently more in detail; meanwhile, we must observe that the received opinion of Shakspeare's ignorance of the learned languages is far from having the general assent of the critics. Men of competent learning and observation have declared in favor of his erudition, however acquired; and were a true finding to be taken from the votes of the majority, the verdict would run in his

favor. Thus, Pope and Theobald, consenting in nothing else, agree in assigning him a considerable quantity of classical learning. Upton, a man of deep and critical erudition, carried his belief of our poet's scholarship perhaps to an excess. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonson, unswayed by partiality for his own hero, wrote a very able defense of his rival's skill in the languages; and the elder Colman, the translator of "Terence," found evidence in the works of Shakspeare enough to convince him that the author was not deficient in classical attainments. Authorities such as these, and so numerous, ought at least to suffice to set the reader's judgment in *equilibrio* until he shall have time to examine the question for himself; and we believe that nothing more is necessary than an unprejudiced examination of his works, to lead to the conclusion that our poet was, to say the least, as well acquainted with the writings of the ancients and such other branches of human learning as are cultivated in colleges, as if he had been a university student. We do not arrogate for him the highest attainments in the learned languages. We would not compare his learning with Thomas Heywood's, and admit him to have been as inferior to Ben Jonson in scholarship as Ben himself was probably inferior to Dr. Farmer; but, with those exceptions, we maintain (and the matter is capable of critical proof) that his works exhibit him a better classical scholar than any of his dramatic contemporaries,—Greene, Marlow, Peele, Lodge, Lylie, Nash, Duher, &c., &c.,—though they were all members of one or other of the universities, and many of them of both. We have neither time nor space for such a comparison here; nor, in fact, could it be made in any way so satisfactory as by a perusal of the productions of those worthies, contrasting them with these of our poet throughout; but whosoever will encounter such a task (as we have incidentally done) will not fail to come to the same conclusions as ourselves. If, then, he

had more learning than those who got credit for learning, merely because they could write themselves, on the title-page of any book, comedy, tragedy, tale, or poem, "*In artibus magister unius, vel utriusque Academicæ*," why should we not admit our poet, through the opening made for him by his contemporary, the author of "The Polemanteia," into the groves of Academus, and believe that he as well as they had received a university education to qualify him as a poet; that he, as well as others of his time, had prefaced the eating through of his terms at Grey's Inns or the Temple by sizing for some terms at either Oxford or Cambridge, to qualify himself for a lawyer?

His works are, in fact, a spacious garden, every where abounding in such flowers and fruits as are cultivated in universities, and nowhere else brought to such maturity. He appears, indeed, to have been a universal scholar, versed in all the knowledge and philosophy of his times; and, more than any other man on record, perhaps, realizes his own portrait of the madcap Prince of Wales:

"Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate;
Here him debate of commonwealth affairs,
And you would say, It hath been all in all his study.

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter," &c.

Let him be tried, we would add, by his skill in the art of reasoning, in metaphysics, ethics, morals and criticism, by his purified taste and cultivated judgment, and he will be found—if to those arts we can add a knowledge of the ancient languages—to have been deficient in none of those branches of learning in which an academic course makes men proficient.

But that to his undisputed attainments as a scholar his more disputed claims as a master of the learned languages may be confidently added, will, we think, be admitted without reserve on a candid and unpreposessed consideration of the following circumstances:

1. His thorough acquaintance with the whole of the ancient mythology, and the ease and propriety with which he avails

himself of it to illustrate and embellish his subject.

2. The affluence of Latin derivatives with which, whether first introduced by himself or adopted from the current stock then in use, he has enriched the poetical language of his country.

3. His quotations from the Latin classics, numerous, and always appropriate.

4. His frequent translations, in the ordinary current of his text, of passages from the ancient poets, rendered in a style which, for fidelity and elegance, may challenge the best of Ben Jonson's.

5. His having dramatized many Latin and Greek subjects, and executed his task with such general historic truth, such propriety of national manners, such freedom and yet such accuracy, such boldness, together with consistency of character, (consistent, we mean, with the original models of Greek and Roman story,) as appear of necessity to imply an extensive and familiar acquaintance with the ancient literature in which those stories, scenes and characters are to be found.

6. And lastly, (listen to this, ye critics and commentators!) he knew and practised the law of the dramatic unities as well and as exactly as the most rigid Greek or Roman of them all; and his apparent departure from them was the result of deliberate judgment and choice.

His competency, however, in all those respects has been more or less questioned by the commentators in occasional notes, by the biographers in their memoirs, and by Dr. Farmer in a formal essay. Believing them all to have been carried away by their prepossessions, we shall endeavor to set them right by a more candid enumeration of facts. For the sake of greater distinctness, we dispose of the several objections, in the order, and under the heads of the foregoing classification.

1. His mythology.

In this respect, very few—if any—errors, and those of a trifling amount, are to be found in his works; and if he sometimes appear to vary from an ancient authority, it is only where the ancients varied among themselves, or the established practice of more modern scholars led him astray. Even Farmer has not caught him tripping under this head, and the only serious instance that I can recall to remembrance of his departure from the ancient *mythe* is probably rather

the copyist's or the printer's mistake than his. It is where Falstaff's page, rallying Bardolph on the rubicundity of his face, calls him a "rascally Althæa's dream," and explains his meaning by saying that "Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand," &c.* Now, it was Hecuba who dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, of which, we have reason to think, Shakspeare could not have been ignorant; and Althæa's firebrand was a real one, of which we know he was perfectly cognizant. The page's jest is an obvious allusion to a passage in a very popular poem of George Peele's, entitled, "The Beginning, Accidents, and End of the War of Troy," and published in 1589. Speaking of the birth of Paris, and his mother's alarming prognostications, the poet observes:

"Behold, at length
She [Hecuba] dreams, and gives her lord to understand

That she should soon bring forth a firebrand,
Whose hot and climbing flame should be so great,
That Neptune's Troy it would consume with heat."

Coupling the thought conveyed in those lines with the sarcasm of the page, and with the droll imagery of a similar character, in which his master elsewhere plays on the countenance of the aforesaid Bardolph,† there can be scarcely a doubt but that the allusion refers to the passage, and that Shakspeare was thus (if no otherwise) aware of who the person was that dreamed the dream; and we

* 2 Henry IV., ii. 2.

† 1 Henry IV., iii. 3. Bardolph's face was the subject of much merriment to master and man. That which the page ridicules as the *firebrand* which Hecuba dreamed of, is by Falstaff caricatured into the "*lanthorn on the poop*" of an admiral's ship; its owner is "the Knight of the *Burning Lamp*;" it "reminds one of *hell-fire*, and Dives that lived in purple, for there he is in his robes, *burning—burning*;" to swear by it would amount to swearing "by this fire;" it is "*an ignis fatuus*;" a *ball of wild-fire*;" it is as good against darkness as "*links and torches*;" it is a "*salamander maintained with fire*;" and when Sir John declines complying with Bardolph's wish that "it were in his belly," on the ground that "so he should be sure to be *heart-burned*," is not the allusion to a similar fate impending over Troy, from the indwelling of Hecuba's metaphorical firebrand, pointed and complete!—that firebrand, Paris, to wit,

"Whose hot and climbing flame should grow so great,
That Neptune's Troy it would consume with heat:
And, counsel taken of this troublous dream,
The soothsayers said that not swift Simois' stream
Might serve to quench that fierce devouring fire
That did this brand 'gainst town of Troy conspire."

—See works of George Peele, by the Rev. A. Dyce, London: 1828; ii. 92.

may be the more certain of this, inasmuch as the author of this Tale of Troy was a fellow-dramatist, and a fellow-sharer in the Blackfriars theatre, together with our poet, in 1589, the very year in which the poem was published. But that he was fully aware of the story of Althæa's brand, that it was no dream, but a reality, we have under his own hand, in 2 Henry VI., i. 1, where he alludes to the story as it really ran in the ancient legend:

"York.—Methinks the realms of England, France,
and Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burned
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon," &c.

Seeing, therefore, that our poet was aware that Hecuba, and not Althæa, was the person who dreamed of the firebrand, we do not hesitate to ascribe the error to the ignorance of the copyist or printer, and would, without scruple, recommend the correction to be inserted in the text of any future edition.

2. The Latinities of his diction.

In no instance whatsoever, under this head, has he been found wanting; and although, in numberless cases, he has employed Latin derivatives in senses not familiar to our modern use of them, still he will be found to have employed them in the exact vernacular sense which they bore in the Roman idiom. Would a man uncertain of his knowledge have ventured to commit himself on such a vein of language? Or could a man ignorant of the various and delicate shades of thought conveyed by peculiar words have carried on the practice through works so voluminous as his, and not have left behind him some slips to betray his presumption? Impossible, we should think. But, as he stands unimpeached on this subject, we may dismiss it, and proceed to the consideration of others, on which his competency has been more questioned.

3. His quotation of the Latin poets.

4. His tacit translations from the same.

We have carefully looked through Farmer's essay as the general repertory for objections upon these heads, but have found his charges so shadowy and fugitive as to leave us nothing to grapple with. Theobald may have been pedantic and Warburton fanciful in spying out recondite beauties and allusions; Upton may have "seen in Shakspeare more than Shakspeare knew;" and Whalley

given the credit of design to mere coincidences of thought and expression; and in the detection of such false criticisms lies the scene of Farmer's triumphs. And in such he has rendered yeoman's service to both learning and Shakspeare. But is Shakspeare to be answerable for the absurdities of his commentators? Deducting such triumphs, however, there is exceedingly little in the celebrated essay to affect the character of our poet as a scholar competent to the modest display of learning which his works exhibit. His quotations, as we have observed, are correct and applicable. What though some of them may have been cited by others where he *may* have found them? May he not as well have found them in their original places? Nay, must he not have understood their meaning and applicability wherever he found them? If it be an impeachment of any man's learning to prove that passages which he cites from the ancients have been cited before, then is not the reputation of almost every modern scholar in danger? then, would even Dr. Farmer himself come through the critical ordeal unblemished? We trow not. Passages cited by two or more persons may have been, in every instance, drawn from the fountain-head; and if so, it makes no difference which of them carried away the pitcher first.

But Farmer maintains the utter incompetency of our poet to taste of those waters. "He remembered," quoth the critic, "*perhaps* enough of his schoolboy learning to put the 'hig, hæg, hog' into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans, and might pick up, in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian; but his studies were most demonstratively *confined* to nature and his own tongue." To account, however, for some longer and stronger excerpts from the Latin poets, the Doctor is fain to insinuate the facilities afforded by the various *excerpta*, *sententiæ* and *Flores*; and yet is fain to content himself with the adduction of a single instance in which, as well as in others, it is contended that the poet was indebted to his Lilly's Syntax. The case is this: In "The Taming of the Shrew," Act i. sc. 1, *Tranio*, advising his master *Lucentio* how to deal with the sudden love with which he has been inspired, quotes from the "Eunuch" of Terence a line,* not

as it appears in the poet, but as it is given by the grammarian; it is also quoted, as he adds, in the same form by Udall, in his *Floures for Latin Speaking*, gathered out of Terence, (1560;) upon which the learned Doctor triumphantly observes: "The quotation from Lilly in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' if indeed it be his, strongly *proves the extent of his reading*. Had he known Terence, he would not have quoted erroneously from his grammar." This is surely a *non sequitur*: he might have done so for a purpose; and if we consider that the line is thus put into the mouth of a servant who is attending his young master to the university, we see abundant reason and propriety in selecting the book of accidence for the authority, rather than the original work of the poet. But we deny the inference of its showing the extent or the probable extent of our poet's acquaintance with Terence. The passage is quoted in the same form by Thomas Decker, a contemporary dramatist, in his "Bellman's Night Walk," &c.; and although we cannot say for a certainty that Decker was a university man, yet we may rest assured that he was a Latin scholar, capable of having read Terence in the original and of quoting him thence, by the number of very creditable Latin poems with which he has interspersed his pageant on the public entry of King James and his Queen into London, in March, 1603.† For any proof, therefore, which the passage affords of Shakspeare's incompetency in Latin, it is just as pregnant with reference to Decker. But against Decker it does not hold good; how, then, can it be held valid against Shakspeare?

"It is scarcely worth while mentioning," says the learned Doctor, "that two or three more Latin passages, which are met with in our author, are immediately transcribed from the chronicle before him."‡ Then why mention them at all, or why bring forward the second especially as an instance of our poet's double barbarity—his ignorance, to wit, "of *two* very common words in the French and Latin languages?" Suffice it to say, that

* Preface to 2d edition of the Essay, &c.

† "In terram salicam mulieres ne succedant."—HENRY V., i. 2.

‡ Notre très cher fils Henry, roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France; and thus in Latin: *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Anglia et hæres Franciæ*.—HENRY V., v. 2.

* Redime te captum quam quæas minimo.

both passages are honestly and openly copied from Holinshed, in his own words; and there is no need in the latter instance to protect either the historian or the poet from the imputation of ignorance, by supposing *præclarissimus* a typographical error for *præcarissimus*, the translation of "*très cher*." Malone admits that in all the old historians he had seen, as well as Holinshed, he found the same version of the title. It is, therefore, probable that the two titles may have been considered distinct and different, one to be used when the French king wrote to his son-in-law in French, and the other in diplomatic papers written to the English king in Latin. It is true that this must have been a misconception, for in the original treaty of marriage, the Latin word is rightly *præcarissimus*; but the distinction between a French style for private use, as it were, and a Latin style for public, receives in that document sufficient countenance to justify those who, without having seen the original, may have thought the variation between *très cher* and *præclarissimus* intentional. And this we conceive sufficient to explain why Shakspeare must *not* "indisputably have thought it proper to correct the blunder, had he been acquainted with both the languages."

Let us now briefly advert to his tacit translations from the Greek and Latin poets. They are numerous but not ostentatiously scattered throughout his works, and many of them are of extreme fidelity and elegance. This practice has been thought a merit in Ben Jonson, and a considerable collection of such beauties has been made from his works by Mr. Upton.* Similar collections—but still very far from complete—have been made from Shakspeare, by Upton and Dr. Whalley; and though neither may have succeeded in every instance to establish his point, enough still remains to show that our poet too was a felicitous and skilful translator; *sometimes* more elegant than Jonson, and never so verbal and unidiomatic. We meet in Shakspeare no such uncouth and unintelligible Latinisms, "give them words," by way of a translation of or equivalent for Horace's expression of "*dare nobis; verba*;"† but in all Jonson we find nothing more striking and true to the sense of the original,

and the idiom of both languages, than the rendering of the following passage from Horace:

—"ut piget annus
Pupillia, quos dura premit custodia matrum,
Sic mihi tarda fiunt ingrataque tempora."

In the English of Shakspeare:

"She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long wintering out a young man's revenue."‡

Many illustrations, equally good, of our poet's competency to translate or paraphrase the ancients successfully might be adduced; but we must refer for them to the selections already mentioned.† What we would observe upon in Dr. Farmer's treatment of them is, that he unfairly seizes on the misconceptions or hyper-refinements of the critics, and, having easily exposed their fallacy, leaves the genuine flowers transplanted by the poet's hand quite untouched, but still under the suspicion that their beauties would in like manner vanish if scrutinized with the same jealousy.

Had the Doctor confined his criticism to Shakspeare's positive failures, rather than gathered triumphs from the mistakes of his critics, he would have displayed more critical candor. "But," quoth he, "*the sheet-anchor holds fast; Shakspeare himself has left us*

* Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1.

† We must make room for one exception. Shakspeare appears to have paraphrased, happily enough, a passage in Anacreon. The lines in Timon of Athens, beginning,

"The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea," &c.,

has all the air of a free translation of the famous *chanson à boire* of the Teian bard, commencing with

'Η γῆ μέλαινα πίνει—κ. τ. λ.

But no; Farmer now adheres to the version of Ben Jonson's invidious assertion, which represents our poet as having (not *less* Greek, but) "*no* Greek;" and rather than acknowledge him learned enough to read Anacreon in the original, is fain to neutralize a former illustration of his own. We have just seen how, from the words *très cher* and *præclarissimus*, in Henry V., he pronounced him ignorant of French and Latin; with a strange inconsistency, we now find him reversing the argument, and assuming his ignorance of Greek, because there were two pre-existing translations in Latin and one in French, of the ode in question. But if Shakspeare knew, according to the former argument, neither French nor Latin, how is his knowledge of Greek impeached by the pre-existence of those translations?

* Remarks on Three Plays of Benjamin Jonson, &c.: London, 1749.

† Volpone, i. 4.

some translations from Ovid. . . . This hath been the universal cry, from Mr. Pope himself to the critics of yesterday. Possibly, however, the gentlemen will hesitate a moment if we tell them that Shakspeare was *not* the author of these translations." Nor did he ever pretend to be so. They were ascribed to him by a fraudulent publisher; by him disclaimed with indignation at the publisher's presumption, and were finally reclaimed by Thomas Heywood, the real translator of them.* If Dr. Farmer, however, had rightly considered the circumstances of this fraud, he would have found in them something rather unfavorable to his own hypothesis of Shakspeare's character for want of learning amongst his contemporaries. The attempt to pass off a set of (what must be called, for the time) very creditable translations of a Latin classic, under the name of a man notoriously ignorant of any language but English, must have been a very hopeless speculation for even the most daring of the *curls* of the day. The very publication of the book with his name upon the title-page, is proof that the poet enjoyed in his lifetime the popular reputation of being scholar enough for such a performance. He had been sufficiently long before the public to have his pretensions thoroughly canvassed and well known; the practicability, therefore, of such a fraud, is an argument in our favor, drawn from contemporary evidence. Farmer has both overplied and misapplied his vast and various erudition on this occasion. It did not surely require the acumen of a critic so learned and so witty as he, to convince the world that Hamlet's "Old True-penny" comes *not*—according to Upton's conceit—"either by way of irony or literally, from the Greek *τετραπενν*;" but it would take more than his learning and pleasantry to efface the impression of our poet's large and habitual converse with the ancients, left upon our minds by a succession of such works as his "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," and (if it be not spurious) his "Titus Andronicus."

* Heywood's account of the matter is highly creditable to our poet. "He [Shakspeare] was much offended with Master Juggard, [the printer,] that, altogether unknown to him, he had presumed to make so bold with his name."—*Apology for Actors; Appendix.*

And this brings us naturally to the fifth consideration on which we are bold to assert his sufficiency as a Latin and Greek scholar, namely, the truthfulness and skill with which he has dramatized the classical stories above referred to. Our own opinion we have already delivered; we now come to deal with the objections.

"It is notorious," says Dr. Farmer, "that much of his *matter-of-fact* knowledge is deduced from Plutarch; but in what language he read him, hath yet been the question." Many things had been most absurdly written upon this subject by the preceding critics; and we are free to acknowledge the acuteness, the wit, and the success with which the Doctor exposes the fallacies and pedantic inferences of Pope, Theobald, and Upton. But, cutting short the extravagances into which they ran, he runs himself as much into the contrary extreme. They quote passages from those plays, and, presuming them to be direct translations from the Greek, not only infer from thence our poet's learning, but proceed to correct the supposititious errors of his text by a reference to the original. Dr. Farmer proves, with a certainty beyond dispute, that in writing those plays, or so much of them as are derived from Plutarch, our poet drew his materials directly from North's translation; and that consequently the text, in accordance with that translation, should be held to be the genuine text, though a deviation from historical fact. So far, he is evidently right; but when he produces those facts as a demonstration of our author's inability to read the Lives of Plutarch in the original, we conceive he overdraws upon his premises. "The Wounds of Civil War," a tragedy by Thomas Lodge, would involve its author in a similar charge of ignorance. In this play, as the editor of Dodsley's Old Plays (vol. viii. 11) observes, Lodge has very much followed the lives of Marius and Sylla, as given by Plutarch: he was a scholar, and it was not *necessary*, therefore, for him to resort to Sir Thomas North's translation from the French, of which Shakspeare availed himself. It is pretty evident, however, from a comparison of a few passages quoted in the notes in the progress of the play, that Lodge *did* employ this popular work, although he has varied some of the events, and especially the death of Sylla. Lodge, then, had recourse, in the composition of his play, to North's translation: he

had no need, indeed, for he was a Master of Arts in the University of Cambridge,* and consequently able to consult the original. But still he worked—perhaps for the greater facility—on the popular English version. It is not of necessity, therefore, that Shakspeare must needs have been unlearned, because, in the composition of his classical dramas, he consulted the translated rather than the original version of his authority. The argument, if good against him, is good against Lodge; but applied to Lodge, it will not hold water; and applied to Shakspeare, it is equally irretentive.†

But even were Farmer's argument more staunch than it is with reference to Plutarch,

* See Introduction to the play, in Dodsley's collection.

† Dr. Farmer might be allowed to triumph over Upton, if he did not turn his victories over the critic into discredits on the poet. He certainly proves (against Upton) that in rendering the answer of Octavius to Antony's challenge, Shakspeare had consulted North's translation of Plutarch, and not the original. Shakspeare gives it thus (as from Octavius):

— "let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die."
Antony and Cleop., A. S.

"What a reply is this!" cries Mr. Upton. "'Tis acknowledged he (Octavius) sh'd fall under the unequal combat. But if we read—

— 'let the old ruffian know
He hath many other ways to die,'

we have the poignancy and the very repartee of Cæsar in Plutark."

Upon this Dr. Farmer remarks: "Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the *modern* translation; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one." And so far the Doctor is right. Shakspeare consulted North; but when the critic thence infers his inability to read the original, he transgresses the bounds of fair inference, and involves writers whose learning he would be the last to dispute; for it is remarkable that Dryden has fallen into the very same mistake, and obviously from the same cause—not consulting the original Greek, but depending on the popular authority, whether North or Shakspeare. Thus:

Ventidius. I heard you challenged him [Octavius].
Antony. I did, Ventidius.
What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame!
He said *he* had more ways than one to die;
I had not.
All for Love, II. 1.

Was not Dryden a scholar? Nay, did he not translate Virgil, and parts at least of Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, and other Latin classics? Could he not read Greek? Nay, did he not translate Plutarch into the very modern version which Dr. Farmer alludes to?

it would leave the result quite inconclusive. "*Much*," says he, "of Shakspeare's matter-of-fact knowledge is deduced from Plutarch." True; but whence is the *remainder* derived? That remainder is very abundant, and involves a copious and exact acquaintance with the respective national (as well as individual) character of the ancients, their mythology, their religion, their morals, their habits of life, and their modes of thought and expression. Whence had Shakspeare his familiar mastery over this field of learning and knowledge?

Doctor Farmer does not attempt to throw any light on the subject; neither does he choose to grapple with the evidence furnished by those remarkable poems on which alone (or in conjunction with his sonnets) Shakspeare himself appears to have relied for permanent fame, and his contemporaries seem to have acknowledged his claims as a poet. We refer, of course, to his *Venus and Adonis*, and his *Rape of Lucrece*. These poems—the one a myth of ancient Greece, the other a legend of ancient Rome—evinced a very considerable and, we are bold to say, a very minute and correct acquaintance with the literature, the manners, and the modes of thinking of the respective nations from whose literary remains they are derived. Criticism the most captious has been unable to detect in them a mistake; and Malone admits,* that to him "they appear superior to any pieces of the same kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the most celebrated writers of this species of narrative poetry that were then known," both of them university scholars, and men of acknowledged learning. Is it to be thought, then, that a young poet, wishing to establish for the first time a poetical character, and dedicating his productions to one of the most eminent of the nobles in the learned court of Elizabeth, himself a graduate of both the universities, and a distinguished patron of learning and its professors—is it to be imagined, we say, that on such an occasion our poet, or any aspirant for poetical renown, except a mere dunce, would have risked his character on subjects upon which his want of competent knowledge would have betrayed him into frequent blunders, and risked, if not totally marred, the object he had in view? Or, on the other hand, is it to be imagined that a

* Notes at the conclusion of the *Rape of Lucrece*.

man who has executed his task so admirably was ignorant of the materials—the most elementary of the literary materials—upon which he was working? We would entreat the candid reader to peruse the quiet summary, or argument, in which the incidents of the Rape of Lucrece are prefixed to the poem, and then to say whether or not, in his opinion, it was drawn up by a man of competent knowledge, or whether the most exact scholar of his acquaintance could have done it with more easy skill and more classical mastery of the subject?

But even those productions furnish Farmer with no proof of the author's learning; on the contrary, he finds in them nothing but the evidence of two things, so contradictory that one of them must needs be false: namely, an unfounded pretension to learning which he had not, and a modest confession of the ignorance under which he labored. Let us examine each.

Shakspeare has prefixed to his *Venus and Adonis* a couplet from Ovid:—

“Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.”

Upon which the Doctor observes: “But Shakspeare hath *somewhere* a Latin motto; and so hath *John Taylor*, and a whole poem upon it into the bargain;” and his inference is, that Shakspeare knew as little of the languages as this “honest John Taylor, the water-poet, who declares he *never learned his accidence*, and that *Latin and French* were to him heathen Greek;” and yet whose works have “more scraps of Latin and allusions to antiquity, than are any where to be found in the writings of Shakspeare.” If this representation be strictly true, John Taylor was a very singular man. Of his allusions to antiquity we shall make no count, because he, as well as Shakspeare, or any body else, might have picked up much knowledge on the subject from English books then current; but for his *scraps* of Latin, which are, indeed, both numerous and aptly applied, he must either have understood their meaning, or used them by inspiration—or his books were not written by himself. But who except Farmer, and for what purpose but a derogatory one, ever thought of naming such men as Shakspeare and Taylor in the same category? However, the water-poet may have needed and sought a meretricious fame. Surely, the great Poet

of Nature needed no stilts to add to his elevation; no wadding, to bombast his pretensions. He was rich enough in himself to depend on his own resources; and we believe that one of the most marked characteristics of the highest intellectual power is the scorn of all affectation, the abstinence from all false glitter and borrowed plumage. When Robert Greene, in 1592,* railed at our poet as “an upstart crow, beautified with the feathers” of his truly worthless contemporaries, we are told by the editor of the libel that he [Shakspeare] resented the indignity:† and we really are at a loss to know with what reason or propriety he could have done so, if in the following year (1593, when the *Venus and Adonis* was published) he was prepared to exhibit himself to his patron and the world as a pretender to learning, “beautified with the feathers” of a literature which he did not understand. We therefore believe that the claim to learning ostensibly put forth, not merely in his motto, but in the subject of his poem, was not an idle pretension, because as such it would have been an imposition on the noble friend whose patronage he was courting, and would on detection bring him to shame; and also, because the editor of the very first libel published on his literary fame apologizes for the wrong, and withdraws the charge, expressly on the grounds of our poet's integrity of character and admitted literary resources.‡ Doctor Farmer could have given the subject but very slight consideration when he cast this sneer on the character of an ingenuous man. An opponent of his own, upon the subject in question, prefixed to his essay a Latin motto. Would he have felt justified in disabling his rival's character for learning by such a phrase as this: “Mr. Whalley has *somewhere* a Latin motto; but so has Taylor, the water-poet!” As well might an

* Greene's *Groat'sworth of Wit*, edited by H. Chettle, 1592.

† Kindheart's *Dream*, by H. Chettle, 1592.

‡ “Divers of worship,” says the penitent editor, “have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honestie and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his *art*.” Whoever is acquainted with the use of the word *art*, with reference to letters, at the period in question, will perceive in the passage an admission of our poet's competence in such branches of learning as are taught at universities. Thus Greene, Nash, Chettle, &c., (Gabriel Harvey,) use the term *art-master* in the sense of one who had studied the art in a university.

epic drama of those civil wars which prepared the national mind, character, and institutions of England for the great reformation of religion which was even then impending. For we may observe that, as between the plays of *King John* and *Richard II.* there is a long interval of time, so, between those of *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* there is the unoccupied interval of a long reign; a reign pregnant indeed with civil changes, which, however important in the internal policy of the kingdom, bore no direct relation to the revolution in religion which was then in peace maturing itself for a sturdy contest with the Papal supremacy. Before the Reformed faith could be by law established in England, it was necessary that the intrusive supremacy of Rome should be broken down; and this was effected by the causes and through the agencies which form the sum and substance of our author's *Henry VIII.* In *King John* we find the beginning of this great end; in *Henry VIII.*, its consummation. We therefore regard those plays as, respectively, the prologue and epilogue to the great dramatic epopee which lies between them; and believe the whole to be one complete poem, in which the author designed to give to his countrymen a popular and instructive view of the historic events by which the nation was purified and exalted, and prepared for the reception of that Reformation which, commenced by Edward VI., was completed under the auspices of the then reigning sovereign, Elizabeth.

This was indeed a design of infinite grandeur, and worthy of the noblest intellect. That it was the design of our poet, may be inferred, without doubt, from the state in which he has bequeathed the performance to posterity. For whether the several parts of the performance were written and produced upon the stage in the exact order of time which the sequence of history requires, or otherwise, it is certain that we have them in the order and in the condition which he finally adopted for their proper order and condition, and in which he left them in the hands of his posthumous editors. If indeed they had been printed in the first edition of his collected works in any other order than that in which we find them, we should ourselves have been obliged to restore them to their natural sequence; for so closely is each succeeding part of the great drama, from

Richard II. to the end of *Richard III.*, interwoven and dovetailed, both in point of time and matter, with the part foregoing, that not one of the intermediate pieces could be fully understood on perusal, unless the preceding performance had been previously mastered. Of this any reader may convince himself by beginning his study of the series with *Richard III.*, and so trying backwards up to *Richard II.* The experiment will convince him how exact the succession and dependence of one part upon another is, and how skilfully the poet has secured to each its necessary place; a circumstance which, we need hardly say, could not have happened, were the several pieces independent performances, and not regular parts of an orderly whole.

That the design was executed with a competent knowledge and consummate ability must be admitted, when we consider that the series has become the great national book of instruction on the subject, and that the people of England have learned from it more of the history of that period than from the most authentic, exact and popular works of their professed historians. Shakspeare, indeed, "was no hunter of MSS." 'Tis not the dramatist's business. "*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,*" is the precept of Horace to the dramatic poet. But as our poet, writing history, was not free to invent a fiction, we do not see what better he could have done than adopt the "*famam*"—the most popular account of the matters in hand which he could find. Daniel did the same in his "*Civil Warres*;" he copied from Hall's "*Chronicle*;" Shakspeare from Holinshed's; and whatever historical mistakes are to be found, either in the historical epic of the one or the epic drama of the other, are the mistakes, not of the respective poets, but of the chroniclers whom they followed. This much is certain, that Shakspeare's history of this period is just as correct as Daniel's. Now, Daniel was a man of admitted learning, proceeded to a master's degree at Oxford, and was a professed historiographer in prose as well as verse. If his errors, few and trifling, do not impeach his character for learning, may we not extend to his rival's case the generous sentiment of the Roman poet:

"Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendere maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura;"

To begin, then, with the impeachment of his historical knowledge. In this department he has written dramatic histories; ten English, three Roman, and one Grecian, besides two English, one Scottish, one Roman, and three Greek legendary stories.*

It will not be required, we suppose, that the legendary tales shall be justified in every point; and yet they are as true to the original authorities from whence they are drawn, so far as we know them, as it is possible to conceive them.† We shall, therefore, pass them over, and apply ourselves to the histories. And first of the English histories.

It must never be forgotten that these plays do not profess to be exact chronicles of the reigns from which they are respectively entitled. The historical play of Shakspeare does not profess to represent the entire transactions of a reign, but only such of them as, bearing upon one point, represent a revolution of dynasty, or some great change in the constitution. Let us glance at them for a moment in this light. The main interest of King John is the *first great shock which the Papal supremacy received in England*, preparatory to its final extinction in the reign of Henry VIII., with which two plays the historical series of our dramatic historian begins and ends. The intermediate series runs in such an uninterrupted se-

* Viz., English histories: King John; Richard II.; Henry IV., two parts; Henry V.; Henry VI., three parts; Richard III.; Henry VIII. English legends: Lear, Oymbeline. Scottish legend: Macbeth. Roman histories: Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra. Roman legend: the Rape of Lucrece. Greek history: Timon of Athens. Greek legends: Midsummer Night's Dream, Troilus and Cressida, and Venus and Adonis.

† The Midsummer Night's Dream, which we have numbered amongst the Greek legends, is founded throughout on Chaucer's Palamon and Arcite. So is the Two Noble Kinsmen of Fletcher; and this simple fact gave rise, we believe, to the supposition which the printer of the latter has embodied on its title-page, namely, that the play was "written by the ever-memorable worthies of the then time, Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent." That they both worked on the same story appears to us (after careful comparison) to be the sole foundation of the thought of its being a joint production. Fletcher, however, has kept close to the original; his rival lovers are knights; Shakspeare's are civilians; and whilst the lady-loves of the latter are both citizen's daughters, those of Fletcher are, the one a princess, the other the daughter of a jailor.

quence, the ending of one and the beginning of another are so closely connected together, that they seem to constitute less a number of independent dramas than a succession of scenes, arranged into parts convenient for dramatic representation. In this respect they bear a strong analogy to the Grecian system of Trilogies; and may thus perhaps be considered as a great epic drama, or a dramatic epopee, divided, like Spenser's Fairy Queen, into parts, books, and cantos. This great epic drama, then, (if we may be allowed to consider it so,) constitutes a scenic history of the changes of dynasty and constitution which took place in the interval between the accession of Richard II. and the death of Richard III., from the extinction of the Plantagenet line, to the succession of the line of Tudor; and embraces in its scope precisely the same time and the same revolutions which Daniel meant to have comprised in his heroic poem of the "Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster," but from the completion of which he was prevented, either by want of encouragement or by death. In Richard II. we have the foundation and commencement of that long and bloody struggle between the rival houses which did not cease to ravage the land until the union of both in the persons of Henry VII. and his queen, and the establishment of the line of Tudor. In the two parts of Henry IV., we find the history (in each respectively) of the two rebellions which disturbed the reign of the usurper. Henry V. records the glories of the British conquest of France, and the union of the French and British crowns. The three parts of Henry VI. are a history of the loss of our French conquests, and the *civil wars between the rival Roses*, their origin and progress; and Richard III. brings them to a close; so that this part of the series might be called THE QUARREL OF THE ROSES.

Henry VI. exhibits—

- | | | |
|--------------|--|--|
| Part 1st. | The adoption of the Roses as badges of party. | |
| Part 2d. | The vicissitudes | { of the Red Rose to the battle of St. Albans.
Of the White Rose to the battle of Tewkesbury. |
| Part 3d. | | |
| Richard III. | The quarrel closed at the battle of Bosworth field, and the UNION OF THE ROSES by the intermarriage of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. | |

And here ends, as we conceive, the great

epic drama of those civil wars which prepared the national mind, character, and institutions of England for the great reformation of religion which was even then impending. For we may observe that, as between the plays of *King John* and *Richard II.* there is a long interval of time, so, between those of *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* there is the unoccupied interval of a long reign; a reign pregnant indeed with civil changes, which, however important in the internal policy of the kingdom, bore no direct relation to the revolution in religion which was then in peace maturing itself for a sturdy contest with the Papal supremacy. Before the Reformed faith could be by law established in England, it was necessary that the intrusive supremacy of Rome should be broken down; and this was effected by the causes and through the agencies which form the sum and substance of our author's *Henry VIII.* In *King John* we find the beginning of this great end; in *Henry VIII.*, its consummation. We therefore regard those plays as, respectively, the prologue and epilogue to the great dramatic epopee which lies between them; and believe the whole to be one complete poem, in which the author designed to give to his countrymen a popular and instructive view of the historic events by which the nation was purified and exalted, and prepared for the reception of that Reformation which, commenced by Edward VI., was completed under the auspices of the then reigning sovereign, Elizabeth.

This was indeed a design of infinite grandeur, and worthy of the noblest intellect. That it was the design of our poet, may be inferred, without doubt, from the state in which he has bequeathed the performance to posterity. For whether the several parts of the performance were written and produced upon the stage in the exact order of time which the sequence of history requires, or otherwise, it is certain that we have them in the order and in the condition which he finally adopted for their proper order and condition, and in which he left them in the hands of his posthumous editors. If indeed they had been printed in the first edition of his collected works in any other order than that in which we find them, we should ourselves have been obliged to restore them to their natural sequence; for so closely is each succeeding part of the great drama, from

Richard II. to the end of Richard III., interwoven and dovetailed, both in point of time and matter, with the part foregoing, that not one of the intermediate pieces could be fully understood on perusal, unless the preceding performance had been previously mastered. Of this any reader may convince himself by beginning his study of the series with Richard III., and so trying backwards up to Richard II. The experiment will convince him how exact the succession and dependence of one part upon another is, and how skilfully the poet has secured to each its necessary place; a circumstance which, we need hardly say, could not have happened, were the several pieces independent performances, and not regular parts of an orderly whole.

That the design was executed with a competent knowledge and consummate ability must be admitted, when we consider that the series has become the great national book of instruction on the subject, and that the people of England have learned from it more of the history of that period than from the most authentic, exact and popular works of their professed historians. Shakspeare, indeed, "was no hunter of MSS." 'Tis not the dramatist's business. "*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,*" is the precept of Horace to the dramatic poet. But as our poet, writing history, was not free to invent a fiction, we do not see what better he could have done than adopt the "*famam*"—the most popular account of the matters in hand which he could find. Daniel did the same in his "*Civil Warres*;" he copied from Hall's "*Chronicle*;" Shakspeare from Holinshed's; and whatever historical mistakes are to be found, either in the historical epic of the one or the epic drama of the other, are the mistakes, not of the respective poets, but of the chroniclers whom they followed. This much is certain, that Shakspeare's history of this period is just as correct as Daniel's. Now, Daniel was a man of admitted learning, proceeded to a master's degree at Oxford, and was a professed historiographer in prose as well as verse. If his errors, few and trifling, do not impeach his character for learning, may we not extend to his rival's case the generous sentiment of the Roman poet:

"Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendere maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura;"

and concede that Shakspeare may, after all, have been as learned as Daniel?

So much for the English histories; now for the ROMAN and GREEK.

The concluding observations on the foregoing head will suffice for these. They are not professed chronicles; they are built on the "*famam*"—the popular account—of the characters and events they record; and as North's "Plutarch" then stood in that relation, and was, without concealment, the source from whence Shakspeare drew, the poet, if true to that, was as true to history as he intended to be; and for the errors into which he may have fallen, his authority is to be held in fault, and not himself. Even in this respect, we doubt whether Ben Jonson's Roman plays, though drawn directly from the fountains of Sallust and Tacitus, be more correct. We have already shown that his recourse to a *translation* is no proof of his inability to consult the original. He did in this case precisely what Lodge had done; and his performances in this branch of history are certainly as correct as that of his learned contemporary, the author of "The Wounds of Civil War." In truth, compared with any of the historical plays of his time, whether of ancient or modern story, the productions of Lylie, Greene, Marlow, Peele, Lodge, Nash, &c., &c., those of Shakspeare are infinitely superior, not merely in poetical power, which is a gift, but in historical knowledge, which is an acquirement of study. Why, then, should he be held inferior to them in this branch of the accomplishments of a scholar?

But his gross violations of chronology prove his deficiency in learning! Do they, indeed? Then the reproach cannot reach him till it has pierced through the ribs of Virgil, who, notwithstanding his synchronism of Dido and Æneas, stands invulnerable as a poet, accomplished in all the learning of his times. Then will he only bear the reproach of ignorance in common with most of the poets and dramatists of his day. Does he, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," people Athens and the woods adjoining with fairies? And do not Christopher Marlow and Thomas Nash—the one a master and the other a bachelor of arts in the University of Cambridge—in their joint production of "Dido, Queen of Carthage," represent her majesty's nurse complaining that "some fairies have beguiled her," and stolen the

young Ascanius from her arms by night!* Does Shakspeare confound the rites of modern chivalry with the practices of ancient warriorship? Which of his contemporaries did not do the same? He arrays Troilus for the field with the sleeve of the inconstant Cressida in his helmet; but is he not matched by George Peele, "Maister of Artes in Oxenforde," as he underwrites himself, who, in his "Arraignement of Paris," brings in upon Mount Ida "nine knights in armour, treading a warlike almain, by drum and fife," for the entertainment of the three rival goddesses? And doth not the same George Peele, in his poem entitled "The Beginning, End, and Accidents of the War of Troy," exhibit, on the banks of the Scamander,

"Sir Paris, mounted, in his armour bright,
Prick forth, and on his helm his mistress' sleeve!"

Again, do not Beaumont and Fletcher, both of them university scholars of repute, in their "Humorous Lieutenant," make Leontius desire the king's son to

"Hang all his ladies' favours on his crest,
And let them fight their shares"

for him in the ensuing battle? And this battle, by the way, reminds us of another

* Ben Jonson equally confounds the ancient mythologies of Greece and Rome with those of modern Europe in our author's time. In his masque of the "Fairy Prince," (written for Prince Henry,) the first person introduced is "a Satyr calling upon *Chromis* and *Mnasyl*," ("two young Satyrs," as he tells us, "found in the 6th Eclogue of Virgil,") "to know whether they have seen any thing of late of Silenus, the pædagogus of Bacchus." Receiving no response, he winds his horn, and forthwith enter *Cercops*, and *Silenus*, and *Sylvanus*, and groups of *Satyrs* and *Silvanes*; and a dialogue ensues, in which Silenus informs the good company that

"These are nights
Solemn to the shining rites
Of the Fairie Prince and Knights,
While the moone their orgies lights.
Satyr 2. Will they come abroad anon?
Satyr 3. Shall we see young Oberon?" &c.

After much more of this, and some singing and dancing, the whole palace opens, and the nation of Fays [Elves and all] are discovered, and knights and masquers sitting in their several sieges; and at the farther end of all, *Oberon*, in a chariot drawn by two white bears; and finally, the whole party, Satyrs, Sylvans, Nymphs, Silenus and Sylvanus and the rest, together with Oberon and the greater and the lesser Fays and Elves, fall a dancing their measures, corantos, galliards, &c., until Phosphorus appears, and the whole, with its machinery, vanishes!

flagrant anachronism of our poet. Does he not, in his 1st Henry IV., represent the Douglas amusing himself at sparrow-shooting with a pistol,* long before the invention of gunpowder? But Beaumont and Fletcher are at it much earlier; for, in the aforesaid "Humorous Lieutenant,"—the time of which is the close of the reign of Alexander the Great,—Demetrius enters with a loaded pistol in his hand, presents and fires it at the Lieutenant. The victim falls, indeed, but only to rise a better man than before! And *à propos* to such anachronistic weapons, can it be forgotten that Thomas Heywood, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, provides his *Psyche* with "a sharp-set razor" to cut Cupid's throat withal?† or that Marlow and Nash furnish *Æneas* with a "tinder-box," and represent him as a civil engineer, laying down plans and elevations of Carthage with "paper," and doubtless with pen and ink, in his hand?‡ Could those "art-masters" have seen as far forward into time as they looked back into its records, we should probably have beheld the hero of the play taking gradients for a line of railway between the capitals of the Sidonian Dido and the Getulian Tarbas.

"Yes, that's all very true; but does not Shakspeare make Hector quote Aristotle?" He does.§ But does not Robert Greene, "*in artibus magister utriusque Academicæ*," in "a philosophical combat" or *conversatione* between Hector and Achilles, with the chieftains on both sides and their respective

ladies, held at the Grecian tents during an interval of the siege—does he not we say, make Iphigenia (however that lady came there) frump the Trojans for their want of an "academie" like to the Grecians, and commend the moral philosophy of *Appian* to their study? and doth not *Andromache*, waxing "a little pleasaunt and satyricall," reply with a "quip modest" against the "self-conceit of the Grecian ladies in their wysedome?" "Our ladyes," quoth she, "like homely huswyfes, beguile time with the dystaffe; but your dames apply their myndes to their *books*, and become so *well lettered*, that after long study they proove as vertuous as Helena." Iphigenia of course blushes, apologizes, and defends. Cassandra takes up her parable, and spouts Latin; and the wily Ulysses quotes *Horace*! And moreover, doth not the same worthy, in conjunction with Thomas Lodge, *A.M.*, *Can-tab.*, in the "Looking-Glass for London," make Rasni, the King of Nineveh in the days of Jonas the prophet, quote from Virgil's celebrated distich; and to show himself perfect master of the language, modify it (without the aid of Lilly's Syntax) to his own purpose? And are not the rabblement of that doomed city as intimate with *Galen* as their monarch with Maro? And do they not, moreover, prate as familiarly (though it is rather out of place, both here and there) of *rapiers*, ale-houses, parish churches, sextons, squires, and christening cakes, as Parson Adams or Doctor Paley, in more modern times, could do for their lives? But enough of this. Even a more serious charge against his chronology, involving the occasional misplacing of historical facts with reference to the real order of their occurrence, must be postponed for a more convenient opportunity.

* "And with his pistol shoot a sparrow flying."
—1st Hen. IV.

† "Love's Mistress, or Cupid and Psyche," by Thomas Heywood.

‡ "Dido, Queen of Carthage," by Christopher Marlow and Thomas Nash.

§ "Troilus and Cressida," ii. 2.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S POEMS.

Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields are doing the community a great service in their publication of a uniform edition of American Poets. As the poetical works of many of our eminent countrymen have successively appeared from their press, we have taken pleasure in committing them to our library and to our memory, as worthy of being preserved and of being remembered. We have accustomed ourselves to regard their names upon the title-page of a volume of poems as a guaranty of its excellence. We have always believed them eminently disposed to lend a helping hand to all efforts of real and persevering genius. We have always found them considerate toward the rights of American men of letters, and very sparing in gratifying our unnational taste for pirated literature. When to this it is added, that the publications of their house are uniformly refining and pure in their tendencies, and unexceptionable alike in the internal spirit and the external letter, we must feel assured that whatever volumes they may continue to publish are worthy of being commended to the attention of all readers.

But our estimate of Mr. Taylor's poems is not based upon the name of his publishers. We have watched Mr. Taylor's poetical career for some years with no ordinary interest, and with each of his successive effusions, our confidence in his powers and in his success has been strengthened. There is nothing of feebleness in Mr. Taylor; he is never strained, never affected, and never untrue to a fine vein of healthy sentiment, which pervades the entire composition of his mind. From the day on which he embarked for Europe, a mere stripling, with no advantages of education beside those which, with infinite difficulty, he had provided for himself, with very little money in his pocket, and very unsubstantial prospects of obtaining more, until now, when the literary ambition of most men would be satisfied with the honors he has gained, he has continually shown a perseverance, a self-reliance, and a willingness to work, which of themselves could scarcely have failed to command suc-

cess, and which, united with his talents, have proved the harmony of the union between labor and genius, and the wisdom of employing the one to minister to the full development of the other. His steady and onward course furnishes one more instance to disprove the oft-alleged inseparableness between poetical talent and moral enfeeblement, and to establish the fact that a favorite of the Muses may be also an upright, laborious, practical man. If men were not by nature disposed to look obliquely at any qualification which they do not themselves possess, and to ally the worst of faults with the most eminent of capabilities, whenever such a union is sanctioned by a single precedent, we should think it worth while to spend a little time in combating a popular notion that a poet must be visionary, spend-thrift, or dissipated; that he must rave with Shelley, scatter with Savage, or tipple with Byron; that he must be a child in practical affairs, unfit to manage a household, disqualified for the duties of an active citizen, a day-dreamer, and an idle participant in the blessings provided by others.

But without stopping to make war upon a very ill-founded theory, we may say that Mr. Taylor has probably written better verses, and that his mind is in better order for the production of good poetry, than if he had devoted himself entirely to poetical labor from the day he began to write verses at all, and, shutting himself up among his books, had entered upon a life of intellectual seclusion. Mr. Taylor, as is very well known, is a prominent member of the editorial corps of a leading daily journal of this city, and, in his professional duty, performs day by day an amount of work which might amply justify any man in entire relaxation during all his intervals of leisure. But as a life of idleness makes no man a poet, so the poetical spirit of no man is stifled by daily exercise in the conflicts of life. While the busy man labors, he can not only think, but he can gather materials for after-thought. Amid the most active duties, the intellect is never debarred from noticing all that is noticeable,

and analyzing all that challenges its power. And it is more than probable that the very points on which it seizes, under such a condition of its use, are the points most calculated to interest the majority of men, but upon which they may not have time or ability to comment for themselves. It must be true, that the writer who mingles most with men is able, other things being equal, to write most acceptably to the majority of readers. If Shelley had passed six hours a day with his fellow-Englishmen, the number of his readers would have increased a hundred-fold. If Southey had been a merchant, or a practitioner at the bar, he might have written less poetry, but what he might have written would have been vastly more readable. Abstraction, and a misguided aversion to the duties of common life, destroyed the power of the marvellous genius of Keats. Similar traits of character, but partially subdued, neutralize the effect of many of the efforts of Tennyson. Poets cannot know every thing by intuition; and the greatest and most prolific of all their themes, human character, requires an amount of study which can only be successfully and fully performed by constant intercourse with the world, by cheerfully participating in its duties, and sharing whatever of rational pleasure or inevitable sorrow its unceasing revolutions may bring.

We consider Mr. Taylor a very eminent example of the poetical talent of Young America, classing him among those writers who have appeared since the commencement of the decade recently passed; a decade whose early barrenness gave but slight token of the richness of its latter half. The writers of whom we speak (Saxe, Stoddard, Fields, Lowell,)—are distinguished for lyrical fire, a practical vein of metaphysics, a happy boldness of language, sensuousness of fancy, deficiency in all but the more earthly qualities of imagination, and, in common with their transatlantic brethren, for inability or unwillingness to undertake epical or even prolonged efforts. When we compare these writers, not with their elders in poetical literature, but with the poets of an earlier generation, the Trumbulls, the Dwights and the Barlows, we cannot but notice a great and a peculiar difference. We see one generation, occupying a field which lay barren before the eyes of the other, composing songs where the other elaborated epics;

adorning fragments of legendary narrative, or mythological fable, where the other bent its powers under the weight of the gravest matters of history or metaphysical speculation. And, regarding the portentous volumes of our earlier poets, we cannot wonder that their descendants are not as emulous of their untiring prolixity as of their poetical ambition. From any other than the briefest of volumes, the reading community of the present day start back in positive dismay. We have no time for poems comprising twelve or twenty-four books, though built according to the precepts of Boileau and the example of Milton, and though they may treat of the greatest of national or historical affairs. We ask for the pith of volumes in sentences; history, philosophy, scientific speculations are alike subjected to a universally demanded compression, and poets find that the shorter and the more vigorous are their effusions, the more numerous and the better pleased are their readers.

If the only recommendation of our rising poets, beyond that which we award to their forerunners in American letters, consisted in brevity, we should feel that we were saying but little in their praise. But, happily, we are not obliged to stop here. We hazard nothing in saying that the productions of our earlier poets are at once less powerful and less natural, less imbued with the true poetical fervor, the hearty *abandon* to the impulses of the imagination or the fancy, and therefore less fitted to produce that effect upon the reader which is the aim of all poetry, than the works of our living writers. Our present poets sweep the lyre with a bolder and a stronger hand, are truer to their native instinct, are more fervid, more passionate, less regardful of critical codes, and less distrustful of a response from their hearers. From the very nature of what they write, they become self-reliant, and hopeful of favor from the world. If they were obliged to devote years to a single piece, whose success should determine their reputation for ever, we can imagine the diffidence, the frequent heart-sinkings, the oft-recurring temptations to a total abandonment of their work, under which they would inevitably labor; we can readily see that they would grow timid, would prefer safe mediocrity to perilous brilliancy, would often become dull from fear of being thought profane, and

would imitate well-known models rather than risk their fame by trusting to an untried and uncertain originality. How different from this is the courage of a writer who feels that he may commit many failures before he is condemned; who is conscious that, if he errs to-day, he may correct his mistake to-morrow; whose path is guided, not by one, but by many verdicts upon his past course, and whose ripening and improving powers are for ever employed on fresh efforts, instead of being hampered by a connection with some protracted and feebly commenced undertaking, which it is scarcely possible to improve without total reconstruction, and which cannot be abandoned without a sacrifice of much toilsome and as yet unremunerated labor!

Mr. Taylor has included in the volume whose title forms the heading of this article, nearly all the poems he has written since the publication of his former work, the "Rhymes of Travel." Many of these poems have appeared in the Philadelphia magazines, to which Mr. Taylor is a regular contributor; and having been extensively republished by the newspaper press, have aided in no small degree to increase the reputation of their author. The few of his productions which he has seen fit to omit, are precisely those in which we have found least to admire, either from the presence of positive defects, or from the absence of any thing that could distinguish them from the general run of magazine poetry. We should have been pleased, however, to have seen the "Song of the Dreams," originally published in *Sartain's Magazine*, with some slight alterations, included in this collection; and we regret that it has been condemned by its author to share the same fate with that much-talked-about offering to the Queen of Song, which for the time placed Mr. Taylor's name in such close juxtaposition with the names of Messrs. Genin and Barnum.

"Mon-da-min, or the Romance of Maize," an Indian legend, the longest poem of the volume, placed, in conformity to poetical usage, in advance of all the others, is a very unfortunate effort. As a work of art, it is unquestionably good; but the subject is uninteresting and prosaic, and would have remained so in the hands of much more eminent poets than any now living. The Indian character seems to have been with American writers a subject of duty rather

than of interest, and each one has felt himself obliged to devote more or less labor to the task of making a savage, unimaginative, and cowardly race appear intellectual, aspiring, and heroic. And whatever of rude interest may exist in the aboriginal nature, no poetical efforts have as yet been successful in commending it to our admiration, or even to our sympathy. And our prose writers have fared scarcely better in their dealings with so unpromising a theme. Mr. Cooper is the only exception to the long list of failures. Yet, even in Cooper's novels, we are willing to leave it with the reader to determine whether the backwoodsman is not a more heroic and a more interesting character than the Indian; whether we do not watch his career with more enthusiasm; whether we do not grieve more readily over his misfortunes; and whether, in spite of all the dignities that art has attempted to throw over the red man's nature, we do not constantly regard him with distrust and aversion, even if he is made too conspicuous for indifference, and too generous to be met with our natural hostility. We trust that Mr. Taylor, having satisfied his conscience and freed himself from all obligation towards a very unsatisfactory subject for poetry, may hereafter abstain from a theme so uncongenial to the muse.

"Hylas," a few pages beyond, is a production of great beauty, full of fire, strongly and graphically written, and abounding in those fine rhetorical passages which constitute one of Mr. Taylor's peculiar excellences. Most of our readers will recollect the story. A Greek boy, while bathing in the river Scamander, is spied by water-nymphs, and in spite of his struggles is made a prisoner to their violent love, and, like the unwary voyagers upon the Rhine, who have been fascinated by the melodious voice of Loralie, is for ever detained below the waters. We have only room for one or two extracts from this poem, and we select the following lines as a specimen of Mr. Taylor's powers of description:—

"Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins,
And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure,
Naked, save one light robe, that from his shoulder
Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
Of warm, white limbs, half nerved with coming
manhood,
Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his
forehead,

Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom
 Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
 Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lip's parting,
 Like a loose bow that just has launched its arrow;
 His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,
 Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;
 Dewy and sleek, his dimpled shoulder rounded
 To the white arms and whiter breast beneath them.
*Downward, the supple lines had less of softness;
 His back was like a god's; his loins were moulded
 As if some pulse of power began to waken;
 The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerving,
 Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping downward,
 Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion."*

The lines we have italicised, we have never seen surpassed; and we doubt if a truer, more vigorous, more terse, and at the same time a more poetical description of manly beauty and strength was ever given. The closing lines of this poem are full of rhetorical beauty:—

"The sunset died behind the crags of Imbroa.
 Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
 Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless
 billows.

The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,
 And up the ropes was heaved the snowy canvas.
 But mighty Héracles, the Jove-begotten,
 Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,
 Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
 Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before him;
 And when he called, expectant, 'Hylas! Hylas!'
 The empty echoes made him answer, 'Hylas!'

We do not remember having looked through a book of poems for several years back, without noticing very clearly the influence of Tennyson. Mr. Tennyson, besides taking rank as the most popular poet of the day, has also become, in a most eminent degree, a study for poets; and his many excellences and defects, his graces and his subtleties, his niceties and his obscurities—somewhat changed in form, it is true, by the peculiarities of each mind through which they are transmitted—are fast being poured through a hundred channels into the vast and never-filled reservoir of current poetry. In asserting thus much, we intend to accuse no one of plagiarism; for although Mr. Tennyson's poetical property has often been most violently outraged, we are happy to say that neither has Mr. Taylor, nor any other of those writers mentioned in his company a few pages back, been guilty of this inexcusable criminality. Nor are we speaking now so much of imitation as of an acquiescence in that subtle influence which is ever diffused from the productions of a master in

any art, and which, within reasonable limits, may be accepted not only without dishonesty or servility, but, on the contrary, with positive advantage. Poetry, like philosophy, has its epochs and its changes. If Pope had never lived, the school of poetry of which he was the head and the most eminent example, would undoubtedly have flourished through its appointed time, to give place to another equally inevitable. The poetry of the Lakers seems to have sprung up in half a dozen minds at once; and in several writers of the present day whom we might name, both English and American, often unthinkingly styled imitators, the Tennysonian vein appears as natural and as unstrained as if their own genius had been its prime originator. We cannot better illustrate our meaning than by quoting a few stanzas from one of Mr. Taylor's finest poems, which the reader will see are not plagiarisms, not imitations, but are, on the other hand, eminently original, and which remind us not so much of Tennyson himself, as of the existence of those fine trains of thought which are shared in common by the best poets of the day, and which will hereafter be noticed as one of the chief characteristics of the poetry of this particular era. The poem is entitled "The Metempsychosis of the Pine:"—

"As when the haze of some wan moonlight makes
 Familiar fields a land of mystery,
 When all is changed, and some new presence
 wakes
 In flower, and bush, and tree,

"Another life the life of day o'erwhelms;
 The past from present consciousness takes hue,
 And we remember vast and cloudy realms
 Our feet have wandered through:

"So, oft, some moonlight of the mind makes dumb
 The stir of outer thought; wide open seems
 The gate where, through strange sympathies, have
 come
 The secret of our dreams;

"The source of fine impressions, shooting deep
 Below the failing plummet of the sense;
 Which strike beyond all time, and backward
 sweep
 Through all intelligence.

"We touch the lower life of beast and clod,
 And the long process of the ages see
 From blind old Chaos, ere the breath of God
 Moved it to harmony.

"All outward wisdom yields to that within,
 Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key;
 We only feel that we have ever been,
 And evermore shall be."

Some time since, when Mr. Taylor commenced to write, public attention was called to his eminent command of sonorous and poetical language, to the rhythmic sweep of his stanzas, and to the superior rhetorical merit of all his compositions. These qualities were insisted on, at the expense of his imagination and his sentiment, until finally those readers who were more disposed to yield to critical opinions than to abide by their own convictions, allowed themselves to believe that he was nothing more than a rhetorician, who, after having rung the changes upon a certain number of poetical words, would cease to write any thing either readable or remarkable. This is not the first instance in which some one distinguishing excellence of an author has operated unfavorably to his general fame; has either usurped the place of all his other merits, or has been made to hide them from sight; and we are glad, therefore, to see Mr. Taylor's poems in a collected form, so that their various qualities may be readily perceived, compared and estimated. We have no fear that his claims to a brilliant if not a spiritual imagination, a delicate and yet a healthy sentiment, a keen perception, and ready powers of description, will suffer with any candid reader, simply because he possesses the advantage of being able to express as strongly as he feels. To us it seems a proof of careful study, and of mastery of the poetical art, to have the faculty of writing verses in which there shall not be one unmistakable idea, in which every thought shall present itself to the reader in a clear and precise form, and which shall all be knit together by verbal melody and metrical precision.

Perhaps, in the piece we are about to quote, certain critics might find so much of rhetoric that their eyes would become blinded to the many other qualities of fine poetry which it contains; but before we are convinced that we have been betrayed by sounding words into a weakness of judgment, we must be shown as many stanzas of contemporaneous poetry containing more of poetical fire and manliness of sentiment:

"THE HARP: AN ODE.

I.

"When bleak winds through the northern pines
were sweeping,
Some hero-skald, reclining on the sand,
Attuned it first, the chords harmonious keeping
With murmuring forest, and with moaning
strand;

And when, at night, the horns of mead foamed
over,

And torches flared around the wassail-board,
It breathed no song of maid nor sigh of lover,
It rang aloud the triumphs of the sword!
It mocked the thunders of the ice-ribbed ocean,
With clenched hands beating back the dragon's
prow;
It gave Berserker arms their battle-motion,
And swelled the red veins on the Viking's
brow!

II.

"No myrtle, plucked in dalliance, ever sheathed it,
To melt the savage ardor of its flow;
The only gauds wherewith its lord enwreathed it,
The lusty fir and Druid mistletoe.
Thus bound, it kept the old, accustomed cadence,
Whether it pealed through alumberous ilex
bowers,
In stormy wooing of Byzantine maidens,
Or shook Trinacria's languid lap of flowers;
Whether Genseric's conquering march it chanted,
Till cloudy Atlas rang with Gothic staves,
Or, where gray Calpè's pillared feet are planted,
Died grandly out upon the unknown waves!

III.

"Not unto Scania's bards alone belonging
The craft that loosed its tongues of changing
sound,
For Ossian played, and ghosts of heroes thronging,
Leaned on their spears above the misty mound.
The Cambrian eagle, round his eyrie winging,
Heard the loud shout through mountain passes
rolled,
When bearded throats chimed in with mighty
singing,
And monarchs listened, in their torques of gold;
Its dreary wail, blent with the seamew's clangor,
Surged round the lonely keep of Penmaen
Mawr;
It pealed afar, in battle's glorious anger,
Behind the banner of the Blazing Star!

IV.

"The strings are silent; who shall dare to wake
them,
Though later deeds demand their living
powers?
Silent in other lands, what hand shall make them
Leap as of old, to shape the songs of ours!
Here, while the sapless bulk of Europe moulders,
Springs the rich blood to hero-veins unsealed,—
Source of that Will, that on its fearless shoulders
Would bear the world's fate lightly as a shield;
Here moves a larger life, to grander measures
Beneath our sky and through our forests rung.
Why sleeps the harp, forgetful of its treasures,
Buried in songs that never yet were sung?

V.

"Great solemn songs, that with majestic sounding
Should swell the nation's heart, from sea to
sea;
Informed with power, with earnest hope abound-
ing,
And prophecies of triumph yet to be!

Songs, by the wild wind for a thousand ages
 Hummed o'er our central prairies, vast and
 lone;
 Glassed by the northern lakes in crystal pages,
 And carved by hills on pinnacles of stone;
 Songs chanted now, where undiscovered fountains
 Make in the wilderness their babbling home,
 And through the deep-hewn cañons of the moun-
 tains
 Plunge the cold rivers in perpetual foam!

VI.

"Sung but by these. Our forests have no voices;
 Rapt with no loftier strains our rivers roll;
 Far in the sky, no song-crowned peak rejoices
 In sounds that give the silent air a soul.
 Wake, mighty Harp! and thrill the shores that
 hearken
 For the first peal of thine immortal rhyme;
 Call from the shadows that begin to darken
 The beaming forms of our heroic time;
 Sing us of deeds that, on thy strings outsoaring
 The ancient soul they glorified so long,
 Shall win the world to hear thy grand restoring,
 And own thy latest thy sublimest song!"

We owe no apology to our readers for having quoted this fine lyric at length, although we find ourselves, in consequence, obliged to omit one or two other pieces marked for quotation, among which we may mention "Taurus" and "The Waves." We have, perhaps, protracted this paper unnecessarily, and have allowed ourselves to dwell on certain points that seemed to us to demand attention, without making due allowance for the very slender patience of most readers toward poetical criticisms. For it has come to be considered among the reading public that criticisms are written more to show the ability of the writer than to explain the beauties or expose the faults of the poet; and are often neither more nor less than races against time and space, in which he is the winner who covers the greatest amount of paper with the smallest expenditure of time, content to let his production share the usual fate of those critical articles in which every periodical imagines itself in duty bound to indulge.

Thus, of the many reviews of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Campbell and Tennyson that have lately appeared in American magazines, how many are supposed to have been written out of admiration for these very distinguished writers, and how many have been thought worthy of being read by the public for whom they were written? Is it not a settled conclusion that books of poems are the hobby-horses of brain and pocket-needy writers, on which they may mount at any time, and so gallop through the pages of a periodical to the pockets of its publisher? Nay, when American poets are remembered by the critic, and their merits sedulously put forward in the columns of a review, is it not thought that the writer is performing this service to national literature in consideration of value received from interested parties, and that for a similar gratuity he would at any moment perform a like favor for the proprietors of the "Ready Relief," or the "Balsam of Tolu?"

But in whatever light our readers may be disposed to regard this feeble attempt to do justice to a poet of whom our countrymen should be proud, we are satisfied that we have not mistaken those evidences of genius and ambitious energy which are exhibited in the works of Mr. Taylor. We feel that, with a select number of similarly gifted writers, he is coming before us more prominently, year by year, to claim the place which a fore-running generation must soon vacate, and which is by right his own. It remains for us to acknowledge merit where such acknowledgment is due; to extend our sympathies to real genius all the more heartily, because it is the production of our own soil, and draws its inspiration from the air we daily breathe; and to show our own writers that, if we will not protect them by law, we will at least give them an equal share of attention with their foreign brethren.

A LEGEND OF THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

CHAPTER I.

IN the chamber of the Archbishop of Cologne, two men were standing before a table that was covered with parchments and designs. They were the Archbishop Conrad Von Hochsteden and his master-builder. The former scanned attentively all the plans and drawings which the master laid, one by one, before him, then brushed them aside, and said, "None of all these. Thy plans do not please me. Some are old, others are too simple, others again look like Grecian temples; altogether they are trivial and insignificant. No, master; we will build a cathedral, the like of which is not in the world; a cathedral that shall excite more astonishment than the pyramids of Egypt and the temples of the heathen Greeks; a cathedral in which God will delight to dwell, for it will be worthy of his power and omnipotence; worthy as a building reared by the hand of man can be worthy of Him. Take hence thy drawings, master; reflect, ponder closely, closely, and sketch me a plan that will content me."

The master gathered his drawings together thoughtfully, while the Archbishop continued: "My predecessor, the sainted Engelbert, had formed the design to build a cathedral which should excel all the sacred edifices that now stand in Christendom. From far and wide were the faithful Christians to make the pilgrimage to Cologne, to a temple which should be the first in the world. He has often spoken with me of this thought; his purpose has become my inheritance, and I must bring it to completion. Reflect upon the immortal fame that awaits thee if it be thy lot to perfect the master-work. Upon a brazen tablet thou mayst carve thy name, and place it in the midst of the cathedral, that it may proclaim the builder to all coming generations."

The master's eye shone with ambitious joy, and he cried ardently, "My gracious lord, so be it. Already the majestic edifice

stands in thought before my eyes; I see the turrets stretching towards heaven; I hear the tones of the gigantic bells echo far and wide, calling upon the faithful to come and receive the blessings of the Church. And they come by thousands and thousands, and find room in the vast halls, and all listen to the sounds of the mighty organ, which, rolling and thundering, proclaims the praise of the Almighty."

And the Archbishop hearkened with pleasure, but suddenly a dark cloud passed across the master's face. "Thy brow contradicts thy words," said the Archbishop. "Thou dost speak loudly and of great things, while doubt and faint-heartedness are pictured in thy face."

But the master said softly, "It will need unmeasured wealth to rear the building worthily, and whence is this to come?"

"That shall be my care, thou man of little faith," said the Archbishop, confidently. "I myself am rich, and I will willingly become poor for the sake of such a work. My chapter is rich; rich is this good city of Cologne, and it will not play the miser when it concerns a work that will render it the first city in Christendom. Believe me, many will open their coffers, and there will be no want of gold and silver to decorate the temple worthily."

The master's countenance brightened somewhat at these words, and he said: "Thou dost speak of honor and of fame, my gracious lord; but years will pass before the edifice is completed, many years; and the life of man is short. Shall I live to behold the building in its perfected glory?"

Then the Archbishop turned quickly and cried: "Oh, thou blind, vain-hearted man! Will not the work be thy work, even though others put the last hand thereto? Wilt not thou lay the foundations, and erect the first walls and pillars, and others only build the roof, after thy plan, after thy thought? The plan, the thought, brings the fame, not the last completion; and if thy plan be so

great that the life of one man suffices not to finish it, it is therefore the more glorious; for he is but of a petty soul who counts upon the shadow and the fruits of the tree which he is planting. Besides, thou art young, and canst yet bring much to perfection."

Then the master's eyes gleamed with ardor. He fell at the Archbishop's feet, and said, "Yes, thou art right; I was foolish and blinded. Well, then, I will begin the task. My life has found its aim; with God's help, to the work! Give me thy blessing!"

The Archbishop raised his hands to bless him, when the door was thrown open, and a knight rushed into the chamber with happy tidings of a far different nature. The Archbishop joyfully bade him welcome. The kneeling man rose and went his way. All this happened in the year of our Lord 1247.

CHAPTER II

VAIN MEDITATION.

ABOUT half a year might have passed since the conversation in the preceding chapter; the master was sitting in his chamber with a piece of parchment before him, upon which he had partly drawn a plan. His face was pale, his cheeks sunken, his eyes dim, for he had passed many nights in fruitless pondering. When he sat before the parchment, with the pencil in his hand, the lines which he drew would not shape themselves into a whole. When he wandered alone along the banks of the Rhine, he thought always and ever upon his plan, but when he conceived that a beam of light illumined the chaos of his thoughts, and that now the lines which swam in mingled confusion before his mind would assume order, then the fame and honor of his name occurred to him, his ideas lost their connection, and he revelled in the prospect of future renown, while he in vain endeavored to grasp the present, the commencement, the plan.

When at night he tossed restlessly upon his couch, the form of a gigantic structure, it is true, shaped itself before his soul in half waking visions; and had he been able to hold it firm, in a calm and quiet dream, the remembrance thereof might have remained with him on waking; but other

images ever thrust themselves between, and effaced all clearness.

He then saw his monument in the church, and upon it his name in letters of gold. He saw a devout crowd stand around, and heard them say: "Here rests the great master who built this cathedral; let us pray for his soul!" And all kneeled and prayed for him, the immortal master. Then, when he awoke, a sudden pain would shoot through his breast; for it had been a dream only, and the building was not yet begun.

Thus had he toiled for six months; and the longer he pondered, the more ardent his desire to complete his plan; and the oftener messengers came from the Archbishop to know whether he would not soon begin the building, so much the more confused became his thoughts. Anguish of soul came upon him, a fear that he would never complete his work, and the blood boiled feverishly in his veins. Thus he sat again before the parchment, despairing of himself, of his art, of his power; he could not grasp a single thought, and sad gloom lay upon the soul of the young and mighty master.

Then the door was opened, and Master Schmidt, the silversmith, entered; and behind him came two apprentices, bearing the great brazen tablet which the master-builder had ordered, while still glowing with the first inspiration for his work, and—his renown.

And the silversmith said: "Here is the tablet, master, which thou didst order. Thy name is cut deeply in large letters, and beneath it runs, that thou didst begin the building of the great cathedral in the year of our Lord 1248." The master constrained the smith to go, for a blush of shame stood upon his face.

When he was alone, he considered the tablet, and a stream of hot tears burst from his eyes; and he said to himself, in bitter scorn: "Oh, thou great master, thou wise master! thou dost pluck the fruit before the tree is planted; thou dost keep the wedding before thou hast the bride; thou wouldst enjoy the victory before thou hast won the battle. Oh, thou prudent master, thou wise master! thou art come to the end before thou hast made a beginning! Oh, thou immortal master! eternal fame thou canst not miss; the tablet with thy name is here—the cathedral alone is wanting!"

And he laughed aloud in mockery and

despair, while bitter tears fell down his cheeks.

Again steps echoed in the outer chamber, and an aged servant of the Archbishop came to him and said: "My gracious master sends thee greeting, and invites thee to visit him in Bonn. He has discovered a quarry on the Drachenfels, which abounds with a fair reddish stone. He would have thee examine the stone, and if it is suitable, the new cathedral shall be built thereof. Moreover, the Archbishop hopes that thy plan will soon be perfected."

The master stood with averted countenance to conceal his glowing face, and he replied, in a low voice, that he would do the Archbishop's will. And when the servant was gone, he walked hastily to and fro in the chamber, and said to himself: "It must be done; it must be done! Scorn and shame await me if my skill prove wanting now. Then another will come, will rear the cathedral, and I—laughed at and mocked! No! I must, must be the builder; I must invent the plan, though my soul's welfare be the price!"

Then the brazen tablet fell clashing from the chair to the ground; the master snatched his cap from the wall, and rushed from the chamber.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLAN.

AMID the mountains of the Siebengebirges, the Drachenfels tower steep and lofty, affording a wide view of the fair valley of the Rhine. On a spring day, in the year 1248, a man of grave and earnest countenance slowly ascended the mountain, often pausing, lost in deep thought. It was the master, who was on his way to examine the quarry, from the stones of which the new cathedral was to be built. His errand seemed to him a bitter mockery at himself, for he had now no hope that he should be the builder. The Archbishop, angry at his long delay, had resolved to send for another master, but, at last, had granted him a short respite, at the end of which the plan must be ready, and the building begun. The master had accepted the respite, which on the morrow would be at an end; he had just left the Archbishop, and, overpowered by the deepest anguish, had told him that the plan was

ready, and that he would lay it before him on the morrow.

Already all was life and animation about the spot chosen for the building. The stonecutters, the masons, the handicraftsmen of all kinds were hired, and had already assembled from near and far; the wagons, the implements, the machines, and whatever else was necessary to the work, lay in readiness, and to-morrow they were to begin to dig the pit in which the foundation wall was to be laid.

And still the plan was not ready. The idea of the building hovered before the master, the form of the cathedral stood in faint outlines before his soul; but in spite of all his thinking and pondering, these outlines would not assume a clear and definite shape. The ground plan was to be of the form of a crucifix; two mighty turrets should rear themselves at the portal. Upon this the master was clear, but he could not find the just harmony of the proportions; he drew, and the lines did not meet, crossing or evading each other; he reckoned, but his reckoning did not prove correct, and he could not find the error. If inordinate ambition had formerly darkened the master's clear senses, now anxiety, fear, shame, despair were added, and his work made less and less progress. As oftentimes a word hovers upon our tongue, and still we cannot find and utter it, so the giant image of the cathedral danced before the master's senses, and he could not grasp it, could not hold it fast.

Thus he ascended the mountain, weary and murmuring at himself, battling against the last doubts of a resolve to cool his glowing brain in the deep waters of the Rhine. He reached the quarry, which at that time was little worked, and where many steep, smooth precipices rose before the eye of the spectator. The master stood sunk in thought; he turned over several loose stones with his staff, took one in his hand, and still was evidently busied with other thoughts than that of examining the mass. A slight sound startled him; he raised his eyes, and stood almost petrified with terror and astonishment.

Upon the face of a perpendicular rock before him, drawn in large, firm lines, appeared the cathedral, as he had thought it in his mind. There were the two heaven-aspiring turrets, there was the vast circuit of the halls, there the gigantic whole, which he

had tried in vain to grasp. He seized himself by the arm, to convince himself whether he were awake or dreaming. "No, it is no dream," he then cried suddenly; "thus it is, thus I bore it around in spirit, while yet it would not grow clear to me."

He stepped nearer—the drawing had disappeared; he rushed toward the rocky wall to discover the lines—the cold, bare stone alone was visible! He closed his eyes to view the well-considered image once more in his mind, to stamp those lines, those bold proportions upon his memory; in vain, his fancy was dull and shapeless. The more he strove and toiled, so much the more desolate and waste was it within him. There stood a turret before his inward vision, but the foundation was wanting; there, two pillars reared themselves aloft, but he could not find the arch that surmounted them; then the whole picture rose before him again, and grew smaller and smaller, as if an irresistible power were dragging him away from it. He felt as if he must hold firm, as if he must brace himself desperately against this power; in vain, the picture grew smaller and smaller; at last it disappeared.

Despair now seized him. He had seen it with his own eyes, his masterpiece, bold and glorious, the like of which had never yet been conceived, completed; the goal of his striving, of his painful toil, was reached; his spirit had viewed the enormous space which these bold arches enclosed, and it was lost, gone irrevocably! His brain glowed feverishly, his pulse beat convulsively; he felt that madness was stealing upon him, and he laughed aloud in furious self-mockery.

A hoarse echo returned his laugh, and he looked around in terror; a traveling pedlar stood before him, greeting him humbly. The master turned his back upon him angrily, but the other spoke to him, and said: "Wilt thou not buy some curiosities, good friend? I am returning from Italy, and have brought several with me. Look, for example, at this roll of parchment."

The pedlar held before the master's eyes an unrolled drawing; it was the same that he had seen upon the rock, smaller, but accurately and delicately executed.

"What is that?" cried the master in affright.

"The plan for the new cathedral in Cologne," said the other.

The master shuddered, and said, "The plan is not yet made."

"I know it," said the pedlar with a laugh. "I have drawn it after the master's thoughts."

The master struck his hand against his forehead; he looked about him, no longer knowing where he was. The sun now sank blood-red in the west, and the first dark shadow fell upon the earth. "After his thoughts!" he stammered, scarce audibly. "Dost deal in sorcery?"

"Somewhat," cried the other. "I learned it in Egypt."

"It is my plan, drawn after my thoughts," muttered the master. "I will buy it; name the price."

"Not much," said the pedlar, humbly; "write thy name here."

The master took the offered parchment, and read its contents: it was a compact with the Evil One! He started three steps backward, and cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

A strange smile distorted the pedlar's features as he said, "As it pleases thee," and turned to depart.

But the master cried in fury: "Hold! give me the plan; it is mine; thou hast stolen it from my thoughts."

"That is true," replied the other quietly; "but thou wilt never complete it. Thinkest thou it is I who have confused thy head with crafty malice? Not so, my learned master; it is thy ambition which has plunged thee into this wretchedness. Man must with holy thoughts approach a holy work; thou hast done otherwise; therefore, it will never prosper with thee without my help. Well, dost thou consent?"

With these words, he unrolled the picture before the master, and walked slowly backward, still holding the parchment before his eyes. And more and more glorious did it appear to the unhappy master. A wild storm raged in his soul. To-morrow, the Archbishop's anger, the mockery of the city; here, the unhopèd-for noblest fulfilment of his wishes; death or life, scorn or immortal fame; nothing or every thing. The tempter was still a step from the angle of a projecting rock; now, it half covered him; now, he had disappeared.

Then the master called: "Hold! hold give me the plan; I will sign!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUILDING.

THE busy stir upon the building-spot was silent, for the vesper-bell had sounded. Two burghers were walking around upon the place, viewing the preparations for the building.

"What, in Heaven's name!" cried Herr Roisdorf, the baker, "do they mean to build a city here? They have dug a foundation as large as a quarter of the city."

"Not a city," said the other, Herr Mumprecht, the smith; "but a temple of God which the whole city can enter and worship Him."

"Are they digging wells here?" asked the former. "These pits look as deep as if water were to be found only at the centre of the earth."

"They are the foundations for the turrets," replied the smith. "They must be thus deep to support the burden which will rest upon them. Surely it is to be an enormous work. But thou shouldst walk around here in the daytime, and see them at their labors. Many ships arrive daily with stones from beyond Bonn. Scores of wagons come and go the whole day, bringing the stones to the building-spot. Hundreds of stone-cutters stand ready to hew them. Then there are the diggers, the masons, the carpenters, the throng of carts that bring sand and lime, and the men who prepare the mortar. They have been at work here for a year, and still only here and there is a part of the foundation wall to be seen. And amid all this walks around the noble master, every where regulating, every where aiding. See, yonder he comes with the venerable Archbishop."

The two just named personages now walked by, engaged in conversation.

"I no longer know thee, master," said the Archbishop; "thou wast formerly a cheerful, happy man, and now a deep gloom shadows thy face; not a smile can be drawn from thee. And still, methinks, thou hast reason to be joyful, for our work plainly advances."

The master was silent, and the Archbishop continued: "Each morning in my chamber do I take delight in the plan which thou hast prepared for me. Truly it will be a wondrous work, and will hand down thy name to all time."

A singular smile passed across the master's countenance, yet it seemed like one of deep pain.

The Archbishop continued: "The bones of the three sainted kings will find a worthy resting-place in the new building. But as soon as thou art able, come to Bonn; I have many things to show thee there. My sculptors are unceasingly busied, and the goldsmiths never suffer their smelting-furnaces to be extinguished; and all labor solely upon the decorations for the cathedral. Come to Bonn; it will cheer thee, and dissipate thy melancholy."

The master was still silent, and the Prince at last gave up the attempt to gain speech from him. He found his train awaiting him, and left the building-spot.

But the master turned back, descended into the deep pit which had been dug, and examined the walls, proving carefully each stone, to see if it lay firmly, closely scrutinizing whether the earthy wall of the ditch was well supported, that it might not fall in and destroy the workmen. In the meanwhile, night had come, and the moon, now in her first quarter, cast her uncertain light upon the scene. The master seated himself in deep thought upon a hewn stone, and sank in gloomy broodings.

After a while, he opened his lips, and said in a whisper: "Thou art a crafty trader, Satan, and he who traffics with thee has surely lost, and is already cheated. Does it not suffice thee that thou hast bought my soul's welfare? must thou rob me also of all the joy of life? Here, by night, I wander alone, for dread of thy malice constrains me. Must I not fear that the labor of the day may be destroyed at night by thy devilish arts, that the scaffolding may break, and the pit, so laboriously dug, be filled with earth again; that the foundation walls may be displaced, and in course of time the building fall in ruins? Here I sit, night after night, armed with holy relics, and guard my work as the dog guards the house against thieves. Oh, this building! It is a horror to me! I could call down curses upon it, and still an irresistible power impels me to complete it. In bitter repentance I could rend in pieces the plan for which I have surrendered repose in life and hope beyond the grave; and still my eye lingers inspired upon the grandeur of the design and its proportions, and I lose myself therein with rapture, for

it is my idea, they are my thoughts. Sometimes I wish, in scorn, that an earthquake might destroy the entire structure, and still anxious fear drives me around to see if even a single stone has yielded from its place. The joy of my days, the sleep of my nights are gone; my hopes of salvation have been bartered away; all the powers of my mind bend beneath the fearful burden of conscience, and still madness drives me to exert them to advance and to complete my work. If the torment of men is thy joy, their loss thy gain, then, in truth, Satan, hast thou driven a good bargain with me."

Thus spoke the master, and, leaning his head in his hands, he sank in gloomy contemplation.

CHAPTER V.

THE TABLET.

THE Archbishop Conrad von Hochsteden was dead. The building of the cathedral prospered under his successor as under him. Already the walls towered from the earth, the places could be recognized where the windows were to admit the light within, and the carpenters were already busily engaged carving the wooden arches which were destined to serve as a temporary support and guiding-line to the arches of stone.

It happened now one evening that a young mason, an apprentice, had forgotten a trinket which he was accustomed to lay aside when at his work. He feared lest some one might find it, and take possession of it. He resolved, therefore, to return after vespers and look for it. He begged one of his comrades to accompany him, and, as the latter consented, the two walked toward the building. "Seest thou," began the former, "how they are already carving the stones for the arches? I think the pillared arch-ways will soon be completed. It will be a noble building."

"Do not talk to me of your building," said the other. "I would I had never come here to seek employment. It is true, at home we build only plain burghers' houses, but the work goes gayly and merrily on. The master-builder comes cheerfully in the morning to the spot, and takes delight in the progress of the work; and his joy gives the workmen pleasure and courage, so that cheerful songs echo around, and merry jests enliven the labor. And when the house is roofed, there is a gay feast, at which many

a bucksome lass is whirled along in the dance. But no blessing can rest upon this building. The master walks gloomily around among the workmen; not a word of praise or of notice passes his lips, and all are glad when he has turned his back. The men catch the humor, and work sullenly beside each other, so that one wields the hammer without joy or spirit."

"Rail not against the master," said the former; "how can he be cheerful with the great cares that oppress his soul? It is true, no noisy stir prevails in this building; one speaks to the other seldom, and then a low word, and a kind of gloom reigns over all; but that is because it is a holy building, and to such, loud and boisterous mirth is unfitting."

"Tut, tut! holy or not holy," cried the second, "all my lifetime masons and masons' men were a merry set, and not tongue-tied hypocrites. But as to the master, he may be an able craftsman; I do not deny that; but his mood is silent and sullen, and that does not please me. The people, too, whisper so many things about him. He holds converse with no mortal, he loves no one, has neither wife nor child. And hast thou not heard what the people say? how that he steals every evening to the building-spot, and wanders around the whole night among the new walls, and that he does not go hence until after the first cock-crow? What can he be doing there by night, unless he plies secret magic arts? and that is easy to believe when you look at him. Those deep burning eyes in that pale, sunken face; that white hair on the head of a man who numbers scarcely fifty years; those pale lips, so closely locked that you might think they had grown together; all this marks him a man who carries in his bosom some strange secret."

"There is something true in what you say," said the other. "I myself to-day, for the first time, heard a word from his lips, and, for the first time, saw life in his rigid, iron features. Toward noon, he had a large tablet of brass brought in, on which several letters were engraved. I did not know what they meant, for I am no monk to read them. We were directed to place it in one of the middle pillars. The master looked on attentively, and called aloud once or twice, 'Firm! right firm!' I looked at him; his eyes flashed, as if in wild joy; a triumphant smile played about his mouth, and he stood

erect and lofty as a king. And when the last stroke of the hammer fell, he cried, 'At last!' and gave us money to drink his health. But, hold! it must be hereabouts that I left my sweetheart's token. It is pitch dark; the moon no longer shines over the walls."

They advanced cautiously, that they might not stumble over the stones which lay around; but suddenly they paused, startled by a strange apparition. Before the pillar in which the brazen tablet with the master's name had that morning been inlaid, sat the latter, holding a crucifix in his hand, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon the tablet. From time to time, he looked inquiringly and anxiously around; at last he rose, examined the tablet and its juncture with the stone around, and muttered, in a tone of satisfaction, "It will hold!"

He then took his seat again, lost in deep thought. The expression of satisfaction gradually left his countenance; it grew dark and gloomy, and he spoke in a low voice, "But the price is too high! And there is no help!"

Suddenly he clasped the crucifix in both his hands, held it up before him, and sank upon his knees, as if he would pray. His features became enlivened; an inward struggle was visible in their expression. It seemed as if he were endeavoring, with all his force, to direct his thoughts upon some object, in which, however, he was unsuccessful, for suddenly he dropped the crucifix, placed both hands over his face, and murmured, "In vain! I can no longer!"

The two comrades had watched in silence the master's singular conduct, but they now turned to depart. The master heard their steps, doubtless, for he sprang up; his flashing eyes were directed at the departing companions; he caught up the crucifix, held it outstretched, and, with a thundering voice, repeated various forms of conjuration. The two apprentices, seized with terror, fled with hasty steps, and behind them sounded the master's voice, who, between the words of conjuration, cried, laughing grimly, "Ha! ha! thy labor is in vain; I keep good watch!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE HERMIT.

BETWEEN the mountains of the Siebengebirges, there runs a valley called Heister-

bach. At the extremity of this there stood at that time a hermitage, in which dwelt an old hermit, who was known far and wide for his piety, so that the faithful from all parts of the surrounding country made pilgrimages to him to receive his blessing. Father Aloysius—this was the name of the devout old man—sat one evening before his hermitage, sunk in contemplation of the setting sun, and yielding to the devout thoughts which this spectacle awaked in his bosom.

A man now came slowly up the path, often stopping, as if he was striving with himself whether he should proceed or not. When he was about twenty paces from the hermit, he suddenly walked vigorously forward, sank upon his knees before him, and said in a low voice, "Praised be our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Forever and ever, amen!" replied Father Aloysius. "Rise, and tell me who thou art, and what brings thee hither."

But the other remained upon his knees, and said, "I am the master who is building the new cathedral in the city of Cologne."

The hermit was well pleased to see the far-famed man, and said, "I greet thee in the name of the Lord, thou pious master, who hast devoted thy life to God's service, and hast begun a work which will redound to the glory of the holy Church. But rise, and tell me thy desire."

The master did not rise, but answered, "I am no pious man, as thou callest me, reverend father: a great sinner lies at thy feet; and my desire is that you listen to my confession, and then inform me what I should do in this, my highest need."

As the hermit, wondering at these words, desired him to speak, and to disclose to him all the truth, the master related how he had obtained the plan, and then continued: "See, thus grievously have I sinned. When the Archbishop spoke to me of the new building, there darted, as it were, a flash of lightning through my soul, and the image of the cathedral, as it is now building, stood clearly before me. But my thoughts were blinded by wicked vanity, so that I did not set about the work with God's blessing, as was so needful in so hallowed an undertaking, but thought solely of the fame which should accrue to me therefrom. And thus my mind was so clouded by ambition that I could never grasp the plan distinctly, and in my deep despair thereat I fell into the

snare of the Evil One. But the punishment has overtaken me even in this world, for since that moment I have not known a quiet hour."

And he related further how he had watched by night in the cathedral, and then continued: "I can no longer bear the fearful burden which weighs upon me. I would not confess to the pious fathers in Cologne, lest it should prove a grief and scandal to them, when they learned that the cathedral in which they so delight was built with Satan's help. Therefore I have come to thee, that thou mayest utter a blessing upon my building, that it may prosper, and tell me if it is not possible that the punishment which I have drawn upon me may be lightened."

The master was silent, and bowed his forehead in the dust.

But after long reflection, the pious hermit said, "Thou hast sinned grievously, my son. But the All-mighty is also the All-merciful; he will behold thy deep and bitter repentance, and the heavy punishment which thou hast already suffered from the tormenting consciousness of thy guilt. And if thou shalt persevere in thy purpose of reformation, and dost exercise repentance until thy life's close, the Lord will look down graciously upon thee, and will not eternally condemn thee; for truly he sent his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, to save and redeem mankind, and thou also wilt share in this redemption. But that thy penitence may be complete, go hence, and let the brazen tablet with thy name engraved upon it be taken out of the pillar in the church. For as thou hast sinned from foolish vanity, it shall be thy punishment that thy name be forgotten among men, and never more be uttered upon earth. And because thou didst not set about thy work with God's help, it will never be completed, for that at which the Lord is not present will never prosper."

At these words the master rose, and bitter woe was visible in his countenance. His whole life had been bound up in the building of his cathedral, and now his life was lost.

But the pious hermit continued to comfort him, so that he at last became more consoled, and resolved to do as was told him,

that he might regain his peace of mind. Father Aloysius gave him his blessing, and he returned to Cologne with a lighter heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASTER'S NAME.

VARIOUS strange things were whispered in the city of Cologne. The people heard with great astonishment that the master had caused the brazen tablet with his name to be taken from the pillar, and the opening to be walled up again. And they told each other that since that time the master had been completely changed. Although each one had formerly avoided him on account of his singular demeanor, his dark and steadfast gaze, yet now each looked upon him with compassion; for deep grief was visible in his pallid face, and still the heavy gloom upon his brow had become much milder.

But the people wondered still more that the master no longer was ever present at the building as heretofore, but went often to the churches, and came more and more seldom, until at last he was almost entirely forgotten. And one day they heard in the city that the master was dead, and buried in all stillness. He had requested on his death-bed that this should be so, that no one should attend his body to the tomb, and no one know the place of his burial.

And it happened as Father Aloysius had said. Soon, repeated hindrances interrupted the progress of the building, mostly arising from the feuds of the city with the Archbishops, so that it could easily be seen that they came from an evil source. And after the year 1499 the building of the cathedral entirely ceased, so that it remains at this day unfinished.

But the master's name was forgotten. And when any one now stands before the gigantic edifice, and admires the boldness, the grandeur of the undertaking,—wonderful, even uncompleted,—and asks after the name of the master-builder, there is no one who can name him. It is to be found in no book, the memory of no man has preserved it, it has not passed from generation to generation—it is forgotten!

THE VIOLIN.

A MÉLANGE.

THE violin is unquestionably the most important instrument used in music. It is the most important, considered with reference to the performance of music, inasmuch as it possesses more power, variety, and brilliance of effect than all the other instruments in combination, and thus commands the entire orchestra. The din of the wind instruments may be so used as to overpower it for a while, but the continuous use of them in that manner, soon fatigues the ear. The wind instruments can be used effectively alone, only for martial music in the open air; in the full orchestra, and in the higher departments of music, they can only be employed as accessories to stringed instruments—and of these the violins are those which conduct the principal melody, and produce the body of tone which carries along the whole current of musical ideas—which, in fact, *command* the orchestra. For whatever may be the style of composition, if the stringed instruments are properly combined, they have a certain fire, an electric force, which all the rest cannot resist. To feel this, even any one wholly unacquainted with music has only to stand in or near the violins during the performance of an overture or any other orchestral piece. He will then have an idea, not only of the overwhelming power of the instrument, but of the irresistible fire and grandeur of emotion that music can express, and which can be fully attained in no other way. The violins are to the grand orchestra what the diapasons are to the full organ. They, and their quartet, the violas and violoncellos, form the substratum and body of the whole; the effects of the others, though beautiful and indispensable, being generally subordinate.

The old writers used only the quartet for voice accompaniments. HANDEL so wrote the MESSIAH, and the wind instruments, as they are now employed, were added to the score by MOZART. HAYDN was almost the first to employ the wind instruments in the

modern style, and it is for his discoveries of their peculiar effects, and marvellous genius in availing himself of them, that he has been ever considered the father of modern instrumental composition. After him, MOZART added still new effects, particularly in the brass instruments; and under the genius of the great master of the orchestra, BEETHOVEN, and others, such as CHERUBINI, SPOHR, WEBER, and many more, we have it as now, capable of expressing the delicate and beautiful conceptions of MENDELSSOHN.

Still, the old quartet maintains its position as the groundwork of the whole fabric; and it is no less necessary in modern composition than when it was used almost exclusively by the writers of a century since. Whatever may be the style, and whether the flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trombones, tympani, &c., be used loudly or softly, and in whatever combinations, they are always carried along by the violins, and it is to them that the hearer's mind returns with the most enduring satisfaction. No other instruments can produce such a firm body of sound; nor are any capable of such marvellously new modifications and changes of expression. There seems to be no limit to their utterance. In HANDEL's Israel in Egypt, we hear them imitating the buzzing of flies, the plague of hail, and the thick darkness; while MENDELSSOHN has made them tell of the roar of the desolate sea in Fingal's Cave, and the loves of fairies and heroes, and the humor of clowns, in the Midsummer Night's Dream. And what have not MOZART and BEETHOVEN made them say in their symphonies and quartets? All forms of human emotion, love, tenderness, anguish, things unutterable, have breathed through their mysterious voices, until, to the musician, there is a charm in their very shape and appearance.

But the violin may be considered not only as important to musical performance, but to the whole musical art. Once it was furnished

with frets like the guitar. Those have long been discarded, and the scale, as now played upon it, exists only in the mind of the performer and his habits of execution, modified, as they must be, by the open fifths and their harmonics. It is a theory that has never been expressed, so far as the writer is aware, except here, that the different qualities of the different keys may be traced to the construction of the violin. In strictness, there should be no difference except that of pitch; but without it we should be deprived of all those beautiful progressions of chords and the modulations which are the glory of the science of counterpoint. The keys of which the open strings of the violin are the fundamental of the tonic harmony, G, D, A, E, are the most open of any. They also increase in brilliancy as we go upward; D being a more brilliant key than G, A than D, and E major, or the key of the upper string of the violin, being the most brilliant of any in music. May not these differences be owing, not merely to pitch, but to the common chords formed from these key-notes being affected by the powers of the four open strings, and the temperament unconsciously given them in tuning and in playing? Thus, in G, the harmonies most nearly related are D, an open string, (the octaves or harmonics on both strings being frequently used in playing,) and C, whose third is an open E, and fifth, G itself. The open notes in this way fall differently in the scale to what they do in any other key, and there are more of them used in playing than in keys of a less open character. So it is with D and A, and their attendant harmonies, and with E, which makes use of the highest open notes and harmonics, and is therefore the most piercing and brilliant in its quality.

If we take keys very near these in pitch, we perceive at once a great change in quality, according as the open notes are more or less used in them. Thus, A flat, only half a note from G, is one of the most rich and mellow in music, and is associated in our minds with beautiful *andantes* and *adagios*, where the great masters so frequently employ it. Here, not a single note, either the tonic, or its related harmonies of the fifth and fourth, the dominant and sub-dominant, falls upon an open string. So with E flat, another rich key, but one which comes in its remoter relations a little nearer to the open notes. In B flat we approach still nearer

them, D being its third, and A the third of its dominant harmony; accordingly, this key approaches more nearly a medium character. In F we use all the open strings in the scale, but they fall in such a manner in the principal harmonies that they have not the same effect as when used as the fundamentals of tonic harmonies; this key has hence, perhaps, a less marked character than any; it is simply pleasing and cheerful.

This illustration may be carried through all the major and minor keys, and it will be found that the universally recognized qualities of them have always a similar connection with the places of the open strings of the violin. Other instruments require to be tempered in tuning to suit our ideas of the different keys; and the imperfection of the scale is thrown into keys less frequently used than others, and therefore termed remote. On the violin, the artist tempers as he plays, according to the scale which exists in his mind, with the exception of the use he makes of the open strings, which, being of a slightly different quality from the closed notes, affect each key in the manner suggested. At least, the great power of the violin, the fact that its scale exists almost wholly in the mind, and the coincidences we have above observed between the use of the open notes and the qualities of the keys, makes this the most plausible theory we have ever seen, to account for their manifest differences.

The importance of the violin to music may be again illustrated by its almost unlimited capabilities of execution, and the fact that so much music is written expressly to take advantage of its peculiar facilities. It is not the organ any more, if it ever was, which gives shape and form to melody; nor, looking at the whole art, can we say it is the voice. The melodies which have taken most hold of the world's ear, which the voice and all instruments have followed and imitated, have been those most adapted to the violin; and it is not too much to say that this instrument controls the very shape of the passages of notes in modern music. The most admired melodies are the best for the violin; they are *violin melodies*; such as, but for the existence of the violin, never could have been conceived, at least, not in the form in which they are now written. When we say a "piano-forte melody," a "horn melody," or an "organ passage," we

mean something different from ordinary melody, which is, in a peculiar sense, the melody of the violin. True, there are peculiar violin difficulties, and points which can be made singularly effective by uncommon skill; indeed, there is, as we remarked, no end to such. But the airs and themes—the ordinary *tune* of music—belong to the violin, and are, in an especial and essential manner, governed by its capacities. It is more *at home* in melody than any other instrument. It lies nearer to the bosom of pure Music, and can, better than aught else that ever man invented, unbind the chains that tie her secret soul.

The history of the violin is not less remarkable than its character. While the world has been rolling on during the slow lapse of centuries; while civilized mankind has changed in customs, manners, religion; while empires have come up and gone down, and the glory and grief of thousands of battles have passed into oblivion, this little instrument, composed of a few insignificant pieces of wood, has remained without one particle of change—the same little Protean spirit, as obedient as ever to the call of genius, and as potent to soothe and beguile. It is said that something nearly resembling it, and played upon with a bow, has been found in some ancient bas-relief. The Jews, if we are not mistaken, also lay claim to the invention of it; and hence it is possible it should be ascribed to that great father of music, Jubal—he whose descendants have certainly made as much noise in the world as those of any great man whose fame has reached us. However it may be, the Jews of the present day can produce most excellent performers on the violin, as well as composers of music.

Perhaps the chief musicians to whom so many of the Psalms were addressed, were acquainted with the instrument. We know that they were with the harp. The generality of writers, however, trace the violin to the Grecian lyre, of which it is thought to be a modification. The lyre was invented by a certain individual of ancient Greece, who found one day, as he was walking along the sea-shore, a large turtle-shell which had lain there and dried in the sun. Some of the tendons that remained had also dried, and by their contraction had become tightly stretched across the concavity of the shell. The gentleman, whoever he was, hitting

them carelessly with his cane, was surprised to observe that they gave forth a ringing sound. Being a person of some taste for music, he picked up the shell and took it home with him to Argos, where he kept it and used it a long while for the amusement of his countrymen. At length the tendons broke; and it then occurred to him to replace them by others of similar material. This is the story of the origin of the lyre.

Gradually it changed its form. The shell was covered, and the strings stretched over the top, as in the mandolin, or more popular *banjo*, which probably resembles very much in its tone a lyre that might have become addicted to the use of snuff. Then Apollo (if we are not mistaken) stretched out the ends of the shell into two necks, with a bar across to hold the strings; added a bridge; changed the shape of the body, and played upon the instrument himself to universal admiration. Possibly he may have used a bow; but our impression is, that his music was a sort of *arpeggio-pizzicato*, and that the bow was not used till considerably after his era.

About the tenth century of our era, the two necks of the lyre had united into one, the bridge had become elevated, the body enlarged, and a bow was used, something like a part of a hoop of a flour-barrel—a most inconvenient article, one would imagine, for cantabile playing.

It must be remembered, however, that the world was then in a very rude and uncultivated state with respect to the arts, compared with that in which it is now. Alfred the Great was then King of England; in Germany all was anarchy, and the most powerful princes constituted themselves electors, to appoint their emperors; the last of the race of Charlemagne ruled in France; Donogh the Second in Ireland, and Dublin was just building; in Scotland, it was a century before Macbeth ever thought of murdering Duncan; Wales was governed by Howel Dha, a prince of whose greatness few readers of history have any idea; while in Italy the Pope was just beginning to assume the temporal power. It was three centuries after the death of Saint Cecilia; two centuries since Gregory the Great had permitted the use of music in the Christian Church; one century before the first crusade; one century before Guido gave names to the notes of the diatonic scale; and three centuries

before Cimabue restored the art of painting.

For several centuries afterwards, the violin and all stringed instruments must have been of extremely rude construction, and quite incapable of being used in music of a later date. In the hands of the minstrels and troubadours of those times, the shape and compass of the instrument depended very much upon the fancy of each performer. They are accordingly found, in the illuminations of ancient manuscripts, of many varieties of shape, generally, however, more or less resembling the modern. Sometimes they had three strings; sometimes six, and even more; and the bow was not universally used. But they bore a resemblance, gradually increasing in the progress of time, to the form of the instrument now in use.

Almost every nation possessed instruments like the violin, and hence it is not possible to determine to which one should be ascribed the merit of its invention. In England, an instrument resembling the mandolin shape, with a short neck, and played upon with a bow, was used by the Anglo-Saxon Gleemen, as early as the earliest date we have mentioned, the tenth century. Later than this, the Welch claim to have originated the *crwth* or *cruth*, which was the parent of the English *crowd*. This was a bowed instrument in the form of an oblong square, the lower part of which formed the body. It had four strings, and was played upon like a violin; but not being hollowed at the sides, it could have left little play for the bow, unless the bridge were very high, which would have produced a singular quality of tone. The true English *crowd* was more like the Anglo-Saxon instrument in its form, the body being deep and curved like the mandolin, or the half of a pear. This was used at fairs and merry-makings long after the introduction of the violin proper. It was sometimes called the *fythele*, from an old Saxon word, *fidle*. This word occurs in the old legendary romances of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and if the instrument varied in its form according to the fancy of each performer as often as does the orthography of its name in the ancient chronicles, it is hardly possible to say what might not have been its "exterior semblance." In English it was spelled *fythle*, *fihele*, and sometimes *fythale*; but it must

be remembered that in those days learning was very much neglected, and that there was not an individual in all England who could be said to have possessed the advantage of a "common school education." Chaucer spells it *fidel*, which is a little better, but yet not sufficiently well to entitle him to "go up to the head." But the English need not blush for the ignorance of their ancestors, when they turn to other nations of the continent. In high German it was (and for aught we know, is still) called *videl*, a player upon it is a *videlare*, and the bow is a *videl-boge*. In Icelandic it is *fidla*, in Danish *fadel*; the Dutch called it *vedel*, *veel*, *vicol*, the Flemish *vedel* and *vedele*, and in modern German it is still *fiedel*, *fidel*, *giege*. It is singular that a nation so remarkable for its love of music, and for general knowledge and acquirements in the sciences, and especially in metaphysics, should so neglect one of the most important rudimentary branches of education.

But the name most used in England was the *crowd*. Perhaps, from its attracting many listeners, this word came to be used in the modern sense, as when we say "this crowd wants fixin'." However this may be, the instrument was so called for many centuries. *Crowdera*, or a performer on the crowd, is one of the characters in Hudibras. A leading Professor, lately conductor of one of our principal orchestras, informed the writer that often, in travelling in England in his youth, he had been familiarly styled a "crowder." When one considers what difficulty violinists have in getting through the world, and especially that they work their way along literally with the elbows, the title seems singularly appropriate.

Four or five years ago, a leader of an orchestra in Boston, in looking up some apartments for himself and family, found at length some which answered the purpose, and agreed to take them. After settling about the terms, &c., the lady, as he was leaving, thought it but prudent to inquire his occupation. "I am Mr. Such-a-one," he answered, "very well known in the city as a musician. I play the violin, and conduct orchestras." "Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the good woman; "then we can't think of letting the rooms to you; we can't have any in our house but *respectable people*!"

In Queen Elizabeth's time, a statute was passed by which "minstrels, wandering

abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were to be punished as such; and in Cromwell's usurpation, an act was passed, declaring "fiddlers" rogues and vagabonds—as it is most likely the generality of them were. England did not want for rogues at that time.

The French also lay claim to the invention of this disreputable crowding instrument. On the portico of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, the building of which was begun in the tenth century, is a figure representing King Chilperic with a sort of violin in his hand. And so late as the close of the sixteenth century, or just before the modern instrument took its form, the violin is indicated in some old Italian scores thus: *piccoli violini alla Francese*; rendering it probable that the reduction which took place in size, from the ancient viols and violas, is to be ascribed to the French.

In Italy there were also early instruments of the violin family. In the old paintings of the Decameron of Boccaccio, the ladies and gentlemen are represented playing upon the lute and viol, some of the ladies, in particular, using the latter instrument. Also, in the celebrated painting of the marriage of Cana, by Paul Veronese, the foreground contains portraits of his brother artists, who are represented performing upon stringed instruments like those now in use.

The modern violin dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, or about the year 1600; and Italy has the honor of its parentage. Let us consider what was transpiring in the world about two hundred and fifty years ago.

Shakspeare had not ceased writing; he died in 1614, and New-York was settled by the Dutch about the same year. In 1605, the Gunpowder Plot took place, the anniversary of which is still celebrated in New-England, where the Pilgrims did not land till fifteen years after. Our translation of the Bible dates from 1611. In 1625, Charles the First was beheaded. Louis XIV. the Great, began to reign in France in 1643. In 1652, the Jews were restored by Cromwell to England, from which they had been banished more than three hundred years. The Great Plague of Naples, which destroyed 400,000 people in six months, broke out in 1656.

At this time the great Italian makers of

the violin were living; and since their day until now, all attempts to improve the violin by changing its form in any manner have failed.

The violin was introduced into England by Charles the Second, who was restored to the throne in 1660. Four years after this, the English took New-York, and the next year, 100,000 of the population of London perished of the plague, which was before the establishment of newspapers like ours. We give these dates to convey an idea of the time, and of the changes that have taken place since.

In 1670, King Charles established a band of twenty-four violins, tenors and basses; and about this time a celebrated solo player named Baltzar came over to London. He could run up and down on the instrument, says the old Chronicle of Anthony Wood, "in divers waies, all in good tune;" and when he played on one occasion, a famous musician looked down at his feet to see if he had "huffs," as if to ascertain if he were not a devil. *This was before the death of Milton, 1674, and before the passage of the act of Habeas Corpus, the sure remedy in all cases of false imprisonment, 1678.

The most valued of the old violins were made at Cremona, in Italy, about 1650, by Stradivarius, Guanerius, and the brothers Amati. Many of these are still in use, and counterfeits of them without number. The Stradivarius violins are the largest and loudest, while the Amati excel in sweetness. The best of these instruments sell in Europe for enormous prices. Viotti's Stradivarius sold at Paris in 1824 for 3800 francs. They have never been equalled. Some have imagined their excellence to lie in the varnish, or in the wood, and these have accordingly been imitated in all possible ways. The old varnish has been subjected to chemical analysis, but the secret of it is lost; wood from ancient organs and buildings has been employed with like ill success. The highest-priced modern French instruments are the most exact copies that can be made of the old ones, even in the most minute particulars. Yet the old ones possess, in addition to the sweetness and smoothness which only age can impart, a peculiar sonorous, rich, and penetrating quality of tone, that has never been even approached by a modern instrument. They will sound smooth near at hand, and make themselves heard equally well in the full

orchestra; showing that it is not the roughness, but the purity of tone which commands the most effect.

Every other thing connected with the violin has changed except its shape. The old short bow, such as was used by Corelli, would excite a general smile if brought into any of our orchestras; and so would that great master's style of bowing, with a stiff wrist. The loose wrist was not in general use, even in Handel's time. The idea of shifting to the third position would a little before have been thought indicative of insanity. On the old music was written "*Gare l'ut!*" (look out for the C!) whenever a C had to be played on the upper string, several bars before it came, in order to give the performer time to quiet his nerves for the immense stretch. Now, the player must often go an octave higher without any caution, and, it should be added, without always hitting his note. The whole mode of writing for the instrument has changed. As the loose wrist came into use, the doubling of notes in *forte* passages, which could not have been played in the old way, was introduced in the orchestra, and increases ten-fold the brilliancy of effect. So with innumerable other combinations, both of bowing and fingering.

Tartini, the great master of bowing, is esteemed the founder of the modern school. After him, Giardini and Pugnani made still further advancement, both in the bow and in the management of the left hand. Some of their compositions present examples of great difficulties conquered to little purpose; yet they are interesting as illustrations of what was once thought to be a bold style. Viotti was perhaps the first artist who should be considered to have established the modern school, though many great performers aided in bringing it to perfection. Viotti's bowing was large and free, and his execution full of fire. He had the true inspiration of a musician; his compositions are therefore still interesting.

After Viotti, the great French and German artists, Rode, Baillot, Kreutzer, Lafont, Spohr, De Beriot, and a host of others, increased still more the powers of the instrument, until at length PAGANINI, one of the world's wonders, came from Italy, and founded what must be designated the modern fanciful or solo school. His extraordinary facility in all sorts of difficulties was no less remarkable than his command of tone and

expression. But, many modern players find it easier to conquer his *pizzicato* runs and harmonics, than to imitate him in legitimate playing. The evil, however, must cure itself in time; the burlesque is the most trivial and variable of all forms of art.

It is a singular fact in the history of Art, that no artist of any sort ever created such an universal sensation throughout Europe as did this wonderful performer. No singer, not even the most celebrated of the time, was ever greeted by such enthusiastic audiences, or could set in motion such quantities of the "circulating medium." Even Jenny Lind in America has not surpassed this remarkable "crowder," as the old English has it. Nor did ever any painter, sculptor, architect, or any man, by whatever title he should be called, who set out to please his fellow-men through forms of beauty, attain to such a distinction and such a command of wealth. And it might be added, that no artist ever had so much of nonsense written about him. The *furor* which he kindled has not even yet died away. We have never known a musical person, who heard him, who was tired of expatiating on the miracles of his extraordinary performance.

Yet it is a frail tenure by which the artist, however successful he may be, holds his power. A little finger broken, and the hand that held the sceptre so firmly, could have held it no longer; while the great world would have moved on as before he came; and the great world is singularly forgetful. "To have done," says Ulysses, "is to hang like a rusty coat of mail, in monumental mockery." Those forms of art which recede farthest from the physical and material, and which task the subtle energies within, are, after all, the safest. The great performer may delight thousands in his lifetime, and enrich and ennoble himself; but the composer, sitting and smoking in some old parlor in the outskirts of a city, elaborating points and figures over a German stove, though he may earn but a little money, just enough to live comfortably upon, has yet an estate, of which (thanks to the mercy of Providence, in seldom afflicting our minds) he cannot be suddenly deprived. Even the devastation of battles passes over him without touching him; the great Emathian conqueror bid spare the house of Pindar, when

"temple and tower
Went to the ground."

and so it is said Napoleon spared the house of Haydn in the suburbs of Vienna. In connection with the marvellous success of Paganini, it may be mentioned, as a circumstance which the vulgar little dream of, that music *costs more money* than any other art in the world. It is estimated that the works of HANDEL have caused the exchange of more value than those of any artist, musician, or poet, who has ever lived, not excepting even the writings of Homer, whose works even now, at the distance of so many centuries, give employment to so many minds, hands, and steam-engines. It was probably with some dim notion of the truth this illustrates, that a young man in Boston came to an eminent artist to learn the violin. Mr. Herwig, whose name will be remembered by many lovers of the violin, told the writer that during the first successes of Ole Bull in this country, a young man called on him one morning to inquire about some lessons. He wished to know how long it would take to learn, and whether three months would not be sufficient. He was in the boot manufacturing business, but disliked the confinement, and wished to exchange the employment for one more congenial to him. There was Ole Bull, he said, making a fortune by playing *the violin*, and it had occurred to him, that if he could acquire it without too much trouble, he didn't see why *he should not do the same!* This individual deserves to be remembered as without question the boldest speculator of this speculative age. His conception of the difficulties of the instrument almost equals that of the person who, when he was asked if he could play the violin, made the immortal reply, that he "didn't know, for he *never had tried!*" We will not sully the reputation of the accomplished artist and leader of Jenny Lind's orchestra, by quoting his name as a voucher for the truth of this latter story. To the violinist there is something in it quite overwhelming.

Even to enumerate the names of the great performers of our day, would require almost as much space as we have devoted to our entire history. Some of the first have been heard in this country, and have spread a general knowledge of the capabilities of their wondrous instrument. Vieuxtemps, Olé Bull, Artot, Sivori, and others of great merit, such as Mr. Joseph Burke, Henri Appy, Miska Hauser, and many

more, have contributed by their admirable performances to elevate their beautiful art in the estimation of thousands of the citizens of this our young and restless nation, and have thus, by instilling new ideas of beauty, aided in refining society.*

For there is no art more elevating than music; none more powerful to charm down and silence the rough passions and "low-thoughted cares" of men. It is the most universal, and, in many of its forms, the most intelligible of all the arts. Its images steal upon the mind in a mode that permits no avoidance; once heard, they haunt the memory, and keep the fancy busy with beautiful expressions. The composer is rightly thus named; for it is he who composes mankind. He sings the lullaby to his race, and gives it pleasing dreams in place of the unquiet thoughts of the inevitable pains and woes of existence. His office harmonizes with his whose duty it is to keep alive the Christian hope of a better life to come; and this all recognize in the propriety of sacred music in our churches. It may seem extravagant, but if one reflects, it cannot appear going too far to claim for a great violinist no mean position among the benefactors of our species.

At all events, his profession is not a very inviting one to those ungifted with true musical enthusiasm. He has before him long years of practice, to be begun and continued with unwavering perseverance. In his case there is no royal road to excellence; and he must be able to find his reward in his art itself. He should bear in mind the epitaph which it is said may be found in Wolverhampton churchyard in England, and which, lest he may never have seen, shall be here transcribed:

ANNO DOMINO 1753.

"Near this place lies Claudius Phillips, whose *absolute contempt for riches, and inimitable performance on the violin*, made him the admiration of all who knew him."

But it is not necessary to devote oneself so exclusively to the art, in order to attain

* For some hints respecting performance on the violin, the reader is referred to an article on the subject, by the writer, in the *American Review* for December, 1847, and to a general and more elaborate essay upon music in the number for February of the same year.

a respectable degree of skill upon the violin ; enough at least to place ordinary music within reach, and thus to add to the amusements of the domestic circle. There is no instrument more social in its character, and none that is, when it is properly cultivated, more elegant and refining. Its small size renders it a convenient companion in travel, and a good amateur of it will never lack society, whatever may be his taste. We know of an instance where it enlivened a long sea-voyage ; another where a very moderate skill upon it became an additional resource to a forlorn schoolmaster in Indiana ; and still another, where a gentleman of considerable literary attainments was glad to avail himself of it in the city.

The great obstacle with most amateurs, has hitherto been the difficulty of obtaining a fair instrument at a convenient price. Few of the best are ever in the market, being retained among professors acquainted with their merit. Generally there is a long interval between first-rate instruments and such as are to be had at any price in the music-shops. The learner soon gives up in despair, when his own *scraping* is added to

that of an inherently dead and scratchy quality in his violin ; and no wonder. If he does not, he speedily becomes a nuisance to his friends ; for if there is any species of torture to be ranked the most unendurable of all, it is the performance of a new beginner on a bad instrument.

By the common consent of civilized nations, beginners on the violin are expected to retire for practice to the attics, which affords, perhaps, another reason for supposing the instrument to have had its origin in Greece. There we will leave him, with his scales and studies before him. We fancy we can almost hear that everlasting second study of Kreutzer. Enough ; let the door be listed, and let there be a door to the staircase below, that the birth-chamber of the nascent Paganini may be as secluded as the seventh heaven of Mahomet.

If this brief sketch shall contribute to spread a knowledge of the violin, the writer hopes it may thus render a service to the art of Music—the art divine—the art in which there may be found consolation under whatever can be inflicted by misfortune, or by false and cruel men.

KNOW YE THE LAND?—SONG.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Dedicated (sans permission *) to the Standard-Bearer of the Federal Constitution,

THE HON. D. WEBSTER.

"Knowest thou the land where the citron fruit is blooming," &c.—GOETHE.

Know ye the Land where the Forest and Prairie
Spread broadest away by the Cataract's fall;
Where the harvests of earth the most plenteously vary,
And the children that reap them are happiest of all;
Where the long-rolling rivers go mightily trending,
With wealth on their billows, through many a clime;
Where the lakes, mid their woodlands, like seas, are extending,
And the mountains rise lone in the centre sublime!

Know ye the Land where a royal oppressor
Bade the burghers and husbandmen bow to his will;
But they fought the good fight, under God, the Redresser,
And the heart of Humanity beats to it still!
Where Lakes, Mounts, and Plains keep, inspiring or solemn,
Their tales of that strife: and its monuments be
The Statue, the Tablet, the Hall, and the Column,
But, best and most lasting, the souls of the free!

Know ye the Land where fair Freedom's dominion
Stands prouder than any the earth ever knew:
When Greece flashed like fire through the East, or the pinion
Of Rome's dreaded War-bird with victory flew;
Where, high as the haughtiest, she lifts up her banner;
By crime undishonored, sustained by retreat;
While the winds of two oceans blow brightly to fan her,
And waft the wide wealth of the world to her feet!

Where she bends, great Protectress! to greet the pale strangers,
The pilgrims of many a realm, who prefer
To the mercies of tyrants her seas and their dangers,
To their birth-place the exile that bears them to her:
Whence, far as the breezes and billows, her warning
Is heard on all shores by their slaves and their kings:
"I will come, I will come, like the march of the morning,
And the healing of nations go forth on my wings!"

Oh, that Land! yes, we know it—its luminous story,
Its wealth of all Nature—America's land!
We would die for that land of our love and our glory:
We live to maintain it, heart, spirit and hand!
And thus, Brothers, Friends, we salute it: oh, never
Its high Constellation made less by a star!
All hail it PERPETUAL, still brightening for ever,
The fond hope of millions, in peace or in war!

Till the hard Rock of Plymouth be worn by the ocean,
And Charlestown's tall Obelisk dust on the shore;
And, dear Old Dominion! thy noblest devotion,
And the gift of thy chieftainry, thought of no more:
Shall this Bond, long our glory, still bind us together,
One people from Maine to the Mexican lines;
From the Chesapeake's wave to the Cape of Foulweather;
From the palms of the South to the Cataract's pines!

* It is but a piece of poetical propriety that any lyric expressions of attachment to the Federation should do homage to the matchless man of prose who has done more than all the Nine Muses put together in the way of inspiring them!

NARRATIVE
OF THE
LIFE OF GENERAL LESLIE COMBS,
OF KENTUCKY,

EMBRACING INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORY.

THE biography of men in the Republic who have raised themselves by their own unaided talents and energies above the level of the general mass of the community in which their lot has been cast, must be both entertaining and instructive to their fellow-countrymen. Doubly instructive and profitable, in a more extended view, are these personal histories, when they relate to the lives and fortunes of those who may be regarded as representative men—types of classes that constitute essential or important elements in our national character, and which, though somewhat heterogeneous in their origin and diverse in their features, have yet become, through the harmonizing and fostering influences of our republican institutions, consolidated and blended into a congruous whole, known and recognized throughout the world, distinctively as the American character.

Nor are these essential and characteristic elements referable solely to peculiar national origins. On the contrary, local and other circumstances, irrespective of nationalities, have formed some of the most distinctive, and, in a national point of view, important of these elements. Of this kind were the circumstances attending the early settlement of our Western country; circumstances which overbore and nearly obliterated all distinctions of national origin, blending and consolidating all such elements in the comprehensive, distinctive national one, represented by the Western hunter, pioneer and settler, as combined in the same individual.

Nurtured amidst stirring scenes, and accustomed from early childhood to a life of activity, hardship, exposure, and thrilling adventure—hence a hardy, enterprising, bold,

and fearless race; and leading the free and untrammelled life of the backwoods, and breathing from infancy the atmosphere of unrestrained freedom and independence—hence a frank, generous, hospitable race, endued with an unsophisticated and plain sense of right, with a ready disposition to uphold and protect it, as well as a keen native sense of wrong, and a impulsive instinct to repel and redress it; the men of this race have ever been foremost, whether in extending the area of civilization and of the Republic, by felling the forest and subduing the rank prairie, or in defending our national rights and avenging our national wrongs on the field of battle.

It was this race, represented by and speaking through a Henry Clay and others of that stamp, which aroused our Government to a declaration of war, to vindicate our violated national rights on the ocean, early in the present century; and it was this race themselves, who, at the call of their country, rushed with an unexampled unanimity and alacrity to the field, while, in some parts of the country, but too many of the more immediate neighbors and kindred of those citizens whose rights of person or property on the sea had been outraged, not only refused to respond to this national call, but sought to thwart the purposes of the Government, by opposing its measures adopted for the purpose of obtaining redress, in some instances, by acts little short of treason. And it is to the descendants of this race, already numbering millions of hardy, unflinching republicans, to which our country must look for a patriotic and generous support of its institutions, as a united whole, whenever the violence of ultra factions in the extreme North or South,

impelled by whatever motives, shall seek to overturn the institutions established by our revolutionary forefathers. It is then that the people of the great West, the descendants of the pioneer, hunter race, will—as one of her representatives declared in his place in a late Congress—*have something to say* on the final question of union or disunion.

As being a worthy representative of this race, and also one whose early life and adventures are intimately connected with an interesting and instructive, but now almost forgotten portion of our national history, as relating to the West, we shall depart somewhat from our ordinary practice, and allow ourselves more space and latitude than usual, in detailing the personal narrative of the subject of the present memoir.

GENERAL LESLIE COMBS is descended, on the side of his mother, whose maiden name was SARAH RICHARDSON, from a respectable Quaker family of Maryland, connected by blood with the Thomases and Snowdens. His father was by birth a Virginian, and served as a subaltern officer in the revolutionary army under Washington, at the siege of Yorktown and capture of Lord Cornwallis. He soon afterwards emigrated to Kentucky, and was engaged in all those dangerous and sometimes bloody scenes which resulted in driving out the Indians, and devoting that rich and beautiful region to the cause and purposes of civilization.

Both his parents have been dead for several years; and as their youngest of twelve children, he has erected over their humble graves, within a few miles of Boonesboro, appropriate tombstones. On his father's are inscribed the simple facts, that he was a "*Revolutionary Officer and a Hunter of Kentucky.*" A simple, affecting, and suggestive tribute to the unpretending but sterling worth of one of that class of men which has impressed its characteristic traits as honorably as it has indelibly on our national character: "a hunter of Kentucky;" one of that fearless, enterprising, self-relying, frank and generous race, which, as the hardy pioneer of civilization in our Western savage wilds, has extended the area of the Republic over those once almost illimitable forests and prairies, and, by its valor and devotion to country, has contributed so much to our national greatness and fame.

Seven only of his children survived him; among whom was divided his *hundred-acre farm* in Clarke county, which had furnished his only support in raising his large family. Of course their means and opportunities of education were limited; but, fortunately for the subject of this memoir, when he was but ten or eleven years of age, the Rev. JOHN LYLE, a Presbyterian clergyman, opened a school of a higher order than was usual in the country in those days; and in it he was taught the Latin language, as well as English grammar, geography, and the lower branches of mathematics. His progress in all his studies was rapid, and he soon became the pet of his venerable instructor, as he was the pride of his aged parents.

This state of things continued about three years, when Mr. Lyle removed to a neighboring county; and for a time our young scholar was compelled to remain at home, and assisted in cultivating the farm. The great anxiety, however, of both his parents to give him as liberal an education as possible, was soon gratified by their being able to place him in the family of a French gentleman residing near Ashland, whose lady taught a few scholars, and under whose instruction he remained for a year; his time being mainly devoted to the acquisition of her native language. That admirable lady is yet alive, and still residing in her humble home, one of her daughters having married a son of Henry Clay.

Shortly after returning home, he was placed as the junior deputy in the clerk's office of Hon. S. H. Woodson, in Jessamine county, and was residing there, when the last war was declared against Great Britain. The excitement in Kentucky, on the occurrence of that event, pervaded all ages and classes.

Even those who are old enough to remember the events of those times, but who were born and have always lived in the eastern portions of the country, can have little idea of the intensity of feeling aroused by this event among the hardy inhabitants of Kentucky and the frontier portions of the north-western country. In that region, the interval between the close of the war of the Revolution and the declaration of the second war with the same power, had witnessed an almost uninterrupted struggle between the Western pioneer settlers and the native

tribes of those regions, who, as was well known, were continually instigated and paid by British agents to harass and devastate our infant settlements. Hence the national animosity against the mother country excited by the War of Independence, so far from having been allayed or effaced in those parts, as was the case to a considerable extent in the East, by the lapse of thirty years of peace, nominal as regarded the Western frontier, had, on the contrary, been gradually increasing and becoming intensified down to the very moment of the declaration of war in 1812. This feeling reached its acme when that same power whose agents had so long been inciting the savages to ruthless forays on the defenseless and peaceful settlements, now entered into alliances with them, and, by offering premiums for the *scalps* of men, women, and children, incited them to redoubled zeal in the prosecution of their instinctive and inhuman mode of warfare.

A series of revolting atrocities perpetrated early in the war by the savages, many of them under the very eye, and with the approval or connivance of the commanders of their British allies, especially of the notorious Colonel, and for these his acts promoted or brevetted General Proctor, whose memory the voice of outraged humanity will consign to eternal infamy, aroused the whole Western country to a pitch of intense excitement, which manifested itself in a universal cry for revenge, and a spontaneous rush to the field.*

* "Exasperated to madness by the failure of their attempt, September 4, 1812, on Fort Harrison, [defended by Captain Zachary Taylor,] a considerable party of Indians now made an irruption into the settlements on the Pigeon Roost fork of White river, where they barbarously massacred twenty-one of the inhabitants, many of them women and children. The children had their brains knocked out against trees; and one woman, who was pregnant, was ripped open, and her unborn infant taken from her, and its brains knocked out. However, this was but a small matter; it amounted to no essential injury; it was all for the best, as it was done by the disciples of the *Wabash Prophet*, who was in a close and holy alliance with George the Third, *defender* of the faith, and *legitimate* sovereign of the Bible Society nation, which is the bulwark of our most holy religion. Yet it excited the indignation of the uncivilized republican infidels in the neighboring settlements of Indiana and Kentucky."—*McAfee. History of the Late War in the Western Country,* pp. 154-5.

It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the son of an old soldier and hunter, who had often listened of a winter evening to his father's thrilling details of Indian fights, and ambuscades, and hairbreadth escapes, should be infected with the contagion, and long, boy as he was, to throw away his pen and seize some implement of war.

Young Leslie Combs had just passed his eighteenth birthday, and was, by law, subject to militia duty, although he had not been inscribed on any muster-roll. Kentucky was called upon for several thousand troops, and he hoped to be one of the soldiers enlisted in the great cause of "sailors' rights and free trade with all the world," in defiance of Britain's proud, insulting claim, as mistress of the seas, to insult our flag and seize our seamen. He accordingly borrowed a fowling-piece, and set himself to work to acquire the manual exercise as taught by *Baron Steuben*, then the only approved master in such matters. It was supposed that a draft would be necessary, but, instead of that, there were more volunteers than were required to fill the quota of Kentucky, and young Leslie's parents objected to his going, inasmuch as two of his elder brothers had previously joined the troops ordered to the northern frontier, under General Winchester. It was not long after they marched, however, before his continued and earnest importunities, sometimes urged with tears in his eyes, prevailed upon them to let him go. Equipping himself as a private of cavalry as speedily as possible, about a month after the army marched from Georgetown, Kentucky, he started alone on their track, hoping to overtake them in time to partake of their glorious triumphs in Canada, for, like the rest, he never dreamed of disaster and defeat. "I shall never forget," to quote his words in after years, "the parting scene with my beloved and venerated mother, in which she reminded me of my father's history, and her own trials and dangers in the early settlement of Kentucky, and closed by saying to me, 'as I had resolved to become a soldier, I must never disgrace my parents by running from danger;—to die rather than fail to do my duty.' This injunction was ever present to me afterwards, in the midst of dangers and difficulties of which I had then formed no idea, and stimulated me to deeds that I might otherwise, perhaps, have hesitated to undertake and perform."

Here properly closes what may be termed the first chapter of his personal history; because from this time he threw off boyhood, and entered upon a career more befitting manhood.

Before proceeding with the personal narrative of our subject, and in order to enable the reader the better to understand the scenes of danger and suffering through which he passed during the unfortunate campaigns of 1812-13, we will briefly sketch the situation of the great North-western Territory, now composing some six or seven sovereign States of this great republican confederacy. From just beyond Urbana and Dayton, in western Ohio, to the northern lakes in one direction, and the Mississippi river in another, was one unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts, with the exception of a few scattering settlements on some of the principal rivers, at great distances from each other. There was a small fort at Detroit, one at Mackinac, and one at Chicago, besides Forts Wayne and Harrison, each garrisoned by a few regular troops. *William Hull* was Governor of the Territory of Michigan, and *William Henry Harrison* of Indiana. In view of the growing difficulties with Great Britain in the spring of 1812, Governor Hull received the appointment of Brigadier-General in the army of the United States, and was sent to Ohio to take command of the forces ordered to Detroit to protect that frontier in case of war. These consisted of the fourth regiment of regulars, under Colonel Miller, and three regiments of Ohio volunteers, under Colonels Duncan McArthur, Lewis Cass, and James Findlay. War was declared on the 18th June, 1812, while General Hull was on his tardy march through the northern swamps of Ohio towards Detroit. His baggage, which had been sent by way of the lake, was captured in attempting to pass Malden, at the mouth of the Detroit river. He himself soon afterwards reached Detroit, issued his famous proclamation, and talked largely of overrunning Upper Canada, for effecting which object he had ample forces under his command; instead of doing which, however, he very soon retreated back to the American shore, and on the 16th August disgracefully surrendered his army and the whole of Michigan Territory to General Brock, commanding the British forces on that frontier.

Mackinaw had been forced to capitulate

a month earlier, and Chicago had been abandoned on the 15th of August, and its garrison murdered or captured by a large force of Indians who had received news of Hull's retreat from Canada, and thereupon resolved to unite with the British against us, as they had been previously urged to do by Tecumseh, then rising into power among the northern tribes on this side of the American and British boundary line.

Thus our whole frontier from Lake Erie to the Mississippi river was left utterly undefended except by two small forts—*Wayne* and *Harrison*—one at the junction of the St. Joseph and St. Mary rivers, forming the *Maumee of the Lake*, the other on the far-distant Wabash. Both were defended by block-houses and wooden pickets, both were attacked by the Indians at about the same time, and Captain *Zack Taylor*, defending Fort Harrison, as we have before intimated, with most unflinching heroism, laid the foundation of that subsequent career of military glory and self-devotion, which finally elevated him to the Presidential office.

Three regiments of Kentucky volunteers, under the command of Colonels *Scott*, *Lewis*, and *Allen*, and one regiment of regulars, under Colonel *Wells*, had, in the mean time, been ordered to the north-western frontier, to reinforce General Hull. The former rendezvoused at Georgetown on the 16th of August, and after being addressed by the old veteran, General Charles Scott, then Governor of Kentucky, and by *Henry Clay*, were mustered into the service of the United States. The best blood of Kentucky, the sons of the old hunters and Indian fighters, could be found in this little army. Two members of Congress were among the privates in the ranks. Little did they imagine, while listening to the soul-stirring appeals of the great Kentucky orator, that, instead of marching to Canada to aid in its conquest, *on that very day* the white flag of disgraceful surrender had been hung out by the coward or the traitor Hull from the battlements of Detroit; and that their own career of anticipated victories and glory would terminate in disaster, as it did, on the bloody battle-field of Raisin, on the following 22d day of January. General James *Winchester* had command of this force, and marched on the 17th by way of *Cincinnati*, (then a small town on the Ohio river, opposite to Newport,) towards the north-western frontier; and it was not until they

had passed the Kentucky border that the news of Hull's surrender reached them.

Governor *Harrison* had acquired very considerable fame by his glorious victory at Tippecanoe the preceding November, and was in Kentucky at that time on a visit. So soon as the events just above related were communicated to the Government at Washington, three or four additional regiments of volunteers were ordered from Kentucky, and the Governor of Kentucky prevailed on Governor *Harrison* to accept the office of Major-General, and to hasten with the forces then in the field, and a large body of mounted Kentucky militia, to the relief of Fort Wayne.

This, it will be remembered, he accomplished, and forced the Indians and their British auxiliaries to retreat precipitately towards Canada, without daring to engage him in battle.

By selling a small piece of land (all he had on earth) devised to him by a deceased elder brother, he soon completed his outfit as a volunteer, and, armed with holsters and broadsword, with only fifteen dollars in his pocket, he started for the north-western army, which was then marching with all possible speed towards the frontiers of Ohio, in order to reënforce General Hull. Never having been forty miles from home before this time, young and inexperienced as he was, nothing but his burning zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself could have sustained him against all the perils and hardships of his long journey. When he arrived at Piqua, beyond Dayton, he found crowds of Indians, men, women, and children, principally from the neighboring Shawanee villages, who were besieging the commissary's and quartermaster's apartments for food, blankets, and ammunition. He had never before seen such an array of yellow skins, and was gratified to find at the same place several companies of mounted thirty-day volunteers, hastening to the frontiers after the news of Hull's surrender reached Ohio and Kentucky; in company with whom he proceeded through the wilderness to St. Mary's, distant twenty or thirty miles. At that place he met General *Harrison* on his return from the relief of Fort Wayne, after turning over his command to General *Winchester*, of the regular army. The next day and night, in company with three or four friends, he made the journey to Fort

Wayne, distant about sixty miles, through an unbroken wilderness, infested with hostile savages; and there found the troops in motion towards Old Fort Defiance, at the junction of the Maumee and Anglaise rivers, and was attached by general orders as a cadet to the first regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, under Colonel *Scott*. In this capacity he continued to do duty the remainder of the campaign, going out on all scouting-parties, and thus becoming well acquainted with the whole surrounding country. Some of them were attended with great hazard, and all of them with extra fatigue and hardship, even when compared with the starved and naked condition of all that wing of the army.

As these events have no doubt long since passed from the memories of those not immediately connected with them, and the principal history of them, written by Colonel *McAfee*, is nearly out of print, we take leave to quote from his authentic work, "The History of the late War in the Western Country," printed in 1816, the following passages, first remarking that the left wing of the north-western army, under General *Winchester*, (General *Harrison* having some weeks before received the appointment of Major-General from the President of the United States, and assumed the chief command,) was encamped six miles below Old Fort Defiance, on the Maumee:

"About the first of November they became extremely sickly. The typhus fever raged with violence, so that sometimes three or four would die in a day. Upwards of three hundred were daily on the sick-list; and so discouraging was the prospect of advancing, that about the first of December they were ordered to build huts for their accommodation. Many were so entirely destitute of shoes and other clothing, that they must have frozen if they had been obliged to march any distance; and sometimes the whole army would be for many days entirely without flour." (Pp. 183-4.)

"From the 10th to the 22d of this month, (December,) the camp was without flour, and for some time before they had only half rations: poor beef and hickory roots were their only subsistence. At the same time, fevers and other diseases raged in almost every tent, in which the sick were exposed not only to hunger, but to the inclemency of the season." (Vide pp. 185-6.)

General *Winchester* had received orders from General *Harrison*, as soon as he had accumulated twenty days' provisions, to advance to the rapids, forty-four miles lower down the river than his present camp, and to commence building huts, to induce the enemy

to believe he was going into winter-quarters. It was indispensable to occupy the rapids, the subsequent site of Fort Meigs, with a force sufficiently strong to protect the provisions, stores, and munitions of war, which were to be forwarded from the other wings of the army, located at Fort McArthur and Upper Sandusky, previous to a contemplated rapid movement upon Malden and Detroit. From the 22d to the 30th of December, active preparations were being made for this change of position, which was to bring the American forces so much nearer to the enemy. The river being frozen over, they were obliged to take the baggage on their backs, or on rickety sleds, to be hauled by the men, for all their horses which had not been sent into the interior in October or November, had starved to death.

"Having provided for the sick, and assigned guards to attend and protect them, the march for the rapids was commenced on the 30th December. At the same time, Mr. Leslie Combs, a young man of intelligence and enterprise from Kentucky, who had joined the army as a volunteer on its march from Fort Wayne to Fort Defiance, accompanied by Mr. A. Riddle, as a guide, was sent with dispatches to inform the commander-in-chief, (General Harrison,) of this movement, in order that provisions and reinforcements might be forwarded as soon as possible. General Winchester expected to be met by these at the rapids by the 12th of January. This, however, was prevented by an immense fall of snow, which, as Mr. Combs had to traverse *on foot* a pathless wilderness of more than one hundred miles in extent, retarded him for four or five days longer in reaching even the first point of destination, (Fort McArthur,) than would otherwise have been necessary to perform the whole route."—*McAfee*, p. 201.

These dispatches consisted of a brief note, introducing young Combs to General Harrison, "as a youth whose information as to the intended movements of General Winchester could be entirely relied upon;" and at the same time he was fully possessed by General Winchester, confidentially, of all his intentions, which it was deemed unsafe to intrust to paper, inasmuch as his journey was to be through a region full of savages, who might take his scalp and capture his papers. These confidential communications, intrusted to him alone, and by him duly made to General Harrison, enabled him, in 1840, to vindicate the old hero of Tippecanoe with entire success, before the American people, against the foul aspersion cast upon him by his enemies in reference to

the subsequent disastrous defeat of General Winchester at the river Raisin, on the 22d January, 1813.

What he suffered on this tramp may be imagined, but cannot well be described. He had been accustomed only to wear his sword, after sending his horse to the interior, and their daily marching had ceased for some two months. He was on this occasion loaded with a heavy musket and accoutrements, in addition to a blanket and four days' provisions on his back. The snow commenced falling on the morning of the 31st December, and continued without intermission two days and nights, so that on the third day of their journey, young Combs and his companion found it over two feet deep. They were in a dense forest, without path or compass, and only guided by the unerring skill of his companion, who had been some fifteen years, in early life, a captive among the Indians in this region, and was well skilled in all their ways and customs. Several nights they encamped in the black swamp, and could not find a place to lie down and rest, even on the snow, but were compelled to sit up all night with a small fire at their feet, made of such old brush as they could collect, and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, shivered through the long hours till daylight enabled them again to resume their tiresome march. On the sixth day, their four days' provision was entirely exhausted, and they had early put themselves on short allowance. Young Combs was extremely ill nearly all night, so much so, that it was concluded that Riddle must leave him in the morning to his fate, and for himself make the best of his way to the nearest settlement or fort, and endeavor to save Combs, if he should survive till his return. Fortunately for our young volunteer, his natural strength of constitution, and, it may be added, his *unflinching resolution never to stop while he could walk*, overcame his disease, and he kept moving for three days and nights longer, without a mouthful of food for either himself or his companion, except slippery elm bark. On the ninth evening, after dark, they reached Fort McArthur, then under command of General Tupper.

Every attention was paid to young Combs by General Tupper and his staff, on his arrival at the head-quarters of that general. But his sufferings had been so great, that he

was prostrated for days afterwards on a bed of sickness ; as, in addition to hunger and fatigue, his feet were badly frost-bitten, and his arm joints stiffened with rheumatic pains, from which he has never since recovered. Being unable to proceed to Upper Sandusky, where General Harrison was posted, his dispatches were conveyed to him, with a brief letter from himself, by a special messenger on horseback, the day after his arrival at Fort McArthur.

As soon as it was considered safe for him to leave his quarters, he was furnished with a sled, two horses, and a driver, and proceeded as speedily as possible through the snow to the rapids, distant about ninety or one hundred miles by way of Hull's trace, which place he reached on the evening of the 19th of January, expecting to find General Winchester's army encamped there, as that general had told him he would be. Instead of this, he met the news of Colonel Lewis's glorious victory of the 18th, at river Raisin, over the British and Indians, thirty-six miles in advance of the rapids, and about twenty miles only from Malden, the headquarters of the British army in Upper Canada. Disappointed and mortified that a battle had been fought in his absence, and apprehending the speedy recurrence of another similar event of a more conclusive character, as General Winchester had himself gone on with the flower of his forces that morning, to reënforce Colonel Lewis ; without waiting for General Harrison, who was expected in a day or two, with a portion of the right wing of the army, he determined to lose no time in reporting himself at headquarters. Accordingly, on the 20th, in the evening, he set off on foot, with his blanket and one day's rations on his back, and without his old heavy musket, to overtake Major Cotgreve's battalion, which was understood to have been hurried forward by General Harrison from Lower Sandusky, with two or three pieces of light artillery, in the direction of the river Raisin. He soon accomplished his object, as the Maumee was frozen over from shore to shore, and he could travel on the ice with much greater rapidity than by land through the deep crusted snow.

With them he found another young Kentuckian, with a small pony, loaded with his baggage and provisions, proceeding to join his regiment, from which he had been

separated for some time. The night of the 21st was bright, clear, and beautiful, but intensely cold, with a full moon shining ; and at two o'clock his newly found companion and himself determined to make an effort to reach the river Raisin before the next night. So anxious were they to accomplish this purpose, that they forgot for the time their being on hostile ground, as recognized by Hull in his articles of capitulation, and that there were one or two villages intervening between them and their point of destination. Whether they should encounter in them friends or foes, and how many murdering Pottowatomies might be prowling through the forests, were not taken into account ; onward they resolved to go, and at all hazards.

After twelve or thirteen hours' laborious trudging through the snow and ice, one leading and the other driving their little half-starved pony, they arrived at a small village about ten miles from the river Raisin, to witness a scene of consternation and distress never before presented to their view. An American soldier, without hat, coat, or shoes, had just arrived from the disastrous field of Raisin, with an exaggerated account of that bloody affair, and the whole population were preparing to fly towards the American army, supposed to be approaching under General Harrison, by way of the ice on the lake and river. While hesitating whether to believe this most painful news, and return, or treat it as the tale of a coward, and proceed to the scene of action, they discovered another fugitive in the distant prairie approaching them, who, on his arrival, confirmed all they had just heard, with the additional fact, that the Indians were pursuing the flying troops under Winchester and Lewis, in the direction towards their present location. In a very short space of time, with the exception of a few Canadian Frenchmen and one family of whom we shall presently speak more particularly, the whole village was depopulated, leaving houses and furniture, barns, grain, stock, every thing but the little bedding, food, and clothing they could pack on their sleds and carryalls, and scudding for life on the ice towards the rapids. It was a scene never to be forgotten by our young soldier. It was the first time he had ever seen war, face to face, or rather the effects of war. He had read and thought and dreamed of bat-

ties and their awful desolations; but this *miniature likeness* was his first personal view, and it sickened and saddened his heart. We will not stop to moralize but; proceed with our facts.*

The Frenchmen above mentioned, young Combs understood, were Indian traders; and from their knowledge of several Indian languages and general friendly intercourse with them, they had remained, with the hope of being able to save their friends' property from the torches of the enraged enemy. The family before spoken of consisted of husband, wife, and five children, the largest about twelve years old. They were distributed between a small one-horse sleigh and

* "MASSACRE OF RAISIN. — Proctor [Colonel] then agreed to receive a surrender on the following terms: that all private property should be respected; that sleds should be sent next morning to remove the sick and wounded to Amherstburg, on the island opposite Malden; that in the mean time *they should be protected by a guard*; and that the side-arms of the officers should be restored to them at Malden. [Query, why were their side-arms taken from them at all, if treachery was not contemplated?] . . . About 12 o'clock, the prisoners were marched off. Drs. Todd and Bowers, of the Kentucky volunteers, were left with the wounded; and Major Reynolds, [an American officer and prisoner also,] with two or three interpreters, *was all the guard left to protect them*. . . . About sunrise, instead of sleds arriving to convey them to Malden, a large body of Indians, perhaps two hundred in number, came into the town, painted black and red. . . . They began first to plunder the houses of the inhabitants, and then broke into those where the wounded prisoners were lying, some of whom they abused and stripped of their clothes and blankets, and then tomahawked them without mercy. . . . The few who were judged able to march, were saved and taken off towards Malden; but as often as any of them gave out on the way, they were tomahawked and left lying in the road. . . . For the massacre at the river Raisin, for which any other civilized Government would have dismissed, and perhaps have gibbeted the commander, Colonel Proctor received the rank of Major-General in the British army. . . . Proctor, after he had left the battle-ground, never named the guards nor sleds which he had promised for the wounded *Americans*; nor would he pay any attention to the subject, when repeatedly reminded of it by General Winchester and Major Madison, [prisoners.] Captain Elliot [of the British army] once replied to their solicitations, that "*the Indians were very excellent surgeons!*" . . . The prospect of their release, however, was now very gloomy, as Proctor had issued an order, *forbidding individuals to purchase any more of them*. [the prisoners,] *while a stipulated price was still paid for all the scalps brought in by the savages!*"—See *McAfee*, pp. 216-24.

an ox-sled loaded with cooking utensils, food and bedding. The latter vehicle could not proceed, as all the rest had done, on the ice, because the oxen were unshod, and the owner did not know that Hull's old road by land back to the Maumee was sufficiently free from obstruction to enable him to save his family by that route. Fortunately, Combs and his companion had just traveled that way, and could assure him of its entire practicability, and that, moreover, troops were advancing by it at that very time, with whom they had encamped the previous night. Having done thus much, the dictates of ordinary prudence—the law of self-preservation, deemed by some the first law of nature—might have impelled our young officer and his companion to disencumber their pony of his pack, and with his aid have saved themselves from the much-apprehended tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Indians, reeking and red as they were with the blood of their gallant associates and friends at Raisin.

But in the boys' hearts of our youthful adventurers there was a "higher law," a *duty* which they thought they owed to the army in their rear, and the helpless family in their presence, which induced them to give up the pony to the two soldiers, together with blankets to protect themselves; directing them to ride alternately, and hasten back to General Harrison with the sad tidings they had just communicated to them, and which was to blast all his cherished hopes of a successful invasion of Upper Canada that winter.

At the same time, throwing their packs upon the ox-sled, our adventurers started the terrified family in the same direction, remaining themselves some distance in the rear, to give notice of approaching danger, and as far as possible save these families, if it should come on themselves.

Young Hensley, his Kentucky companion, had a musket; Tessier, their protégé, had a fusee or shot-gun, and Combs himself was armed with a sword and belt-pistols. Their march was of course very slow; but it seemed to our ardent young officer that he had never before seen oxen move with such a tardy pace. They knew not at what moment their ears would be saluted with the savage war-whoop in their rear. Thus they proceeded till the road was lost in darkness, hoping to meet Major Cotgreve's battalion,

and were forced to encamp by the road-side. They watched all night, one of them about a hundred paces from the fire, on the trace towards Raisin, and at dawn they again resumed their slow retreat. They had not gone over two or three miles, when, instead of meeting an armed band which would give them comparative safety, they found Cotgreve's baggage-sleds and artillery abandoned in the road, with all the marks of sudden and precipitate flight. "I shall not pretend," Combs subsequently writes, "to describe our feelings at this unexpected sight; but thank Heaven we did not abandon our voluntarily assumed charge, but resolved, come what would, to save them or perish with them."

Just before sunset, they came in sight of the Maumee river, and at the same time discovered that Winchester's camp, left in charge of General Payne, some three or four miles up the river, was in flames. At first they supposed that the British and Indians had gotten ahead of them by way of the lake and river ice, and had defeated the remnant of the left wing of the army and General Harrison's reënforcements, and that their own destiny was sealed. They were soon relieved, however, from this painful apprehension, by discovering a wounded soldier who had made his escape by that route, and assured them that no enemy had passed him.

We shall only refer to so much of the military operations about this period on that frontier as may render the personal narrative of the subject of the memoir intelligible. The two flying soldiers to whom Hensley had promptly abandoned his pony at Combs' suggestion, and determined to aid the latter in bringing off the distressed family, had, it seems, communicated to Major Cotgreve the same alarming information they had given to Combs, "*that at least five thousand Indian warriors were in hot pursuit, under Tecumseh and Dixon,*" and thus caused his precipitate retreat. They reached General Winchester's old camp at the rapids, at which General Harrison, in the mean time, had arrived with a small body-guard early on the 22d, having traveled all night, and caused him to abandon the position north of the Maumee, set fire to the camp, and fall back to the south side of Portage river, some fifteen or twenty miles nearer the Ohio settlements on Hull's trace.

Young Combs followed in his footsteps

across the river on the ice, after sundown on the 23d, and arrived on the opposite side of Portage river on the evening of the 24th, with his small caravan, much to the surprise and joy of his friends, who had already numbered him among the dead. Having been mainly instrumental in saving three of that gallant band of Kentuckians, who had marched to the frontier some five months before, with such devoted patriotism and buoyant hopes of military glory, for the first time since he met the news of the disaster, he now felt safe from pursuit, and gratified more than words could express that he had had the nerve to do his duty.

The weather had moderated, and the rain had been falling all day, so that the ice on the river had split near the centre and bulged upwards, rendering it difficult as well as dangerous to cross. But nothing could stop our young adventurer's friends, when he came in sight, from rushing across to meet him. Majors Hardin and Gano conducted him to head-quarters, and introduced him to General Harrison, informing him what he had done. "It was a proud moment for me," writes Mr. Combs, in reference to that sight, "*thus to be presented: and while he complimented me, and said I was worthy of a civic crown, his eyes were moist with tears, and mine were not dry. That tear-drop of the hero of Tippecanoe fell upon my heart; and my untiring support of him in 1840, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, cannot be wondered at, although my first choice then and ever had been HENRY CLAY.*"

"I had no time," he continues, "on my perilous retreat, to seek for my murdered friends and fellow-soldiers at Raisin. My eyes were dry, and my nerves seemed rigid as iron until all personal danger was over, and all under my charge in safety." Of over nine hundred officers and soldiers engaged in the disastrous battle, only thirty-three escaped; all the rest were killed on the field, massacred, or led into captivity. The news filled the whole country with the deepest grief; Kentucky was clad in mourning, and General Harrison himself overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment. Very soon afterwards, the remnant of the Kentucky regiment engaged in the conflict were discharged; but the subject of this memoir declined to leave for some time, not knowing that the invasion of Upper Canada was abandoned for

the winter, till after Fort Meigs was erected, and General Harrison himself, in a complimentary note, advised him of the fact, and permitted him to return to Kentucky, with the expectation of again joining him in the spring with other volunteers. Thus ended his first campaign.

When he arrived at home, with his clothes

much worn and badly soiled, his mother met him with a tear and a smile, remarking, in jest, that she was surprised to see him so soon, as he had told her he would not return until they had taken Canada. His reply was, "that he had only come home to get a clean shirt." And she very soon found he was in earnest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT is the relation which man sustains to the universe, is the great world-problem whose solution speculative thought has sought through so many ages of restless and persistent inquiry. Upon this thread Philosophy has strung most of its brilliant and bewildering speculations. To discover some pass-way from the personal to the impersonal, some transit from the individual to the universal, Intellect has sounded its profoundest depths, and Genius wandered to its farthest heights. System has succeeded system, and school followed school, leaving the problem still unresolved. Philosophy first appears in the East, puzzling, with its mysteries, the infancy of the race. In the dreamy and speculative character of Oriental mind it finds a ready reception: but not to the Children of the Sun is it given to read "the open secret." An intense and overshadowing sense of the infinite brings such a paralysis upon all active individual consciousness, as to leave little significance to the inquiry; since the total absorption of the individual in the universal, destroys the very conditions of the relation sought to be determined. The personal and the impersonal, the one and the many, are identified as the homogeneous parts of an insoluble whole, bound together by the iron chain of necessity, and committed to the uncertain guidance of some mysterious and unknown power. From such a faith, throwing its fatalistic spell around all life and thought, results that philosophy of profound indifference, which finds so sublime an expression in the Indian Bhagavad-Gita, and the Vedas and Puranas.

Oriental life, throughout its entire development in religion, and art, and literature, and law, was but the flowering and fruitage of that impassive and noxious faith, which teaches the indifference of circumstances, the slumberous immobility of life, and the abandonment of self. The Sphinx, with its look of sad and mute bewilderment, is the expressive symbol of its thought.

Philosophy next appears upon the more congenial soil of Greece, and propounds its problems to the more vigorous, cultured, and discriminative Hellenic mind. A quicker life runs through the veins of that wonderful people; a finer and sprightlier intellect flashes its creations upon no impassive spirits, and plays its fancies round no indifferent hearts.

Here, then, Philosophy may look for some response to its questionings. A thinker of Ionia appears seeking, amid the uncertain light, some traces of a beginning. Amid the shadows of chaotic and primal elements, a first principle is discovered, the process of creation traced, a system founded; and now the long centuries resound with the noise of contentious schools. By what many and diverse lines of inquiry; by what slight but sure gradations of advance, Philosophy travelled from Ionia to Alexandria, through Italian, Eleatic, Socratic, and Academician schools, to the lofty spiritualism and extreme generalizations of the later Platonist, we may not here fully consider. We must pass this most brilliant period in the world's annals, so ripe in its intellectual life, and so fruitful in its fountain thoughts and its great names, with a rapid

indication of the general direction of speculative thought, and the more prominent stages in its line of progressive development.

The first inquiries were ontological. The beginnings of existence were sought, and a science of cosmology attempted. The ultimate principle of things, but crudely conceived, and supposed to exist under a material form, was sought amid physical elements. Thales found the *primum mobile* in water, Anaxamines in air, and Heraclitus in fire. Crude as these speculations of the Ionian school may appear to us, standing in the clearer light, they present a series of slowly advancing conceptions; the material element gradually giving way, until we come to the more spiritualistic philosophy of the mathematicians. This school found the first principle in an abstraction; but it was an abstraction involving the conception of the Infinite, which was an idea far above the plans of Ionian speculation. Pythagoras thought he detected the *Principia* in numbers, and from their combinations he constructed the universe. The absolute and unchangeable existence was one. This numerical unity developed itself phenominally in multiplicity, and thus comes the world of relative and manifold existence.

The speculations of Pythagoras and his school were lofty and profound, but there was no conception of mind; no recognition of the creative and self-existent *νοῦς* in their severely deductive processes. It is in the succeeding school of the Eleatics that we find the attribute of intelligence given to the Infinite, and a reference of creation to one eternally-existent and self-conscious mind as its cause. This conception of the Eleatics was a great advance upon all previous thinking, and marks an era in the history of Philosophy. But it should be observed that this idea of mind as cause was not very clearly differenced from creation as effect. The Infinite was One, but it was also All; and hence the phenomenal and the meta-phenomenal were but parts of the same flowing life. There was, in truth, a reappearance here of the Indian doctrine of Emanation, and, in this absorption of the finite in the infinite, the integrity of self-consciousness and the individual will seemed likely to be lost in the recurring cycles of Oriental thought. An oppressive and saddening sense of the Infinite began to

develop once more its fatal results of indifference and self-abandonment, and a system of Pantheism—alien to the vigor of Greek thought—became predominant, in which all the tides and forces of individual being were lost in the vaster circulations of the Infinite Energy.

But it was not in the courses of destiny and the law of development that Philosophy should thus relapse into the imbecility of its youth.

A new direction was communicated to speculative thought, and a new spirit awakened, by which its vigor and vitality were conserved.

Thus far the method of inquiry had been ontological, and had resulted, as that method must ever result when exclusively employed, in the establishment, by the Eleatics, of a system of pantheistic fatalism. But with the close of that school a new direction and impulse was given to speculation, by the introduction of the psychological method. Philosophy hitherto had concerned itself with but one term of the relation which it sought to determine. It began to perceive, at last, that a knowledge of the nature and origin of the universe was little likely to be gained without some better acquaintance with those faculties by which such knowledge was to be apprehended. For what confidence could it have in the validity of its conclusions, without some criteria or verification? Supposing a science of ontology possible, it is clear that psychology must determine its legitimacy. With the perception of this fact commenced an inquiry into the nature and capacities of the human mind—an inquiry which Philosophy has so vigorously prosecuted through all the lines of its subsequent history. Is there any ground of certitude and authority in human knowledge? Has the understanding any faculty for the apprehension of absolute truth? were questions whose solution seemed to condition all further advance.

Parmenides, one of the last of the Eleatics, was the first to perceive the difficulty which these preliminary inquiries raised, and he endeavored to meet it by his important distinction between semi-knowledge, which is but *opinion*, and knowledge, given in the reason, which is *truth*. By the former, we have cognizance of a simply relational existence, more or less modified by the conditions of our own subjectivity; while the

latter acquaints us with an existence which is absolute. The distinction thus made in the sources of knowledge, marks an important transition-point in the progress of speculation. It gave a determination to all succeeding inquiry, and laid the foundation of those four great systems of philosophy whose struggles for the supremacy have entered so largely into the biographic history of the world. Parmenides suspicioned the objective validity of the ideas given in sense, and indicated a source of knowledge independent of sensation. His speculations were vague, and abounded with notions extremely fanciful; but they contained the initial developments of a great truth, and served to introduce upon the arena of controversy the system of idealism, around which Plato threw the splendors of his genius, and which modern Germany has enriched with its best and proudest names. The discussion thus commenced by the later Eleatics, regarding the source and authority of ideas, was continued by their successors. Ontological inquiries, however, were still prosecuted, but under psychological scrutiny and tests. Heraclitus, whose ontology identifies him with the Ionian school, maintained the exclusiveness and validity of sense-knowledge, denying to the reason any thing more than a mere regulative function. He then laid the foundation of *sensationalism*, or at least gave to the principles of that system their first philosophical statement. Anaxagoras succeeded, denying with Heraclitus any other than a sensational source of ideas, but at the same time denying their authority, and thus extending his system to a negation of all ground of certitude for the knowledge given in sense. Here, then, *skepticism*, the third great system of philosophy, makes its appearance. It is to be noted, however, that the skepticism of Anaxagoras was of a purely philosophical nature. It questioned the authority of reason, and the validity of its judgments, but did not extend to the denial of an intelligent first cause. On the contrary, his conceptions of Deity were far in advance of all preceding philosophers. They were free from the materialism of the Ionians, the chilling obstructions of the Mathematicians, and the pantheism of the Eleatics. He did not identify the universe with God, nor reduce his infinity to a barren negation; but he conceived him as an independent and designing intelligence, exerting

a directive wisdom in the arrangement of primordial elements, but maintaining an existence entirely distinct from his creations. Upon the immediate successors of Anaxagoras we must not dwell. Empedocles, with his sweeping eclecticism, making earth, air, fire and water the *prima materia*, with love as the combinative and harmoniously disposing agency, (a conception of Deity pointing to a recognition of the moral element,) teaching that knowledge and existence were correlatives, and announcing that principle, so fruitful of fancies in modern speculations, that like can only be known by like; Democritus and his celebrated atomic theory, so ingeniously reproduced in the philosophy of Leibnitz; and his theory of ideas, which may be seen reflected in the sensational system of Locke; these were but the more complete development of those elements of thought we have already indicated.

Philosophy now fell into the hands of the Sophists—those boasting athletes of intellect, who gloried in “making the worse appear the better reason,” and truth and justice but opinion and law. In identifying thought and sensation, and assuming man as the measure of all existence, they struck at the foundations of truth and virtue: making the one a delusion and the other a name. Not long, however, was Philosophy doomed to so degrading a bondage. Her deliverer came in the person of one whose name will live in grateful remembrance as long as truth may claim a disciple or virtue a worshipper. Socrates appeared, stripping from the Sophists their thin guise of rhetorical pretension, and teaching the eternal sanctions of justice and right. He asserted the possibility of truth and the supremacy of virtue, and clothed their beautiful and blending forms in all the loveliness of their own essential and resplendent nature. Socrates’ teachings were altogether ethical in their nature. He laid the foundations of moral science, but established no distinct philosophical system. He was a moralist, but a moralist with a *method* which worked a total revolution in the metaphysical speculations of his time. Under the guidance of that method, Philosophy prosecuted its inquiries upon far higher grounds. Sensationalism gave way before the application of those searching dialectics which disclosed in the innermost depths of consciousness a sanctuary of truth, which the phe-

nomena of sense could never penetrate, nor the caprices of opinion ever disturb. Skepticism expired in the blaze of those sublime truths, which unveiled the mysteries of a spiritual existence, and proclaimed the immutable sanctions of divine law.

The revolution which Socrates began, his illustrious disciple completed. Plato was the most accomplished and imperial intellect of his time. He was the blossoming of Greek culture—"the bright, consummate flower" of Hellenic thought. In his wonderful brain were the fires of genius and the elaborated treasures of toil. "When Plato came, a man who could see two sides of a thing was born." Imbued with the ethical doctrines of his loved and venerated master, and pursuing his method, he built up a philosophical system which has occupied a wider space in the world's thought than the creations of any other single intellect of ancient or modern times. "His sentences contain the culture of nations. They have been the corner-stone of schools and the fountain-head of literatures." With a clear perception of the weakness of the Sensational and Skeptical systems, he adopted the principles of Idealism, and brought to their support all the wealth of his accomplished and cultured mind. In his celebrated theory of Ideas we have his opinion of the sources and authority of knowledge, and the relations of the individual to the universal. He distinguishes between "opinion, of which all men have a share, and reason, which belongs only to the Gods and some small portion of mankind." The incertitude of sense-knowledge is maintained, but a source of knowledge independent of sense is affirmed. There is a sensible world—a world of phenomena and appearance. And there is also a world of Ideas—real, intelligible, and absolute. In this lower and weary kingdom of sense and time, we mourn our exile from a higher estate. Limited to a knowledge of particulars and relative existence, we grope our way amid the shadows and reflected light, but with occasional exaltations of vision which lift us into the higher world of Ideas, where we are admitted to a perception of universal and absolute being. The medium by which we come to a knowledge of this clearer realm of realities and abiding existence is the Reason, or rather, Reminiscence; for the soul, having been once identified with the original sources and higher

forms of being, is awakened, through the suggestions of sensible phenomena, to a recollection of that diviner existence of which it formerly had immediate cognizance and formed a component part. In the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, it recognizes its lost inheritance, which, in plaints and aspirations, it is ever seeking to regain. The poverty and phantom-like nature of sensible phenomena is thus taught; but it finds an equivalent in the wonderful significance which it takes, as the dim reflection of that purer archetypal creation to which it is related by so infinite a suggestiveness. The individual soul thus shares in the life of the Universal. Around every point and particle cluster the universal laws. In the smallest fractional part reappears entire the beauty and splendor of the infinite whole.

Plato's Ideal Theory has long since perished. It was the brilliant but fanciful creation of a great mind, seeking earnestly for the truth. But around it were gathered so many noble and truthful thoughts, and so many just and uplifting conceptions, that it will ever be regarded, by the lover of virtue and thought, as a system grand and beautiful, even though abandoned and in ruins.

In the theology of his system, Plato ranks above all the thinkers of antiquity. His conceptions of Deity were so just and true, that he has been called the Christian Philosopher; and there is much reason to conclude that modern faith is more indebted to Plato for some portions of its creed than it would be ready to admit. Beyond and above the world of fleeting appearance lies, in serene and undimmed light, the world of Ideas. Beyond and above the world of Ideas, in the brightness and perfection of his own nature, dwells the absolute and uncreated God. "In the midst of the sun is the light; in the midst of the light is truth; and in the midst of truth dwells the imperishable Being." The influence of Plato upon his own and succeeding times can never be fully estimated. His genius yet lives, not in recollection alone, but in the finer phrases of our intellectual life. In his union of the *το αγαθον* and the *το καλον*, his ideas of the nature and office of evil, and his identification, in virtue and science and art, of the good, the beautiful, and the true, we may recognize the source of many of the finest conceptions in modern culture and thought.

Philosophy passed her sceptre from

Plato to Aristotle. The renowned Stagymite has been called the "Secretary of Nature," and his vast and comprehensive knowledge would seem to entitle him to the appellation. He was as much distinguished for *breadth* of understanding, as Plato for *height*. The disciple succeeded to his master's fame, but he did not inherit his system. Idealism found in Plato its ablest advocate, it met in Aristotle its most powerful foe. That splendid structure which the former had carried to so towering a height, the latter left in ruins. The Ideas to which Plato had given so commanding a position, proved not beyond the range of Aristotle's severe and well-directed logic. He made sad havoc in the realm of the Universals, and showed the objective existence of abstract archetypal Ideas to be exceedingly problematical. As the ideal world of Plato was thus reduced to a purely subjective existence in his own conceptions, it was concluded—though illogically enough—that there could be no source of ideas independent of sensation. Hence *Sensationalism* awoke again into life, and became, under Aristotle, the predominant system. His famous dictum, "*Nihil in intellectu, quod non prius in sensu*," became the great canon of the Sensational school, which has passed to the authority of a *pronunciamento*, and served both as premises and proof with some of his modern followers.

With Sensationalism again enthroned, Skepticism naturally followed. For if we can have no ideas but such as are ultimately given in sensations, and sensation being but an affection of the percipient mind, with no ascertainable correspondence to its phenomenal cause, it follows that there can be no ground of certitude for our knowledge, nor any possibility of absolute science. Truth, therefore, is resolved into opinion, and right and wrong become mere conventional distinctions, adopted for convenience, but founded upon no immutable principles. Skepticism, thus equipped from the armory of the Sensationalists, and under the guidance of Pyrrho, entered upon its crusade of doubt. It succeeded in destroying all confidence in the reports of Reason or Sense, until, in the school of the New Academy, whence it drew its most polished and effective armor, it completed its conquest over Morals, and Science, and Faith.

But Philosophy was not thus destined to

abandon her quest. The doubts and denials of the Academicians might depress, but they could not destroy her hope. Driven from Greece, she fled to Alexandria, and then summoned to her aid a new and powerful ally. Thus far she had relied upon Reason alone for the solution of her enigmas. But Reason had failed in every attempt. She now invokes the assistance of *Faith*.

With this alliance a new and fourth great system comes into being. That system is *Mysticism*. In the school of the Neo-Platonists the new philosophy is announced, and Philo, Porphyry, Proclus and Plotinus, become the teachers of its doctrines and its claims. The reports of the senses are deceptive; the conclusions of reason are uncertain; but there is a faculty higher than sense and clearer than reason, which gives absolute truth. That faculty is *Faith*.

Like can be known only by like. Knowledge and existence are correlative. Reason, then, can never give a knowledge of the Absolute, for that is unconditional and infinite, while Reason is limited and finite. But Faith lifts the finite above limitation, identifies the individual and the universal, and blends subject and object in the unity of pure and immediate apperception. Not through toilsome processes of induction, not from close and cautious demonstration comes the hidden truth and the secret law; but in the flashes of *Intuition*, the exaltations of *Vision*, and the rapt and gleaming moments of *Ecstasy*, when the soul loses its personality and mingles with the Universal Soul, and knowledge and being are one.

In the light of these sublime visions, Philosophy sees the unfolding of her mysteries. The wide and wondrous universe of being becomes a transparency, and its hidden laws and relations surrender their well-kept secrets. In "the flight of the alone to the Alone," the Infinite Unity is dissolved, and the process of its triple manifestation traced as with a pencil of light.

Philosophy had thus completed its appointed cycle, and evolved its four great systems of thought. Their further development on the field of modern history, presents a subject too vast for discussion here. The limits of this paper will permit but an outline of the course of speculation.

From the fall of the Alexandrian school and the rise of Christianity to the sixteenth

century, Philosophy was occupied with the bitter contentions of the Nominalists and Realists, and the word-juggleries of Scholastics and Schoolmen.

The arrival of Descartes marks a new era. He was to speculative philosophy what Bacon was to physical science. He established a new *method*, or rather, like Bacon, he recast and perfected the old. Commencing with his famous Enthymeme, "cogito ergo sum," as the only unsuspected fact of existence, he proceeded by an *à priori* process of rigid deduction to the construction of a complete system of being. He found in consciousness and the primitive laws of the understanding the elements of thought and the *criteria* of truth, by which he determined the existence of a Deity and the nature of the universe. *Idealism* thus again reappeared, maintained upon more substantial grounds, and prepared to engage in a vigorous contest for the supremacy. Spinoza and Malebranche succeeded, pushing the system of Descartes to its extreme and pantheistical development. The Sensationalists sunk God in Nature. These extreme Idealists merged nature in God. In the line of Cartesian speculation, Leibnitz ranks next, if not above the philosopher of Tournaine. In his doctrine of microcosmal *monads* and their "preëstablished harmony," and in the development of his theory of Optimism, we recognize the creations of a vigorous and profound thinker. We cannot now dwell upon his ingenious and elaborate system; but we may note that, in resolving nature into a collection of *dynamical* self-developing forces, and making it homogeneous with spirit, the two differing only as *conscious and unconscious monads*, he gave a determination to some of the most interesting speculations in modern science.

Idealism was not long permitted an unchallenged supremacy. Extreme development in one direction begat a correspondent movement in another. Sensationalism again appeared, and in the powerful advocacy of Gassendi and Hobbes, it promised a universal dominion. In England, Locke became its distinguished champion, and under his statement and direction it assumed its mildest and most acceptable phase. But in the principles which he established, but which he did not fully unfold, were the

germs of a more gross and noxious development of Sensationalism than the world had yet seen. His successors were not long in pushing his philosophy to its legitimate as well as illegitimate results. Hartley and his "Vibratory Hypothesis," by which all mental phenomena were resolved into nervous vibrations and the relics of sensation; Priestley, identifying thought with sensation, and referring them, with Hobbes, to the motion of material particles in the nerves or brain; Darwin, reducing all mind, including the Infinite, to nature and organic processes, and banishing spirit from the universe—these were but the natural sequents of that system, in whose milder statement by Locke were the elements of that Materialistic and Necessarian school, of which Horne Tooke became the grammarian, Goodwin the moralist, and Jeremy Bentham the politician. It was on the Continent, however, and among the French Ideologists, that this philosophy reached its last and perfected development. It was reserved for Helvetius, Condillac, Cabanis, De Tracy, and d'Holbach, to show the precise process by which sensations become transformed into all the complex mental phenomena of thought, emotion, and will; to demonstrate under the scalpel that the brain secretes thought precisely as the liver secretes bile, and to proclaim a system of morals so gross and selfish, that Voltaire himself pronounced it abominable for its immorality.

When all ideas were thus reduced to physiological processes and the action of bodily functions, a challenge to their validity naturally followed. Without some other criteria of verification than sensible organic impressions, there could be no basis of authority for knowledge. Experience alone never could give necessary truth, for those fundamental momenta of thought, upon which the perception of such truth was conditional, were obviously beyond the range of sensible impressions. The Skepticism of Hume, therefore, was a legitimate product of the Sensual Philosophy. And in striking so boldly at the legitimacy of all knowledge, by his denial of causation and a Creative Intelligence, he was but completing the work which Condillac and his school had begun.

The appearance of Germany upon the field of controversy was the commencement of a new movement. Characterized by a pro-

foundly contemplative and philosophic spirit, she brought to the discussion of the great questions of Philosophy, an affluence of thought and an array of great names unsurpassed in ancient or modern times. To resolve all the great problems of thought, and to throw open the entire arcana of existence, was her ambitious aim. The source and validity of ideas, the essence and origin of being, and all the mysteries connected with the existence of the soul, of nature and God, came within the range of her exhaustive speculations. The constitutional nature of Germanic mind determined the direction of its inquiries. All its native impulses and habits of thought were at war with Sensationalism. Its speculative tendency, its profound reflectiveness, and its lofty enthusiasm, all indicated its affinities with Idealism, as the system most in harmony with its spiritualistic sympathies and faith. Here, then, we may look for a counter-current and corrective to the sensualism of the French and English schools, and a protest against the skeptical doctrine advanced by Hume and his less able coadjutors upon the Continent.

Of Liebnitz, chronologically connected with this period, but philosophically related to the Cartesians, we have already spoken. He controverted the theory of Locke regarding the origin of ideas, adding to the maxium of the Sensationalists, "*Nihil in intellectu, quod non prius in sensu*," his noted "*Præter intellectum ipsum*." We recognize here the germ of that system of "Critical Philosophy" which has placed the name of Kant so high on the roll of philosophic fame. It was the great merit of Kant to have given to the laws and operations of the human mind a more thorough analysis than they had before received. His method was psychological, and he pursued it with rigorous severity until he stood within the very *pentralia* of consciousness. He distinguished between the respective functions of the Sensibility, the Understanding, and the Reason, and indicated the agency of each in the genesis of ideas. He showed that while all knowledge begins *with* experience, it does not all come *from* experience—*post hoc, non propter hoc*—a thought which Cousin has so fully developed in his distinction between the logical and chronological antecedence of ideas. Each of the three great functions of

our intellectual nature are analyzed, and shown to have their *constituent forms* or *primitive laws*, from which all the phenomena coming within their respective spheres take quality and form. By the transmuting process of these *primitive laws* or *categories*, the mind proceeds from simple objective existence, the only thing given in the Sensibility, through sensations, notions, and judgments, to the ultimate ideas of Soul, Nature, and God, the last generalizations of the Reason.

The union of the subjective and the objective in all knowledge is thus determined, and faith in the validity of ideas and the conclusions of science and morals justified, by showing the possibility of an *à priori* knowledge, and the necessity of accepting the original conceptions of the understanding.

The influence of the Transcendental Philosophy upon German thought was immense. It completely extinguished a shallow species of Skepticism, which had begun to make its appearance, and gave birth to a school of Philosophy and a series of speculations, which have given Germany the intellectual empire of the world.

Kant, as we have seen, sought to determine the exact proportions and agency of subject and object, the *me* and the *not-me*, in every act of perception and thought. In this office he had assigned almost the entire agency to the subjective, but yet allowing a bare objective existence, without quality or attribute, to furnish the *unformed material* of knowledge. Here, then, was a tendency to pure subjective Idealism, which nothing was needed to complete but an elimination of the realistic element, already held by so feeble a tenure. To effect this was the work of Fichte. Fixing his eye upon the idealistic side of the Kantian philosophy, he pushed it to its extreme development. Kant had shown that all our *actual* knowledge is limited to the facts of consciousness. Here, then, Fichte takes his position, and maintains the exclusive office and claims of the *Ego*. We can *know* nothing beyond the field of our own consciousness; whatever is given in that, we may accept, but farther we may not go, for the consciousness cannot transcend itself; all our sensations and perceptions are purely subjective; they are nothing more than affections of mind. That they have any corresponding objective reality is

a supposition wholly conjectural. It is an inference which *Faith* may accept, but which *Reason* cannot prove. For it is clear that we can have no knowledge of any thing previous to its coming under the laws and conditions of our own subjectivity; but the imposition of these laws and conditions, it is admitted, determines the entire character, form, and properties of the thing known. Hence it can never be *proved* that the objective fact corresponds with the subjective idea. Neither does such subjective knowledge necessarily correlate simple objective *existence*, as was held by Kant, any more than it does *correspondence*. The fact that the intelligence forces us to believe in an external world, proves nothing; for the intelligence *itself* is a part of that very subjectivity, and is thus necessitated by the imposition of its laws. Mind, therefore, which is defined as the *power of thinking*, is the only real existence. Being an active principle, with impulses to self-development, it projects its activities out of itself; but, meeting with limitations to its free activity, as it must—else it would proceed to infinity—it *objectifies* these limitations, and calls them the external world. Thus the *me* determines the *not-me*, and creates what it beholds. The universe becomes wholly spiritual; “mind precipitated” becomes matter, and all outward being is but the sensized product of thought. Knowledge and existence, therefore, are synonymous, and subject and object identified as one.

The intense *Egoism* which distinguishes these speculations of Fichte marks the idealistic phase of the Kantian philosophy in its highest expression. It had reached its point of culmination in a system of *pure subjective Idealism*.

Closely related to Fichte was Schelling. He was an Idealist, but his Idealism developed itself in another direction. He did not, with Fichte, sink all existence in the *Ego*, but he allowed the reality of objective being. With Fichte, he identified subject and object, but not *upon the same plane*. He carried the union to a higher point, and identified them in the *Absolute*. This absolute, in which exists potentially all phenomenal being, is revealed to us through the *intellectual intuition*, a kind of spiritual vision, which is the great organ of philosophy in the perception of truth. The self-development of the Absolute or Infinite Mind con-

stitutes the universe. To trace the process of this development is the office of Philosophy; an office which becomes possible through the intimacy of relation which the individual mind sustains to the Absolute as one of its modes of manifestation.

This process of self-development is effected through the operation of a law in which Philosophy detects three agencies or movements. The first is the *reflective* movement, or the attempt of the Infinite to embody itself in the finite. This gives *nature*. The second is called the *subsumptive* movement, or the effort of the Absolute, having embodied itself in the finite, to return again to the Infinite. This gives *mind*, which is *nature arrived at consciousness*. The third movement consists in the union of the other two, and is the blending of the subjective and the objective, of mind and matter in the Absolute as *realized*. The development of this original system, which we cannot further pursue, is extended throughout the entire phenomena and relations of being. This same law, in its three-fold movement, is traced through all the realms of nature and mind. It is shown to operate entire in the most subordinate, as well as in the highest ranges and gradations of existence. It is made to resolve all the great problems of Philosophy, and to illumine with new light and meaning the domains of Science and Literature and Religion and Art. Whatever opinion there may be regarding the merits of Schelling's system as a solution of the enigma of the universe, it must be admitted, when viewed in its entire development, as one of the most remarkable examples of original, vigorous and comprehensive thinking that Philosophy and Genius have ever given to the world.

Its development of the affinities and interdependence of all modes and gradations of being, and its unfolding of the secret connections and correspondences of physical, intellectual, and ethical science, was a masterly achievement of intellect, and a rich contribution to the treasury of Philosophy and Thought. We had purposed to speak of the relations of the “Identity-Philosophy” to some of the peculiar phases of modern literature, and of its partial reproduction in the school of New-England Idealism, but this we must, for the present, defer. *The arrival of nature and through nature, of God, to self-consciousness in man*, is an idea which

will be recognized as the pervading thought of that Philosophy, in whose rhythmical utterances we are taught how

—"Past, Present, Future, shoot,
Triple blossoms from one root."

How

"Substances at base divided,
In their summits are united;
Where the holy essence rolls,
One though separated souls,
And the sunny Æon sleeps,
Folding nature in its deeps;"

And how

"The poor grass does plot and plan
What it will do when it is man."

The Idealism of Kant had thus, in diverse directions, consummated its two-fold development. Its subjective phase had reached its highest expression in Fichte, while Schelling had exhausted its objective element. The two divergent lines were now to be united in the *Absolute Idealism* of Hegel. Fichte, starting with the *Ego* as the only real existence, constructed from it the *non-ego*; Schelling, taking the *Absolute* as the last possible generalization, traced its unfolding in the *me* and the *not-me*. Hegel starts with an *Abstract Idea* as his conception of the Absolute—and his conception is the Absolute itself, since thought and existence are correlative—and by a process of *Logic* resolves it into the various phenomena of the universe. This unresolved *Idea* is not an Absolute Unity, for such a unity is impossible. In the last generalizations of the Reason, two elements of thought are always given, which are mutually generative and conditioning. These two elements are *contraries* and correlatives. Every thing is bi-polar. It has its positive and negative side. "An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole." The subjective and the objective, the conditioned and the unconditioned meet in every possible conception. Neither is a reality in itself; neither can exist independent of the other. Being and Non-Being, abstractly and separately considered, are the same, for both are unconditioned, and hence exclude each other; but in their reciprocal negation, existence is posited, as two negatives combined give an affirmative. Since, then, nothing exists in itself alone, the only reality lies in the *relation*. Subject and object disconnected are

mere negations. It is only in the "mediation of their antagonism" that real existence appears.

In the *Abstract Idea* of Hegel, as in the *Ego* of Fichte and the *Absolute* of Schelling, the universe potentially exists. The decomposition of this *Idea* gives all the complex phenomena of thought and being. This decomposition is effected through an impulse to activity contained in the *Idea*, and which unfolds itself in the evolution of *contraries*, through a *logical process* of development. In this *logical process* consists the spirit of the *Idea*, the true, substantial existence—the Absolute God.

Creation thus becomes synonymous with dialectics, and Hegel's *Logic* a formula of world-development, a programme of procedure for the *Absolute Idea*.

In his Philosophy of Nature, Hegel's speculations are similar to those of Schelling. He holds that nature is inarticulate thought, on its way to consciousness; and when we add his idea, that God comes to full self-consciousness only in Philosophy, there will be no question of Hegel's claim to the paternity of *Absolute Idealism*.

Reason had thus reached its highest possible conceptions. It had pushed its generalizations to a point of abstraction beyond which the boldest thought could never wing its solitary way. But what of the incommunicable Sphinx? Had Reason resolved her curious enigmas? Alas! she had come, bringing her children of sharpest eye and cunning brain, but no Oedipus had arrived. The secret which the ages had kept, of

"What subsisteth and what seems,"

was not yet whispered. Some clearer vision must read the mysterious cipher:

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive:
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive."

Since Reason had thus exhausted its energies in vain, what remained but to invoke once more the assistance of *Faith*? To her piercing vision, it might be that the secrets of being would unfold their mystical life. This appeal from the discursive to the spiritual faculty, was made by one of the best and purest of Germany's gifted children. Jacobi has been called the German Plato; and in lofty spiritualism and a keenly apprehensive

intellect, he is not unworthy of a memory and mention with the founder of the Academy and the pride of Athens. His devoutly religious spirit could not accept the cold and dreary abstractions of that rationalistic philosophy which had become so prevalent. He did not believe that the Understanding was the only organ of truth, and Logic its sole interpreter. In the depth of his consciousness was implanted the conviction, that "reason is not entire in reasoning, nor is all evidence reducible to that of demonstration." He regarded Reason as something more than a discursive and regulative faculty. He recognized in it an element of *feeling*, a *faith-principle*, which lifted it above all ratiocinative processes of thought, and carried it beyond the limitations of logic. In this synthesis of reason and faith is given an immediate and intuitive perception of truths which transcend all faculties of demonstration, but which are authenticated in the spontaneous and universal consciousness. The existence and attributes of God, the immortality of the soul, and the fundamental principles of morals, are truths without the range of Categories, Predicables, and Syllogism, and verified only in the spontaneous affirmations of the intuition.

A full recognition of the moral attributes of Deity, and a hearty acceptance of Christian Revelation, distinguished Jacobi from most of the philosophers of his time. With him, this universe of being was something more than a reflex of consciousness or the decomposition of an abstract Idea. He recognized it as the fair creation of Infinite Goodness, rather than as the necessitated development of a primordial germ, or the product of unconscious law.

"Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time ;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime."

The faith-principle of Jacobi naturally led to *Mysticism*, and to various species of mysticism, as it was connected with the respective systems of Idealism. Of these various classes of mystics, differing, by the slightest gradations of sentiment, from the philosophical faith of Schlegel to the supernatural illuminations of Swedenborg, we have no space to speak. Their mazy speculations are inwrought in all the texture of German letters and life ; and to give a full exposition of

their respective forms would be to write the annals of German thought for the last half century.

Philosophy had thus completed another great revolution on the field of modern speculation. In passing through its second ecliptic, it had reproduced its four great systems of thought, and again found in Mysticism the limits of its endeavor. And was there nothing gained, then, through so many centuries of intellectual activity ? Had Philosophy but repeated its former periods, and could it hope for no higher guerdon than the honors of ancestral thought ?

"Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Alter erit tum Tiphys, et ultra quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas ; erunt quodque ultra bella,
Atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles."

Nay, not in such fruitless renewals had Philosophy exhausted the energies of Intellect, and wasted the fires of Genius. "Thought is always advancing, but in a *spiral line*," says Goethe. Ancient systems had reappeared, but in larger proportions and upon a higher plane. The elements might be the same, but they had been taken up into fuller developments, and set in higher and brighter constellations of thought. The speculations of the French and English Sensationalists far surpassed, in penetration and vigor, those of Athens or Ionia. Physical Philosophy, at least, has been enriched by their searching empirical inquiries, whatever may have been the value of their contributions to metaphysical science. The Skepticism of Hume, by its acute and discriminative observation of mental phenomena, disclosed laws of our intellectual nature, of whose existence and operation Pyrrho and the Academicians were profoundly ignorant. Idealism, in its palmy days, and as it fell from lips of more than Attic eloquence, in the groves of Academus and on the banks of the Ilissus, could not compare, in affluent and profound speculation, with its latter developments in the systems of Kant and Fichte and Schelling and Hegel. In a thorough and exhaustive analysis of psychological phenomena, and a rigid application of method and logical tests, Germany far excelled Greece. And the mysticism of Alexandria, as represented in the *vision* of Porphyry and the *union* and *ecstasy* of Plotinus and Proclus, was of feeble growth, in comparison with its more luxuriant development in the kindling

aurora, the lofty *faith* and piercing *intuition* of Boehme, and Jacobi, and Schlegel. Ontology had traveled, by slight gradations of advance, from the crude materialistic conceptions of Thales, to the refined and towering generalizations of Hegel; and psychological science had gradually pushed its ascending way, from the faint initial distinctions of Parmenides, to the profound analysis and complete classifications of the philosopher of Königsburg.

Not in vain, then, had Philosophy prosecuted her inquiries, through all the mazy speculations of ancient and modern thought. Not in vain, with unfaltering hope, had she sought, of sense, and reason, and faith, some response to her questionings. Not in vain; for though the riddle of the Sphinx remained unsolved, many truthful and significant words had fallen from the lips of those who had essayed to whisper her secret; many illustrious Names, "which the world will not willingly let die," had left her their legacy of imperishable thought; many pure and exalted sentiments had been given to the heart of Virtue; many fruitful and enduring principles in morals and science had been added to the treasury of Truth.

We have thus traced the course of Speculative Philosophy, from its first feeble beginnings in Greece, to the culminated development of each of its respective systems. But the great world-problem was still unresolved, save to the rapt vision of Faith alone. Such solution Philosophy could never accept, for it was beyond the application of all its recognized criteria of verification. What, then, remained to be done? Must Philosophy retrace its steps, or abandon the search?

The former alternative seemed fruitless, the latter inglorious. But one other expedient remained: to bring all existing systems together, and in their combination to discover new principles and truths. Each system is true in part. The error of Philosophy has been to mistake this part for the whole. Truth is always in harmony with itself, and assimilates with its like. Bring together, then, all the various systems and schools, and let their fractional truths unite. Error will thus be eliminated, and truth, complete and without alloy, remain as the happy result.

This expedient, then, is adopted. The warring systems are brought into correspondence, the ancient feud forgot, and *Eclecticism*, like harmony born of discords, the fifth and last great system of Philosophy, appears. Of this system, as founded and developed by the most accomplished and acute Thinker of modern time, we do not now propose to speak. Upon some future occasion we shall resume the consideration of this subject, with an exposition of the Eclectical Philosophy of Cousin, and a discussion of the relations of metaphysical to physical science.

W. L. C.

NOTE.—It may be proper to say, that the omission in the above sketch of any allusion to several important Schools is not from inadvertence, or an under-estimate of their contributions to Philosophical Science. In a full history of Speculative Philosophy, the teachings of the Porch and the Garden, and the later speculations of the Scottish School, would claim a prominent position. But regarding them as only branch-movements in the direct line of development which we have sought to trace, we have omitted their publication.

W. L. C.

KOSSUTH, THE ORATOR AND STATESMAN.

WHAT though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme
 Freedom and thee! thy shield is as a mirror
 To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
 To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer.
 Be thou the imperial basilisk,
 Killing thy foes with unapparent wounds!
 Gaze on Oppression, till, at that dead risk,
 Aghast she pass from the earth's disk:
 Fear not, but gaze; for freemen mightier grow,
 And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe.
 If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,
 Thou shalt be great. All hail!—SHELLEY.

THERE is scarcely a doubt that Lajos Kossuth is the most remarkable man of the age, the man apparently destined to leave the most enduring mark upon it. The Northern Hercules beat him down; but he is up again, like Antæus, and seemingly with renewed strength from the fall. He shows himself to be a greater man than we thought him, even when animating and directing the war of Hungary against two emperors. He also shows that this war is not over. It is waged, in fact, on the part of Kossuth, as vigorously as before; and what it may want in intensity, it possesses in universality. He is making the cause of Hungary the cause of the free nations of Europe, with better success than before; and, with the loud and commanding tone of a prophet, announces the approaching struggle between the people and their tyrants—the Armageddon of the two principles, Liberty and Despotism.

He has opened the campaign in England with a splendid success—a series of wonderful conquests. Where the moderate middle classes of the land expected a red republican, they found, to their great reassurance and comfort, that it was only, after all, a man fashioned after the dearly remembered models of Sydney and Hampden, and went into ecstasies accordingly. Kossuth made it appear to them that Hungary and England have a mutual resemblance in their municipal institutions; that he only desires to do what England did before. His mission therefore prospered greatly in that “inviolate island of the sage and free,” as the poets call it. If all he has done in England were done in Hungary; if all his successful

efforts of eloquence were produced upon the susceptible feelings of Magyars, by means of their figurative language, it were a thing to wonder at and applaud. But our admiration of him must be increased when we find him overcoming the discouragements of our difficult parts of speech, before strange audiences, and welding at will the *amiable* democracy of England. It is curious to consider the causes which chiefly have led to the influence and renown which Kossuth is at this moment gathering in two hemispheres. When he was thrown into prison at Pesth, in 1837, and kept there for nearly three years, he was not permitted to have any books of national interest, nor to hold any communication by means of pen, ink, and paper. He therefore resolved to study English, and begged for a grammar, a dictionary, and Shakspeare. The Austrians, not thinking he could concoct a conspiracy from such materials, and very unprophetic of the English-speaking Nemesis of to-day, brought him these innocent-looking volumes; and Kossuth was soon making vigorous way through the *Tempest*. When three years had gone by, he must have been pretty proficient in English; but the business of war and politics very probably drove a good deal of it out of his head; and his future career might have been prevented or greatly limited, but for his other imprisonment at Kutayah, which enabled him to become what he is, a powerful English orator. His schoolmasters were hard and cruel, but the result repays him for all. So strangely, as the Clown in *Twelfth-Night* says, “does the whirligig of time bring in his revenges!”

Kossuth's study of the English language, which, of course, is still progressing, shows great youth and flexibility of mind, proving, as the chorus in Agamemnon declares, that nobody is too old to learn new things. Nothing, certainly, in modern eloquence, goes beyond the oratory of Kossuth. The man seems to be as full of fervor and elasticity, at the ripe age of forty-six, as the generality of men are at twenty-five. The secret of his moving others appears to be, that he is moved himself; moved to glowing enthusiasm or to tears; justifying the precept of Horace:

Si vis me flere dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent
Telephe vel Peleu.

His reported speeches would do honor to the best speakers in the language, while, in the peculiar *essor* and spirit of them, he transcends all the modern orators, who show tamely in comparison with this impassioned Magyar. Daniel Webster seems the only man who can compete with him in the power of convincing or carrying away an audience. Kossuth belongs to a lofty order of men, beyond those who are merely great politicians or orators. He seem to rank with the grand old Greek *strategoi*; those mighty spirits, who could lead or direct the armaments of a nation, as well as govern the policy of it:

Men who, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
Could shake alike the senate and the field;

such as Alcibiades, Themistocles, Pericles, Cimon, and, in modern times, Chatham and Napoleon; all high-toned characters, with a certain originality and enthusiasm of nature. Kossuth, to be sure, never set a squadron in the field; but he has the brain to organize armies, and to regulate their movements in war. We cannot help perceiving that Kossuth's oratory bears a strong resemblance to that of Pericles, in one feature of it, and also to that of Chatham in the same respect. In ancient times, when the classic diction was extremely simple in its structure, somewhat resembling the Doric order of architecture, the condensed style and vivid imagery of Pericles made such a lively impression on the Greeks, that it has been especially recorded and quoted; while the speeches of Themistocles, Aristides, Ephialtes, Cimon, and so forth, though doubt-

less as sensible and as much to the point, are forgotten. Pericles would speak of "the lowering storm of war from the Peloponnesus," (a figure imitated by Burke, with magnificent effect, in his Impeachment of Hastings, where he speaks of Hyder Ally's armament, hanging like a black cloud above the Carnatic.) The loss of the flower of the Athenian youth, we believe, in the disastrous war against the Persians in Egypt, he termed "the spring taken out of the year;" Greece was "a chariot drawn by two horses," Athens and Sparta; Egina, "the eye-sore of the Piræus;" Athens, "the eye of Greece." Lord Chatham, too, it will be remembered, made his grandest points by the help of similes and metaphors, calling Magna Charta "the Bible of the Constitution," &c. Kossuth has lately made use of a great many fine and memorable figures in his English speeches. He compared the patriotic minority of the Hungarian Komitats or County Committees, resisting the administratorship and intrigues of Austria, to the Spanish cities of Saragozza and Gerona, still holding out against desperate odds. Again, lifting his hands above his head, in a manner that greatly astonished the reporters, he took the Almighty to witness, that he, an humble son of modest Hungary, had held the existence of the House of Hapsburg "*in these hands*." To express his meaning, that the governments of England and America were respectively very good, and that the best would be proved such by its actions, he told an Eastern apologue of the man who had a ring which made the possessor acceptable to God and man, but who, at his death, not knowing to which of his three sons to leave it, got two others made so exactly like it, that the true one could not be distinguished; and so bequeathed to the children one apiece, bidding each believe himself the possessor of the genuine ring, and telling them that he who should conduct himself best should, by that token, know that his ring was the right one. This was a pat illustration, and a very astute way of bidding for the good offices of both nations in the noble business of European liberty. Again, he exclaimed: "Oh, it is my hope, that the manly sense and manly energy of the people of England will prove the trumpet-call for the regeneration of the world." At Guildhall, speaking of the importance of the British capital, he said:

"London, then, is the heart of the world, which, like the metropolis of the human constitution, cannot fail to feel the least impediment to the circulation in the remotest corner of the globe. It is the place to which the most distant limb must send back the tide of life." Again: "The Orient, which, in so many respects, enters into the dearest interests of England, that it may be almost called its Achilles' heel." Speaking of the danger of delaying to conciliate the peoples, he says: "In the revolutionary movements of discontented nations, arising from disappointment of their just hopes, nobody can answer what fluctuations public excitement may take. It may be illustrated by the ancient Sybilline Books. Three years ago, Hungary would have been contented with laws made by her own parliament under the house of Hapsburg, in 1848. But Austria marched armies against Hungary, and called in the aid of Russia. One book was now remaining. The Magyars were not yet averse from monarchy, but sent to announce they would accept any dynasty recommended by England. They were not listened to; then came the horrors of Arad, and the last of the three books was gone." And how forcible and picturesque is the following, placing instantly before the mind's eye the true relations of Austria with Lombardy and Hungary. "Hungary and Italy are the two wings of one army, drawn up against a common enemy; they must be vanquished or victorious together." The Press is "the mother and guardian of the world's progress." History is "the Book of Human Life." At the Hanover Square rooms, in accounting for being able, with his imperfect English, to awaken such a generous enthusiasm, he said, in what will be considered a very daring figure of speech, that "the Holy Spirit of freedom and liberty had descended on him." He termed commerce, very philosophically and happily, "the locomotive of principle." Along with these, a multitude of slighter similitudes will be found plentifully scattered through his harangues, showing the vivid and forcible manner in which his ideas marshal themselves to his utterance.

Taken altogether, Kossuth's speeches are more splendid and comprehensive than any pronounced in the British islands for the last fifty years; and exceed, in the power of exciting the public mind, the famous mon-

ster speeches of Daniel O'Connell. And equal to this power of arousing the mind is the large understanding grasp and keen glance of statesmanship with which he lays open, as a book, the condition and tendencies of the nations, and the consummate judgment with which he applies his conclusions to the interests and even prejudices of the powerful people he addresses, whether immediately or at a distance. He told a great variety of noble truths in England; but took care to choose those which would sink deepest into the minds of Englishmen; winning them not less by his great intellectual powers, than by the prudent and cautious dignity with which he controlled his warmest enthusiasm. He spoke no word which the *Times* and the other conservative papers of England could, in any way, torture to the prejudice of his cause or himself.

We shall give a few short extracts from his speeches, showing the manner in which he put forth his powers of persuasion. At the public banquet given him, on 30th October, at Guildhall, by the Corporation of London, he formally enumerated the arguments by which he hoped to make an impression in England. After stating that London was the world's centre, he went on:

"I believe that London is, more strongly than any other place in the world, interested in the emancipation of nations from the power of despots. And I would remind the citizens of London that, so as in one family, so as in one community, so as in one country, things and affairs cannot be ruled on two different systems. It is the same with the destinies of mankind; liberty and absolutism cannot subsist much longer together in the present development of the human mind and heart. Free institutions may be established in different manners, in different countries; but the only principle which can be the basis of the material welfare and contentment of the whole world is, under every different form of government, Liberty. Now permit me to apply my argument, and put the question to the metropolis of the world—which will you side with, absolutism or freedom?"

As regards what the despots are so fond of terming social order, he says:

"The next principle I see exemplified in this place is the principle of social order, a word in using which I get most nervous and excited when I think how blasphemously it has been abused. They call it social order when humanity is thrown into prison; they call it social order when they make it the silence of the grave! But this day, 30th October, has presented to me the thing in a

different aspect, which, once seen, I proudly say that no more shall the Russian Czar and Austrian Kaiser proclaim their social order. This day in London I saw hundreds of thousands of people rushing forward in warm enthusiasm: what preserved social order among these mighty masses? Let us see how many policemen were present? I saw four! Now, on such an occasion, the despots—a Czar, a Kaiser, or a President—it is all the same—would have had the streets bristling with bayonets; they would have had the footways crowded with soldiers, and called *that* social order! Against whom would they have made this array? Against the enemy? No, their own people! Now, what, in the opinion of this mighty corporation, is the best safeguard of social order? I believe the answer will be that which they themselves have found the best security of this illustrious city—Liberty."

After showing that despotism is the foe of free trade, and that Austria and Russia, by destroying the nationality of Hungary, had destroyed one of England's best markets, and would destroy them all, and oblige her to go to war to recover them, should their evil rule preponderate on the continent, Kossuth went on to argue on great government loans. He said:

"London is the regulator of the money and credit of the world, and these two words show the importance of the principle to you. Well, if London be the regulator of the public credit of the world, a very considerable quantity of the loan shares of every government must be concentrated in London. Let me ask, where is your security for these loans? May I not say without enthusiasm that there is a very early prospect that the restored nations of Europe will not recognize these loans? When the nations of Europe see the tendencies of absolutism, I do not think they will be inclined to give their money. I am no capitalist; but were I one, I would very much consider these circumstances—consider whether there is a possibility of absolutism being able to pay."

At the conclusion of the great London speech, he wound up with an earnest adjuration of the people of London:

"All we wish is, that the public opinion of England may establish it as a ruling principle to acknowledge the right of every nation to dispose of its own affairs, and not to leave them to the tender mercies of the Czar. This is a principle which, I hope, will prevail in England, and also in the United States. From a most honored native of that country, [Mr. Walker,] I have had the honor to hear principles announced, which, if once carried into effect, would give liberty to the world. I have heard it proclaimed by an honored citizen of the United States, that the younger brother of the English race would join to protect oppressed nations from the oppression of absolutism. I will repeat it again: I will concentrate all my free

sentiments, all the blood of my heart and the energy of my mind to raise these words, high and loud, and solemn, until the almighty echo of public opinion, in repeating it, shall become like a thunder-trumpet, before the sound of which the ramparts of human oppression must fall! And should this feeble form succumb to the longings of my heart to see my fatherland—that heart, which beats like a chained lion against his cage—even the grass that grows upon my grave will cry out to England and America, Do not forget, in your own proud security, the fate of those who are oppressed! Do not grant a charter to the Czar to trample on humanity, or to drown the liberties of Europe in blood!"

The reader will detect the two figurative allusions of the foregoing—one from the biblical siege of Jericho, and the other from the classical story of Midas.

The following forcible passages, so full of generous fraternity and the spirit of indignant prophecy, occur in his speech made at Manchester:

"Shall Freedom die away for centuries, and mankind become nothing more than the blind instruments of the ambition of some few? or shall the print of servitude be wiped out of the brow of humanity, and mankind become noble in itself and a noble instrument in its own forward progress? Wo! a hundred-fold wo, to every nation which, confident of its proud position of to-day, would carelessly regard the all-embracing struggle of these great principles! It is the mythical struggle between Heaven and Hell. To be blest or to be damned is the fate of all—there is no intermedium between Heaven and Hell. Wo! a thousand-fold wo, to every nation which would not embrace within its sorrows and its cares the future, but confine itself to the passing moment of the present time. In the flashing of a moment the future becomes present, and the objects of our present labors have all passed away. As the sun throws up his heliacal light before he rises, so the spirit of the future is seen in the events of the present. Some would fain make believe there is nothing more in these demonstrations than a matter of fashion. But I say, may no nation on earth have reason to repent of having contemptuously disregarded these my words, because it was I who uttered them! I say, the source of these demonstrations is the instinctive feeling of the people; the destiny of mankind has come to the turning-point of centuries; it is the cry of alarm on the ostensible approach of universal danger. . . . I am but the spark which kindles a feeling which has long existed, from the people of the metropolis down to those of the solitary hamlets hidden by neighboring mountains from the business of public life. . . . What have I in my person, in my present, in my future, not to justify, but even to explain this universality of demonstration? Nothing! entirely nothing—only the knowledge that I am a friend of freedom. How can I state that the great struggle is so near? Ladies and gentlemen, I state it because it is! Every man

knows it, feels it, sees it. A philosopher was once asked how he could prove the existence of God. 'Why,' said he, 'by opening my eyes. God is seen every where: in the growth of the grass; the movements of the stars; in the warbling of the lark, and the thunder of heaven.' Even so, I prove that the decisive struggle of mankind's destiny is drawing nigh! How blind are certain men, who have the affectation to assert that it is only certain men who push to revolution the continent of Europe, which, but for their revolutionary arts, would be quiet and contented! Contented! with what? Oppression and servitude! France contented, with her constitution subverted! Germany contented with being but a fold of sheep, pent up to be shorn by some thirty petty tyrants! Switzerland contented with the threatening ambition of encroaching despots! Italy contented with the King of Naples, or the priestly government of Rome—one of the worst of human invention! Austria, Rome, Prussia, Russia, Dalmatia, contented with having been driven to butchery, and having been deceived, plundered, oppressed, and laughed at as fools! Poland contented with being murdered! Hungary, my poor Hungary, contented with being more than murdered—buried alive! For it is *alive*! What I feel is but a weak pulsation of that which fills the breasts of the people of my country. Russia contented with slavery! Vienna, Pesth, Lombardy, Milan, Venice, Prague, contented! contented with having been ignominiously branded, burned, plundered, sacked, and butchered! That is the condition of the continent of Europe!"

The opening of his speech at Birmingham, on the 12th of November, is described by the London *Sun* as almost unparalleled for grandeur of expression, irresistible pathos, and oratorical beauty. Kossuth described the impulsive movement of the Diet, when they rose as one man and granted a levy of 200,000 men for the defense of Hungary, swearing, at the same time, with uplifted hands, to defend her to the last. "Thus," said the orator, with the most impressive solemnity of look and manner, "thus they spoke, and there they swore, in a calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself, it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment and the rushing waves of sentiment benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes; a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered on my lips; and, bowing low before the majesty of my people, as I now bow before you, gentlemen, I left the tribune, silently, speechless, mute." Again the short-hand writer interrupts his record to remark that the orator here paused for a few moments, overpowered by his emotion, with which the company

deeply sympathized. Then, resuming—"Pardon my emotions," said he, with a sublime solemnity; "*the shadows of our martyrs passed before my eyes; I heard the millions of my native land once more shouting, Liberty or Death!*" The audience rang with applause in acknowledgment of a passion of oratory so affecting and so sublime. The speaker felt all the glowing emotion he communicated. "The tongue of man," he said, "is powerful enough to render the ideas which the human intellect conceives, but in the realm of true and deep sentiments it is but a weak interpreter."

Thus he speaks of his beloved Hungary:

But it was said it was he [Kossuth] who inspired it. No; it was not he who inspired the Hungarian people; it was they who inspired him! Whatever he thought and felt was but a feeble pulsation of what beat in the breast of his people. The glory of battles was ascribed to the leaders in history, and theirs were the laurels of immortality; they knew they would live for ever on the lips of their people. Very different the light falling on the picture of those thousands of the people's sons, who knew that where they fell, there they would lie, their names unhonored and unsung; and who still, animated by the love of freedom and fatherland, went on calmly against the batteries, whose cross-fire vomited death and destruction on them. Oh, they who fell, falling with the shout, "Hurrah for Hungary!" And so they died by thousands—the unnamed demi-gods!

The man of the coldest blood and faintest heart must, nevertheless, feel that this is thrilling eloquence, unsurpassed by any thing Demosthenes ever uttered!

He thus forcibly states the relations of Austria and Hungary:

Had Austria, in 1848, been just towards the great German nations, she would have had a future. But she deceived every state and every nation, and rendered herself entirely odious to all. The house of Hapsburg had lost all—history, affection, empire. There was one thing still left to it—the belief that it was necessary to Europe to keep the balance of power against Russian preponderance. The idea was a false one; for Europe could never be safe in a family, but only in a nation. It now, however, had become but the vanguard of Russian preponderance; and its existence was not only unnecessary, but dangerous, because it had destroyed the system of equilibrium. What was Austria? Loans, bayonets, the Czar—that was all! . . . The short moral of my long story is this. The Russian intervention in Hungary has put the foot of the Czar on Europe's neck. So long as Italy, so long as Hungary remain unliberated, that foot will rest on Europe's neck. Yea, it will step from the neck upon the *head*! So

long will there be for Europe neither peace nor tranquillity, but a great boiling-up volcano, and Europe will be a great barrack and a great blood-field!"

Thus does he sum up the fraternal obligations of the human brotherhoods, in a strain of the noblest morality and statesmanship:

"I rely on England. I rely on it, in the name of all who suffer oppression and long for freedom, like my own people and myself—for all are my brethren, whatever tongue they speak, whatever country they call their own—members of the great family of mankind, the tie of blood is strengthened between us by common suffering. To be sure, I have not the pretension to play the part of Anacharsis Clootz before the convention of France. Humble as I am, still I am no Anacharsis Clootz. But my sufferings, and the nameless woes of my native land, as well as the generous reception I enjoy, may, perhaps, entitle me to entreat you, gentlemen, to take the feeble words I raise to you, out of the bottom of my own desolation, for the cry of oppressed humanity, calling out to you, by every stammering tongue, 'People of England, do not forget, in your happiness, our sufferings. Mind, in your freedom, those who are oppressed. Mind, in your proud security, the indignities we endure. Remember that with every down-beaten nation, one rampart of liberty falls. Remember the fickleness of human fate. Remember that those wounds out of which one nation bleeds, are so many wounds inflicted on that principle of liberty which makes your glory and happiness. Remember there is a common tie which binds the destinies of humanity. Be thanked for the tear of compassion you give to our mournful past; but have something more than a tear; have, in our future, a brother's hand to extend to us!'"

The reader is, doubtless, reminded here of the appeal of Adherbal before the Senate of Rome, against the tyranny of Jugurtha. But all the eloquence of Sallust cannot invest the character and cause of the African Prince with any thing of the greatness which belongs to those of the heroic Magyar; while an enlightened audience of Englishmen—or rather the audience of all England—may be pretty fairly taken to equal in dignity the Conscript Fathers of the Capitol.

In all his speeches, Kossuth has proved that his statesmanship is as large and wise as his eloquence is of the finest and most powerful order. Never was oratory more aptly and happily suited to the objects of the orator. While, on the one hand, he spoke to excite the noblest and most generous emotions of our nature, he was careful to conciliate the good-will, and even the prejudices, of his English hearers. But never

basely. Finding that the Peace Society is averse from his views of wresting the freedom of Hungary from the grasp of the northern tyrants, if necessary, he most dexterously turned the flank of that Society, brought it round seemingly to his side, by showing that the best principles of Christianity and peace were involved in the effort to shield the weak and innocent from the bad and the strong. His suggestions concerning the diplomacy of England and other nations, exhibit his profound and far-sighted views of European policy. Lord Palmerston, to whom he recommended the protection of his wife and children, when he went into Turkey, has apparently disappointed him, seeing that (as far as we are aware) his lordship did not see the ex-Governor of Hungary. Palmerston, as the Foreign Minister of England, must feel himself open to the reproach of not having interfered for the protection of Hungary. Kossuth, seemingly distrustful therefore of the ministry of England, advises the people to pay close attention to the management of their foreign affairs, and suggests that the business of the foreign office should be open to the knowledge of the press and parliament, and advises the reformers and all friends of freedom to try and bring this about. He says the diplomacy of tyrants is more to be dreaded than their open war. His powerful and direct mind deals with national principles in that simple manner which belongs to true greatness, and thus brings the philosophy of government to the level of all plain and honest understandings. The fine-drawn and complex diplomacy of the Talleyrands, Metternichs, Palmerstons, and all the arcana of politics, he disdains and puts aside with infinite boldness and scorn.

As regards the mission of Kossuth to this country, it seems to be the conviction of the public that our government will and ought to give him, in future, a little more aid in the diplomatic way than heretofore; that our ambassadors at foreign courts will speak more decidedly the wishes of a great nation of freemen, in behalf of the oppressed European family. America seems to have a destiny before her, from which the stern necessity of human progress will not allow her to swerve. Providence has not placed her—the only free nation on earth—on the highest level of all this world, that

she may trade and grow fat merely, leaving the suffering millions of less fortunate countries to look up to her imploringly, with all the anguish of desire, and beseech her sisterly help, in vain. A nation of twenty-five millions, with the power and resources of fifty millions, need never proceed to very violent extremities, in a case like this. The expression of her will would be enough to influence those to whom she should address it. Her word would be more effective than another nation's blow. The timid may feel consoled in the conviction that a firm tone on the part of our government would be very likely to effect all that Kossuth comes to our thresholds to implore on behalf of Hungary. He desires to unite England and America in the determination to warn the Czar against interfering murderously in Europe any more. If the exile can do this, Hungary will have one more chance. And certainly, neither England nor America can, in any case, lie under the dread reproach of allowing the high-handed injustice of Russia to be renewed.

If the conduct of the European rulers be calculated to depress the hearts of the good, there is also much to rejoice them in the virtuous and fraternal demonstrations of the English and American people. Such demonstrations are more glorious to a nation than all the long emblazoned roll of its victories in battle. When the famous Marshal Haynau went to London, the other day, after his triumphs, the amiable populace rose upon him with a ferocious disgust that made all Europe either cheer loudly or ponder deeply. When the dungeon worn exile lands on their shores, this same people—the sturdy and historical commonalty of England—rush to receive him as if he was a dear brother—though his name comes rather difficult to their Anglo-Saxon tongues—and give him all the tumultuous honors generally paid to royalty! That country sits firmly on its basis, where the populace can thus rebuke the wickedness of men in high places, and do homage to the worth of heroic patriotism in distress. And it is a thing to make one pause, with a feeling of awe and a looking-for of important change, to perceive how the people of our own potent republic are stirred by the coming of this poor exile among them. From the senator sitting in the Capitol, down to the hodman in the street, “is linked the electric chain” of

this generous and enduring sympathy. All this seems to declare a truth as important to the world as that of Copernicus, and to point to the deep and general tendency of the age, under the controlling hand of God. That tendency is towards freedom, as Kossuth truly said; and it is fortunate and of good omen for mankind, that England and America are about to show themselves in the van of it; that the Anglo-Saxon family (we use the term as we use “Magyar” for Hungarian) is steadily pressing on to *its old place*, on the safe and solid pathway to better destinies. Fortunate, we say, for the world, which has been so harassed by the wild attempts of unqualified nations to renovate the conditions of humanity. France has tried to go first; but she has proved herself a bad pioneer, an unsafe guide. At one moment, full of a sweeping philanthropy, approaching to insanity; and the next, flushing into foolish enthusiasms at the feet of insolent homicides, she may be wondered at or pitied, but cannot any longer be followed.

A breath of wind can send an avalanche on its march. The breath of this foreigner promises to give the kindred English-speaking peoples the impulse which shall direct them on a great course to some mighty issue. We should welcome the influence of Kossuth for the sake of liberty and civilization. But we must beware of fanaticism, and leave the grave question of peace or war to that calm legislative deliberation in which our wise Constitution has placed them. It will be remarked that Kossuth is not in favor of any of those impatient theories which have turned the brains of the French topsy-turvey, and sent them deplorably astray. When Kossuth says he would mould the government of Hungary after the model of our own, he may well be relied on, seeing that the polity of that country has always borne a strong resemblance to that of England; and the transition to ours would be the easiest, apparently, and most natural in the world. The freedom of Hungary would, therefore, create in the midst of Europe an influence kindred with the American, which would have the most important results in the history of progress—results which we can only faintly foreshadow, since they would make an Anglo-Celto-Saxon predominance in the heart of the European family.

America must inevitably interfere in the

business of foreign powers; so mighty a member of the human brotherhood cannot live sequestered; but it must be no meddling interference. To maintain the influence which has done so much for the progress of the world, she must not depart from her well-settled principles or policy. Certainly, the true part and glory of America will be, not alone to cover this continent with a prosperous network of railways, all paying noble

dividends; but so to control the growing intelligence of Europe by the manly beneficence of her policy, as well as by the spectacle of her greatness, that the nations may be led to imitate what they must love and respect, and adopt the well-working institutions of our republic, instead of rushing wildly after vain theories of the closet.

In this point of view, the duty of America would seem to be a high and grave one.

W. D.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

FRANCE—As Louis Napoleon's term of office draws to a close, public expectation grows daily more intense, while the movements of the contending powers, the Assembly and the Executive, are watched with the most painful anxiety. In the Assembly, an attempt was lately made to obtain for the protection of that body the establishment of a distinct military force, under the especial direction of the legislature, and independent of the general supervision of the President, as officially *tête d'armée* of the French Republic. For it was guardians the deliberative body needed, and not jailers. This rather anomalous measure was, however, defeated, leaving the President more firmly seated than before. Indeed, had it been successful, the consequences to the cause of constitutional reform would have been more disastrous than the reëlection of the present incumbent; its inevitable consequences being either a *coup d'état* on the part of President Bonaparte, or the military rule of a favorite parliamentary general,—a lord Protector,—or a terrible civil war; not a mere *émeute* crowded into the space of three days, and confined in its military operations to the bombarding of a part of Paris, and the assault and defense of barricades, but an organized contention of political elements, into which the whole kingdom would have been drawn, and every province, and village, and household divided against itself. In that day, France may well pray for the advent of the Cossack. For she has dealt already too much in blood. Her excesses and national instability have done more harm to the cause of free institutions than a thousand years of despotism. The friends of freedom look at her with distrust, almost with aversion. France must work out her political salvation with other means than the bayonet, and in other scenes than the lamentable array of battling senates and first consuls.

In his message, the French President proposes the revocation of the law restricting the electoral qualification to those who have dwelt for three consecutive years in any one commune. When

this law was passed by the Assembly, and signed by the President, it was aimed at the Socialists and Red Republicans; it was, in fact, a coalition of all the other interests and parties in the country against those two dangerous classes. For Red Republicanism is the vagabondism of society; the Arab element, with its hand against every man; with nothing to gain from order, and all to hope from anarchy. But in France, where labor always presses on the means of subsistence, there is also an immense floating population, that ebbs and flows with the rise and fall of demand, from town to country, from the seaboard to the interior. As, for instance, in the vine-growing districts at the vintage season, there is an excessive demand for labor, which ceases entirely with the harvest-home of the grape. The disbanded armies of working men, thereupon, pour into the adjoining cities and rural districts, filling up the channels of employment, which have adjusted themselves to these periodical drains. The number of those that lose their votes by change of residence, from this and other causes, is 3,000,000, out of the whole number of 10,000,000 voters. By this class, with whom the name Napoleon is still a tower of strength, was the President of the French Republic helped into office. But Louis Napoleon, kicking down the ladder by which he rose, has since thrown himself into the arms of the reactionists, and is now, in sad truth, the leader of the great principle of despotic authority in the west of Europe, as the Czar Nicholas is in the east. In his recent message, the French President speaks of a "vast demagogical conspiracy, now organizing in Europe, which he will use all the means in his power to crush." This demagogical conspiracy, be it known, is the cause in which such men as Kossuth and Mazzini are now laboring. The sublime audacity of this tergiversation has met with only partial success, for in the very market in which Louis Napoleon offers himself for sale, he is checked by the competition of the Legitimists and Orleanists. He now plays the game not unknown on this side

of the Atlantic, of a popular candidate with a set of principles for every party and section; commending himself to the reactionist by putting his foot on the infant liberty of Rome, and by driving from the coasts of France the wandering Hungarian chief, while to the earnest republican he speaks of universal suffrage, and a constitution revised. A muzzled press, with a restricted circulation, renders a manœuvre comparatively easy, which is often successful, even in the United States, in the midst of the full glare of party and political intelligence. It is said that, in casting their votes for Louis Napoleon, thousands of the benighted French peasantry fancied they were voting for the *Emperor Napoleon*!! Be this as it may, the notorious political profligacy of their prominent public men shows a terrible lack in the means of obtaining correct general information among those whose votes hold them up in public station. For in politics, as in trade, the necessity of the case will, doubtless, create a certain factitious standard of honesty, however low the tone of a people's morals may be in other respects, providing always that the masses are not kept in barbarous ignorance by obstacles placed by Government in the way of a free circulation of political intelligence.

By this seeming move of the President in the direction of republicanism, his prospects for re-election are materially brightening, and his partisans have already met with a triumph in the Assembly. After long discussion, a clause has been adopted, making the time of residence necessary to qualify a citizen to vote in the commercial or township elections only two years, instead of three, as it still is in the general electoral law. This is certainly a departure from the rigor of that law, and a step towards universal suffrage.

Postscript.—The long-dreaded collision has at last taken place. The opposition had finally decided to demand the arrest and impeachment of the President, and their leaders were gathered, and in the very act of confirming their decision, when they were themselves arrested, and conveyed to Vincennes. Thiers, Changarnier, and Lamoricière, were among those seized. The Assembly was dissolved, and Paris declared in a state of siege. The temporary building in which the Assembly had held its meetings was pulled down, and whenever any of the members attempted to meet officially, they were ordered to disperse, and arrested if they refused. The preparations of the President for this dashing affair were carried on with the greatest skill and secrecy. On the same morning, proclamations were posted throughout the city, and dispatched to the provinces, restoring universal suffrage, and declaring that the President only held the power thus forcibly attained until the will of the people could be known. The election was to come off during the present month for a presidential term of ten years, Louis Napoleon promising faithfully to bow to the will of the people, even if adverse to himself. This stroke, although long expected, seems at last to have taken all by surprise. No preparations were made for resistance, and but a few barricades were erected, which were soon carried by the troops. Order is, for the time at least, completely restored in Paris.

Thus beginneth the reign of the Emperor Napoleon II.

AUSTRIA.—A conspiracy has been discovered and frustrated in the Austrian army, chiefly among those officers and privates that were forced into the Austrian service out of the disbanded revolutionary troops of Hungary. At the close of the war, numbers of the Hungarian officers were reduced to the ranks, and, together with the private soldiers, over whom they naturally retained their habits of authority, were scattered in large detachments among the forces of their hereditary tyrants. This rash experiment showed how little the Cabinet of Vienna understood the Hungarian temper, and what absolute ignorance of the free nature of man befogs the comprehensions of those who, from birth or position, fancy the servility of caste and court to be the natural growth of the human heart. The Hungarian ranks were filled neither by raking together the dregs of the population, nor yet by conscription—the two ordinary sources of replenishment for standing armies—neither from the nation's misery nor from its vice, whereby kings justify the black proverb, "the worse the man, the better the soldier." But in the rank and file of Hungary flowed the undefiled blood of Asian plains—strong, bold hearts, that are patient under oppression, but not degraded by it. And at this very moment, even in these dark days, they are waiting cheerily for the "hour and the man." Well, it was Germany taught old Oxenstiern the lesson, *quam parva scipientia regitur mundus*; and now very shortly will many a sad-faced upholder of the divine right of kings con the same task through his tears, writ in blood.

Of all the autocrats that ride down the liberties of Europe, the young Francis-Joseph of Austria sits the least securely in his seat. In the midst of the half million bayonets that are the only support of his throne, he finds disaffection; his broad empire is an ill-cemented conglomerate of discordant nationalities; and the finances of his kingdom are hopelessly overloaded with debt; for at this very moment the secret revolutionary loans of Mazzini and Kossuth find more success in the enthusiasm of the masses, than does the proposed Austrian loan with the European capitalists.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

As the American steamer *Prometheus* was leaving the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, on the morning of the 21st November, she was fired upon by the British brig-of-war *Express*. The cause of this occurrence was the refusal of the *Prometheus*, for several successive trips, to pay the usual harbor duties. San Juan is a free port. All articles exported or imported are free of duty, with the exception of the ordinary harbor duties, which are imposed by a city council, consisting of the English Consul as chairman, two Americans, one Scotchman, one native of the coast, and one Frenchman. On the refusal of the owner of the steamer (who was on board at the time) to pay these charges, the commander of the *Express* was applied to for assistance. The brig immediately got under weigh, and, as the *Prometheus* was dropping down towards

the mouth of the harbor, compelled her to return to her anchorage, by firing first a blank cartridge and then a shot across her bow, and another astern. The American vessel thereupon paid, under protest, the demand of the authorities, and was permitted to put to sea. A letter has since appeared in one of our daily papers, from certain American merchants dwelling at San Juan, stating that these are the customary port charges that all vessels are expected to pay, with the exception of the British mail-steamers, which are exempt because they bring and receive a mail to and from San Juan; and further, that the steamers of any other country are offered the same exemption on the same conditions.

However much the avarice of the owners of the *Prometheus* may have placed them in the wrong in this matter, the firing upon the steamer is a question of entirely a different sort. According to the express terms of the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, Great Britain is to hold no protectorate or armed occupation of any kind upon the coasts of Central America. Neither is the fact of any avail, that the assistance of the British commander was requested by a town council composed partly of Americans, since the council had no right to act at all, except as officially citizens of Nicaragua.

Directions have been given by our Government to Commodore Parker, of the home squadron, to proceed in the frigate *Saranac* to San Juan de Nicaragua, for the protection of American commerce on that coast, and to notify the commander of the British naval forces there to that effect. At the same time he is instructed to assure the local authorities of the port that the United States will not justify the non-payment of any lawful port duties on the part of their merchant-vessels, and that they desire the most friendly relations with the Government of Central America, and will faithfully maintain on their part the stipulations of the above-mentioned treaty.

Instructions have also been sent to our Minister in London, which the Government, in the present state of the case, do not deem it proper to make public.

In a dispatch from the Department of State to our representative at Madrid, relating to the imprisonment of John S. Thrasher by the Spanish authorities, Mr. Webster states that it is to be regretted that no communication whatever has been made by Mr. Thrasher to the Department respecting the circumstances of his case, so as to enable the Government to see what are the precise grounds of his complaint. It is stated by the Spanish authorities that Mr. Thrasher had long been a resident in Havana; had become domiciled there, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the Spanish Crown, and therefore, as they suppose, was answerable to the ordinary tribunals of the country for any criminal act committed by him. His friends, on the other hand, insist that on his trial he was deprived of certain privileges secured to citizens of the United States by our treaty with Spain. But it may be doubtful, says Mr. Webster, whether, after having sworn allegiance to the Spanish Government, he can longer claim the privileges and immunities of an American citizen, as the oath of allegiance is the consummation of

the proceedings by which a foreigner born becomes a citizen of this country, and renounces allegiance to any foreign Government. It may be doubtful also whether, if he were to be regarded in all respects as an American citizen, the provisions of the treaty have been violated in his case.

Mr. Webster thinks that probably the most useful course for our Government to pursue in his case is to make the same application for Mr. Thrasher which has been made for the persons connected with the expedition of Lopez, and instructions are in consequence given accordingly.

In Northern Mexico, Carvajal and his co-revolutionists have been repulsed from Matamoras, to which they had laid siege, and are now fast disbanding. Carvajal has retreated along the Rio Grande with a few Mexicans, and is using every effort to draw out to his standard the malcontents in that section. The Texans, however, who had joined him, and were his main reliance, had nearly all deserted him, and at the last accounts, were crossing the river on their way homewards.

Difficulties have occurred in Utah between the Mormons and the United States' officers. Part of the money appropriated by Congress for public buildings has been taken by the Mormons to pay off the debts of the Church, and an attempt was made to get possession of the remainder. The Secretary, in whose hands it still remained, persisted in retaining it, and, in company with the Judges of the United States Courts, was compelled to leave the valley.

In the correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Spanish Minister, Don Calderon says that "apprized of all the facts, her Majesty's Government has ordered the undersigned to persist in asking, as he again asks, in the name of said Government, for full satisfaction for the aggravated insults committed upon the Spanish flag, and upon her Majesty's Consul in New Orleans; and also, that the Spaniards residing in that city shall be indemnified for the losses they have sustained at the hands of an infuriated and licentious mob."

Mr. Webster, in reply, admits the justice of the demand for reparation to the Consul, and promises that he, or his successor, shall be received with honors, but refers the Spanish residents to the laws for indemnification.

The arrival of Kossuth has for the last few weeks driven almost every other topic of merely local interest out of the public mind. His landing at Staten Island, his triumphal entry into New-York, the banquets tendered him by the municipal authorities, the press, and the bar, the deputations from all classes and from all sections of the country, constitute one of the most extraordinary spectacles the new world has ever yet beheld. His remarkable powers of oratory, his delicate tact, his mastery of the English tongue, the wisdom and the earnest purpose of the man, which impress all that behold him, show that Louis Kossuth is *the* great man brought forth by this era of revolution. And it is not merely the more inflammable portions of the community that feel the strange fascination exerted by the Hungarian chief; not alone those that harness themselves to the cars of operancers, and pay court at the levees of public

stagers; but the very classes that are usually the most conservative, the most skeptical of popular judgment, and the quickest to apply the brake to popular furor, are the foremost in hailing Kossuth as the hero and deliverer of the nineteenth century. But amidst this obstreperous enthusiasm, these breakers of popular delight which no man can directly face, there is an under-tow which at this moment is beginning to make itself felt. This was first visible in the Senate of the United States. The essential constitutional function of this body is to prevent great national questions from being carried by acclamation; and from this quarter, with propriety, first proceeded the caution to the eager nation, not to let their sympathies with the oppressed peoples of the old world hurry them into worse than useless contentions with their despotic rulers.

After having addressed the citizens of Baltimore and Philadelphia, M. Kossuth visits Washington, to receive the high honor offered him by Congress of a national welcome. Thence he proceeds to Cincinnati and the great West.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

THERE are few of our readers who have not felt the difficulty of hunting up, from musty files of newspapers, the news of a past day, however notorious at the time it may have been. The unwieldy size of a volume of our mammoth journals, its uncouthness banishing it from book-shelves and reading-rooms; its imperfection, caused by missing numbers; and the time required to sift the general matter sought after from the innumerable items of merely passing note, which it is the chief duty of a newspaper to record, are the source of a vast deal of inaccuracy in the public mind, with respect to the passing political history of the country. Hence popular errors are as frequent concerning the events of two years since, as of twenty; and far more dangerous. For, from this cause demagogues multiply, and quack statesmanship grows fat. Our aim is, consequently, to present, in a succinct shape, a monthly journal of the more important proceedings in Congress, and to give them with the historical accuracy necessary for future reference. We by no means intend to load our pages with the lengthy eloquence with which members astonish thier constituents and stupefy Congress; but we wish to chronicle only the acts of our legislative bodies, and the spirit of the more prominent debates, which, from some men and on some occasions, are themselves facts.

The following are the members of the present Congress.

XXXII^d CONGRESS.

SENATE.

WILLIAM R. KING, PRESIDENT.

Term expires.

Term expires.

MAINE.

Jas. W. Bradbury..1853 Hannibal Hamlin..1857

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

John P. Hale.....1853 Moses Norris, jr...1855

VERMONT.

William Upham..1853 Solomon Foot.....1857

MASSACHUSETTS.

John Davis.....1853 Charles Sumner...1857

RHODE ISLAND.

John H. Clarke...1853 Chas. T. James....1857

CONNECTICUT.

Truman Smith....1855 Vacancy.....1857

NEW-YORK.

Hamilton Fish....1857 W. H. Seward.....1855

NEW-JERSEY.

Robt. P. Stockton..1857 Jacob W. Miller...1853

PENNSYLVANIA.

R'd Brodhead, jr..1857 James Cooper.....1853

DELAWARE.

Presley Spruance..1855 James A. Bayard..1857

MARYLAND.

Jas. A. Pearce....1855 Thos. G. Pratt....1857

VIRGINIA.

James M. Mason..1857 Robt. M. T. Hunter.1853

NORTH CAROLINA.

Geo. E. Badger....1855 Willie P. Mangum.1853

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Andrew P. Butler..1855 Robt. B. Rhett....1853

GEORGIA.

Jno. McP. Berrien.1853 Wm. C. Dawson...1855

MISSISSIPPI.

Vacancy.....1857 Henry S. Foote....1853

LOUISIANA.

Solomon Downs...1853 Pierre Soule.....1855

ALABAMA.

Jerem'h Clemens..1853 Wm. R. King.....1855

OHIO.

Salmon P. Chase..1855 Benj. F. Wade....1857

KENTUCKY.

Jos. R. Underwood.1853 Henry Clay.....1855

TENNESSEE.

John Bell.....1853 Jas. C. Jones.....1857

INDIANA.

Jesse D. Bright....1857 Jas. Whitcomb...1855

ILLINOIS.

Step'n A. Douglass 1853 James Shields....1855

MISSOURI.

David R. Atchison.1855 Henry S. Geyer....1857

ARKANSAS.

Soland Borland...1855 W. K. Sebastian...1853

MICHIGAN.

Lewis Cass.....1857 Alpheus Felch....1853

FLORIDA.

Step'n R. Mallory..1857 Jackson Morton...1855

TEXAS.

Saml. Houston....1753 Thos. J. Ruak.....1857

IOWA.

Aug. C. Dodge...1855 Geo. W. Jones....1853

WISCONSIN.

Henry Dodge.....1857 Issac P. Walker...1855

CALIFORNIA.

Wm. M. Gwin....1855 Vacancy.....1857

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

LENN BOYD, OF KY, SPEAKER.

MAINE.

1 Moses McDonald,
2 John Appleton,
3 Robert Goodenow,
4 Charles Andrews,
5 Ephraim K. Smart,
6 Israel Washburn, jr.,
7 Thomas J. D. Fuller.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

1 Amos Tuck,
2 Charles H. Peaslee,
3 Jared Perkins,
4 Harry Hibbard.

VERMONT.

1 Ahiman L. Miner,
2 William Hebard,
3 James Meacham,
4 Th. Bartlett, jr.

MASSACHUSETTS.

1 William Appleton,

2 Ro. Rantoul, jr.,
3 James H. Duncan,
4 Benjamin Thompson,
5 Charles Allen,
6 George T. Davis,
7 John Z. Goodrich,
8 Horace Mann,
9 Orin Fowler,
10 Zeno Scudder.

RHODE ISLAND.

1 George G. King,
2 Benj. H. Thurston.

CONNECTICUT.

1 Charles Chapman,
2 O. M. Ingersoll,
3 C. F. Cleveland,
4 O. S. Seymour.

NEW-YORK.

1 John G. Floyd,
2 Obadiah Bowne,

3 Emanuel B. Hart,	3 Edward Hammond,	ARKANSAS.	21 Norton S. Townshend.
4 J. H. Hobart Haws,	4 Thomas Yates Walsh,	1 Robert W. Johnson.	MICHIGAN.
5 George Briggs,	5 Alexander Evans,	TRNNESSER.	1 Ebenezer J. Penniman,
6 James Brooks,	6 Joseph S. Cottman.	1 Andrew Johnson,	2 C. E. Stuart,
7 A. P. Stevens,	VIRGINIA.	2 Albert G. Watkins,	3 James I. Conger.
8 Gilbert Dean,	1 John S. Millson,	3 Geo. W. Churchwell,	INDIANA.
9 William Murray,	2 Richard K. Meade,	4 John H. Savage,	1 James Lockhart,
10 Marius Schoonmaker,	3 Thomas H. Averett,	5 George W. Jones,	2 Cyrus L. Dunham,
11 Josiah Sutherland,	4 Thomas S. Bocock,	6 Wm. H. Polk,	3 John L. Robinson,
12 David L. Seymour,	5 Paulus Powell,	7 Meredith P. Gentry,	4 Samuel W. Parker,
13 John L. Schoolcraft,	6 John S. Caskie,	8 William Cullom,	5 Thos. A. Hendricks,
14 John H. Boyd,	7 Thomas H. Bayly,	9 Isham G. Harris,	6 Willis A. Gorman,
15 Joseph Russell,	8 Alex. R. Holladay,	10 Frederick P. Stanton,	7 John G. Davis,
16 John Wells,	9 James F. Strother,	11 Chris. H. Williams.	8 Daniel Mace,
17 Alex. H. Buell,	10 Charles J. Faulkner,	FLORIDA.	9 Graham N. Fitch,
18 Preston King,	11 John Letcher,	1 E. Carrington Cabell.	10 Samuel Brenton.
19 Willard Ives,	12 Henry A. Edmundson,	KENTUCKY.	ILLINOIS.
20 Timothy Jenkins,	13 Fayette McMullen,	1 Linn Boyd,	1 William H. Bissell,
21 William W. Snow,	14 James M. H. Beale,	2 Benj. Edward Grey,	2 Willis Allen,
22 Henry Bennett,	15 George W. Thompson.	3 Presly M. Ewing,	3 Orlando B. Ficklin,
23 Leander Babcock,	NORTH CAROLINA.	4 Wm. T. Ward,	4 Richard S. Malony,
24 Daniel T. Jones,	1 Thomas L. Clingman,	5 James W. Stone,	5 Wm. A. Richardson,
25 Thos. Y. How, jr.,	2 Joseph P. Caldwell,	6 Addison White,	6 Thompson Campbell,
26 H. S. Walbridge,	3 Alfred Dockery,	7 Humphrey Marshall,	7 Richard Yates.
27 William A. Sackett,	4 James T. Morehead,	8 John C. Breckenridge,	MISSOURI.
28 Ab. M. Schermerhorn,	5 Abr. W. Venable,	9 John C. Mason,	1 John F. Darby,
29 Jedediah Horseford,	6 John R. J. Daniel,	10 Richard H. Stanton.	2 Gilchrist Porter,
30 Reuben Robie,	7 W. S. Ashe,	OHIO.	3 John G. Miller,
31 Frederick S. Martin,	8 Edward Stanly,	1 David T. Disney,	4 Willard P. Hall,
32 S. G. Haven,	9 David Outlaw.	2 Lewis D. Campbell,	5 John S. Phelps.
33 Augustus P. Haskell,	SOUTH CAROLINA.	3 Hiram Bell,	IOWA.
34 Lorenzo Burrows.	1 Daniel Wallace,	4 Benjamin Stanton,	1 Lincoln L. Clark,
NEW-JERSEY.	2 James L. Orr,	5 Alfred P. Egerton,	2 Bernhardt Henn.
1 Nathan T. Stratton,	3 Joseph A. Woodward,	6 Frederick W. Green,	WISCONSIN.
2 Charles Skelton,	4 John McQueen,	7 Nelson Barrere,	1 Charles Durkee,
3 Isaac Wildrick,	5 Armistead Burt,	8 John L. Taylor,	2 Benj. C. Eastman,
4 George H. Brown,	6 William Aiken,	9 Edson B. Olds,	3 James D. Doty.
5 Rodman M. Price.	7 William Colcock.	10 Charles Sweetser,	CALIFORNIA.
PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.	11 George H. Bushby,	1 Joseph W. McCorkle,
1 Thomas B. Florence.	1 Joseph W. Jackson,	12 John Welch,	2 Edward C. Marshall.
2 Joseph R. Chandler,	2 James Johnson,	13 James M. Gaylord,	OREGON.
3 Henry D. Moore,	3 David J. Bailey,	14 Alex. Harper,	1 Jos. Lane, (delegate.)
4 John Robbins, jr.,	4 Charles Murphy,	15 William W. Hunter,	MINNESOTA.
5 John McNair,	5 E. W. Chastain,	16 John Johnson,	1 H.H. Sibley, (delegate.)
6 Thomas Ross,	6 Junius Hillyer,	17 Joseph Cable,	UTAH TERRITORY.
7 John A. Morrison,	7 A. H. Stephens,	18 David K. Cartter,	1 J. M. Bernhisel, (del.)
8 Thaddeus Stevens,	8 Robert Toombs,	19 Evan Newton,	NEW MEXICO.
9 J. Glancy Jones,	ALABAMA.	20 Joshua R. Giddings,	1 R. W. Weightman, (del.)
10 Milo M. Dimmick,	1 John Bragg,	The Standing Committees are composed as follows:	
11 H. M. Fuller,	2 James Abercrombie,	SENATE.	
12 Galusha A. Grow,	3 Sampson W. Harris,	FOREIGN RELATIONS—Messrs. Mason, Douglass,	
13 James Gamble,	4 Wm. R. Smith,	Norris, Mangum, and Underwood.	
14 T. S. Bibighaus,	5 George S. Houston,	FINANCE—Messrs. Hunter, Bright, Gwin, Pierce,	
15 Wm. H. Kurtz,	6 W. R. W. Cobb,	and Mallory.	
16 J. X. McLanahan,	7 Alexander White.	COMMERCE—Messrs. Hamlin, Soule, Dodge, of	
17 Andrew Parker,	MISSISSIPPI.	Wisconsin, John Davis, and Seward.	
18 John L. Dawson,	1 D. B. Nabors,	MANUFACTURES—Messrs. Sebastian, Bayard,	
19 Joseph H. Kuhns,	2 John A. Wilcox,	Clarke, Stockton, and James.	
20 John Allison,	3 J. D. Freeman,	AGRICULTURE—Messrs. Soule, Walker, Atchinson,	
21 Thomas M. Howe,	4 Albert G. Brown.	Spruance, and Wade.	
22 John W. Howe,	LOUISIANA.	MILITARY AFFAIRS—Messrs. Shields, Clemens,	
23 Carleton B. Curtis,	1 Louis St. Martin,	Borland, Baldwin, Dawson, (Tenn.,) and Jones.	
24 Alfred Gilmore.	2 J. Aristide Landry,	MILITIA—Messrs. Houston, Dodge, of Wisconsin,	
DELAWARE.	3 Alexander G. Penn,	Borland, Baldwin, Morton, and Spruance.	
1 George R. Riddle.	4 Isaac E. Morse.	NAVAL AFFAIRS—Messrs. Gwin, Stockton, Mal-	
MARYLAND.	TEXAS.	lory Badger, and Fish.	
1 Richard J. Bowie,	1 Volney E. Howard,		
2 Wm. T. Hamilton,	2 Richard Scurry.		

W. H. Hall

The annual Message of President Fillmore commences with a brief account of the Lopez Expedition, and a review of the course pursued by the Government with reference to it. It declares the individuals actually engaged in this Expedition to have forfeited all claim to the protection of their country, but states that the Government would nevertheless spare no effort to procure the release of such as were now in confinement in Spain. The President alludes severely to the instigators of this unhappy affair, who, better informed themselves, have yet led away the ardor of youth and an ill-directed love of political liberty into the hazardous and criminal attempt. The peculiar policy of the United States is neutrality, or non-intervention. Friendly relations with all, but entangling alliances with no foreign power, has long been a maxim in the conduct of our external relations. The invasion of Cuba was therefore not only an offense against general international law, but it was a departure from those principles upon which has been founded the policy of our Government since the days of Washington.

But, the President adds with emphasis, while we avow and maintain this neutral policy ourselves, we are anxious to see the same forbearance on the part of other nations, whose forms of government are different from our own. The deep interest which we feel in the spread of liberal principles and the establishment of free governments, and the sympathy with which we witness every struggle against oppression, forbid that we should be indifferent to a case in which the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment and repress the spirit of freedom in any country. The Governments of Great Britain and France have given orders to their naval commanders on the West India station, to prevent by force the landing of adventurers from any nation on the island of Cuba with hostile intent. Assurances have been received from both Governments that, in these orders, express instructions have been given that no interference take place with the lawful commerce of this country. Still, the President apprehends that such interposition, if carried into effect, might lead to abuses in derogation of the maritime rights of the United States.

Under all circumstances, says President Fillmore, will this Government adhere to the principle that, in every documented merchant vessel, the crew who navigate it and those on board of it will find their protection in the flag which is over it. No American ship can be allowed to be visited or searched for the purpose of ascertaining the character of individuals on board, nor can there be allowed any watch by the vessels of any foreign nation over American vessels on the coasts of the United States or the seas adjacent thereto.

The President speaks with mortification and regret of the mobbing of the Spanish Consul at New-Orleans, and the destruction of his property, and has directed inquiries into the extent of his losses, with the purpose of laying them before Congress for indemnity. The attention of Congress is also drawn to the deficiency of our laws in not providing sufficiently for either the protection or the punishment of Consuls.

The President notices the subject of reciprocal trade with Canada, and the overtures made by the British Minister in this matter, and the stringent measures the British Government are inclined to adopt, if some mutually beneficial arrangement cannot be made.

A convention for the adjustment of claims of citizen against Portugal has been concluded, and the first instalment, which has already fallen due, has been paid, according to the provisions of the convention. The President of the French Republic has been selected arbiter, and has accepted the trust.

Mr. Fillmore refers to the resolution of Congress authorizing the President to employ a public vessel to convey to this country Louis Kossuth and his associates. Governor Kossuth has expressed to the Department of State his grateful acknowledgments for the interposition of this Government.

The differences between the Government of the Sandwich Islands and the French Republic are mentioned, and hopes expressed of their speedy adjustment so as to secure the independence of those islands. The importance of the islands to the whale-fishery, and their position in the direct path of the great trade that must some day be carried on between the western coast of this country and Asia, render it necessary that they should not pass under the control of any other great maritime state, but that they should remain accessible and useful to the commerce of all nations. The policy heretofore adopted with regard to the independence of these islands will consequently be steadily pursued.

The funds available to the Treasury for the year ending June 30, 1851, were \$58,917,524 36, and the expenditures \$48,005,578 68. The imports were \$215,725,995, including \$4,967,901 in specie. The exports were \$217,517,130, of which \$178,546,555 were domestic products, \$9,738,695 foreign products, and \$29,231,880 specie. Since December 1, 1851, \$7,501,456 56 have been paid on the public debt; that debt now amounts to \$62,560,395 26, exclusive of that issued for Texas. The available funds for the present year will be \$63,258,743 09, and the expenditures \$42,892,299 19; of this, \$9,549,101 11 will be on account of the new territories; and it is estimated that on June 30, 1853, there will be a balance of \$20,366,443 90 to pay off the debt then due and for other purposes.

Our domestic exports have increased \$43,646,322 over the previous year; this is due mainly to the high price of cotton during the first half of the year. The value of our exports of breadstuffs has fallen from \$68,701,921, as it was in 1847, to \$21,948,653; rice and tobacco have also fallen off \$1,156,751.

Information had been received by the Government that persons from the United States had taken part in the insurrection in the northern provinces of Mexico, and orders have consequently been issued for the purpose of preventing any hostile expeditions against that country from being set on foot, in violation of the laws of the United States.

The numerous frauds which continue to be prac-

tised upon the revenue, by false invoices and valuations, constitute an unanswerable reason for adopting specific instead of ad valorem duties in all cases where the nature of the commodity does not forbid it. The practical evasion of the present law, combined with the languishing condition of some of the great interests of the country, caused by over-importations and consequently depressed prices, together with the failure in obtaining a foreign market for our increasing surplus of breadstuffs and provisions, has induced the President again to recommend a modification of the existing tariff.

The establishment of an Agricultural Bureau is suggested, to be charged with the duty of collecting and spreading correct information as to the best mode of cultivation, and of the most effectual means of preserving and restoring the fertility of the soil, and of procuring and distributing seeds and plants, with instructions in regard to the soil, climate, and treatment best adapted to their growth.

About one hundred thousand persons have already made application for the benefit of the Bounty Land Law of September 28, 1850.

Congress is urged to make appropriations for River and Harbor improvement.

An increase of the army is recommended for the protection of our south-western frontier against Indian depredations.

Among the other recommendations offered by the President, we find one, that extra pay be extended to the officers and men of the Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; that some mode be fixed upon, providing for promotion to the higher grades of the navy, having reference to merit or capacity rather than seniority in the service, and for retiring from the effective list, upon reduced pay, those who are incompetent for active duty; that the questions of relative rank between the sea officers and the civil officers of the navy be determined, as well as between officers of the army and navy in the various grades of each; and that some mode of punishment for offenses in the navy be provided in the place of the abolished corporal punishment.

The country is congratulated upon the general acquiescence throughout the Republic in the compromise measures passed by the last Congress, and upon the spirit of conciliation which has been manifested in all sections, and which has removed

doubts in the minds of thousands concerning the durability of our popular institutions.

Our summary of this admirable document precludes the necessity of any further historic statement from us of the state of the country.

Little of interest has as yet transpired in Congress, with the exception of the debates respecting the welcome to be extended to Kossuth, and the resolutions brought forward by Mr. Foote, making the compromise measures a national platform. On this latter subject the embers of last year's fires have been raked over, and much unexpected warmth has been manifested. Some regret was expressed, even by those members who had voted for the compromise, that so exciting a subject should have been revived. They thought it would have the effect of increasing the discord and of widening the jarring interests that the compromise had partially quieted. Mr. Foote, however, defended his resolution with his usual impetuosity, asserting that these discords were still unsilenced, that the old wounds were only half healed, and that the weight of the solemn decree of the national legislature was still needed to quiet the yet agitated country.

The joint resolution presented by Mr. Seward, proffering Louis Kossuth a welcome to the Capitol and Congress of the United States, was adopted after much discussion by a large vote. The objections urged against this resolution were, that no foreigner but Lafayette had ever received so exalted an honor as a national welcome, and that he had peculiar claims on this nation, which were wanting in the case of Kossuth; that this measure was against all international precedent; that it would embroil us with several of the European powers, with whom we were now on peaceful terms; and that non-interference with the transatlantic dissensions was the fundamental principle of our national policy, solemnly established by precedents in the administration of Washington and Madison. It was further contended that the cause of free institutions abroad was more truly fostered by the growth and prosperity of the United States than it could ever be by the most successful war. The friends of the resolution urged that the Government had committed the country in this matter, by placing a national vessel at the service of Kossuth, and the welcome was but the consummation of the invitation. The measure finally passed both houses by large majorities.

NOTE TO PORTRAIT.

THE biographical sketch intended to accompany the portrait of the late Mr. Terry, which we give in this number, has not been received in time for the present issue.

We have to express our regrets that the portrait of a distinguished member of the Cabinet, which we had hoped to present to our subscribers, as an additional embellishment to the January number, will be necessarily postponed for a similar cause.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH the present number we enter upon the Eighth Year and Fifteenth Volume of the American Review. We embrace the opportunity of this usual announcement to offer a word of explanation to our friends, which certain circumstances seem to make necessary. The conductors of the Review, at the beginning of the present year, differed as to the propriety of a certain manner and tone, and the introduction of certain ideas into its discussions, more especially in reference to the foreign policy of the Government. Not being able *in time* to reconcile those differences, the party who introduced them resigned his position, and it will accordingly be perceived by an examination of the numbers since April last, that the old and standard ideas of the party, those on which the Review had heretofore obtained its wide celebrity and circulation, have been *resumed*. We may refer to the twelve previous volumes of the Review, *all* of which the present editor has been intimately associated with, for those principles of a sound Nationality, which, in accordance with the Whig interpretation of Constitutional Republicanism, shall continue to animate its pages. Our friends, we believe, are fully alive to the importance of a journal such as this to their cause ; especially on the eve of a contest that is to establish our present calm and prosperous condition, or throw us again into the political Maelstrom of quack Democracy, where the nation has so often been made the victim of theories, generally adopted from foreign politicians or economists, who are as disinterested in the feeding of our Democracy with them as an angler, when he professes to contribute to the subsistence of his prey. This journal, however, has not been and does not mean to be merely or principally political, but from the basis of a sound political system, whilst it will always maintain and defend the Whig doctrines, will endeavor to contribute to the advancement of literature, sound philosophy, and a true national culture in learning and taste.

That we have not reached the height at which we aimed in this respect, so far even as we had hoped, we must candidly confess. But then we did not anticipate the odds against which we would have to contend—an unexampled influx of foreign pirate literature, stolen from those who do encourage their own by paying for it. We do not shrink from a comparison with any single work of the same period, taking our whole volumes through ; but how can we expect to maintain a rivalry with the picked papers from all the English Reviews and Magazines made into one, unless patriotism and self-respect, and a desire to place this important organ of our national thought in a position to rank with the rest of the world, should more animate the mind and action of the country ? This may suggest the inquiry :—Have we not a large enough subscription list to support the work ? In one sense we have. Our subscription numbers about 5000, but it has to be maintained by too expensive a process of solicitation and collections. And thus the means that would make each number brilliant, and foster letters and education, has to be spent too much otherwise than in paying for the fruits of genius and mental labor. The remedy for this is so simple, and the result to be expected so important, that we have concluded to state our case thus candidly to each one of our friends, and to beg, for the sake of their country's most vital interest, their individual coöperation with us to the very small extent that we ask—which is simply that they should obviate the necessity and great expense to us of personal application for the amount of their dues, by remitting through the mail at our risk ; and endeavor if possible to call the attention of some one neighbor or friend to the necessity of subscribing to the work, and so keeping our list up to its *necessary* point, and our payments available for a rich return to themselves. We would solicit this rally of our friends to our defense, particularly at this juncture, that we may be able triumphantly to resist both our political enemies and literary rivals.

To those who will remit us the amount of four subscriptions, we will send a copy of the work free, and the postage for the year may be deducted from all payments in advance. With this we offer all the inducements we can think of, to stimulate our friends to coöperate with us in placing this journal in such a position as will enable it to exercise a powerful influence for the good of the party and the country. The requests that we

here make of our friends are all that is necessary. They are so simple that we cannot permit ourselves to believe that there are any who will not be sufficiently interested or patriotic to comply with them, and so place us out of the reach of embarrassment in the good we are endeavoring to do, and out of the power of a system of literary piracy that is destroying our national literature. From those who are in arrears we earnestly solicit immediate remittances. A prompt compliance with this request is absolutely necessary for us, and will essentially assist and oblige

Your Obedient Servants,

THE PROPRIETORS.

For the numerous and kind notices of the press, (*especially during the last six months*), we have to express our warmest thanks. We hope in future to better deserve their commendation. We beg to call attention to a few, selected from those last received, as they kindly say for us what modesty forbids we should say ourselves:

From "*Parker's Journal*," NEW-YORK, October 18th, 1851.—We are more pleased with this magazine every month. Either it grows better, or we grow more appreciative. The number for October takes rank with the best English magazines. Occupying a kind of middle ground between the heavy philosophic quarterly and the more romantic tale-telling monthly, it blends enough of the dignity and force of the one with the grace and amusement of the other, to make it at once popular and instructive. Our known neutrality on all questions of mere politics will protect us from any misconception as to the motive of our strong praise. Its politics we have nothing to do with. Its *American* merits we have every thing to do with. We never see a thoroughly good American magazine, novel, poem, book, picture, statue, or intellectual creation of any sort, that we do not feel as if we were enjoying a personal success or reaping a personal benefit. The *Whig Review*, for October, reflects credit upon American magazine literature, and seems to point strongly to the time when we shall produce here, at home, within ourselves, enough, in quality as well as quantity, to satisfy the largest possible demand. A little international honesty, in the way of international copyright, would soon bring out our "Yankee" workmen, and put upon the literary sea "faster craft" than ever Uncle John's philosophy dreamed of; for, with all his strength, Uncle John is shockingly "slow."

From "*The Freeman*," FREMONT, OHIO, November 22d, 1851. This valuable magazine will enter upon the eighth year of its existence in January next. The leading objects of the *Review* are, of course, political. It is designed to set forth and defend the *principles*, the *measures*, and the *men* of the United Whig party of the Union; but at the same time every attention is paid to the literary department of the work, making it one of the most desirable and useful publications in the country. An engraved portrait of some distinguished person will be found in every number of the *Review*.

"*The North Carolina Argus*," September 20th, 1851.—The American Whig Review.—This is a work of great merit, and deserves extensive patronage throughout the broad range of the United States. The great object at which it aims—an unbroken history of political parties and of the leading events of the times—are considerations which should entitle it to the patronage of every

politician and statesman in our land. In another column we publish the prospectus to this work, to which we call the attention of our readers.

From the "*Northern Tribune*," Sept. 23d, 1851.—The American Whig Review. The September number of this valuable organ of the Whig party in this country is before us. We wish the whole contents of the number, and especially the leading article, entitled "Unity of the Whigs," could be brought under the observation of every member of the party throughout the length and breadth of the entire country. We imagine that an article written with so much candor and ability, and published in a periodical so well entitled to be recognized as the standard of the party, will not fail to meet the approbation of all who hereafter shall claim to be Whigs.

From the "*Danville Herald*," Nov. 5, 1851.—The American Whig Review for this month has been received, but we have been so busy we have not had time to even look at it. That it is a good number, the past excellence and present prosperity of the *Review* effectually guarantee.

From "*The Democrat*," FELLOWSVILLE, VA., Aug. 9th, 1851.—It is truly a national work. The political and literary matter are of the very highest order; and for the benefit of the Whig cause and the due encouragement of sound principles, we hope to see it circulate extensively in Western Virginia.

From the "*Herald*," NORFOLK, Aug. 6, 1851.—The work is one which should be taken and read by every Whig, containing as it does not only political treatises from the ablest pens, but also interesting productions on general subjects, in prose and poetry, by the best authors.

From the "*Binghamton Republican*," Oct. 30th.—The October No. of this staunch champion of Whig principles and able vehicle of literature is unusually interesting. * * * We are glad to see the prosperity of this able magazine.

From the "*Truth Teller*," New-York, Nov. 8th, 1851.—This *Review* is steadily improving, and at present holds the highest rank in its peculiar department.

From the "*Medina Citizen*," October 23d, 1851.—This work commends itself not only by the literary merit of its articles, but especially by its high tone of morality.

Crawford served as Secretary of the Treasury during the entire period of Monroe's presidency. We can add nothing to what Mr. Dudley has so well said of this period of his career, and shall therefore dismiss this branch of the subject by quoting that gentleman's language :—

"Much of the period during which Mr. Crawford acted as Secretary of the Treasury," says Mr. Dudley, "times were very doubtful; our domestic relations embarrassed, pecuniary difficulties pressing upon the people, home and foreign commerce fluctuating, commercial capital deranged, a public debt to be managed, and, above all, a miserably depreciated and ruined currency had to be dealt with. The political essayists of those days agreed that it required ceaseless vigilance and profound ability to preserve the national estate from bankruptcy. But the public credit was never better at any period of the republic than during his administration of the affairs of the Treasury. The national debt was faithfully discharged, and the burdens of government upon the people were light and inconsiderable. At the time of the greatest difficulty the *estimated* and *actual* receipts of the Treasury only varied ten per cent., while the estimates of his distinguished predecessors had varied from seventeen to twenty-four per cent. But the best evidence of his fidelity, zeal, and ability as a Cabinet officer in this department, was the length of time he served; the unbounded confidence reposed in him by Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe, during the whole period of his service; the great interest manifested for his retention in that office by Mr. Gallatin, and Mr. J. Q. Adams' opinion of his merit, as evinced in his tendering him that office during his administration. Such men are rarely deceived in their estimate of character and qualifications."

An almost unnatural lull in political strife followed on the election of Monroe, and party dissensions and animosities ceased to disturb the course of legislation for many years. The President himself owned no distinctive party creed. A majority of his Cabinet were Republicans, though not allied with the Jeffersonian or Democratic school, further than by association. The Secretary of the Navy rather inclined to the Federal tenets, while Mr. Calhoun inclined to the Democratic, though his course of action in Congress had been widely variant from the ascetic teachings of that sect. In both houses of Congress, the Republicans of the Crawford school of politics were in a decided majority, controlled the legislation of the country, and were under the lead of Henry Clay. They were not then, nor for many years afterward, known by the name or appellation of Whigs. The absence of all acrimonious party strife, consequent on the extinction of the Federal party, and the dismemberment of the original Democratic party, rendered it unnecessary to assume any distinctive appellation. Still they acted steadily together, in opposition alike to the extremes of Federalism and of Democracy, respectively represented on the floor of Congress by Rufus King and John Randolph; and the great American system progressed gradually to a happy consummation. There was a vitality and an energy then discernible in the legislation of Congress, which diffused life and spirit into all departments of business. The nation looked to its government for proper encouragement and relief under the yet depressing influences of the war, and soon the whole country smiled with prosperity, and gave token of speedy release from the thralldom of cramped legislation. The spirit of the age brooked no fastidious obstruction. Even when the Executive halted and wavered, the majority of Congress came off victorious from every trial of strength between them. The black clouds arising from the Missouri question, in 1820, shed a passing gloom over the bright prospect; but patriotism triumphed over fanaticism, though not without an unwary sacrifice. The internal health of the country otherwise was never so great; and it is a fact worthy of notice, that this very period, when genuine Whig policy and principles were decidedly in the ascendant, is now looked back to by all parties as the age of good feeling and of golden times.

But the elements of strife were not long wanting. The great Presidential contest of 1824 afforded ample material with which to reconstruct a system of party warfare, although it is remarkable that no solitary political principle was involved in the contest. There was no attempt to keep up, but every effort to keep down, old party organizations. The Federal party, as we have already remarked, had been extinguished. The Democratic party had been dismembered. It had become rude and unfashionable to couple the name of Federalist with that of any gentleman. A Democrat was considered no better than a Jacobin. The words were never heard in political circles. It was almost impossible to draw a line of distinction between the aspiring politicians, or to set up any distinctive party standard by which to judge their opinions. Old mea-

monious party strife, consequent on the extinction of the Federal party, and the dismemberment of the original Democratic party, rendered it unnecessary to assume any distinctive appellation. Still they acted steadily together, in opposition alike to the extremes of Federalism and of Democracy, respectively represented on the floor of Congress by Rufus King and John Randolph; and the great American system progressed gradually to a happy consummation. There was a vitality and an energy then discernible in the legislation of Congress, which diffused life and spirit into all departments of business. The nation looked to its government for proper encouragement and relief under the yet depressing influences of the war, and soon the whole country smiled with prosperity, and gave token of speedy release from the thralldom of cramped legislation. The spirit of the age brooked no fastidious obstruction. Even when the Executive halted and wavered, the majority of Congress came off victorious from every trial of strength between them. The black clouds arising from the Missouri question, in 1820, shed a passing gloom over the bright prospect; but patriotism triumphed over fanaticism, though not without an unwary sacrifice. The internal health of the country otherwise was never so great; and it is a fact worthy of notice, that this very period, when genuine Whig policy and principles were decidedly in the ascendant, is now looked back to by all parties as the age of good feeling and of golden times.

From the "*Star*," RALEIGH, Sept. 24, 1851.—The American Whig Review. We have received the August and September numbers of this able and interesting magazine. They contain portraits of Seargeant Prentiss and D. A. Bokee, and a rich variety of valuable matter, prepared in the most elegant and agreeable style. No intelligent reader should be without this work.

"*The Independent*," TROY, Ohio.—The American Whig Review.—The November number of this monthly is before us. It has a beautiful portrait of Leslie Combs. The Review, as its name indicates, is a Whig periodical. In addition to general literature, it aims at the prevalence of Whig principles. It is an able and well-conducted journal, well adapted to promote general intelligence and the particular interests of the party it labors to serve. Those who wish to arm themselves with the best weapons for Whig attack and defense, will find it to their advantage to obtain this Review. And those who wish to acquaint themselves with the position, strength and tactics of their foe, will also find it a great help. The number before us has about 100 pages of well-written matter, exhibiting a high order of native and cultivated talent, and is very suitable to embellish the study of any professional man, as well as the cases of the industrial part of our population. Why should not more give their patronage to the more substantial periodical works? Many a five dollars is put to a far less profitable use, even in the purchase of reading matter. Where one man does not feel able to pay for the work alone, several might unite, and have each number to peruse during the month. Four might take an able Review, and in the four weeks all have an opportunity for its perusal.

From "*The Old North State*," NORTH CAROLINA, November 25th, 1851.—The American Whig Review for September and October has been received. The "*Reminiscences of S. S. Prentiss*," in the September number, is worth the whole year's subscription. The Review stands *deservedly high* with the party whose principles it advocates.

"*The Dansville Herald*," DANSVILLE, N. Y., 1851.—American Whig Review.—We have received this able and valuable Review for August, and take occasion to express the high opinion we entertain of the work. Since its establishment by Mr. Colton, its first Editor and Proprietor, we believe it has uniformly commanded the respect and enjoyed the confidence of the Whig party generally, many of the most distinguished and ablest members of the party having from time to time contributed to its pages. While we pin our political faith to nobody's sleeve, we gladly bear witness to the Review's general soundness and catholicity of opinion: its marked ability cannot be questioned. The literary character of the work is deservedly high, and each number is embellished with a portrait, on steel, of some distinguished person.

From "*The Expositor*," SHELBYVILLE, TENN.—The American Whig Review.—We have upon our table the September number of this valuable work. It is embellished with a splendid engraved likeness of the lamented Seargeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi. It contains much choice reading matter, as usual. The "*Reminiscences of S. S. Prentiss*," by

T. B. Thorpe, of La., is very interesting, and written in fine style. The Political Department, which is conducted with great ability, contains much valuable political information. The Literary Department presents some choice reading from the pens of some of the first writers in the country. The finest magazine literature that we have, is found in the Whig Review. To the Political Department some of the first statesmen of the nation contribute frequently. The Whig Review is a work that should be in the house of every Whig in the Union. It is a great national, conservative work—the organ of the Whig party. That party should extend to it an extensive patronage. It is worthy of being the organ of any party whose aim is for the good of the whole country. The articles in its columns bear the mark of the statesman. We would be glad to see it more extensively circulated throughout Tennessee as well as the whole Union. It is a duty every good Whig owes his party to support such enterprises. Especially should every leader in the ranks of the Whig party patronize the Review. The great conservative principles of his party are discussed, advocated, and defended, through its columns. Is it not all-important that every man who engages in political warfare should be armed with such a shield?

From "*The Carroll Free Press*," November 7th, 1851.—We have received the October number of the above-named excellent periodical. To those who desire to keep posted in the politics and literature of the country, it is an invaluable treasure.

From "*The Fredonian*," November 19th, 1851.—American Whig Review. This Review for November is an excellent number, and its contents will deeply interest the many subscribers which it possesses. The articles are varied in tone, and are of a character to demand attention and perusal. We have the continuation of the life of Santa Rosa, Louis Kossuth and his country, Journalism in New-York, and other articles which are liberal and consistent in their tone, and written with much vigor and force. We cheerfully commend this work to the patronage of our Whig friends.

From "*The Washtenaw Whig*," ANN ARBOR, October 22d, 1851.—American Whig Review. The October number of this popular magazine contains its usual quantity of excellent matter. This is one of the best publications of the kind in this country, and should be read by all. It is thoroughly American in its predilections, and on all points of political interest in the history of the times, is standard authority. It is conducted with much ability, dignity, and discrimination.

"*The Chenango News*," September 3d, 1851.—The American Whig Review, for August, we have received. As respects originality and variety of matter, purity of style, and high-toned sentiment, we regard it as one of the first publications of the kind on the continent.

"*The Express*," ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, Sept. 27th, 1851.—The American Whig Review for September has been received, and we welcome it with great pleasure. Every Whig should take this sterling monthly, even if he is obliged to deny himself some of the necessities of life to pay for it.

R. K. Hall

W. H. Hall

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXVI.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1852.

LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

[CONTINUED FROM THE JUNE NUMBER, 1851]

WE are glad to be able to announce the return to our pages of Colonel J. B. Cobb, of Mississippi, the author of able articles on Jefferson, Macaulay, Irving, &c. &c., which have appeared in the Review. The following paper will be read with no common interest, not only as probably the best extant narration of one of the most exciting chapters in our political history, but as throwing new light upon Whig principles and their great champions. And especially in view of the presidential struggle which this year will witness, and which may present many features analogous to the one here related, we commend it to the attention of the party. The father of our valued contributor, it will be seen, was a warm participator in the scenes described. The name, indeed, seems to be synonymous with high principle and sterling patriotism.—ED.

PART THREE.

IMMEDIATELY on his return from France, Crawford was appointed by President Madison, Secretary of the War Department. His distinguished services abroad had justly increased his popularity with the people of his own country, and his reputation as a statesman rose to its zenith. He had been, for many years anterior to his departure for France, preëminently the leading member of the Senate, and his opinions and influence, as we have already seen, had not only given tone to the politics of a large portion of the country, but had actually opened the way to the formation of a new party organization, that seemed likely to absorb all the better elements of both the Federal and Democratic parties, as also to reconstruct, in all its original purity, the true Republican party of 1790-92, of which Washington had been the leader. The government was then in its chrysalis state, and this last-named party had been formed on the basis laid down by the writers of the Federalist. The advocates

of a monarchical, or strongest form of government, with Hamilton at their head, had so far surrendered their original opinions as to fall into its ranks, determined to test fairly and fully the present Constitution. The Virginia politicians, represented by Madison and John Marshall, and the conservatives of New-York, represented by John Jay, formed its main pillar. The ultra and radical Democrats had not then been gathered into that fierce and impracticable phalanx which was marshaled and controled, a few years afterwards, by Thomas Jefferson, though they had already organized upon the basis of opposition to the Constitution. This instrument was adjudged by them to be too centralizing and latitudinous in its main features, to harmonize with their crude notions of State sovereignty and independence. There were many who desired to be free from all national government, but a large majority decided that there must be some permanent confederation of the States. The

discussion, in convention and in the public papers, on the powers to be given and the powers to be reserved, became zealous and rancorous, and divided the country into two great parties, which were designated as Federalists and Anti-Federalists. The first favored a strong government, and the last insisted upon a weak government, or rather, no government at all. The general sentiment of the country settled upon a compromise of these extreme opinions. Hamilton and Madison united in support of the present constitution, and the Democrats of the ultra school were left in a hopeless and deserved minority. This union between these two great men, with Washington as their common head, formed the foundation on which was erected the National Republican party. The high-toned governmental theories of the Federalists were so attenuated and modified as to harmonize with the conservatives of the Virginia school, although the latter yielded many of the ascetic and refined tenets of their sect.

It was under the guidance of this party that the Constitution was framed, and that the government went into operation. But its compactness was soon invaded. The dark and dangerous principles of the French revolution began to sow and scatter dissensions in the United States. Early in the year 1793, war was declared to exist between England and France, and intense sympathy was excited for the latter, who had so recently been our ally and faithful benefactress in the war against the former, which resulted in American independence. The proclamation of President Washington, under date of the 18th of April, asserting neutrality to be the settled policy of the United States, encountered violent opposition, and soon led to a partial disruption and reorganization of parties. Under the auspices of Thomas Jefferson, a strong French party was formed in this country, and Philadelphia, then the residence of the general government, was scandalized by the organization of Jacobin clubs, or Democratic societies, which promulgated doctrines subversive of the true principles of the Federal Constitution, and destructive to healthy political sentiment. About the same time Hamilton published his numbers of *Pacificus*, defending the executive proclamation. Madison, now thoroughly detached from his late associations by the influence of Jefferson, answered him under the

signature of *Helvidius*. This controversy between the chiefs of the constitutional organization of 1789-90, effectually broke up the composition of parties which originated at that date, and Madison continued steadfastly to coöperate with the Jeffersonians until the era of 1816. It is not for us now to inquire minutely into the history of the rival factions which soon sprang up after this disruption between the adherents of Jefferson and the elder Adams. The former, however, carried off with them the designation of republicanism; and through the prestige of this name, Jeffersonian democracy acquired an influence with the nation, which has, for much the largest portion of the time, controlled its destiny from that day to the present. But the inherent, vital energies of the government, combined with every natural element of greatness, as also with the strong collateral influence exerted by a conservative national party, have saved the institutions of the country from a contamination of Jacobinism, which otherwise might have been fatal to their health and existence.

It was to this original republican party, formed at a time when patriotism could not be questioned, and when the true principles and spirit of the Constitution could not be mistaken; that Crawford evidently looked in his efforts to direct the current and composition of party organizations, during his senatorial career. On his return from France, he clearly perceived that such a party had again assumed shape, and, under the lead of master minds, was rapidly advancing to influence and popularity. The Hartford Convention had drawn down upon the factious remnant of the old Federal party a weight of infamy and obloquy from which it could not recover, and the lapse of a few years witnessed its final extinction. The Democrats had been seriously confused and disjoined by the events of a war which, although begun and carried on under their immediate auspices, had evidently demonstrated the inefficiency and impracticability of their political theories and experiments. They had been forced to abandon their absurd and silly preference for the gun-boat system of Jefferson, and to build up and rely upon an efficient naval system, such as, years before, had been recommended and advocated by Hamilton and John Adams. They were now forced, at the close of that war, to withdraw their opposition to the es-

establishment of a National Bank, and even to yield their constitutional opinions. Their leading champion of 1811, Henry Clay, who had then done more to defeat Crawford's Bank bill than any other senator, had openly changed his opinions, and was now in favor of the immediate charter of such an institution. Calhoun reported a bill to that effect early in the year 1816, and declared that a bank only was adapted to meet the financial exigency, although he had been raised in the strictest sect of Jeffersonism. Madison himself surrendered a long-continued opposition, signed the charter, and made Crawford, its principal advocate, his Secretary of the Treasury. In addition to this, they were driven to incorporate high protective features in the adjustment of the tariff of 1816, and that, too, not incidentally, but directly, and in so many words, if the speeches of Calhoun, and others of its advocates can be admitted as proof of the fact. The war had depressed all the industrial pursuits of the country, and these called too loudly for aid and protection at its close, to allow politicians to take shelter behind mere fastidious constitutional scruples, or selfish partisan policy. The emergency required enlarged and liberal legislation, such as was adapted to the growing importance of a great nation, and would prove the beneficence and practicability of our system of government. The statesmen of that day met the crisis boldly, and the crude theories of the Jeffersonian school (ever more taught than practised, even by their founder) received a decided check and rebuke at the very moment that the ancient monster of Federalism was finally beaten down and smothered. It was just the time to indoctrinate public sentiment with the safer, more reliable, and more vigorous constitutional theories which had been already foreshadowed and indicated by Crawford's great speech, in 1811. It was just the time, too, to erect a purer and more efficient party. There was a sufficiency of conservative material to be found in both the Democratic and Federal ranks, to form such party, without incorporating the radicalism of the first, or absorbing the rancorous elements which distinguished the last. The fruit of these events was the construction of the National Whig party, which, having thus taken root, gradually emerged into activity and compactness; and for the twelve succeeding years,

its healthful and invigorating influence imparted a tone and beneficence to the administrative policy of the country, which induced unparalleled prosperity, and which placed the United States in the class of the world's greatest nations. Nor was this influence entirely effaced even by the whirlwind of radical democracy, which tore through the land during the administration of Jackson; although the lustre of a military fame, too dazzlingly illustrated in the achievements of that victorious hero, not to win popularity among a grateful and chivalrous people, at any hazard to national interests, had well nigh totally obscured its milder radiance, while it did for ever eclipse and mar the political fortunes of the prominent Whig leaders.

As the Presidential term of Mr. Madison was now drawing to its close, the eye of the nation was directed to James Monroe as his successor. But the leading politicians of the party to which both Monroe and Crawford belonged, did not pretend to disguise their preference for the latter. Crawford peremptorily declined; but when the Congressional caucus assembled, and proceeded to ballot for a nominee, Monroe obtained only a few more votes than Crawford, notwithstanding this prompt declination. This result was exactly what it should have been. Crawford possessed and showed more discernment as well as more disinterestedness than his friends. The pertinacity of these was both impolitic and untasteful. Monroe was much the more experienced, both as a man and a statesman, had served with credit in the Revolutionary War, and was evidently the choice, as also the favorite of the nation. It may be true, as Mr. Dudley says in the sketch before us, that "it has often been confidently asserted by a great number of experienced politicians of that day, that if Crawford had permitted his name to have been put in nomination at that time, he might have been elected with perfect ease." We even think it is probable, from all we have heard, that Crawford might have been of such opinion himself. Still, we cannot agree that such hypothesis will quite bear out Mr. Dudley's inference, when he says, that "the event showed the influence of such a nomination, as it resulted in the election of Mr. Monroe." It is our opinion that the nomination would not have resulted in the election of Crawford; for the reason

that we do not believe, under the circumstances, that the people would have been satisfied with such nomination. There is abundant reason to believe, in view of what we have stated, that electoral tickets would have been formed for Monroe, despite the caucus nomination of Crawford. Besides his long experience and revolutionary claims, Monroe had lately won upon the affections of the people by superadding to the arduous duties of the State Department those of the Department of War, and through this had directed the latter operations of our arms to a brilliant and triumphant close. There would have been great difficulty in resisting such appeals as these, before a nation whose first impulse has always been to reward with civic honors those who have gained even a moiety of military fame. The superior qualifications of Crawford as a statesman would not have weighed in the balance with Monroe's military prestige, inconsiderable as it was, when compared with the dignity of the award which he was about to receive from the popular voice. Nor has the "event" always showed that a caucus nomination "resulted in the election" of the nominee. Eight years later than this, Crawford did receive the caucus nomination for President, and yet he barely obtained a sufficiency of electoral votes to find his way to the House of Representatives with Jackson and John Quincy Adams.

On the fourth day of March, 1817, James Monroe succeeded James Madison as President of the United States. He immediately tendered the office of Secretary of the Treasury to Crawford, and the tender was accepted. For many years afterward, we lose sight of him as an active politician. The labors of a ministerial office are wholly incompatible with party intrigues. Its incumbent is removed from the sphere of political attraction, and is measurably overshadowed. Consequently, we are wholly unable to trace our distinguished subject in connection with the numerous important and startling questions which arose during Monroe's administration, nor do we find such connection even so much as hinted at in the sketch of Mr. Dudley. We do not think that it is unreasonable to find some fault with such omission. Nobody can doubt that Mr. Dudley is possessed of all such information; and, in view of the national character of his illustrious relative, we can see no good reason

why he should have withheld such from the public. The public have a right to know all that can be known of the political connections of such men as Crawford. It is the duty of those who do know to make all such known, especially when, in response to a public call, they essay a biographical sketch. But there is a cogent and special reason why we regret that Mr. Dudley should not have been more explicit. It was during the last term of Monroe's presidency that the policy of the United States respecting foreign nations was so elaborately discussed. It was then that the doctrine of intervention was so seriously mooted among American statesmen, and measured by precedent and by the terms of the federal Constitution. The struggle of the Greeks and of the South American republics elicited then deep interest in this country. Hungary and other European nations form now the basis of much political sentiment among the people of the United States, and there is an evident tendency to depart from the safe maxims of the early fathers of the republic, and to change the policy of the government. The opinions of such men as Crawford on such questions, and in times like the present, would doubtless exert efficient and salutary influence on a great portion of the public mind. We cannot doubt that these opinions were in accordance with the policy of Washington's proclamation in 1793, though there existed considerable differences in the Monroe Cabinet on this subject. We know that John Quincy Adams was quite latitudinous, and that Calhoun was very conservative. The President himself had no settled opinion, if we may judge either by his language, his policy, or the conflicting testimony of Adams and Calhoun. Each member of his Cabinet, it would seem, puts a different construction on his language, and holds a different interpretation of his motives and his policy; whilst Hayne, of South Carolina, did not hesitate, in after years, to charge the language of Monroe as being non-committal, and as having been employed merely in the nature of a *ruse de guerre*. But history, of whatever description, is silent as concerns the opinions of Crawford. The only clue to these is to be vaguely gathered from the acts and movements of his prominent friends in Congress. Taking, of these, Macon, Randolph, Van Buren, and Cobb of Georgia, and such test would easily unfold his sentiments and views,

Crawford served as Secretary of the Treasury during the entire period of Monroe's presidency. We can add nothing to what Mr. Dudley has so well said of this period of his career, and shall therefore dismiss this branch of the subject by quoting that gentleman's language :—

"Much of the period during which Mr. Crawford acted as Secretary of the Treasury," says Mr. Dudley, "times were very doubtful; our domestic relations embarrassed, pecuniary difficulties pressing upon the people, home and foreign commerce fluctuating, commercial capital deranged, a public debt to be managed, and, above all, a miserably depreciated and ruined currency had to be dealt with. The political essayists of those days agreed that it required ceaseless vigilance and profound ability to preserve the national estate from bankruptcy. But the public credit was never better at any period of the republic than during his administration of the affairs of the Treasury. The national debt was faithfully discharged, and the burdens of government upon the people were light and inconsiderable. At the time of the greatest difficulty the *estimated* and *actual* receipts of the Treasury only varied ten per cent., while the estimates of his distinguished predecessors had varied from seventeen to twenty-four per cent. But the best evidence of his fidelity, zeal, and ability as a Cabinet officer in this department, was the length of time he served; the unbounded confidence reposed in him by Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe, during the whole period of his service; the great interest manifested for his retention in that office by Mr. Gallatin, and Mr. J. Q. Adams' opinion of his merit, as evinced in his tendering him that office during his administration. Such men are rarely deceived in their estimate of character and qualifications."

An almost unnatural lull in political strife followed on the election of Monroe, and party dissensions and animosities ceased to disturb the course of legislation for many years. The President himself owned no distinctive party creed. A majority of his Cabinet were Republicans, though not allied with the Jeffersonian or Democratic school, further than by association. The Secretary of the Navy rather inclined to the Federal tenets, while Mr. Calhoun inclined to the Democratic, though his course of action in Congress had been widely variant from the ascetic teachings of that sect. In both houses of Congress, the Republicans of the Crawford school of politics were in a decided majority, controlled the legislation of the country, and were under the lead of Henry Clay. They were not then, nor for many years afterward, known by the name or appellation of Whigs. The absence of all acri-

monious party strife, consequent on the extinction of the Federal party, and the dismemberment of the original Democratic party, rendered it unnecessary to assume any distinctive appellation. Still they acted steadily together, in opposition alike to the extremes of Federalism and of Democracy, respectively represented on the floor of Congress by Rufus King and John Randolph; and the great American system progressed gradually to a happy consummation. There was a vitality and an energy then discernible in the legislation of Congress, which diffused life and spirit into all departments of business. The nation looked to its government for proper encouragement and relief under the yet depressing influences of the war, and soon the whole country smiled with prosperity, and gave token of speedy release from the thralldom of cramped legislation. The spirit of the age brooked no fastidious obstruction. Even when the Executive halted and wavered, the majority of Congress came off victorious from every trial of strength between them. The black clouds arising from the Missouri question, in 1820, shed a passing gloom over the bright prospect; but patriotism triumphed over fanaticism, though not without an unwary sacrifice. The internal health of the country otherwise was never so great; and it is a fact worthy of notice, that this very period, when genuine Whig policy and principles were decidedly in the ascendant, is now looked back to by all parties as the age of good feeling and of golden times.

But the elements of strife were not long wanting. The great Presidential contest of 1824 afforded ample material with which to reconstruct a system of party warfare, although it is remarkable that no solitary political principle was involved in the contest. There was no attempt to keep up, but every effort to keep down, old party organizations. The Federal party, as we have already remarked, had been extinguished. The Democratic party had been dismembered. It had become rude and unfashionable to couple the name of Federalist with that of any gentleman. A Democrat was considered no better than a Jacobin. The words were never heard in political circles. It was almost impossible to draw a line of distinction between the aspiring politicians, or to set up any distinctive party standard by which to judge their opinions. Old mea-

asures and the divisions they had occasioned had passed away. New measures, under entirely new and variant circumstances, had been brought forward; yet nothing is more true, as we have already intimated, than that all the leading measures of Congress were of the genuine Whig stamp, that they involved the same principles of interpretation, and required the same course of argument in their defense, that Whigs have used for the past twenty years.

It will readily suggest itself to every mind that a contest for the Presidency under such circumstances would be resolved wholly into a contest of mere personal preference among the people. The original candidates were John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford, John C. Calhoun, and Henry Clay. There being no party differences between them, the strife became one of a peculiarly fierce and acrimonious character. It was soon exasperated and rendered more furious by the unexpected and unwelcome appearance of a fifth competitor, in the person of an illustrious military chieftain, whose hot temperament and passionate energies were not likely to soften the asperity of the contest. This was Andrew Jackson. His appearance on the field was at once productive of two most important events. It caused the prompt withdrawal of Calhoun, who became the candidate for Vice-President on the Jackson ticket, and materially weakened the prospects of Henry Clay, by dividing the preferences of the West. Jackson had been a senator and representative in Congress, but had not taken even a respectable stand as a politician. It was quite common to ridicule his aspirations for the Presidency as being mere mockery. His nomination was generally considered too absurd to have been made in good faith. It would not at first be credited that a man notoriously deficient in education, so uninformed as to the duties of a civilian as to have resigned several offices with the frank admission of incompetency, fonder of sport than of study, and whose training had been mainly in the camp or on the frontier, would be seriously urged for the first office in the Republic, on the single merit of one fortunate battle. Those great qualities of mind, or rather of will, which afterwards made him the most popular and powerful ruler that ever wore the executive mantle, which commanded the worship of his friends and the admiration of his opponents, and which

identified the American name and nation with his own strong and heroic character, were not then known to the nation. His only claim to office was based upon the victory of New-Orleans; and this alone made him formidable, and gave him a decided advantage over his three competitors.

With such fearful odds against them, the friends of the other candidates sought now to make favor with the people, by endeavoring to prove each that their candidate was, *par excellence*, the true Republican candidate. Crawford's partisans did not stop at this. They sought to obtain a more thorough advantage by procuring for him a regular caucus nomination, according to the ancient usages of the party. It is to be remarked, in this connection, that Crawford numbered in the ranks of his followers a greater proportion of the old Jeffersonian Democrats than either Adams or Clay, notwithstanding his known liberal opinions. These, considering themselves as the true standards of genuine Republican orthodoxy, insisted on assembling a caucus, although they were seriously opposed. They would not listen, when reminded that, Federalism having long ceased an organized opposition, such a course was not now necessary to secure the ascendancy of the Republican party. They grew intolerant when told that such a resort to party machinery, in the absence of all the higher motives for combination, was the evidence of an endeavor only to subserve the purposes of faction, and to give an undue advantage where none was really deserved. They persisted in their resolve, and called together their caucus, on the 14th of February. The movement resulted in an entire failure. Out of two hundred and sixty-one members of Congress, only sixty-four attended the meeting in person, and there were two proxies. Crawford, of course, received the nomination. Sixty-four out of the sixty-six votes were cast for his name; but more than half of these were from Virginia, Georgia, and New-York. No one will contend that such a nomination was entitled to any great authority or weight. It could scarcely make pretension to even full and fair party organization, much less to nationality. But its contrivers claimed for it all these, proclaimed it as the regular nomination, and invoked all true Republicans to respect and sustain it as such. The responses, however, were far from equaling

their expectations; and we think that it will now be readily conceded that the movement rather injured than benefited Crawford's prospects for the Presidency. It is certain that many of his devoted and confidential friends inclined to such opinion, and among others, one whose letters now lie before us, written at the time of which they speak. This was Thomas W. Cobb, then one of the senators from Georgia. He was recognized as the most intimate and favored of Crawford's personal associates, and was bound to him by every tie of admiration and gratitude. He was attached to Crawford's party not only from principle, but from affection for its head. From the time of Crawford's nomination to the day when defeat and disease consigned him to premature retirement, Cobb embarked in his cause with a zeal that never flagged or abated, and pressed his claims with almost frantic fervor. He mourned his overthrow with a grief more akin to personal devotion than political attachment; and imbibing, doubtless from this cause, a settled distaste for public life, soon afterwards threw up his senatorial commission, and retired with his friend to the quiet of private life.

It is clear, from the tenor of this gentleman's letters, that the Crawford caucus had not been followed by such auspicious demonstrations as hope had flattered his friends to expect. He now writes to one of his friends, Dr. Meriwether, that the caucus had not been productive of very favorable manifestations. In fact, this movement seems to have drawn down upon the Crawford party the concentrated and increased bitterness of both the Clay and Calhoun factions, while it gained them no additional strength among the partisans of Adams. Notwithstanding that Calhoun had openly declined for the Presidency, the newspapers favorable to his election still kept his name up in connection with that office, with the evident intention, as Cobb writes, to prevent his supporters from going over to Crawford ere the coalition with Jackson had been definitely effected. The caucus movement was received with approbation only in the States of Virginia and Georgia. North Carolina was not so decided, though Macon's influence in that State was considered sufficient to secure its vote. There had never been, even before the caucus, any doubts as to the preference of Georgia for Crawford. In Virginia he

was equally popular. But in New-York the result was very different, and the caucus met with decided opposition, notwithstanding the efforts and influence of Martin Van Buren. Van Buren was considered one of the most dexterous party managers of that day and time. His success with the people of New-York caused him to be regarded with deep interest by the various candidates for the Presidency. He was at first understood to own some preference for Adams, but his final decision was in favor of Crawford. There was much and varied conjecture in connection with this decision at the time, even among the political friends of the parties. Crawford had a comprehensive and sagacious eye, and could read men with as much accuracy as most other politicians. Being at the head of a dominant and powerful party in Georgia, he resolved upon a stroke of policy which, unseemly as it might and did appear even to his own friends, it was hoped might win to his support the great State of New-York. This was none other than the nomination of Van Buren for the Vice-Presidency by the State of Georgia. The project was no sooner made known than carried out, for Crawford's wish was law to his party in that State. The nomination was made reluctantly by the Crawford party, and was received with laughter and ridicule by his old enemies and opponents in Georgia, the Clarkites. The act appeared so ill-timed and so barefaced, in view of Van Buren's then obscure pretensions, that the term "Vice-President Van" was jocosely bandied at every corner, and soon became a bye-word and slang expression. Long and cruelly did the Clarkites use it as such against the Crawford party. As an amusing illustration of this, when the next General Assembly of the State convened, the Clarkites, being in a decided minority, kept Van Buren as their standing candidate for all the lower order of appointments, with no other design than, by thus showing their contempt for the nomination, to annoy their sensitive opponents. There are many now living who may remember with a smile the description of tickets that were exhibited and read out on such occasions. They had Van Buren caricatured on them in every possible form. Sometimes it was a half man joined to a half cat, then half fox and half monkey, or half snake and half mink—all bearing some resemblance to the object of ungener-

ous and indecent satire. He was designated on them as "Blue Whisky Van," "Little Van," "Vice-President Van," and many other nicknames, far more disgraceful to the perpetrators than disparaging to Van Buren. It proved to be the more disgraceful to them from the fact that, in a few years subsequently, the caricaturists and satirists turned to be the cringing partisans of him they had thus assaulted.

But the policy (whether intended as mere policy or a legitimate party manoeuvre) did not succeed. The nomination of Georgia for the Vice-Presidency met with no response. New-York proved obdurate and refractory, and showed signs of wavering between Adams and Clay. The Crawford party grew desperate, and began bitterly to accuse and denounce Henry Clay. Macon, Cobb, and others laid to his charge all the injuries and reverses they had sustained in New-York. But Van Buren did not despair of carrying the State so soon as his party friends. He was not one to give up without first using serious and zealous efforts to effect the object in view. "If we can get New-York," said Cobb, "we shall then be sure of Connecticut, New-Jersey, and Rhode Island. Without New-York, *we are lost*." This opinion was known to Van Buren, and tending, of course, to confirm him in the like view, he went to work to secure the desired object with an earnestness and adroitness that had seldom failed of success before. There is no question but that personal attachment to Crawford, as well as the usual allowance of political ambition, influenced Van Buren on this occasion. He had long admired Crawford, and now, in the hour of trial, when his enemies were about to triumph over his defeat, the noble exertions and eminent ability he brought to bear in the endeavor to save and secure the election of his favorite, must ever excite a kind remembrance in the bosoms of Crawford's family and friends. His efforts, at one time, had come very near the point of success. He had now found out that Crawford was clearly not the choice of the people of New-York. Up to this period, the electors for President in New-York had been *nominated* by the Legislature; and it was in the Legislature that Van Buren and his party, certain of defeat before the people, now determined to take refuge. The majority of the House of Representatives was against Crawford. His friends carried a

majority to the Senate, and a fierce contest now ensued. The people were clamorous to take into their own hands the election of President. Consequently, a bill to that effect passed the lower house, with only a few dissenting voices. The Senate promptly rejected it, when sent up for its concurrence. Scenes of the most intense and rabid excitement followed, in the midst of which the Legislature adjourned. Popular resentment rose to a resistless height, and the Governor re-convoked the Legislature, with a view that the will of the people might be expressed and executed. But the same scene was re-enacted with the same result. The Senate again defeated the bill, and before any thing was done to meet the popular demand, another and final adjournment occurred. In the end, however, the people carried their point. The manifestations against Crawford had been too decided; and when the nominations were made by the Legislature, he sustained a signal and crushing overthrow.

This result abundantly foreshadowed the grand *finale*, so far as Crawford was concerned, especially when taken in connection with another untoward event which occurred during the canvass, and which put a final extinguisher on his chances for election. This event was a sudden and violent attack of paralysis, which deprived him for a time of his speech, his sight, and the use of some of his limbs, and which so shocked his whole nervous system as seriously to impair his memory and to obscure his intellect. This sad news effectually depressed the spirits of his friends, whilst it raised the hopes of his enemies. He was forced, in consequence of this affliction, to give up the business of his office, ceased to appear in public or to receive any but select company, and was removed to a delightful cottage in the vicinity of Washington, in the vain but fond hope that the quiet of rural life and the purer breath of the country air might induce a speedy convalescence. But that hope was never fully gratified. After a struggle of many months, his speech, to a great extent, was restored; he regained the use of his limbs, and his vision was slightly improved. But the great intellect which had once controlled the opinions of a nation, and had made his name famous wherever that nation was known, had been blighted to a degree which human skill could not reach, and was never

again to return with its original strength and lustre.

The extreme illness of Crawford was not generally known, and the canvass was carried on with unabated warmth. There being four candidates in the field, it was soon ascertained that there could be no election by the people. Adams and Jackson ran ahead, but for a considerable time it seemed to be uncertain whether, under the constitutional provision, Clay or Crawford would get to be the third candidate before the House of Representatives. The State of Louisiana held the die, and the friends of Clay confidently expected that it would be thrown in his favor. But their calculations were not verified. Jackson and New-Orleans were associated by a common glorious link, and the memory of his great victory turned fortune in his favor, at the very moment that the die was cast. He obtained a majority of her electoral vote, and Clay was thus thrown out of the contest. This left a small balance in favor of Crawford, who now went into the House of Representatives with an electoral vote nearly two thirds less than that of Jackson, and not quite one half that of Adams.

In December, 1824, Congress met. Washington was the scene of an intense excitement, growing out of the pending election for President, and scarcely a day passed that some new phase of the contest did not occur, or that a new political trump was not turned up. But the excitement was of a strictly legitimate character. No threats of violence by force of arms were resorted to, as in 1801, during a similar contest between Burr and Jefferson, when it was proclaimed, on the authority of Jefferson himself, that, in case the House should defeat his election, "*the Middle States would arm.*" Such seditious, jacobinal sentiments would not have been tolerated at the time in question. But there was not less of anxiety or of interest. The friends of all three candidates were alike energetic, and the movements of each party were watched and sifted with sleepless jealousy. Not a step could be taken, nor a proposal made by one, that was not immediately traced and rebutted by the others. Nor was the excitement confined to the members of Congress. Every citizen of Washington was an electioneerer for the one party or the other in some shape, and every visitor within its walls was an active, working partisan. The hotels were only so many caucus or

club-rooms, in which to plan and direct the various schemes of party procedure. The drawing-rooms were thronged alike with the votaries of fashion and the satellites of the different champions; nor were these limited to the sterner sex. The theatre was monopolized by one particular set of partisans in regular turn, as the most proper place for a public demonstration; but the artificial representations of the stage flagged and faded before the real exhibitions of the political drama. The legislative business of Congress received little or no attention. The members thought about nothing, talked about nothing, and wrote home about nothing but the Presidential election. Calculations were tortured by each party into results suited to their own prospects of success. A letter written by Cobb about the middle of January, to a friend in Georgia, affords a striking illustration of these illusory calculations; and being a legitimate link in the history of its time, we shall quote from it at some length, for the reader's satisfaction:—

"Doubtless, in common with others, you feel the greatest anxiety about the Presidential election. Recently, few changes have been manifested on that subject. Every thing has depended, and does depend, on the course which the Western States friendly to Mr. Clay may take. Should they join us, even to the number of two, the game is not desperate. It is impossible to decide with certainty whether they will do so. Their conduct has been extremely mysterious and doubtful. At one time, they led us to believe they would unite with us. At another, they are antipodal. Two days ago we received the news that the Kentucky Legislature had instructed their representatives to vote for Jackson. This information has brought out five of them, who will do so; the others (seven) have not yet declared. Ohio is divided, but this morning I have the positive declaration of one of their most honest and intelligent members, that they have determined *not* to vote for Jackson. But it is not settled how they will go between Crawford and Adams. The objections made by those friendly to us in both Kentucky and Ohio have their root in the state of Crawford's health; and as an honest man I am bound to admit that, although daily improving, it affords cause for objection. He is very fat, but his speech and vision are imperfect, and the paralysis of his hand continues. His speech improves slowly. His right eye is so improved that he sees well enough to play whist as well as an old man without spectacles. His hand also gets stronger. Yet defect in all these members is but too evident. My brother-in-law, Mr. Scott, has not positively promised to support him, but I think he has made up his mind to do so. So also do I think of Mr. Rankin. If, however, I am deceived in all these calculations,

(in which I think I am not,) General Jackson will be elected on the first ballot. It is true, Maryland and Louisiana are now *said* to be divided, but I doubt not they will unite on Jackson, which, with the Western States, secures his success, inasmuch as he would have New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. New-York is yet settled for no one. We count sixteen, certain. We want two to make a majority, and these we shall get, as I am told by an intelligent member, Mr. Clarke, upon whose judgment I would sooner rely than on Van Buren's.

"Should one or two Western States withhold their vote from Jackson, Crawford's election is probable. The New-England States are in excessive alarm. We have told them that Mr. Adams has no *right* to calculate on any support from us. This is in some measure true. Jackson's strength is such that Adams can gain nothing from him. The Yankees are determined *that a President shall be made*.

"New-Jersey is willing to join us, if success becomes probable, and I am assured that five out of six of New-England will do so too, when Adams's prospects are blasted. Should Crawford be elected, it will be by a combination of Maine, New-Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri, Kentucky or Ohio. Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia have nailed their flag, and will sink with the ship. New-England, if they wish to prevent the election of Jackson, (and they *say* they do,) must come to us, for we will not go to them. Colonel Benton is active in our cause, and is likely to do us good. Could we hit upon a few *great principles*, and unite their support with that of Crawford, we should succeed beyond doubt. But the fact is, we are as much divided as any other people. On the whole, I do not feel *alarmed*, though I am not *confident*. *Here* they call me *croaker*. I say I will not express a confidence which I do not feel."

This letter speaks for itself, and unfolds much that is interesting in connection with the history of that memorable contest. Congress had now been more than six weeks in session, and yet there had been no developments which could point the result, even to the most sagacious. There was, indeed, much to cause Cobb's expression of "mysterious and doubtful," because, so nicely balanced was the apparent strength of Adams and Crawford, that the Clay party were unable to decide which would prove the most available to defeat, by a united movement, the election of Andrew Jackson. Thus much, it would seem, the majority had resolved to do from the beginning of the strife; but that majority was scattered among three distinct and unfriendly parties, and Clay

held the power of fixing the desired union. On him, therefore, as is well known, all eyes were eagerly fastened. It was known that he viewed Jackson with unfeigned distrust, that he had held him amenable to the censure of Congress for lawless and unconstitutional conduct as an officer of the army, that he never hesitated to pronounce him to be unfit for civil office, and that he had already expressed a determination not to vote for him. Jackson never expected him to do so, and with his usual frankness had caused it to be proclaimed that such a vote by Clay "would be an act of duplicity." But the Legislature of Kentucky had instructed him to sustain Jackson, and the Jackson party, therefore, built up high hopes. But they little knew the man with whom they were dealing, if they ever supposed that such instructions would guide him any further than they might comport with his own judgment. He took, and has ever maintained the ground that the Legislature had *no right to instruct* him, and that he felt no more respect for such instructions coming from the Legislature, than from any other assemblage of his fellow-citizens. Under these circumstances, therefore, he was forced to make a choice between Crawford and Adams. Still, the friends of Jackson did not cease to importune him with their efforts to obtain his support and influence for their favorite. It has even been shown that some of them advised and recommended an arrangement by which Clay should be tempted into his support by the allurements of high office, in case Jackson was made President. On the contrary, there has never been exhibited the least shadow of *proof* that the friends of Adams or Crawford made overtures of any character to Clay or to any of his friends. That both of these were anxious to secure his coöperation by all legitimate means, there can be no doubt. There is some reason to think that Clay's inclination, as well from their personal as political associations, rather impelled him to a preference for Crawford. But his stern temperament has never been warped by private preference contrary to his sense of public duty. His disposition is marked rather with the severe attributes of Roman character, than with the flexible impulses of the softer tempered Greek.

We have seen already that Crawford's health was extremely precarious, and that

Western members had been urging this as a reason why they ought not to support him in preference to Adams. His illness, and the serious afflictions with which he had been visited, were well known to Clay. He spoke of them often, and always with unfeigned kindness and sympathy. Anxious and interested partisans had, it is true, sent abroad through the country very exaggerated accounts of his convalescence and improving state of health, but in Washington the whole truth was known. But his immediate friends attempted no concealment, although they were sincere in the belief that he was rapidly growing better, and would soon be sufficiently restored to enter profitably into the discharge of any official duty to which he might be called. Under this illusory impression, in order as well to confute the malicious as to convince and persuade the doubtful, they resolved upon a course which, though corroborative of their sincerity, resulted fatally to their hopes and expectations. It had been now a long time since Crawford had mingled with the public. He had not been present at any of the numerous festive and social meetings for which this season is famous. To drawing-rooms and *soirées* he was an utter stranger. Only a select and intimate few were in the habit of visiting him, even at his home. A few days previous to the time of election, however, and to the surprise of nearly all Washington, his friends conveyed him to the Capitol, and kept him there in company for several hours. The old man looked much better than was generally expected, and deported himself with accustomed amenity and dignity. Many who saw him only from a distance, were most agreeably disappointed. Those with whom he shook hands and spoke, however, were observed to leave him with grave faces, and with all the signs and tokens of a melancholy interview. Among these last was Clay himself; and it was afterwards remarked by one of Crawford's friends, who was present, that his manner on that occasion told plainly enough that their hopes of his coöperation and support were at an end. "Defects were but too evident," as Cobb had written to his friends, and these sounded the funeral knell to his chances for the Presidency.

The contest was at length narrowed down to the issue between Adams and Jackson, as nearly every one had, from the first,

predicted it would be. Parties still continued immovable and uncertain. It was difficult to tell where either had lost, or where either had gained. Calhoun had been elected Vice-President by a large majority, and refused to take part or mingle in the election either way. He was known, however, to be bitterly opposed to Crawford, and he afterwards declared that he had no preference as between Adams and Jackson, though his friends were already zealous for the latter. Clay maintained a steady and decorous reserve, which many whose anxieties were zealously excited, characterized as mysterious and politic. The Crawford party no longer expected his coöperation, and the Adams party, relying on his well-known distrust of Jackson, and fully informed of Crawford's wretched health, confined their electioneering efforts to an intercourse marked only by cordiality and respect. There is not on record the least particle of evidence that they ever made any overtures to Clay's friends, or approached himself improperly. But the partisans of Jackson pursued a different policy altogether. It is in proof, on their own testimony, that prominent members of their party consulted frequently as to the propriety of coaxing Clay's friends to support Jackson by an intimation that, in the event of the latter's election, the "second office of the government" would be tendered to Clay. They even went so far, in guarding against the rumor that Jackson had declared his intention of continuing Adams in the State Department in case of election, to persuade Jackson to allow them to announce publicly and by his authority, that he had made no such declaration, that he had not decided as to any official appointments, and that, if elected President, he should be free to fill the offices of government as he chose. While doing this much, however, Jackson took very especial pains to denounce all attempts at intrigue or improper collusions, and expressed himself with characteristic emphasis and honesty of purpose. We must candidly say that we believe Jackson himself was intent on running the race with Adams for the Presidency fairly and independently; although we must further say that his subsequent conduct showed a vindictiveness that is wholly irreconcilable with the general frankness and manliness of his disposition.

It has not transpired whether these declarations were ever *formally* communicated to the friends of Clay. But when the Jackson party found that Clay's resolution was still fixed not to sustain the pretensions of their favorite; that neither persuasion, nor flattering *intimations*, nor attempts to intimidate could move him from his purpose; that the star of the hated Adams was rising to ascendancy; that Clay and his friends would certainly make Adams the President, their rage seemed to know no bounds. Their execrations were uttered without regard to decency or propriety. Then it was that the first hoarse whispers of the "bargain and intrigue" were heard. They were hissed serpent-like through the political circles of Washington, though the venom was first discharged within the bosom of a quiet and obscure rural district in a neighboring State. No one doubted then, no one doubts now, the source from whence those charges sprang. It is one of the infirmities of our nature to judge others by ourselves. They who had so cautiously discussed the policy of illicit overtures within their own cabal, were naturally unable to account for their defeat upon *any* other than the ground that they had been outbidden by their wittier adversaries. But they directed their attack behind a masked battery, and attempted to resolve the controversy into a personal issue between Clay and an old, simple-minded Pennsylvania Dutchman, by the name of Kremer. Kremer was a member of Congress, and from his character, habits, and standing, was evidently selected with special reference to all these, as the instrument to fire the train of this infernal machine. It seems that he was notorious for ignorance, insignificance, and vulgarity. In his address to the House, Clay alludes to him with a species of kind contempt, implying less of malevolence than scornful indifference; and afterwards he tells his constituents that to have held such a man *responsible* would have subjected him to universal ridicule. Nobody believed that Kremer composed either his original letter charging Clay with corruption and bribery, or the subsequent elaborate letter which was sent to the committee raised to act on those charges. The only thing he himself did write, which was a positive contradiction of his original charge, was seized and pocketed by one of his friends, who at the same time

admonished him to do nothing without *advice*. That he was a mere tool of others, is seen by his original letter, in which he makes charges that he afterwards denied were charges of either bargain or bribery, and about which he evidently understood nothing at all. That he was a vain-glorious blusterer, is proven by his vaunting reply to Clay's card denouncing the charges of his letter as false. That he was a driveler, if not a fool, is evidenced by his whole subsequent conduct. His cringing denials, his bolstered reëffirmations in the face of those denials, his verbal confessions to Clay's friends, his written statements given to Clay's enemies, his challenge before the committee, and his subsequent disgraceful retreat, at one time boasting, at another time begging, and always blindly obedient to his dictators, all these show clearly that he was much better fitted to mould cheeses and to manufacture sourkrout than to conduct a plot or discuss state affairs. His only redeeming quality is to be found in Clay's own admission, that "he may have possessed native honesty."

Such was the man and the instrument which was thrust forward by the contrivers of this atrocious plot to confront and accuse Henry Clay. Having failed to flatter or to frighten him into the support of Jackson, they now assailed him through the more trying medium of his sensibilities. They endeavored to compel his support by leaving to him only a choice between compliance and the chances of political destruction. Their scheme failed as to the first, as every body knows. Clay was not shaken for an instant, but challenged investigation and defied conviction. At the same time he caused his friends to assert publicly and positively, that he had resolved not to sustain Jackson under any circumstances short of the most extreme and improbable necessity. But the conspiracy, especially in view of its subsequent identification with Jackson himself, who endorsed the accusations in the very zenith of his gigantic popularity, did indeed result in the destruction of Clay's chances for the Presidency. The strongest armament of proof that was ever before arrayed in a similar case, (and that, too, the proof of a negative,) has not been sufficient to clear him, before the masses, of these groundless charges. Every effort to make him President, from that day to this, has failed, solely in consequence of the unwelcome fact, that

his friends have been met at every corner with these deathless charges of the bargain and intrigue of 1825. It was in vain that they were disproved; that all proof was invited and challenged; that it was shown no proof existed, or ever had existed. One letter of five lines from the Hermitage, containing the mere declaration that the opinions of its revered and idolized master had "undergone no change" on the subject, was enough to confute a world of substantial evidence, and to stamp the baseless charge with the seal of divinity.

It is a significant and an instructive fact that the friends of Crawford, so far from aiding and abetting this unworthy attempt to destroy the character of a high-minded opponent, with the view to force him to a course which his judgment and inclination both condemned, accorded to Clay their generous and steadfast support in all attempts which were made to obtain the action of the House on the charges contained in the Kremer letter. Forsyth came zealously to his aid, and put forth in his cause the splendid parliamentary accomplishments and abilities which made him the ornament of Congress. Crawford himself turned his face against the conspiracy, with feelings that appeared to have partaken of both horror and disgust, and afterwards wrote to Clay a letter expressive of surprise that he should ever have been thought *capable* of believing such charges, and assuring him that he "should have voted just as *he* did, as between *Jackson* and *Adams*." At the same time, the Crawford party, warmly devoted to their chief, never pretended to disguise their hostility to Clay, in consequence of his preference for Adams over their own candidate. They were mostly of a school of politics which repudiated the latitudinous constitutional theories of the day, and considered Adams as being more obdurate and unreliable on such score than Crawford.

At length the day of election arrived. It was a cold, stormy day of February. The hall was beset and crowded at an early hour by every class of spectator. Every member was at his post, and the area was jammed with privileged dignitaries, senators, ex-members of Congress, members of State Legislatures, judges, and foreign ambassadors. Doubt was portrayed in every countenance, anxiety throbbed in every bosom. The galleries and lobbies, filled to an excess that almost stifled the eager multitude, presented

a solid sea of uncovered heads; nor was there, perhaps, a solitary individual of that vast number who had not made a choice and a preference between the three opposing candidates for President. It was the second time in the history of the government, and within a quarter of a century, that such a high duty and responsibility had devolved on the House of Representatives. Most of those present were alive and in political life when Burr and Jefferson came as contestants before the same assembly, and some had been actors in that memorable scene. They now recalled with misgiving the frightful recollections of those seven days' balloting, which had been carried on amidst threats of rebellion and of armed interference. It was now to be tested whether the lapse of twenty-five years, years allied with glory, with greatness, and with unparalleled prosperity, had imparted the salutary influences necessary to dispel and subdue seditious resorts, and to substitute a spirit of allegiance for a spirit of anarchy. The foreign ministers present, observing the immense concourse, and the absence of soldiers and guards, seemed by their looks to have agreed that the occasion would fully confirm or disprove the republican theory of our political system. But there were no indications of a character that seemed likely to lead to any untoward development. At the usual hour, the Speaker ascended to his chair, and the rap of his hammer brought the House to order. The roll was called; and the first business being to proceed with the election for President, in conformity with the terms of the Constitution, tables were duly arranged, and tellers appointed. John Randolph presided at the table on the Speaker's left, and Daniel Webster at that on his right hand. The vote was to be taken by States, and amidst breathless stillness and the most painful suspense, the balloting commenced. When all the votes had been deposited and counted out, Webster rose, and with deep, sonorous tones, announced that, at his table, Adams had received thirteen votes, Jackson seven, and Crawford four. Scarcely had he again taken his seat, when the wild, shrill voice of Randolph was heard ringing high above the buzz which followed Webster's announcement, as he proclaimed a similar result at his own table, but so varying Webster's phraseology as to say that the respective candidates had received the votes of *so many States*, instead

man-worship on both sides. The highest public interests were subordinate considerations, and the support of a favorite chieftain became the primary object in the political struggles which followed. It will be allowed by all, we think, that this state of things was most inauspicious to a regular and constitutional operation of the government, and to a wise and stable policy in any branch of public interest or economy. True it is that the nation has prospered in every branch of industry, and our territorial limits have been vastly increased within the last twenty years, though we doubt whether this last will eventuate in good or evil to the public interests. For nearly the whole period intervening since Jackson's election, the Democratic party has held the reins of government, and partiality or ignorance of political history might beget an inference in favor of Democratic policy, at first sight, in view of the increased national importance during its sway. Nothing, however, could be more fallacious. No government ever withstood such violent assaults on its integrity and strength as this government has withstood, during the period

of Democratic ascendancy, against the wild spirit and radical tendencies of Democracy. Its domestic peace has been twice seriously threatened in consequence; and the government owes its rescue, on both occasions, mainly to the conservative influence of the Whig party. The commercial and mercantile interests of the country were visited with a blow that had well nigh disabled them for ever. Their resuscitation has been brought about by a resort to Whig measures. In fact, the Whigs have been routed and overthrown only because the Democrats have adopted and acted on their principles, while repudiating their name. The only Whig measure which has gone down entirely beneath Democratic furor, is that of a national bank. That is obsolete and dead, beyond recovery or resurrection. On the other hand, the two cardinal principles of the Whig party have been permanently impressed on the country by Democratic men: viz., those of protection to national industry, and a moderate system of internal improvements.

J. B. C.

Longwood, Miss.

A VISION OF LIES.

IN former years, when reading was a passion with me, it was my habit to frequent old libraries, pulling out here and there rusty-looking volumes, folios of outworn and forgotten learning, and, with a relish now incredible to myself, dipping in and rambling among their wordy and futile paragraphs. Nothing, in those days, came amiss to me, were it Lomazzo's artistic rhapsodies, or the interminable commentaries of Ficinus. I could then read Cardan, or Cornelius Agrippa, with enthusiasm, and after midnight hang sleepless over the interminable rhapsodies of Burton. I sought out the rare, the antiquated, the forgotten books, and tasted them with a Saturnian epicurism, the very smack of time.

Among my vellum-suited companions, none solaced me more than Slawkenburgius, in whose "Collectanea," a wilderness of

lethargic sentences, I lost reckoning of myself, and sunk away, as it were, through a chasm into long-since-buried times.

The style of the *Collectanea* had a dull vitality, a creeping warmth, like the air over a bed of poppies in the sun; a dream-provoking obscurity, a rambling inquisitiveness; sometimes a humor of the pipe-and-tankard kind, involved with endless quotation, and logic like a tangled skein.

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room where Crawford was calmly reclining in his easy-chair, while one of his family read to him from a newspaper. Macon saluted him, and made known the result with delicacy, though with ill-concealed feeling. The invalid statesman gave a look of profound surprise, and remained silent and pensive for many minutes, evidently schooling his mind to a becoming tolerance of the event which had for ever thwarted his political elevation. He then entered freely into conversation, and commented on the circumstances of the election as though he had never been known as a candidate. He even jested and rallied his friend Cobb, whose excess of feeling had forbidden *him* to see Crawford until the shock had passed—for *he* knew that the enfeebled veteran would be shocked. The conversation, on the part of these friends, was not untinged with bitterness and spite, vented against the prominent actors in both the adverse political factions, but more especially against those of the successful party, as being more immediately responsible for the crushing overthrow of their own beloved candidate. Crawford himself refrained from giving utterance to the least exceptionable sentiment, and behaved, during the remainder of his stay in Washington, with a mildness and an urbanity befitting one of his exalted station, who had just staked and lost his political fortune. As a proper conclusion to this portion of our task, we again draw some extracts from the correspondence of Thomas W. Cobb, under date of the thirteenth of February, just four days after the contest had been decided in the House.

"The Presidential election is over, and you will have heard the result. The clouds were black, and portentous of storms of no ordinary character. They broke in one horrid burst, and straight dispelled. Every thing here is silent. The victors have no cause to rejoice. There was not a single window lighted on the occasion. A few free negroes shouted, "Huzza for Mr. Adams!" But they were not joined even by the cringing populace of this place. The disappointed submit in sullen silence. The friends of Jackson grumbled at first like the rumbling of distant thunder, but the old man himself submitted without a change of countenance. Mr. Crawford's friends nor himself changed not their looks. They command universal respect. Adams has caused it to be announced that they shall have no cause to be dissatisfied. Two days ago, the Treasury Department was tendered to Crawford, and refused. On the same day, General Jackson paid him a friendly and civil visit, but nothing passed but an interchange of civilities. . . . Crawford will

return home, and we must do the best we can with him. Should he and our friends wish that he should again go into the Senate, the way shall be open for him. I am sick and tired of every thing here, and wish for nothing so much as private life. My ambition is dead."

The events of this memorable campaign, and their consequences, afford an instructive page of history, and may be easily traced to an intimate connection with the party politics of the country from that day to the present. They served to form the tempest which succeeded to the calm of the preceding eight years. The absence of all principles from the contest, gave to it peculiar virulence and acrimony, and made defeat to be far more keenly felt. It caused a general prevalence of the belief, that the cessation of party strifes, based upon honest differences of opinion on the fundamental theories of the government, was rather injurious and hazardous than beneficial to the political safety of the republic. Hitherto, since the day of Washington, on whom even his opponents bestowed their suffrages, the conflicts of the political world had turned on substantial and great principles. From 1824 to 1848, competition has turned principally upon personal attachments and preferences on one side, and personal antipathy and hatred on the other. Andrew Jackson was not the man to restore harmony; and his advent, at such a period and crisis, must ever be regarded as having materially balked and impeded the progress of the great national interests, although no one can consistently question his honesty or his patriotism; while all must admit that, in the eye of the world, his administration gave a character and tone to the American name which the lapse of many future generations will not alter or obliterate. His passions and his pride were alike unregulated, and the pernicious and corrupting principle of favoritism was a prominent element of his nature. He gave out to his friends to expect from him every thing in the way of patronage, and warned his opponents to expect nothing. He very seldom showed quarter in battle, never in the political world after his accession to the Presidency. These strong passions came to be mutual and reciprocal as between the leaders and followers of both parties; and they increased in intensity until, at last, the politics of the country was resolved into personal idolatry, a sort of

man-worship on both sides. The highest public interests were subordinate considerations, and the support of a favorite chieftain became the primary object in the political struggles which followed. It will be allowed by all, we think, that this state of things was most inauspicious to a regular and constitutional operation of the government, and to a wise and stable policy in any branch of public interest or economy. True it is that the nation has prospered in every branch of industry, and our territorial limits have been vastly increased within the last twenty years, though we doubt whether this last will eventuate in good or evil to the public interests. For nearly the whole period intervening since Jackson's election, the Democratic party has held the reins of government, and partiality or ignorance of political history might beget an inference in favor of Democratic policy, at first sight, in view of the increased national importance during its sway. Nothing, however, could be more fallacious. No government ever withstood such violent assaults on its integrity and strength as this government has withstood, during the period

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I was reclining in an antique arm-chair, with Slawkenburg's fourth folio upon the desk before me, in the great library at N——. It was on a Sunday afternoon of August, in vacation, and the stillness of the university park was interrupted only by the rustling of the maples at the great window, through which a gentle air brought the delicious odor of grass and flowers. In the sunlight that trembled and played upon the floor, I saw the figure of a bird, swaying silently amid a crowd of tinted leaf-shadows.

The room was of great size and height, built after the Gothic fashion, with stained glass in the upper windows, diffusing golden and brown lights with purple shades. It was to me a home and citadel of thought, a sacred retreat, where at intervals, for years, I had been accustomed to retire from the galling cares and irksome vanities of a scholar's life. Here at least there were no duns nor tattlers, no critics of dress or manners, no pompous country parvenues, no scolding neighbors; it was a nook not merely monastic, but liberal of sweet thoughts and great aspirations. Here had my soul expanded herself like a flower, under the gentle beams of that sun of Ilades, the intellect of Plato. Here had I breathed the intoxicating breath of the Decameron, and with that gay queen Marguerite sported in the free life of the middle ages. No less had the venerable fathers charmed me. St. Augustine, the seraph of the Church; fiery Abélard, its thorn and tormentor; I followed none, worshipped none, but mixed slightly and socially with all. Like a lone chorister improvising the keys of a great organ, I sounded carelessly the diapason of theology, the shrill stops of alchemy and logic, the bugle wail of martial story, and the notes of warm romance; with solemn fancies, or with gay, following the sounds I made.

To Slawkenburg I returned continually. For the twentieth time his seven great folios lay around me, the fourth upon the desk. I had paused upon the catalogue of imaginary books, in Dutch and Latin. "A Treatise of Theft;" "A Treatise of Great and Little Lies," with illustrations from the experience of the author. *Mendaciorum, mendaciunculorumque tractatus*. I imagined the treatise itself, in all its Slawkenburgian diffuseness; rambling, note-full, pointless, and yet always lively and readable.

Of great and little lies; great, swinging, robustious, abominable divergences; little, insignificant, useful, and even meritorious falsehoods. I began to see them, advancing in troops, each with a sneaking apology behind, by way of footman; some, odd and droll; others, abominable in shape. The shadows of the leaves upon the floor enlarged into lies; they multiplied and spread themselves, until the library was filled with them. They came out in scores from the leaves of folios of divinity and law, and mustered thick along the shelves of history. I confess it shocked me to perceive several, of a very pale color, with fair excuses behind them, creeping out of my favorite Plato; but as they came forward, I noticed an Italian look about them, which betrayed they were intruders there.

The library was now crowded and swarmed upon by these creatures, like a great hive. All at once the door opened without noise, and a venerable figure, clad in a scholar's dress of three centuries ago, came forward, with slow steps, into the centre of the hall. A broad and high forehead, without wrinkles, over which a few gray locks shed an air of reverence; eyes at once cool and ecstatic, and a face more stolid and meaningless than marble, made me recognize my venerated Von Slawkenburg. His figure was slight and low, with a decided stoop; but the look of authority with which he reviewed the myriads of loyal creatures who awaited the least sign of his command, reminded me of an old monarch, coming to address his young and brilliant army.

As when some literary cockney, of world-wide notoriety and boundless impudence, sets foot upon the pier at New-York, the intelligent population of that great and learned city rush forward to prostrate themselves, and in dense crowds choke up the grand avenue from Castle Garden even to the shadows of Union Square, so did these loyal myriads attend the steps of my venerable master and guide. The great library seemed to lengthen itself, and the mottled and variegated ranks of fibs fell promptly into order, according to their stature and complexion.

First I saw lies of fashion, the Compliments and the Not-at-homes. These were dressed like footmen or fine gentlemen, I could not tell which; they were the ushers of the occasion, gay manikins, thin and blue,

with flat noses and spindle shanks, but fine and brisk in their new suits.

Then came Threats and Imprecations, volunteer companies, marching to a drum and fife. These were great and windy, with bellies made of soap-bubbles, which burst in the sun; and so, some of them vanished.

Next followed the Political Assurances, Treaties, and Distinguished Considerations, numbered and recorded. These were the slyest fellows in nature, very long-bodied, with coats cut out of old parchment, shreds of Magna Charta, the spectacles of scurvy politicians on their noses, and their eyes in their pockets.

Historical lies made a vast crowd of all hues and dimensions, of all shapes and proportions. I saw companies of these, very cold and acrid, drop down from the shelves of American history, and most of them had cowardly faces, and seemed to stand in awe of a person called a Tory, whom I saw sitting in an alcove of British history, with a sour look and a belly like a whale. These dirty little creatures elbowed their way out of school histories for the most part, and were forward in the crowd.

Church lies were numerous, with the countenance and insignia of martyrs; they crept out of the strangest places. But of all the wretched, pitiful, beggarly make-shifts, the Bankrupts' and Bad Debtors' bore the palm. Some, however, were gay and handsome, well-fed and sleek; they bowed, they frowned, they smiled, and stepped along with great confidence. These came in companies like free-masons, with banners, carrying the figures of Justice and Freedom. Here I saw Life Assurance lies, with a benevolent aspect; Sellers' and Buyers' lies, great odious fibs, enough to make a vulture ill at his stomach; but nothing could appear more reasonable than they. For the lies of Pity and Prudence I felt strong compassion. They were few in number, quite naked, and all solitary and sad, and none seemed to regard them.

Interminable lines of Plagiarisms; Perjuries with ropes about their necks; Family falsehoods; great Scandals, green and poisonous, like big Tartarean frogs; Misunderstandings between husbands and wives; Subornations, pale and black in the face; False Informations, with paper wings, fluttering in shady corners, and vanishing in the sunbeam; these and a thousand others filled up the

alcoves, and clung along the ledges and wainscotings; but all alike hollow, and of that stuff whereof dreams were sometime made.

At a signal from an usher, all these myriads of little hollow wretches uttered a shout like ten thousand thunders. The roar was truly terrible, but not wonderful, for we know that hollow bodies are greatly more capable of noise than solid ones; and the bodies of all lies are composed only of vacuity and humbug.

After I had recovered from the momentary deafness that followed this tempest, I began to hear the grave and silvery voice of my venerable instructor and friend. He was addressing the assembly of manikins after their stentorian salutation. His eyes met mine with a sly twinkle, and gave me an almost imperceptible salutation.

The miniature assembly were attentive, and each one swelled visibly as they drank in the words of the great master. "Of my more immediate subjects," he said, addressing a numerous body of stalwart falsehoods, who kept guard about him, like a company of archers, "these children of my brain, who sprang from it while I lived—not one, (a poor exploit!) but scores at a time—these I commend for their pertinacity in keeping places in the light of day (it is now) three centuries after my decease. It is a stout falsehood that lives a year without bursting; but I see thousands of this select company who have outlasted empires, and may live, perhaps, to see the last stone of the pyramids crumble into dust. It is the high-toned, ambitious lie, the spiritual delusion, that attains age and sanctity. Yes, it is you who govern men, little ugly pets that you are, my jolly little Sanctimonies."

A thundering shout followed this demagogical appeal. I could have fancied myself in Tammany Hall, had it not been for the littleness of the crowd. The eyes of my venerable friend met mine again, and with so sly a twinkle this time, I could not forbear laughing, which occasioned a shudder to run through a rank of pious fibs, who held up their epileptic phizes with a prim frown; but many of them exploded at once, with a smell like a candle-snuff.

At this moment the orator beckoned me to him with his finger. I rose with a sensation of lead in my feet, and glided, rather than walked, through the elfin multitude,

that melted away as I advanced into thin air, and vanished like a morning mist. The stature of the magician seemed to lessen as I approached him, for it was large only by comparison with the pigmies he stood amongst. He now appeared as a diminutive pedant, of a horrible physiognomy, wrinkled and twisted with meanness and extreme age. The fair and open forehead, the humorous eye, and the cold sweetness of his smile, were the only bearable traits of his countenance; but these lurid and diabolical. The touch of his small ape-like hand thrilled me as if it were a snake's; a numbness shot through my bones, and my knees smote together.

"How is this?" said I, mustering a familiar courage. "Have you the secret of immortality? I fancied you dead, and gone to dust, some three centuries ago."

A chuckling laugh shook him from head to foot. "Ha! ha!" said he. "You did not see me come out."

"Von Slawkenburg," I replied, "let us have no trifling. Out of what did you come?"

"Out of the book—out of the volume there," said he, pointing with an emaciated claw at the folio that lay upon the desk. "You opened at the seven hundred and ninety-seventh page, and your conception of my character from that page—on which is the title of a 'Treatise of Lying'—was so absolute, I was forced to give you an audience. Men of intellect, you know, are involuntary conjurors, and raise a spirit by thinking."

"You, then," said I, "are a spirit?"

"Very well, very well," rejoined he; "there is nothing extraordinary in that. It is common to be a spirit, especially after one is dead. You, too, are a spirit; for you left your body sleeping yonder, and came forward without it."

I turned suddenly, and saw the body of a fair-faced, slender young man asleep in the chair.

"Is it myself that is there and here too?" said I, looking with a shudder at the sleeping figure; not, however, without a touch of complacency at the agreeableness of the countenance, which the ghost perceived at once; for he put his finger to his nose in a very significant manner.

"Drop it, my lad," said he; "never enter it again. It is a clog, full of infirmities. Look at me, a hale and handsome spirit,

freed of the cares and vanities of a body. Follow my example. I left my odious carcass one fine morning, by a lucky accident, in the furnace of my laboratory.

"Slawkenburg," said I, "I see nothing attractive in your appearance. To speak plainly, you are not at all handsome; and I find, moreover, that vanity goes with us, not only to the grave, but beyond it."

"That is a promising remark of yours," replied he. "You will be a wit yet. I shall report you to Voltaire, who is fond of those things."

"Could you introduce me to the spirit of Voltaire?" said I, somewhat softened.

"You have only to form a correct idea of him, and his spirit will appear to you," replied the ghost. "Your only conjurors are the correct thinkers."

"Are you, then, merely an idea of mind, Von Slawkenburg?" said I, with an air of pity.

"Do not flatter yourself," he replied. "You have a tolerable brain, young man; but thinking did not make the world. That is one of the old lies you saw just now; the gray-beard in the dress of an Egyptian priest; a very old and very useful manikin, but extremely silly. I know a company of French spirits who fancy the world is made of triangles; that is one of mine too. Did you observe him—the withered-looking figure in a *sans-culotte* costume, with the insignia of a mason?"

"Mynheer Von Slawkenburg, if you speak of French politicians, I have a great contempt for them, my friend."

"Spare your contempt, young man," cried the spirit, in a voice like a shrill wind through a key-hole; "some of these are disciples of mine, like yourself."

"Mynheer Von Slawkenburg," said I, gliding back with dignity, "your works amuse me."

"*Il s'amuse!*" cried he. "The young man wastes an idle hour with my folios! Bless his pretty face. Have a care of that proverb about him 'who sups with the Devil.' Von Slawkenburg's little manikins, that creep out of the great folios by the score, are, like certain things I hear of, easy to catch, hard to be rid of. Amuse yourself with my manikins!" quoth he; "why, they will take you the wisest man in the world by the two ears, and whisk him away through seven Sundays."

"Pray, Mynheer, if so venerable a personage may be questioned——"

"A little," replied the spirit.

"I say, if so venerable a spirit will bear questioning, tell me whether you drink schiedam in your *spirit*-land; for, though your head-covering is to all appearance a wig, and the ghost of one at that, I believe you are drunk, Mynheer, by your idle way of talking. You forget, Mynheer, that lies are something less than bubbles, and you are the father of a nation of them."

"Ah, yes; that is true. I *was* a celebrated author, physician, alchemist, theologian, philosopher, political reformer. Ah! I *was* great and learned. Cagliostro conversed with me."

"I beg, Mynheer, you will observe consistency. Cagliostro lived much after your time."

"Sir," exclaimed the ghost, "I was Slawkenburg; I was also Cagliostro. I inspired the charlatans of those days; I do the same for those of your time. You *call* me Von Slawkenburg. My name is Humbug; I *am* Humbug, young man, that was, and is, and is to be."

"Mynheer, Monsieur, Sir, Don, or Signor—for, as you are of all nations, I presume it is immaterial which—you are, then, a very impertinent old fellow, and I know you."

"A very useful one," said the ghost smartly; "I can show you how to be rich; an art, I think, you are no adept in."

"Give me a taste of your art, Mynheer."

"Like all great inventors," he continued, "though poor myself, I make others wealthy. I am especially a maker of lies; little creatures, but of great efficacy, and pointed well to the purpose. You have seen some of them."

"Myriads, I think, Mynheer; but is it possible to grow rich by lies? I imagined always that truths were the only things of value."

"Never was there a more dangerous error, young gentleman. You seek truth in this library; you turn the leaves of Slawkenburg and Plato to find absolute truth."

"Take me with you, Mynheer; I turn the leaves of Plato for wisdom, those of Slawkenburg for amusement."

"There it is now," replied the ghost; "you read me for amusement. Amusement is a more salable commodity than wisdom,

and it is humbug. In the present age, humbug is great, because it is chiefly a curious and philosophical age. The more men know, the more gigantic the humbugs they originate. A common charlatan shows you stage tricks and mermaids; a great one shows you treatises of faith and philanthropy. One consumes the money of an ignorant mob, the other that of a great nation. There is the Humbug of the Seven Hills, the "triple-hatted Chimera," as my friend Carlyle calls him. He levies tribute on all the world. Apparently about to fall, at that moment he is at the strongest. What a fond folly is this, to fancy that in this age, for the first time, Rome shall fall! It is her grace and salvation to be continually bankrupt and in a decline. Do you mark what an admirable mechanism?" said the ghost. "The art of humbug is founded in a knowledge of the weak points of human nature. Every man, it is said, has his price; I *know* that every man has his lie. You, for example, have yours."

"What is my weak point, Mynheer?"

"You fancy yourself a philosopher, and contemplate the conversion of the world to your doctrines. Any adroit person who knew that, could humbug you like a thousand asses. You could be made a grotesque and gigantic spectacle of conceit; in fact, the laughing-stock of fools."

"And with what advantage, Mynheer?"

"You could be shown on public occasions. Oh, we have several ways of turning your solemn ass—your philosopher—to account. The disadvantage is, that after a time, your eyes open, your wits sharpen, and the philosopher turns knave; and then—mine Gott! you are devils. I myself was at one time an innocent and simple-minded philosopher."

"Mynheer, it strikes me you see no difference between wisdom and knavery."

"None whatever. Consider it as you will, life is a humbug; man is a humbug; the Devil is a humbug. I am Humbug itself, and I find myself in every thing."

"Mynheer, you disgust me. Let us change the subject. What is truth?"

"There you are again, philosophizing. Truth is to falsehood as darkness is to light. Truth is nothing; it is merely the absence of falsehood, as darkness is the absence of light."

"Von Slawkenburg, you are a sophist; a

character I detest. In fact, I am disappointed in you. In your writings I find you highly amusing, but in person a very disagreeable spirit. So fare you well, Mynheer."

The figure of the ghost seemed to dissolve in air, assuming various uncouth appearances, and finally flew away like a bat, uttering a feeble cry. The great clock of the University was striking ten of the evening. I was standing alone in the library. I looked toward the chair, it was unoccupied. A brilliant moonlight fell through the great window, casting a ghostly effulgence, defined in black shadows, on the walls and in the hollow alcoves. The stillness and silence were profound. I went toward the desk; a beam of white moonlight fell upon the open page of the folio, and I read with some difficulty several sentences, which may be translated as follows: "If a thoughtful man wishes to know the secret of success, let him reflect that human life is based not upon laws only, nor is formed by thought alone, but by every passion and desire, and by all chances. The schemes men devise fail always, because the follies, the passions, and the chances are left out of the account. The cowardice or the knavery of one man overthrows the best devices of another. It is necessary to move in silence and secrecy toward our real purposes, since to proceed openly is to be defeated. It thus becomes impossible to distinguish between knave and honest, until

we see the completion of their work. Piety and sanctimony go side by side, in the same costume. Patriotism and despotism climb the same broad stairway to power. Falsehood and truth are of equal efficacy; nor can fools in any case distinguish between them. Therefore is virtue futile, except it be a power as well as an excellence."

"Odious empiric!" I exclaimed, closing the volume with violence; "I will leave you and your moral futilities to the dust of the library. I will shake off that dust that has collected too long upon my shoulders. I will mingle with men, and learn how to apply in action the knowledge I have gathered; and then, in my old age, I will confute your sophistries for all posterity. It shall then be known that truth and science are the right means of power and of wealth."

The same volume of Slawkenburg lies open before me, as on the night of my vision ten years ago. I now read a second sentence of the old alchemist, which follows and explains the first: "Each faculty has its merit. Deceivers who deceive well have the merit of their skill. The scholar merits by his learning, not by his utility; the charlatan by his delusion, not by his learning. Attain maturity in thought; you are still a child in action. Be a man in action; you are a child in thought. It is the union of the two that gives birth to what is called wisdom, the contentment of the soul."

SOME SHAKSPEARIAN AND SPENSERIAN MSS.

LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE.

LET us now consider Shakspeare's ignorance of the true pronunciation of some proper names in ancient mythology and history, and try what proof they afford of his defective education.

1. He makes *Hecate* a dissyllable; thus:

"Pale Hecate's offerings."—*Macbeth*, ii. 1.

"Triple Hecate's team."—*M.S. N.D.*, v. 2.

Spenser commits an error of the same kind when he curtails the names of Cybele and Dryope in the same way; thus:

"Or Cybele's franticke rites have made them mad."—*F. 2*, i. vi. 15.

"His own fayre Dryope now he thinks not fayre."—*Ibid.*

But Shakspeare is not singular in his treatment of *Hecate*. Marlow, Ben Jonson, and a greater than both, are equally in fault; thus:—

MARLOW.—"Pluto's blue fire and *Hecat's* tree
With magic spells so compass thee."
Faustus.

JONSON.—"That very night
We earthed her in the shades, when our dame
Hecat
Made it her going night over the kirkyard."
Sad Shepherd.

MILTON.—"Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat*, and be friend."
Comus.

2. He accentuates "Posthumus" on the second syllable instead of the first; thus:—

"For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win the offended king, &c."
Cymbeline, i. 2.

This is the *second* time the name occurs in the play. On the *first* occasion, which is only about thirty lines before, it is accented rightly; thus:—

"The king he takes the babe
To his protection; call him Pos'thumus;
Breeds him," &c.—*Act i. 1.*

And thenceforward, throughout the play, the name is as frequently accented on the ante-

penultimate syllable as on the penultimate; for, on its third occurrence, it is right; thus:

"It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus."—*Act i. 2.**

But Shakspeare's false quantity in this respect is no worse than Spenser's, who deliberately writes on three or four occasions the name of *Philemon*, with the accent on the first syllable, thus:—

"My friend, bright Philemon, I did partake."—*F. 2, B. 2, cant. iv., stan. 20.*

And again, in stanzas 29 and 30:

"Confest how Philemon her wrought to change," &c.
Ibid., stan. 29.

"To Philemon, false faylour, Philemon."—*Stan. 30.*

3. In the same play, he twice accents *Arviragus* on the penultimate instead of the antepenult syllable; thus:—

"The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arvirágus,) in as like a figure," &c.—*Cym. iii. 3.*
"This gentleman, my Cadwal, Avirágus."—v. 5.

This false pronunciation of proper names (another instance of which may be found in his pronunciation of Andronicus with the accent on the second syllable, if the play be really his) is common to our poet with men of more *acknowledged* learning. Thomas Lodge, for example, uniformly accents Mithridates on the antepenultimate; as thus:

"Who now in Asia but Methrid'ates?"
"To lead our legions 'gainst Methrid'ates."
"Against Methrid'ates and his competitors, wounds
of civil war."—*Act i. 1.*
"And drive Methrid'ates from out his doors."—*Act ii. 1.*

And so on every occasion throughout the

* The commentators, however, determined that he *shall* be ignorant, spoil the metre in the rest of the line, and print it thus:—

"It is your fault that I have loved Posthúmus,"
and so in many other places where the name is found.

whole play. If, then, Shakspeare is to be convicted of ignorance by reason of his accent in the wrong place, does not Lodge lie under the same conviction? But Lodge was an A. M. of Cambridge, and Shakspeare never went beyond his grammar-school!

It so happens, however, that scholars of admitted rank have followed him in his accentuation of the very name in question. Thomas Heywood, in his "Britayne's Troyan," accents it thus:—

"Now, Arvirágus reigns, and takes to wife," &c.

And P. Chester, in his "Dialogue between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle Dove:"

"Windsor,
First built by Arvirágus, Britaine's king."

4. The antepenultimate accent on *Hyperion* is another of Shakspeare's transgressions against the ancients. So it is. But Spenser, as Doctor Farmer admits, is guilty of the "same false quantity;" and Thomas Heywood confirms the error, by coupling it in rhyme with another name whose proper accent is on the antepenultimate; thus:—

"Thou that art called the bright Hyperion,
Wert thou more strong than Spanish Geryon."
Love's Mistress, iii. 2.

We might well discharge ourselves of this minute criticism here, were it not that Dr. Farmer, not content with his Greek and Roman triumphs, would fain gather from the brows of his victim every twig and leaflet of French, Spanish and Italian which twinkles there, and strip him naked to his mother-tongue. "His studies," quoth he, "were most *demonstratively* confined to nature and his own language."

To whatever knowledge Shakspeare makes pretensions, we think he has a claim for credit which cannot be withheld, except by supposing him to be what no truly great man ever was—an impostor. He was too rich by nature to affect what he was not by art; and we may rest assured that he pretended to nothing which he was not. To a knowledge of the Spanish and Italian languages it does not appear to us that he laid any claim whatsoever. Here and there throughout his plays a few cant phrases are put into the mouths of his clowns and braggadocios and drunkards; but they were the common slang of the times, and might be heard every day at St. Paul's, and the ordinaries, from

the lips of affected travelers, and the idle, dissipated apes who mimicked their exotic jargon. Hence, they abound in most of the satirical pamphlets and play-books which ridicule the affectations of the coxcombs and braggarts of the times; and Shakspeare's use of such phraseology is so characteristic, that without it he would have failed of doing that which he never failed to do—giving a full and true picture of men and manners. Beyond this, we find nothing in his works aspiring towards a knowledge of those languages; and in this respect they prove nothing either way. For all that appears by them, he might have been as ignorant of Spanish or Italian as Dr. Farmer would represent him, or he might have been as familiar with them as any of the contemporary "liegers sent to lie abroad for the good of their country."* Not so, however, with French. To a certain degree of knowledge in that language he pretends; and to that extent it is our duty to vindicate him. His "Henry V." has two or three scenes in which French dialogue prevails; and French exclamations and passages abound throughout the rest of the performance, all of which, when freed from errors of the press, are in as pure and idiomatic language as any that we find in the printed books of that era. To surmount this difficulty, the critics are fain to represent those scenes either as interpolations of the players after the poet's death, or as plagiarisms of his own during his lifetime! Hanmer has rejected some of them as spurious; Warburton wishes he could do the same; and Farmer conjectures that they were "occasionally introduced into every play on the subject, and perhaps there were more than one before our poet's." This device is too common to surprise our readers, and too licentious to have any weight. By means of it, every critic, from Pope downward, has got rid of every thing that displeased him, until the experience and improved judgment of the public put a stop to the practice. The scenes, however poor and mean they may be thought, are as genuine as any other that we meet with in the poet's printed works; and they are characteristic both of the persons and the times.

But, "Mr. Hawkins," says Dr. Farmer, "hath an ingenious observation, to prove

* Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador to foreign courts.

that Shakspeare—supposing the French to be his—had very little knowledge of the language. ‘Est-il impossible d’échapper la force de ton bras,’ says a Frenchman; ‘Brass our?’ replies Pistol. Almost any one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *braw*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brass*?”

Dr. Farmer adopts and enforces this criticism; and thus makes it his own, at the hazard of convicting himself of greater ignorance of the French than he imputes to Shakspeare. Whatever assonance the French *bras* has to the English *brass*, it has just as little to *braw*. No Frenchman pronounces the final *a* as *au*, but as *ah*; and all Frenchmen, even at the present day, do and must, under certain circumstances, pronounce the final *s* or *as*, as fully as an Englishman sounds it in *as* or *has*. But Farmer is “certain,” and refers us to the authority of *The French Alphabet* de la Mothe, 1592, and the *Orthoepiâ Gallica* of John Elliot, 1593. True it is, that the French *alphabetical name* of the letter *a* is called *au*; but that is not its *phonetic value* in all words; and it would be just as false to suppose so, as that *alpha*, the name of the first letter in the Greek alphabet, were its value and sound in every or any word in which it occurs. The English *a* has indeed but *one name*, but in speech it has at least *four values*, as in *fate*, *fat*, *far*, *fall*; and the man must be very ignorant indeed of the language, who would reduce them all to *one*. In French, likewise, *a* has two values or sounds, one equivalent to the Italian *a* as heard in *casa*, *calamità*, and the other equivalent to the English letter as heard in *all*, *hall*, *fall*. The former may be exemplified in such words as *ça*, *la*, *pas*, *cas*, *chat*, *avocat*; the latter in *plan*, *rang*, *blanc*, *chant*, *rampant*; and both in such words as *avant*, *charmant*, *grand’maman*, *accablant*. Indeed, we think it will be found that the broad sound of the English *au* is never given to the French *a*, except where it precedes a nasal letter; and that as a final letter, or followed by a mute, it has the precise value of the Italian *a*. *Bras*, therefore, in verse, would *rhyme* with our English *ah! ha! papa, mamma*, and not with *law, paw, jaw*, as Mr. Hawkins and Dr. Farmer very “ingeniously” suppose.

So far, the critics are in the wrong; and we have got the French sound of *bras*, corresponding, as far as it goes, (that is to say,

without the final *s*,) with our own English *brass*, curtailed in the same manner. The question, then, is, whether the final *s* in such words was ever sounded in French; and whether, as Dr. Johnson very properly suggested, “the pronunciation of the French language may not have changed since Shakspeare’s time?” This was a doubt of which Dr. Farmer would have done well to avail himself, before he laid down the law with such absolute certainty; for certain it is that many such changes have taken place in the interim, both in French and English; and in both languages we have traces still surviving, that the letter *s* in particular had not been an obsolete sound at the termination of words, down to the time of Shakspeare. Dr. Farmer did not consider that final consonants, (*s* inclusive,) though mute before words commencing with a consonant, are vocal when succeeded by a vowel. Thus a Frenchman pronouncing the words *les doights et les armes*, would give us sounds which, represented in English symbols, would run thus: *lay dwawz eh lays arme*. Or again: saying *pas dix*, (not ten,) or *pas onze*, (not eleven,) he would say *pah dee, pahs ongze*; letting the *s* be heard before the vowel, though not the consonant. Thus also *filz* [fee] *d’Ulysse*, and *filz* [feece] *ainé*. It is more than probable, then, that at one period in the progress of the French language, the final consonant, now mute before a consonant, had its full sound before either consonant or vowel; for, long before French orthography was reduced to rule, and men wrote, as they did in England, by ear, those final letters, which would be now unheard in conversation, were written and printed in their due places; a clear proof, in our apprehension, that they had their places on the tongues of those who spoke, and in the ears of those who heard, as well as under the pens of those who wrote them. The distinction of omitting them in one case, and retaining them in another, is obviously a refinement of more modern date; but how it set in, and when it was finally established as a conventional law, we do not pretend to say. But that such was the case—and in particular with the final *s*—we have some traces still surviving. *Fitz*, as a prefix to English patronymics, is identical with the French *Filz*, or *Fitz*, or *filz*, in the same circumstances; and we pronounce the soft sibilant in full, whether before a consonant,

as in Fitz Gerald, or vowel, as in Fitz Arnold. Again: that so common a word as *Calais* was pronounced in Shakspeare's time with the final *s* in full, we can have no doubt, when we find the learned Camden disregarding the French orthography, but imitating the French sound in English symbols, and writing the name of that town *Calice*.* In such words as *case*, (from *cas*, Fr.,) *pace*, (from *pas*,) it is evident that the sibilant was in use in the original when the derivative was imported; and in words derived from *bras*—such as *brace*, *embrace*, ("Fr., to hold fondly in the arms." *Johnson*,) *bracelet*, ("Fr., an ornament for the arms." *Ibid.*,) *vantbrass*, ("*avant bras*, Fr., armor for the arm." *Ibid.*)—the evidence is conclusive. In the last word especially, we have the very pronunciation required to justify Pistol's quibble established; for it is impossible that people adopting terms from a foreign language should depart so far from the analogy of sounds as to give *brass* as the equivalent to *braw*; and that *vantbrass* was in Shakspeare's time pronounced according to the spelling in Johnson's Dictionary, is evident from the series of punning allusions contained in the following lines:

Nestor. "Tell him from me,
I'll hide my *silver* beard in a *gold* beaver,
And in my *vantbrass*† put this withered *brawn*,"‡ &c.
Troilus and Cressida, i. 3.

It is quite clear, therefore, that Dr. Johnson's

* Camden's Remaines, &c.; 1614; p. 181.

† "Vantbrass" is now sometimes written and pronounced *vantbrace*; and this example may teach us how such words as *case*, (from *cas*,) *pace*, (from *pas*,) *brace*, *embrace*, *bracelet*, (from *bras*,) came to be pronounced with the long and slender English *a*, as heard in *ace*, *face*, *hate*, &c.

‡ In this speech, the old warrior obviously alludes to a previous speech in the same scene. Ulysses compliments Agamemnon and Nestor on "both their speeches," "which were such," quoth he,

"As Agamemnon and the *hand* of Greece
Should hold up high in *brass*; and such again
As venerable Nestor hatched in *silver*," &c.

It may not be impertinent to remark that *brawn*, as used in the above-quoted passage, is frequently used, as here, in the peculiar sense of *arm*, thus:

Aufidius. "I had a purpose
Once more to hew thy *target* from thy *brawn*,
Or lose mine *arm* for 't." *Coriolanus*, iv. 5.

Again: Imogin, finding the headless trunk of Cloten, and mistaking it for that of Posthumus, examines the legs and arms:

"I know the shape of his *leg*; this is his *hand*;
His *foot* mercurial; his *marital thigh*;
The *brawns* of Hercules," &c. *Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

conjecture was right; that *bras* was formerly pronounced in France with a sibilant termination, and near enough in assonance with our word *brass*, to warrant the quibble of "mine ancient Pistol;" and that Dr. Farmer has taken nothing by the argument but the discredit of a very presumptuous mistake. Indeed, we must ascribe it to his utter ignorance of French, that he could not find in Shakspeare's works proofs conclusive that he was a master of the French language. His Henry V. abounds,* as we have already noticed, with passages (besides the dialogues referred to) in which the Dauphin and the French courtiers use their native language in great purity; but there is one in the Merry Wives of Windsor, which, having given some trouble to the critics, their perplexity can only have been caused by their ignorance of peculiarities in French literature, with which our poet seems to have been familiarly acquainted. The passage is in the Merry Wives of Windsor, (v. 5,) and runs thus:

"And *Hony soit qui mal y pense* write."

We give the poet no praise for his knowledge of the meaning of the old Garter motto; but we give the critics who quarrel with his metre no credit for their French prosody. They quarrel with the line as if it were deficient of a half-foot; but had they been aware that the laws of French versification require the full syllabic sound of the final unaccented *e* before a consonant, they would have read the line as Shakspeare wrote it, thus:

"And ho | ny soit | qui mal | y pen | sè write;"

and found it to be perfectly metrical.

Though this peculiarity of French verse be but little known to modern English linguists, it was familiar to our old poets, and practised by them whenever French passages occur in their writings. Thus Spenser:

"And thereto well agreed
His *Word*, which on his ragged shield was writ:
Salv'gess | *sè sans* | *fines* | *sè*, shew | ing secret
wit." †

* Besides the three scenes in which French dialogue prevails, there are in Henry V. about twenty passages in which French sentences occur.

† *Fairy Queen*, B. iv. c. 4, st. 39.

And thus Dr. Donne:

"Only let me love none; no, not the sport
From country grasse to confitures of court,
Or ci | tie's *quel* | *quã chos* | *ës*; let report
My mind transport." *

And thus Shakspeare again:

Pistol. "Oui, *cou* | *per gor* | *gě*, *par* | *ma foi*, |
pesant." † (*paysan.*)

Again:

"*Coupe* | *le gor* | *gě*, that's | the word! | I thee
Defy again." ‡

Bourbon. "*Mort de* | *ma vi* | *ã*! if | they march
along." §

Constable. "*Dieu de* | *battail* | *lès*! where | have
they | this mettle!" §

We have not yet done with our poet's ignorance. "Suppose him a learned man," quoth Dr. Farmer, "and what shall excuse his gross violations of geography?"

Well, then, what are they?

1. He represents *Bohemia* as a maritime country.

Too true; but the mistake is not his, and therefore does not implicate his knowledge of geography. It is the mistake of a scholar; of a traveler; of *Robertus Greene, Utriusque Academiae in Artibus Magister*; of one who, having graduated at Oxford, made the grand tour of Europe, returned to his country, as he says himself, perfectly "Italianated;" and, having finished his education by taking on an *ad eundem* degree at Cambridge, ruled the dramatic wits of his time with unbounded levity. Shakspeare, in this instance, as in most others, observed the rule of Horace; he followed the well-known, the popular authority he had adopted; and for all the consequences, the original author is responsible, and not the copyist. He found the error in Greene's novel, and he left it as he found it. Nay, were this a fit time and place for the discussion, we could show reasons extremely plausible for his retention of the error, knowing it to be such; but this we must defer to a more convenient season. It is sufficient here to know that the geographical blunder is not the unlearned Shakspeare's, but the learned Robert Greene's.

2. He supposes Verona and Milan to be both seaport towns; and accordingly sends Valentine, and after him Proteus, from one

to the other on shipboard. We confess that both those towns, and the principalities of which they are the capitals, are inland; but it is not so clear to us that Shakspeare himself was ignorant of the fact, as that he assumed either the ignorance or indifference of his audience respecting the literal truth. He knew, at least, that the journey between them could be made by land; and Julia performs it on foot, wearied indeed, but in a few hours. Let the critics beware, therefore, lest their objections should rather prove them ignorant of Shakspeare's methods, rather than Shakspeare ignorant of geography. He is a much greater artificer than he gets credit for, and plays off more legerdemain upon the imagination than either spectator or reader is apt to suspect. More especially with reference to time, as a dramatic element, his resources for deception are profound and various; nor is this the only occasion upon which (to use his own expression) he "palter[s] with us in a double sense," and arrives at his journey's end by several routes. In the "Merchant of Venice" the same expedient is used, for the purpose of mystifying our notion of time; and Portia performs by land, and in her own carriage, in a few hours, *double* the journey which cost Anthonio three months to perform in his argosy; namely, the distance between Venice and Belmont.* The repetition of

* "We must measure *twenty* miles to-day," says Portia to Nerissa, as she is about to step into her carriage, which was waiting for them "at the park gate." She goes to Venice, attends the trial, and is back again at Belmont before daybreak on the following morning. Venice was, therefore, but *ten* miles distant from Belmont. Bassanio was just as well aware as Portia of the distance and the time necessary for traversing it, for, on leaving her, immediately after his marriage, to attend the trial of his friend, he pledges himself not to sleep or rest till he returns to her:—

"Till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain."—*Act* iii. 2.

But, doubtless, he did not care to go in his ship this time. The fact is, a sea voyage is to the imagination an indefinite period; one by land, where the distance is known, fixed and certain. In Bassanio's first journey, the poet wanted to *lose* time, for the bond to run out; in the latter, to *gain* time, for the service of his friend. It is for a similar reason he gives his personages two routes from Verona to Milan—the one by sea, to give an indefinite period for the growth of Valentine's love and the treachery of Proteus; and the other by land, to convince the spectator of the very short time necessarily oc-

* Donne's works, *Love's Usury*.

† Henry V., iv. 4. ‡ *Ibid.*, ii. § *Ibid.*, iii. 5.

the same expedient, in at least two cases, where the circumstances of the plot require a real or a suppositious lapse of time, seems to be the result of system, not mistake; and until Shakspeare's treatment of the unities be more fully understood than it is at present, we would caution the critics not to calculate much on his imputed ignorance either of geography or of that point which we are now naturally brought to consider, viz., his barbarism with respect to the unities.

Shakspeare, say the critics, was ignorant of the unities; and they account for his ignorance by his presumed want of acquaintance with the Latin and Greek dramatists and critics. But the inference is both un-consequential and unjust, unless they will also admit that his numerous dramatic contemporaries, who have violated the laws of Aristotle as grossly at least as he, were as ignorant of those laws as they suppose him to have been. Now, the great majority of his early dramatic contemporaries were men who had received a university education. They numbered amongst them such men as Marlow, Lylie, Greene, Peele, Kid, Decker, Nash, Marston, Lodge, Chapman, &c.; and we deny that any of them ever thoroughly observed the Greek unities; nay, we boldly assert them, one and all, to have been far more licentious in their abuse of them than Shakspeare. They were all, however, the *alumni* of one or more of the universities; and we therefore never hear their learning impugned by the critics, nor is their flagrant and perpetual non-observance of the unities brought forward against them as a proof of their ignorance. But if their defects in this kind do not prove them to have been ignorant of the learned languages, what weight has the argument against Shakspeare? Surely, if they may have been learned, notwithstanding their dramatic license, Shakspeare may have been so too; and if they did, as we know they did, graduate of one or more of the universities, Shakspeare, for any thing which this state of facts exhibits, did, or at least was, in point of learning, competent to have done, the same thing.

But we can carry the argument upon this head in favor of our poet much farther. If the observance of the unities would prove

his knowledge of them, and his knowledge imply his learning, we are in a position for showing—as far as it can be proved by existing documents—that Shakspeare was, with *one* exception amongst his predecessors, the very *first* who produced a perfectly regular play, according to the Greek and Roman laws, upon the English stage; and that, with very few exceptions—of which Ben Johnson was the first—he was the only dramatic poet amongst his immediate contemporaries who made any approach to the strictness of those ancient models. If the law of unity requires the scene to be unchangeable, he is the only dramatic poet of his time that ever rigidly fulfilled it; for we have no instance of an English play, assignable to that period, in which the unities of time and place are strictly observed, but some of his. The "Gammar Gurton's Needle," which preceded his earliest efforts by some years, is in this, as in all other respects, inferior as a work of art to his "Comedy of Errors," his "Love's Labor Lost," and his "Tempest," in which the scene is unchangeable throughout; and in this respect he is even more perfect than his classical rival and successor, Ben Johnson, in whose plays the exact unity of place is never observed.* Witness the most perfect

* Two of those plays of Shakspeare are constructed on the most rigid model. The *time* of the "Tempest" is about *six hours*; that of "Comedy of Errors" *about twelve*. In neither is there any change of place; the whole business of both is transacted in the open air; and, although the editors have needlessly interposed changes of scenery, all that is necessary in the "Comedy of Errors" is an open space in a city—the public forum or market-square, in which may be seen the forum or open court at which the Duke condemns the merchant, the house of Antipholia, and the convent. In the "Tempest," (if we agree with Mr. Meagar, author of the celebrated essay on "Falstaff," whose MS. notes upon the play we have seen, that the opening scene at sea is but an introduction, and that the *first* scene is that which is now numbered the *second*, an opinion in which we entirely concur,) all that is required with respect to place is a single scene of an extensive view, within the island of which the cell of Prospero may form a more or less prominent part. In "Love's Labor Lost," the *time* comes within the Aristotelian rule and Terentian practice, (see the *Heautontimorumenos*), which implies the length of four-and-twenty consecutive hours, with the intervention of the night. The action may be imagined to commence at the hour of noon upon one day, and to terminate at the same hour on the next. The business is all transacted *sub dio*, and within the park of the King of Navarre,

cupied by the whole transaction. The fuller development of these hints would require more time and place than we can here afford it.

in their construction, "The Silent Woman," and the "Alchemist and the Fox."

It may be urged still, that the regular structure of those three plays is a casualty depending on the dramatic cast of the original story, and that, for all the skill they evince, the poet might have been ignorant of the laws of unity. But what if we find the poet himself confessing his breach of the unities, and apologizing for it? What, then, is the inference? Why, that he knew them, indeed, but was either so unskilful as not to be able to carry them into effect, or that he wilfully forsook them. Of his ability to observe those laws as accurately as the ancients, and more accurately than any of his contemporaries, we have given indisputable proofs; and it is specially remarkable that, of those instances, *two* are undoubtedly amongst his earliest productions; and, if we agree with a modern critic, the third must also be thrown back to a much earlier date than has been assigned it by either Malone or Chalmers.* It would seem, then, as if our poet, fresh from the study of the ancients, had begun his dramatic career as a rigid observer of the laws by which they were governed, and that, in his progress, finding them to be arbitrary, and obstructive of a full and natural development of plot, passion, and character, he gradually departed from the practice of them, and, discovering a truer system, became a law unto himself. In corroboration of this conjecture, it may be observed that, so far as the critics have been able to trace the chronological order of his performances, the earlier are the more correct; and the later they appear in succession, the farther do they diverge from the ancient models,†

so that a single scene, representing an extensive park, in which the palace of the king, the tent of the princess, and the lodge in which Armado resides, gives all that is requisite with reference to space. On the other hand, though the business of "Gammar Gurton's Needle" comes within the Terentian practice of intervening the night between the twenty-four consecutive hours, the construction of the plot is less regular than those of Shakspeare, inasmuch as it requires also the Tensilian license (as used in the *Heautontimorunos*) of an absolute change of place; the business being transacted now within the Gammar's house, now in the open air, and again in the house of her neighbor.

* The Rev. J. Hunter assigns the "Tempest" to 1596. See his "Prolusions on Shakspeare," Part ii. p. 142.

† Thus, "Anthony and Cleopatra" is more irregular than "Macbeth," and "Macbeth" than "Hamlet."

just as if such a mind as his had gained nothing by experience, or that practice had not facilitated the execution of his task. There is, therefore, something more in the matter than has hitherto been dreamed of in our criticism; and it would be well to inquire into it before we again dogmatize on Shakspeare's supposed ignorance of the elements of an art to which he had methodically devoted his life, and in which he was successful beyond compeer or rival.

Meanwhile, we must not forget the positive proofs which he gives of his technical knowledge. They are to be found in many passages of his writings, but especially in his *choruses* to the several acts (or parts) of Henry the Fifth.

There were several *chorus* plays (if we may so call them) written in the time of Shakspeare: Heywood and Chapman have several; Ben Jonson has one; and he himself has four; viz., *Henry V.*, *Pericles*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *the Winter's Tale*. This chorus, however, has no affinity whatever with that of the Greek drama; and he that would give us the result of his inquiries into its character and uses in our early plays generally, would do a good service to letters. We cannot, however, pause now upon the subject, further than to explain its apparent use and application in those plays of Shakspeare where it is to be found.

The chorus, then, in Shakspeare's hands, serves to intimate such lapses of time or changes of place as really divide the piece into several parts; and to reseal, or place again *in situ*, the spectator who has witnessed the preceding part, in order that he may, with a due allowance for the interval, pursue the thread of the story in the ensuing part, and under its altered circumstances. Of this, the best illustration we can give is the construction of "The Winter's Tale," in which, the story of Hermione's misfortunes being concluded with the third act, the tale is carried on, in the two succeeding acts, to her ultimate vindication and reward. But between the first and second periods of her history—that is, between the birth and the marriage of her daughter—there is an interval of seventeen years; and this is not slurred over by the poet, as was the practice of his contemporaries,* but is distinctly marked by the interposition of TIME, as a chorus,

* See Sir Philip Sidney's Defense of Poetry.

who, in an address to the auditory, which may be considered as the epilogue of the first, and the prologue of the second part, informs them of the fact, and once more places them *in situ*. In this mode of construction we find a striking analogy to the Greek system of trilogies, in which three pieces, in continuation of the same story, were performed at successive intervals on the same day; and of which the Greek tragedians have left us several examples. This drama might, therefore, be not improperly considered as a *dilogy*, of which the first part might be called "Hermione in Distress," and the second, "Hermione Triumphant." * In a similar way, the chorus between each act of Henry V. intimates the detachment in time or place (or both) of the several parts of which the whole dramatic transaction consists, and is a clumsy substitute, we must confess, for the admirable contrivances in others of his plays by which the dramatist maintains an apparent continuity of action. It is much the same in *Pericles*. Not so, however, in *Romeo and Juliet*, where (its use being to intimate a pause of time) its intervention *suggests* the occurrence of an interval sufficient to ripen the passion of the two lovers, which, in reality, does not take place. A little reflection on the circum-

* A modern writer, discussing the merits of Miss Helen Faucet's performance of the heroine, speaks of the structure of the play in the following terms:

"That it is two plays on the same legend, each consisting of a beginning, a middle, and an end, each having its own appropriate catastrophe, is evidenced by Shakspeare himself having interposed between the first and second parts a prologue to the second, in which Time raises the curtain that had been drawn over an interval of sixteen years, and the spectators are placed *in situ*, as it were, for the second time, to behold the sequence. The play was, doubtless, originally performed in both its parts on the same day, as were the Greek trilogies. But we may suppose that the fall of the *green* curtain at the end of the third act, and the entrance of *Time* at the beginning of the fourth, were sufficient indications to the auditory that the first part was over, and the second was about to be begun. And thus the "Winter's Tale" should now be performed, whenever it is again acted as a single piece. Indeed, so fully convinced of the distinctness of the *dilogy* does Mr. Garrick appear to have been, that he reconstructed the play, omitting altogether the first part, and digesting the second into a short three-act pastoral, which he called *Florimel and Perdita*."

stances will fully justify this exquisitely subtle device, and greatly elevate our opinion of the poet's artificial resources.

This use of the chorus as a substitute for the more regular method, may convince us that, if Shakspeare erred from the law, he erred consciously, and sought to repair his irregularity by a well-known expedient. But he is still more explicit on the subject. He openly avows his neglect of the unities, and, without defending, explains his own practice.

The first, or prolocutory chorus, confesses the breach of unity with respect to PLACE :

Oh, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary [imaginative] forces work
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.

The second chorus pleads guilty to "the abuse of distance" between two places; and, with no indistinct allusion to the dramatic "*Magus*" of Horace, beseeches the spectators to

"Linger their patience on, and well digest
The abuse of distance,"

while a play is "forced." "The scene," continues he,

"Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the play-house now; *there you must sit*;
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back."

And to show by what means this transition is to be effected, the poet assumes the power of the magician,

"Charming the narrow seas
To give them gentle pass."

So much for his knowledge of the law of *place*; now for that of *time*.

The third chorus addresses the audience, and tells them:

"Thus with imagined wing our *swift scene* flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought."

The fourth chorus intimates the treatment of a *lapse of time* more imaginary than real, and shows how the painful suspense for the issue of a doubtful event of great

importance affects the mind. Now, quoth he:

"Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe."

He then goes on to describe classes of minute but striking circumstances, the occurrence of which generates the idea of tedious protraction where no lengthened delay has really taken place; and having thus given time of preparation, as it were, for the crowning event, he goes on to intimate his own consciousness that, according to the definition of Aristotle, dramatic action is but an *imitation* (for so must the word "mockery" be understood) of real action; saying,

"And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where (oh for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed, in brawl ridiculous—
The name of Agincourt: yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their *mockeries* be."

In the fifth and last chorus, the poet finally apologizes for his transgressions of the law in both respects, and

"Humbly prays them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be there [on the stage] presented."

And having narrated the intervening events till

"Harry's back-return again to France,

the chorus informs the auditory of his own use and functions, as a substitute for the dramatic laws of time and place, the interims or intervals of which he has supplied, cheating the auditory with the semblance of continuity, and not undeceiving them until the event had taken place, after which the disturbance of any illusion would naturally be of no consequence:

"Myself have PLAYED
THE INTERIM, by remembering you 'tis past."

Who shall now tell that Shakspeare either knew nothing of the unities, or that his genius disdained the constraint of law? "Not know the unities!" we have shown that he knew, and (on occasions) practised them. "Disdained the restrictions of law!" The first characteristic of high intellect is its love of beauty; but there can be no beauty without symmetry; no symmetry without

order; no order without law. Art implies law; and the production of *chef d'œuvres* in any art intimates the complete mastery which the artist had attained to in the laws which govern that art. Shakspeare's art was the dramatic; and to suppose that the perfection to which he brought it could be the result of an inartificial, chance-medley, and undesigned process of thought and composition, would be to sanction the theory that this universe in which we live, and wherein we find all things ordered and governed by intelligence and design, is the result of a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. Shame to the critics whose slovenly examination of the works which they professed to explain and illustrate has betrayed them into statements and admissions even more discreditable to their own sagacity than to the skill of their incomparable author! He might well be pardoned for defects common to all the men of letters (particularly to the dramatists) of his period; but how are they to be excused for either leading or falling into the vulgar mistakes and prejudices which have too long detracted from his matchless reputation? That he wrote not without art is admitted by the most envious of his competitors. Ben Jonson, an adherent of the ancients, thus writes of him:

"Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part;
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His *art* doth give the fashion; and that *He*,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as are thine,) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it,) that he thinks to frame;
Or for a laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's *made*, as well as born:
And such thou wert."*

And Dryden, a disciple of the straitest school of the French dramatists, thus undersigns the opinion:

"Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to laboring Jonson *art*;
He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects *law*,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw."†

It thus stands acknowledged by two most competent judges of dramatic poetry (and

* Lines on the *Memory of Shakspeare*.

† Prologue to *the Tempest*, or *the Enchanted Island*.

neither of them disciples of what Schlegel rather undefinedly calls *the Romantic School*) that Shakspeare possessed an *art* by which he "gave fashion" (i. e. form) to his "matter;" that he was "made" (by study) as well as "born" (by nature) a poet; and that he *invented* the peculiar system (or code of laws) which guided his own practice, and which he "did *first* impart." These are important concessions, and should set us upon the inquiry into the particular laws of which this system consists. We have already ascertained two steps in this inquiry: first, that he knew, and (in certain cases) practised the ancient code of unities; and, secondly, that in certain cases also he employed a substitute for their rigid discipline.

The just inference is, that, with his unlimited power over his materials, his departures from the ancient system (and they constitute the most voluminous portion of his works) were the result of judgment and design; a judgment improved by experience, a design suggested by deeper and more natural principles of art. What this system was—though first and last practised by himself alone—does not appear to us to be quite undiscoverable; but we must not suffer ourselves to be tempted, on this occasion, into a discussion of it, which would, perhaps, be premature, but which certainly would deserve more time and space than we can here afford it. Suffice it to observe that, as it was not the regular system of the Greek and Roman dramatists, neither did it resemble the irregular and unsystematic school of dramatic composition which was in possession of the stage when his star began to ascend "the highest heaven of invention." The difference will be palpable to any one who, with a view to their structure, will examine the plays of Greene, Mar-

low, Peele, Lodge, Nash, Lylie, &c., and compare them in this respect with the structure of Shakspeare's performances in a similar class.

The action of their fable is, for the most part, very protracted,* and its incidents are brought out in detached portions of time—regular in their proper sequence indeed, but generally so slightly (if at all) connected, that all continuity is lost; and always so inartificially put together as to leave the intervals uncovered, either by the overlapping of parts, or the involution of circumstances. Their story runs right through from beginning to end, in a straight line; and their method may be compared to

"The Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

On the other hand, whilst the time of many of Shakspeare's dramas, whether historical or factitious, covers periods of considerable extent; still the dramatic development of it is so *foreshortened* (to borrow a term from a sister art) by the involution of events, and the overlapping of the severed parts of one incident with the adjoining extremities of another intervening one, that the result is a reduction of the *real* time to an *apparent* time, not greatly nor essentially differing from the limitation of the *legal unity*, and the production of a continuity of action more in accordance with nature and reason than the arbitrary limit imposed upon the drama by the Greeks.

* The action of Marlow's "Doctor Faustus" is rigidly fixed at four-and-twenty years; that of Lylie's "Endymion," at forty. All their historical plays run out their full time.

WHIG PRINCIPLE AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

"**ABOVE** all things," said the honest Johnson, "clear your mind from cant." We recommend this advice to the attention of the opposition party; for never has a body of sensible men been more miserably deceived than they, by the unceasing cant of their leaders. They have been led to believe and to call themselves "Democrats," while their policy has always been directly opposed to the true interests of the masses. They have been persuaded that low tariffs, war, Mexican invasions, the destruction of credit, and the neglect of internal improvements were to advance, in a remarkable degree, the prosperity of the nation. They have been hurried into dangerous action upon the subject of slavery, by the sectional cant of their Rhetts and Van Burens, their Rantouls and their Bentons. In all parts of the Union the great mass of the opposition have, in fact, been swayed by the personal feelings and prejudices of their leaders, and have been led to mistake cant for argument, and expedients for principles.

But we are confident that the majority of the American people can no longer be deluded by unmeaning pretense. They have discovered already what are the real interests of the nation. They see that agriculture, manufactures, and trade, are the true sources of national progress, and that no policy which is hostile to these can be advantageous to themselves or to their country. We think we have observed already an inclination among the opposite party to revolt at the lengths to which their leaders are carrying them, and a wish to review more closely the great questions of policy which are now stirring the intellect of the nation.

We shall endeavor in the following pages to consider certain first principles which lie at the base of just legislation, and which, if rightly attended to, will serve to clear even the feeblest mind of all tendency to cant. These principles are carefully avoided by our opponents. You will look in vain for any thing that even resembles a principle in the whole course of opposition legislation, and you will find opposition eloquence to be

equally barren and unsubstantial. They are skilful in arousing the prejudices of an honest and confiding people; they can excite the farmer against the manufacturer, the workman against the employer; they can paint in alluring colors the desirableness and the weakness of a foreign territory which they wish to invade; they can shake the Union itself, by the exhibition of a Buffalo or a South Carolina platform; but they can never hide the fact that all these measures proceed, not from any one fixed principle, but from an utter want of it.

If there be any thing in the nature of a principle which governs the opposition in its impulsive and inconsistent movements, it must resemble the doctrine of Rousseau, that all men are happiest in a state of nature; and they must intend, by the destruction of national wealth and progress, to render their country the wilderness which the French philosopher so greatly admired. We should be glad to know if we are right in our conjectures. For we have sought in vain through the eloquence of Calhoun, Van Buren, or Benton, for any principle which could explain their conduct as members of their peculiar party. Their actions, measures, and inculcations have been as opposite as were their characters, and they have agreed but in the single point of having each aimed a fatal blow at some vital interest of their common country.

The Whig party, on the other hand, has ever been guided by the principle of popular elevation. It seeks to create an equality of property, intelligence, and character among the people, not by destroying national progress, but by hastening and establishing it. This end it endeavors to accomplish by a series of measures which are adapted to the wants and peculiarities of the country, and which it has steadily advocated from the formation of the government and the days of Washington, who was the first Whig, and whose example and teachings have had a large influence upon the policy of his party.

The elevation of the people, we repeat, is the growing principle of the Whigs; and

we now propose to examine with what faithfulness they have developed this principle in their leading measures.

We should, perhaps, first remark that the Whig party claims neither to be the Conservative nor the Progressive party, because it is founded upon a principle deeper than that of either conservatism or reform. It looks upon the cry of the Conservative or the Reformer as equally unmeaning, so far as it does not fall in with the real wants of the people. It adopts no new opinion, merely because it is new, nor an old one, because it is old. It has sometimes been Conservative, and sometimes the party of Reform; but it has never for a moment sacrificed its policy at the mere cry of Conservatism or Reform. Its measures have ever been steadily directed to the development of the principle upon which it is founded.

The first of these measures which we shall consider, is the improvement of the natural resources of the country by the action of government. The Whig party has always advocated a River and Harbor Bill, besides originating nearly all the judicious internal improvements of the individual States. From the organization of the government, it has pursued this policy with unchanging prudence and zeal. It found the nation placed by Providence in a magnificent territory, penetrated by rivers, enclosing mighty lakes, bounded by a long line of sea-coast, and possessing a soil capable of sustaining an unlimited population. It saw that these gifts of nature—of infinite value if properly used—would prove in a great degree useless, unless skilfully aided and developed. It saw that these vast rivers must be cleared and made navigable, that these broad lakes must be connected with the coasts by railroads and canals, that the mountain chains must be pierced and the harbors of the sea-coast be improved, before all the advantages which they offered could be felt by the whole people. It urged therefore, upon the general government, as well as upon each State, that it was their duty to aid nature in her evident purpose of nurturing a great nation. In each State where the Whig party has usually prevailed, this policy has been carried out; canals and railroads have multiplied; the means of internal communication have been proportioned to the wants of the community, and the wealth and prosperity of the State has rapidly advanced.

But, although thus successful in individual States, the Whigs have never been able to enforce their policy by the aid of the general government. Opposition outcry has effectually stopped the good work there. Our great Western rivers are left unimproved, to the serious injury of the Western farmer; the harbors of the two oceans are neglected, and commerce greatly impeded; the great lakes are covered with wrecks that might have been avoided by a small expense for proper retreats from the autumnal storms; and thus are both agriculture and commerce greatly injured by a party which, under the name of Democracy, is directly hostile to the two main supports of the people.

Next to the improvement of the natural resources of the country, the Whigs advocate protection for native industry as a powerful instrument for elevating the physical and moral condition of the masses. The necessity for this protection is apparent in the history of our manufactures. In the early existence of our country, we were content to depend upon foreign nations for almost all our manufactured articles, and the first impulse to home industry was given by the last war with England. The close of that war was followed by a vast importation, a sudden failure of native industry, and a period of general bankruptcy spreading over the whole country. A protective tariff was, in consequence, adopted to remedy these evils, and the home manufacturer has, since that period, felt to some extent the fostering care of government.

But it should be remembered that the hostility of the opposition to protective measures has always been bitter and open. They have, from the first, declared themselves unwilling to lend any aid to the growth of this great national interest; and it is only the unceasing exertions of Whig statesmen that have given us any manufactures at all. The opposition notion, that manufactures will grow of their own accord, in the face of foreign competition, has been contradicted by all experience, since they have never been able by all their hostility to leave this interest unprotected, and since it has ever declined with the fall of the tariff.

The doctrine of the opposition upon this subject is so peculiar, that we pause for a moment to notice it. They assert that all native industry which has been nurtured into existence by a protective tariff, is in fact

injurious to the progress of the nation. They therefore urge that all protection should be withdrawn. They declare that manufactures should only arise in a country as they may chance to grow up spontaneously, and that the United States will not be fitted to sustain them until, by the increase of the population, labor shall be rendered as cheap here as in Europe. They recommend, therefore, that we abandon the idea of manufacturing for ourselves, devote our whole attention to agriculture, purchase our clothing and hardware abroad, and pay for them with the produce of our farms.

This patriotic doctrine of the opposition is very naturally sustained by the free-traders of England, among whom its leading champion, Mr. Walker, has been lately received with proper consideration. Free-trade is certainly an admirable policy for England. England is incapable of providing food for her crowded population, but by her skill in manufacturing and the low rate of wages, she is enabled to undersell the world. Her interest, therefore, is to force her goods upon other nations, to the destruction of their home manufactures, while she hopes, by driving great masses of their population into agriculture, to obtain subsistence for her workmen at a rate so low as to enable them to live upon wages almost nominal. She would rejoice especially to produce this effect upon our own country, and to obtain an entire abandonment of the doctrine of protection by the government, since the growth of our population seems to assure her of an unbounded demand for her goods, could she destroy our native manufactures.

Aided by the ready arguments of the foreign free-traders, the opposition have never ceased to denounce home industry and national protection. Had they the power, and did they dare to carry out their destructive policy, they would instantly withdraw all protective duties, and leave the American manufacturer at the mercy of his foreign competitor. This is the long-cherished purpose of that party, and one that, far from concealing, they make their open boast and pride.

The Whigs have always looked upon the free-trade notions as dangerous and unprincipled. They see that much of the past advance of the country has been obtained by the protection of native industry. They point to the thousands who have been em-

ployed in the manufactories; to the towns and cities which have grown up under their influence; to the merchants who are sustained by the sale of domestic goods; the ships, railroads, and canals which they have brought into existence and freighted, and to the vast amount of produce for which the farmer has found a market in the manufacturing towns; and they ask if all these facts do not prove that protection has had a very great share in raising our country to its present wealth and power. This question the opposition has never seen fit to answer, because it has but one answer. We believe that protection, feeble as it has been hitherto, is one chief element in the progress of our country; that but for this, we should have remained but little better than a colony of England, and should have resembled Canada or Australia, in our complete dependence upon our oppressing parent. But for protection, we should have been a nation without self-reliance and without enterprise. Our canals and railroads would have been unbuilt, our cities of not half their present size, our agriculture by no means so flourishing as now. We believe this, because the influence of home industry is written upon the face of our country in letters of light. And we are certain that, but for opposition interference in this matter, we should have reached, under a higher and uniform tariff, a far greater and far better established state of prosperity than we have yet attained. The opposition have done incalculable injury to the past of our country by their unhappy course in this matter, and have deserved rather the name of a Destructive than a Democratic party.

But, not content with the evil they have already occasioned, they are at this moment as eager as ever to seduce the people into listening to their destructive doctrines, and would have them overthrow altogether the small remains of protection which keep up a languid vigor in our manufacturing communities. These communities are the particular objects of hatred to our opponents. They make open war upon the manufacturing companies, the towns they have built, the laborers they employ, the farmers whose produce they consume, and all the interests and persons connected with them: a war which they prosecute as eagerly as would the most violent British free-trader,

and which has the same object with both, the destruction of the American manufacturer.

In order to discover the true effect of their policy upon the country, let us suppose that Birmingham had triumphed over Pittsburg, and the opposition over the administration. Let us imagine the present imperfect protection taken away, and observe the necessary result. We cannot mistake this result, because it is already in part produced by the low rate of the existing tariff.

Take iron as an example. Suppose all protection removed from manufactured iron, and where stands Pennsylvania? The first result is plain: American iron would be instantly undersold, and capital must be withdrawn or sunk in the furnaces. In six months, not a furnace would be left in operation in the State.

But it is to the later consequences that we would direct attention. The closing of the furnaces must drive capital away from the iron-mines, and thus at the outset two interests are destroyed. The miner as well as the laborer at the furnace is deprived of his employment, and thousands of able-bodied men left helpless and without hope, who are now sustained in this way, with their wives and children, by the present tariff. But the laborer who is out of employment ceases at once to become a purchaser of the corn or wheat of the farmer, and is perhaps driven himself to seek a support from agriculture. The effect of these circumstances upon the farmer must be equally unpropitious. He loses a purchaser and obtains a rival by the failure of the furnace. The price of his crop is materially lowered, and his position depressed. He has less to spend upon his family, and they must soon feel the consequences of the change in the loss of educational advantages, and many of the usual comforts of life. We trust it will be remembered by every farmer that protection to home industry means especially the protection of his industry, and the insuring of a ready sale for his crops.

We would desire any farmer who has not yet adopted the Whig doctrine upon this subject, to observe the practical influence of even the present inefficient tariff, and notice how completely its results refute the theories of the free-traders. Enter one

of the flourishing manufacturing towns or villages which have sprung up from Maine to Texas, and see what is hourly and daily doing for the farmer. In Massachusetts you will find that the whole prosperity of the State has been fostered into existence by this policy. You will find cities and villages rising almost instantaneously under the skill and enterprise of manufacturing communities. You will see thousands of well-informed, well-dressed, moral people, pursuing a regular course of prosperous industry, who, under the system of the free-trader, would have been wandering over the country, or crowding into the cities in search of precarious employment. These manufacturing communities consume at present about six hundred thousand bales of cotton, besides wool, leather, and various other materials. They require also large quantities of flour, beef, pork, and other provisions, all of which are the productions of the neighborhood, or are obtained from the Western States; and thus is it that every manufacturing town becomes a direct benefit to the farmer, by keeping up the price of his grain.

We ask the attention of the farmer to this point, because it has always been a part of the opposition policy to arouse the jealousy of the agriculturist against the manufacturer, and to sacrifice the feebler class to the larger and more influential. But the farmer must soon become convinced by the progress of events, that the manufacturer is his best friend. In England he may be undersold by the serf-labor of Russia or Poland, but in his own manufacturing villages he is sure of a constant market, and of a reasonable price. And this home market is one that, even under the present tariff, is constantly growing, but which, with proper protection, would soon reach an extent capable of consuming all the grain that we could produce. A proper increase of protective duties would cause a rapid growth of manufactures, not only in their old haunts upon the seaboard, but in all the interior States. And this is just what the farmers of the interior want. It is idle to tell the farmers of Indiana or Illinois that there is a market for their Indian corn or their wheat in Great Britain, while the distance and expense of transportation, even without serf-competition, shut them out from the hope of ever reaching the market. It is mockery to talk

of England's purchasing our productions, when every year we see millions of dollars' worth wasted upon the prairies, and the farmer, who, if he had a market at home, would be a rich man, impoverished, because no one comes to buy of him.

But if you plant three or four manufacturing towns and a vast number of busy villages in the midst of the great West, and fill them with an active population, producing articles that meet the wants of the country, and consuming its productions, you do exactly what any wise man would wish done, who sought to elevate the condition of the people. You would give the very stimulus to the country which it requires. At present, the Western States are weighed down by an excess of production. The rich prairie land pours forth its copious harvests, and often they are left to rot upon its bosom. Wheat, corn, beef, poultry, are almost given away, so small is the price which they realize. And the condition of the Western farmer is just what these circumstances indicate. He has abundance of food, but is impoverished in every thing else. His family is ill clothed, ill educated, and deprived of all the refinements of life. The land is carelessly tilled, because the farmer has no motive for raising more than will supply the wants of his family, and thus lives on an indolent existence, hardly allowing himself a hope of ever attaining the comforts of Eastern civilization.

The only hope of Western agriculturists is the Whig measure of protection, which would soon cover the country with manufacturing towns, fill the farmer with energy, consume all his productions, and place him in the pathway to competence or wealth.

But so long as the present low tariff exists, the great West must be content to see its farms unimproved, and its people depressed. The present tariff has been tried, and has proved fatal to agriculture. As to manufactures, factories and furnaces in all parts of the land have sunk under its influence, and their capitals, often the united mites of the widow and the orphan, have been for ever lost. Thousands have been thrown out of employment, and the prices of produce materially lowered. A vast importation of foreign goods has followed, bankruptcy and ruin have spread over the land, and, but for the fortunate productiveness of California, the ruin would have been

far more general and lasting. The whole country has received a check in its onward progress, which even the great yield of the gold mines has been unable to repair; and we sincerely believe that the chief burden of this evil must finally fall upon the farmer.

The free-traders promised him a steady market in England, some five or six thousand miles away from his farm, building their calculations upon the year of famine. But has he found it? No. It was a cruel mockery. It is too far off; and the serfs of the continent, who are contented to live upon black bread and in a hovel, can readily produce cheaper than he, and are nearer to the market. And yet, upon the deceptive assurance that England is able to buy and consume all our surplus provisions, do the opposition base their whole free-trade policy.

No. The farmer wants his market, not upon the banks of the distant Thames, but upon the watercourses of his native State, upon the Illinois, the Wabash, or the Indiana. But this he can get only by an alteration of the present tariff, and by securing the American laborer from the rivalry of men who work for eighteen pence a day, and think themselves well paid. Will not our farmers take this plain view of an important subject into attentive consideration, and let the effect of their reflection be seen in the coming elections? For we have little fear of the result. We believe that the common sense of the agricultural class must speedily free them from the influence of opposition artifices, whenever they begin to reflect.

As we are simply desirous, in these remarks, to trace out the development of the Whig principle in their measures, we must pass rather hastily over the measures themselves, and, had we space, would delight to enlarge upon the humane and elevating tendency of the policy of our party. We might particularize many other striking benefits which would flow from the encouragement of native industry. We might notice the effect upon morals, education, refinement, and similar topics; but they are too extensive and too alluring to be ventured upon. The subject of protection has been widely discussed: it is the favorite measure of the Whig party, because they are well assured that it tends to elevate the whole people to an equality of property and position; and it has been a favorite subject

of abuse with the opposition, because they cannot or will not understand it. The Whigs assert, in language plain to all, that protection will make the nation rich, by making it industrious; that it will provide employment for thousands, and will especially encourage agriculture, by consuming our own cotton, wool, corn, and produce of every kind, and particularly the provisions of the far West. They assert that protection will pay a dollar a bushel for every bushel of wheat that can be raised upon the rich and teeming prairies; and that the market will be found at the farmer's door, instead of five thousand miles off, among the pauper labor of England. These assertions facts have already proved, and the outline of that proof we have already given.

The next Whig measure that we notice is the credit system; and we are sure that it has already proved itself a powerful agent in elevating the whole people. This measure is so peculiar to the Whigs, that though the opposition have often sustained it in their practice, they have violently resisted it in theory. The Whigs cherish it because it has proved itself the essence of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture. Our cities have all been built upon this system; our internal improvements could not have existed without it; our very government must long ago have sunk without its aid. Yet our opponents have ever cried out for the destruction of the credit system, and the substitution of gold for paper, immediate payments instead of reasonable credits, and sometimes direct taxes instead of import duties. Such a policy, had it been adopted in the early existence of the country, would have checked all national progress, and left us at this moment at the rear instead of the front of civilization. We should have had no canals, no railroads, no progress, and hardly a national existence. We might still have traveled in a sloop to Albany, or crossed the ocean in British packets.

But our opponents are not consistent in their outcry against this measure. They oppose, indeed, a canal debt, or a harbor and river debt, but they have never shown any reluctance to a war debt. When they had succeeded in exciting a war with Mexico, they became eager advocates of long credit, and ran into mad expenditures, that are yet a burden upon the nation. In

Mississippi and Arkansas we have still more glaring examples of their utter inconsistency. The opposition, after hurrying those States into unbounded extravagance, have covered themselves with infamy by inventing and supporting the doctrine of repudiation with all their political influence. Now, although we should be rejoiced to make converts of the whole opposition to the Whig doctrine of moderate credit, yet we must except to any such interpretation as they have seen fit to put upon it in those two cases. The most zealous Whig will shrink from incurring a war debt, unless unavoidable, and abhors extravagance, because it leads directly to repudiation.

The Whig view of this subject has practically met with the approbation of the whole people; they have gone on building their canals and railroads on credit, making daily use of a paper currency, because it is convenient; sustaining banks when banks were necessary, and maintaining national progress by a proper use of the credit system. The opposition policy has been proved to be wholly inexpedient and impracticable. The farmer, the merchant, the mechanic and the manufacturer have each found that the outcry of the opposition against the use of reasonable credit is only an unmeaning cant upon a question which they do not understand, and that a full development of their avowed policy could only end in destruction to the prosperity of individuals and of the nation. We trust, therefore, that in the coming election they will set at rest this destructive assault of the opposition upon agriculture, manufactures, and trade.

The next development of Whig principle which we notice is their uniform advocacy of pacific measures. Peace is inscribed upon their foremost colors; and they have adopted this policy because they feel that all the natural and political advantages of our country would be of little avail without peace. Setting aside the necessary moral evils of war, they believe that every national interest suffers from its effects; and they maintain that it especially tends, in its final influences, to depress the condition of the masses. The laboring classes are always the chief sufferers in time of war. The speculator may make a profit out of the miseries of his nation, the manufacturer may find a readier market for his goods, but the poor find

their taxes increased, their means of subsistence scantier, and their children torn from them to fill up the fated ranks of the army. The Whigs believe, too, that a military spirit is fatal to true liberty. They believe that the army is a bad school for learning the doctrine of equality; and that a long war would very probably destroy our institutions and our freedom.

The opposition has always been a war party. With their usual blindness to consequences, they have always advocated extreme measures in their policy towards foreign nations, and have seriously injured the country by keeping up a constant dread of war. They very nearly produced hostilities with England upon the Maine boundary question, which was settled by Mr. Webster; and they would have succeeded in the instance of Oregon, had they not been checked by the good sense of the Whigs. They gratified their passion, finally, in a less fatal manner, by plunging into a war with Mexico, and have wrested from that unhappy country a territory which we could have bought for a small sum, at the expense of a great debt, and a profuse loss of life and bloodshed. The opposition leaders have sated their thirst for blood and plunder in the dismemberment of helpless Mexico; but the effect of their policy has been felt too in their own country. They have spread mourning over the land; they have embarrassed many merchants, farmers, mechanics; but, above all, they have implanted in the midst of our people a love of military adventure. This spirit has manifested itself in the late expedition against Cuba, and the new revolution in northern Mexico. The volunteer, who has once tasted the fierce excitement of real war, can seldom settle down into the industrious citizen. And this passion has become so deeply fixed in the minds of many of our countrymen, that we fear that years of a better policy will not serve to eradicate it.

The idea of conquest is abhorrent to the Whigs. They wish to obtain nothing by force. If the country is to expand over surrounding territories, they wish it to be done by peaceful measures, by purchase, by the consent of the native population, by negotiation. They believe that the destiny of the Union can be fulfilled better by a dignified and generous conciliation of its neighbors, than by a threatening attitude and a

hostile spirit. They believe that, the more powerful our country becomes, the more generous should be its conduct towards the feeble and distracted republics around us. It should teach them, by its example, to be as unambitious and peaceful as it is free and great. And they believe that the result of such conduct will be a gradual absorption into our Union of the whole of North America.

The Whigs look upon their native country as the great but only home of true liberty. Every where else upon the face of the world is oppression, suffering, bloodshed, and the intimations of a fearful storm. This country is, in fact, the only refuge for the exile who would be really free. This country alone, in the midst of a general discontent, is happy, peaceful, and respected. Then why adopt any new policy, which could only be attended with danger to ourselves, and which, besides necessarily injuring our great national interests, our commerce and agriculture, might break up our political institutions, and destroy for ever the home of freedom in the new world. The Whig party urges us to guard our institutions from the least shadow of danger, not only for the sake of our own people, but for the sake of the oppressed people of Europe. Let us not endanger by a war policy the example which we give, or the home which we offer.

The question of slavery, again, has brought into strong contrast the firm principle of the Whigs, and the utter want of any on the part of their opponents. The Whigs have ever asserted that union is the grand source of popular elevation. Without it, we should have been a collection of powerless communities, ever conflicting and mutually retarding each other's growth. Under its influence our interests become one, and commerce, agriculture, and manufactures are its natural fruits. The masses are peculiarly indebted to union for the wages which sustain them, and the farmer owes to it the market which he finds for his produce. The merchant sends his wares into barbarous seas, secure, because he is beneath the flag of the Union. Emigrant throngs cross the ocean and plunge into the wild forest or prairie, unharmed by the savage, because they are within the Union. The planter of the South is safe amid his colored population, because they know the power of the Union. The

gold-seeker enters in safety the wildest regions of California, because he feels the power of the Union present with him wherever he goes. All classes of citizens are, in fact, dependent for their security upon this great bond of peace, which spreads like a beneficent heaven over all, and rains down blessings equally upon those who rejoice in its smile, and those who look up only to defy it. It knows no distinction of party, section, or interest, but has in itself a perpetual unity of beneficence.

The greatest of the Whigs have ever been the defenders of the Union. The compromise measures of the last Congress sprang from the patriotic genius of the Whigs. The eloquence of eminent Whigs first aroused the country to a consciousness of its danger, administered an appropriate remedy, and quieted the sectional excitement; and this is but one more convincing example of the firmness of the Whig principle.

In the slavery agitation, the Whigs looked back to that principle which has ever guided their measures, and inquired what policy would best advance the interests of the whole people. They had many strong prejudices and native convictions upon this subject, which would have led them to different action, but all these they gave up for the sake of the general good. Had they not been a party of principle, they must have been hurried away by their impulses into dangerous courses, and might easily have gratified their private feelings at the expense of the great mass of the people. But had they done this, they would have ceased to be Whigs, in refusing obedience to Whig principle. In consequence, but few leading members of our party were found in the extreme ranks upon that occasion, while the opposition leaders were at the front of every movement openly hostile or dangerous to the Union. In every section, the latter were the first to take advantage of the excitement, and to build up for themselves a sectional and personal importance, at the hazard of the great interests of their country.

South Carolina came forth from opposition. Calhoun and Rhett resolved to destroy the Union, or administer it upon narrow expedience and sectional policy; and the opposition party of the whole South, though with many noble exceptions, ranged itself under their banner. In the West, their great leader,

Benton, was the prominent champion of a desperate and unreflecting free-soil movement; while in New-York, from the very focus of the opposition cause, came forth the two Van Burens, to afford a double instance of how readily misnamed Democracy runs into dangerous fanaticism. Then again, we have ex-Vice-President Dallas, and ex-Secretary Paulding, lending the aid of their personal influence and equally potent argument to the side of Southern nullification, and at a late hour giving a feeble blow to the peace and safety of the Union.

These movements of the opposition under the influence of sudden excitement are very suggestive. They are the necessary result of a want of unity in principle, or rather, in fact, of the absence of any principle in the government of their actions as a political party. While the leading Whigs, looking only to the good of the whole people, take their places calmly and of necessity on the side of the Union, we see the opposition everywhere misled by its ancient guides into the wildest excesses of sectional and party feeling. Now, on what one principle of policy can these men have acted, to have rushed so far away from each other, and from the limits of their party organization? We ask for some rational explanation of this phenomenon consistent with their patriotism and their common sense? For we profess ourselves full of regret to see men of great intellect, of long experience, of—as we have ever believed—sincere, though ill-directed honesty, thus animated by a violent hostility, not only to each other, but even to the Constitution and the prosperity of their nation. We see them abandon their party unity with regret and alarm, because we believe even a false Democracy to be less hurtful to the country than the policy of Benton or the disunion movement of Calhoun. And we seek to know if that opposition may not have some guiding principle which its leaders have forgotten, but which will serve to recall them from their wanderings to their less dangerous hostility to internal improvements and home industry.

We ask leading Democrats to point out to us this principle; otherwise we must consider this so-called Democracy to be but a hot-bed for the wildest fanaticism; or why should it produce nullification at the South, a Buffalo platform in the Centre, a free-soil Benton in the West?

And yet, tossed about as they have ever been by sectional and personal feelings, devoid of any great principle of action, the opposition leaders do not hesitate to claim for themselves the directing of the government of this great people. With all the marks of unfitness glowing upon them, they seek the highest offices, and assert their right to power! But we trust that our people have seen in their past conduct a proof that no party of expedients should be suffered to control the welfare of the nation. For what would have been the result of Democratic preponderance during the slavery agitation? Had Democratic Calhoun succeeded in his designs, where would have been the Union? Had Benton or Van Buren gained the control of affairs, where would have been our internal peace? Had such men triumphed, the American people would to-day have bowed their heads in shame, disunited and broken. Disunion with all its evils would be upon us, and the chief evils of disunion would fall upon our laboring classes. The masses would to-day have languished for want of employment; the great commercial ports would have wanted their usual activity; we should have been a declining instead of a prosperous people, self-abandoned and self-destroyed. The spirit of liberty would have fled from our shores in the sight of despotic Europe, because we were incapable of affording her a shelter from ourselves.

But no; so long as we possess a Whig administration and Whig leaders, the presence of liberty is assured, because liberty loves to build upon principle, and to dwell beneath the shelter of principle; and the very principle of liberty itself is the elevation of the people to an equality with each other; and this is the guiding principle of the Whigs.

We should be glad, had we space, to pause for a moment, to compare the conduct of the great Whig statesmen with that of the opposition leaders, in that moment of great agitation, when the people first began to move in sectional masses all over the land, and when the storm first broke in all its fury against the defenses of the Constitution. We look back with pride upon the firm conduct of our two greatest statesmen, Clay and Webster, and with something of sympathy upon the fate of the opposition leaders, who suddenly and without a guiding principle were borne off by the first blast into violent extremes, and who now lie, wrecked in po-

pularity and in hope, upon an ignoble strand. In that dangerous hour, we watched the movements of the two parties with something of scientific curiosity. We knew the want of unity existing in the formation of the opposition party, and we had full confidence in the firmness of our own. The result was what we had looked for. The fate of the opposition leaders was what we had feared, but we turned with hope to our own leaders, and found our hopes fulfilled. We saw the venerable Clay prepare himself from the first to meet the popular agitation, and to assert the claims of the whole nation in opposition to the calls of sectional prejudices, or of personal interest; and we felt alarmed for a moment, lest that grand and good man might struggle in vain, and the great principle of which he was the exponent be lost in the triumph of sectional passions. But when we saw another great Whig, equally dear to his party, Daniel Webster, lend his powerful aid to his elder brother in the cause of union, we felt reassured. We watched these eminent men in their first appeal to the nation against sectionalism, and we watched them to their final triumph. But this triumph they obtained solely through the aid of a Whig administration. Taylor and Fillmore were from the first devoted Unionists, simply because they were Whigs; and we feel rejoiced that they, as Whigs, have had so noble an opportunity of displaying their devotion to principle, and of deserving the name of saviours to their country.

But we have not time to dwell as we should delight to do upon those memorable scenes and actors. We should have been glad to have recalled the patriotic efforts of many of the opposition in the same cause, of Foote and Cass, of Cobb, and many others, eminent Unionists, and who have deserved the gratitude of their country. But we must pass on.

The Whig party, after the passage of the compromise measures, had a still harder task to perform,—they were to execute them. We believe that this part of their duty has been faithfully and fully performed. The full provisions of every article have been carried out to the very letter of the law. In Massachusetts, where slavery is hated with in-born hatred, and where every man in the community is opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law, except as a means of preserving the Union,

the firmness of the Whig administration has made the execution of that law as perfect as that of the mere technicalities of the statute-book. The slave no longer flies to Massachusetts, because he finds that the sympathy of the people cannot save him from the constitutional claim of his master. But the administration have done this at the loss of the State to their party. The opposition, taking advantage of the disaffection of a few Whigs and the outcries of the Abolitionists, have joined with the latter, and formed a coalition which has driven the Whigs from office and power. Had the Whigs chosen to unite with the Abolitionists, or to abandon their Union principles, they might have retained their power, and avoided the shame of defeat. But they preferred to lose the State where they had so long ruled undisputed, rather than abandon the administration, and join in the abuse of its enemies.

The opposition success in Massachusetts, however, is a further proof of what we think requires none—that that party is governed solely by its interests or its prejudices. For the sake of a few lucrative offices and a transient rule, it did not hesitate to rush into the violent policy of the free-soilers, to aid in sending two free-soilers to the Senate, and to oppose as far as was in its power the patriotic efforts of the friends of the Union.

On the other hand, we have never regretted the defeat of the Massachusetts Whigs, because we believe that such a sacrifice as they have made to a sound principle cannot be without a good result. They triumphed in their defeat, and have shown to the country their devotion to its interest rather than to that of their section. The Whigs have sustained the Union with the loss of their all. The opposition have arrayed themselves against the Union with great gain and self-gratulation. We trust that the people of the Union will not overlook this striking exhibition of the true nature of each party, but will carefully study the meaning of this ready coalition between the opposition and the abolitionists.

The administration have been equally efficient in enforcing the law in every State where its protection has been claimed, and have every where done this with loss of popularity and influence. In every instance save one, the slave, when identified, has been sent back to his owner; and we have never heard a charge brought from any source

against the administration of neglecting this unpleasant duty; but we have heard much violent abuse thrown upon them for the strictness with which they have executed the law.

On this subject we may say, that we believe they have acted in opposition to their own feelings, interests, and early prepossessions, and have been enabled to do so only by taking a wide and liberal view of the slavery question. They have been sustained by a firm confidence in the justice of the great principle of their party, and a consciousness that the fate of the people would be decided by their conduct. Had they yielded to sectional impulses, or had they done their part negligently and ungraciously, they could not now stand up before the nation and assert that they have meted out justice to all sections and interests. But this they can now do, because they are conscious of having sacrificed every thing to principle. The conduct of the administration in executing the compromise act deserves particular admiration, and we are glad to find that the different sections of the country are beginning to appreciate the impartiality of the President and his Cabinet. We have heard many intelligent Southerners, who at first doubted their intentions, express themselves convinced of the perfect integrity of the administration; and we have met violent free-soilers who have at last confessed that they were firm in their principles. This is the reward of consistency, and one which time will constantly increase.

The Fugitive Slave Law has in it many features upon which no man can look with satisfaction. But when a necessity is upon us, the wise man submits without complaint. Could any power remove the cause of this law with safety to the Union, we should be the first to blot it from the statute-book; but so long as a great need of it exists, recognized by the Constitution, we are willing to do all for our Southern neighbors that we should wish them to do, were we in their place. We submit to the slave law because the safety of the Union is involved in our submission, and because the Union is the source of the happiness of the nation. In obeying this law, then, we perform a high duty toward our own people, our fellow-men, and all future ages, and we feel cheered by this consciousness in the midst of much self-sacrifice. This law is also a pledge of

good feeling toward our brethren of the South, and they have recognized it as such, and rewarded the self-denial of its originators by supporting the administration in their late elections. As a pledge of goodwill, and as a need of the country, we cheerfully receive and sustain this constitutional law.

One other Whig measure remains, which will close the list; and this is popular education. We do not claim that this measure belongs exclusively to the Whigs, but we contend that they have been far more earnest and successful than their opponents in carrying it out. The Whig States throughout the Union are invariably better educated, and have a better system of common schools than those where the opposition are usually in power. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New-York, have admirable systems of instruction, while Virginia, Pennsylvania, and every Democratic State, leaves large masses of its people wholly uneducated. We should not have alluded to this subject as a party question, had not a devotion to the interests of the people been the constant boast of the opposition. Yet here is an instance of unpardonable neglect by that party of one of the chief wants of the people. Why have they suffered States over which they have so long possessed a control, to remain so far behind their fellows in the education of the masses? Is this indifference, or is it design? Do they dread a thinking constituency?

The Whigs look upon education as the firmest support of their party, because without it no popular advancement can take place. The masses of the people must be taught to think for themselves before they can help themselves; and they can never form a just conception of politicians and politics until they have learned to think. The Whigs desire to elevate the people to a perfect equality of education, as well as of comfort and station.

There are several other Whig measures, all growing out of this one principle, which we could dwell upon, but we believe we have said enough to bring out clearly the great fact which we have in view, and have enabled our readers to form a definite idea of what the policy of our party has ever been, and ever will be.

We have seen that the Whigs consider the general government an instrument

placed in the hands of the people, for the purpose of securing their own elevation; that they believe that the people are entitled to demand from the general government its aid in advancing the great popular interests, commerce, manufactures, agriculture. This aid is to be rendered by the adoption of certain measures, which have been proved by experience to be fully capable of attaining the desired end.

The Whigs, therefore, demand that the national legislature shall advance commerce and internal trade, by a liberal appropriation for the improvement of our rivers and harbors. They ask, in the name of the people, a just protection for home industry, because they see clearly that this measure will give employment to the masses, by consuming the grain of the West, the cotton of the South, and the surplus labor of all parts of the country. They require that the peace of the country be preserved, because the burden of war must fall heavily upon the masses. They demand a Union policy, because the welfare of every class depends upon union. They advocate a sound currency, and a just system of credit, because these are the foundations of national progress; and, lastly, they are zealous friends of popular education, because they feel that an enlightened people will, necessarily, elevate itself to an equality of physical comfort and refinement.

A general election is drawing near, when parties will be arrayed against each other, and their measures discussed and decided. This election will be one of the most important ever held among us. It may decide for ever the destiny of our people, and will certainly affect their greatest interests. The Union is just reposing after violent internal agitation; the fires yet glow beneath the ashes that may burst forth into a fatal conflagration. The country is still weighed down by the imperfect protection afforded to its industry; and the farmer has discovered too late that the markets of Europe are too far off, and too uncertain to take off his surplus crops. A dangerous crisis, too, seems to be approaching in the affairs of Europe, in which a false and hasty policy will destroy a great portion of our commerce, and blast the hopes of the farmer.

To which party will the people commit their interests, in a moment so full of importance?

Will they commit the safety of the country to the opposition, a party which has ever been governed by sectional impulses or personal interest, and whose principle, if they have one, is to reduce all classes to a wretched equality of poverty and degradation? Will they commit the care of the Union to a party which has leagued with the disunionists of the North, the South, and the West; which has sustained Calhoun in South Carolina, Van Buren in New-York, Abolition in Massachusetts, and Benton in Missouri? Is this a party which can save the Union?

Will the people endanger their greatest interests by placing in power the opposition war party, at a moment when the danger of war is imminent, and can only be avoided by prudent and dignified self-restraint? Will they confide in a party which has ever showed itself eager to rush into hostilities, without reflection, and without a thought of the injury they would inflict upon the laboring masses? Will peaceful laboring men, whose employment depends upon the continuance of peace, sustain by their votes a war party?

Will the people place in power men whose

policy has already deprived the farmer of a market for his produce, and destroyed the hopes of the manufacturer; and who promise, if elected, a still bolder assault upon all that gives employment and support to the masses? We are sure they will not.

The opposition party is simply a destructive party. It would destroy credit. It would lower wages. It would disturb the Union. It would excite war. It would depress the condition of the masses, and would reduce them to want and idleness. And all this it would do, simply because it has no guiding principle, but is for ever carried away by local or personal impulses.

But the Whig party seeks to elevate, instead of depressing the whole people—the true principle of liberty. It would elevate the people to an equality of physical and intellectual advancement; and all its measures, as we have seen, tend directly to this end. We commend its principle and its measures to the careful attention of all who live by labor, and who are consequently dependent for their prosperity upon a strict adherence on the part of government to the great Whig principle of popular elevation.

THE ONLY GREAT REPUBLICAN NATION.

"If we are destined to stand the only great republican nation, so we shall still stand."

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. RIVES, MINISTER TO FRANCE.

With anxious eye and hoping heart we've stood
Watching for light upon your struggling way,
Ye elder nations, who have heard the sound
That liberty is possible to man.
The fitful gleams we saw are over now;
Your people seem unworthy of the boon;
They turn them to their idols yet again,
And we are still alone the Nation Free—
The great Republic, waiting for its peers!
Well, be it so—*so we shall stand—still stand,*
A mighty people, with no king but God!

N A P O L E O N .

[FROM THE FRENCH OF CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.]

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

[THE French poets—the chief among them—were no great eulogists of Napoleon. Lamartine has always expressed of him nearly the sentiments of his late book on the “Restorations.” Victor Hugo, at first, moralized his song unfavorably to the Emperor. He afterwards, to be sure, turned round and did homage to his greatness; but he has undoubtedly turned back again to his former opinions, if we may judge by his late hearty denunciations of Bonapartist ambition in Louis Napoleon. Béranger, though he loved to dwell on the heroism of Napoleon, for the purpose of affronting the imbecility of the Bourbons, could slyly satirize the Conqueror, in “*Le Roi d’Yvetot*,” and other lyrics. Delavigne points the moral of Napoleon’s fate in the following, in which, if Louis, his nephew, were capable of learning any thing, he might learn a warning against the mistake of despising or insulting humanity too confidently.]

“De Lumière et d’obscurité,
De néant et de gloire, étonnant assemblage, &c.”

MIGHTY commingling of all gloom and light,
Of Glory and of Nothingness!
Star, fatal to the Despots, and no less
To Liberty, and lifted to the height
Of thy imperial climax by the stress
Of a strong storm, and by a storm struck down!—
O thou who ne’er hast known, in all
The sanguinary march of thy renown,
A peer in thy wide triumphs and thy fall!

A mortal god, the Alpine mountains bent
To thy loud way their lofty crests,
And, with a strange consent,
The elements seemed bound to thy behests;
Scattering the clouds and tempests of the night,
The sun announced thee in the firmament,
And crowned thy festivals with light.
Europe admired thee with a gaze of fear;
Thy voice, thy very eye-glance sent
A shock throughout the nations, far and near.

That voice evoked from the chaotic tomb
The buried laws;* thy image, as in scorn,
Trampled the spoils of monarchs, and, upborne
Upon the bronze of hostile thunders dumb,†
Talked to the clouds of thy redoubted deeds;
All renovated creeds,

* In the Code Napoleon.

† The column in the Place Vendôme, on which Napoleon is represented standing in his military coat and cocked hat. This column is built of the cannon taken from the enemy in his campaigns.

Surprised to find they could in aught agree,
 At rival altars, where the breath
 Of incense mounted in one common faith,
 Sent up their mingled orisons for thee!

For thee, Mount Tabor's conqueror,
 Italia's vanquisher in war!
 O, why could they not add for thee—
 God save the virtuous ruler of the free!

Rights, oaths, and justice—stood thy stern defiance
 Against all these? Did history but in vain
 Recall the memory of an old alliance?
 Oh, she is still our sister, noble Spain,
 As once of yore, in peril and renown!
 Her wouldst thou bend into thy chains; but yet,
 Wanting the daring which would snatch her crown,
 To grace the double crown that thou hadst won,
 Thy vain, high-reaching pride would set
 A shadow of thyself upon her throne!

The hope was vain. Stood priests and belted chiefs
 Roused each the other up, and proudly woke
 To loftier glow the popular beliefs,
 And fired a nation's spirit as they spoke.*
 Lo! signs and wonders in the land
 Arose, precursors of its coming griefs;
 The belfry, shaken by a viewless hand,
 Rung out its deep alarms;
 The mailed Campeadors of elder years
 Stirred in their antique arms;
 Their hard, cold eyes, were strangely wet with tears;
 Blood on the crucifix was seen to flush
 The marble's side, with an appalling gush;
 Ghosts wandered up and down amidst the glooms,
 And War, War, War! came from the mouldy hush
 Of the old cloistered tombs!

One night,† 'twas at the hour
 When visions of the darkness overawe
 The sleeper's soul, and, with a voice of power,
 Their silent, solemn warnings are conveyed;
 When, face to face, the second Brutus saw

* The people of Spain rose against the garrisons and armies of Napoleon, who had imprisoned both Charles, King of Spain, and his son Ferdinand, and placed his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, on the throne of the kingdom. The efforts of the Spaniards were brave and desperate, and would have been glorious, if made for liberty, instead of the cause of the degraded Borbonea.

† Delavigne has made effective use of that weird prophecy for which he had so many precedents, from the Witch of Endor and Belshazzar's Banquet downwards. Before the evil genius of Brutus gave him his rendezvous at Philippi, Sulla the Manslayer, as he himself records, saw, the night before his death, the apparitions of his wife and children, to whom he had been tenderly attached, and who then told him he would soon be with them, and happy. A spectre crossed the Roman Emperor Julian on the Tigris, and foretold his fall in battle against Sapor and his Persians. Horace's Prophecy of Nereus seems to have been imitated by Camoëns in the *Luciad*, (where Admator, the Spirit of the Cape of Storms, confronts and endeavors to repulse Vasco di Gama;) by Shakspeare, in *Macbeth* and *Richard the Third*; by Campbell, in *Lochiel's Warning*, and by others.

His Evil Genius stand, arrayed
 In all the deepened horrors of the shade ;
 When Richard viewed in his wild dream, aghast,
 The avenging manes of his house approach,
 Amidst the standards, to his tortured couch,
 Curse him, and cry : This night shall be thy last !

Napoleon watched, in silence and alone,
 With stooping head above the map whereon
 His failing glance was bent—
 Three warriors, sisters three, stood sudden in his tent !

Poor, and without an ornament, but fair
 In her high deeds, the First,* with haughty glance,
 Looked like a Roman virgin, with the trace
 Of bronzing climates mantling on her face,
 And a fresh wreath of oak-leaves in her hair ;
 She leant upon a banner-staff of France,
 One deathless day recalling, while on high
 Three hues ran through its folds, with dust besprent,
 Blackened by battle's thunders, pierced and rent,
 But pierced and rent by Victory !

I knew thee, a soldier ; now I hail thy crown !
 Tabor is of thy festivals, yet she
 Stands in the roll of honor after me ;
 I am her elder sister in renown !

I led thee to the loftiest rank of fame,
 Thy guide and guardian ; once my spirit spoke
 The high heroic words which roused the flame
 Of baffled courage in thy wavering warriors,
 When death, beholding thee so great,
 Rendered an awe-struck homage to thy fate,
 Beneath the thunder and the smoke
 That wrapt thy charge against Arcola's barriers !

A sceptre to my flag thou couldst prefer—
 Vainly, thy star sinks darkling from the sky ;
 Strength, with no guiding rein, must ever err.
 Farewell, thy fortune fails, thy glory is gone by !

The Second† with the desert palm-trees blent
 The trophied spoils at Alexandria won ;
 The fiery spirit of the sun
 Shone in her eyes, heroically bent.
 By Conquest armed, and ruddy with the dyes
 Of Moslem gore,
 Her hand the falchion of the Cæsars bore,
 And the old Compass of the Ptolemies !

* The Genius of the Republic, and of the Italian campaign which ended so triumphantly with the treaty of Campo Formio.

† The Genius of the Directory and the campaign in Egypt.

I saw thee banished ; now I hail thy crown ;
 Marengo is among thy feasts, yet she
 Stands in the roll of honor after me ;
 I am her elder sister in renown !

I owe that grand celebrity to thee,
 Won in the shadows of the Pyramids,
 What time the astonished Nile looked out to see
 The scattered turbans of the Osmanlie
 Sink to the earth before thy rapid steeds,
 The Arts, beneath the ægis of thy deeds ;
 And placed their honored sons, while they*
 Interrogated still the ruins gray
 Of wondrous Thebes or Memphis in their march :
 And if thou went'st astray,—
 Like the bright eagle whose ambitions flight
 Errs in the blue and boundless arch,—
 'Twas in the search of light !

Yet wouldst thou quench that light ! in vain, in vain ;
 Thy star eclipsed sinks downward from the sky ;
 Strength is still nerveless when without a rein.
 Farewell ; thy fortune fails, thy glory is gone by !

The Last†—oh pity !—iron fetters hung
 On her fair arms ; her melancholy glance
 Was fixed on earth, where many a bloody spot,
 Left by her footsteps, marked her slow advance ;
 Tottering she came, and breathed, with hopeless tongue,
"Dies, but surrenders not."†
 Ah ! not for her the spoil and the array
 Of captive standards borne in drooping pomp,
 Where Victory blows to Heaven her echoing trump ;
 Grand marching o'er the loud, triumphal way—
 But, sacred to the dead,
 The sombre cypress branches lay,
 Graceful as laurels, wreathed around her head !

Thou knowest me not, but, as a king no more,
 Tremble, and hear ; no other day shall be
 Found in thy roll of honor after me—
 I've had no elder sister heretofore !

* The learned men who accompanied Napoleon's march achieved archæological victories to which his own were worthless and evanescent. They elucidated the antiquities of the East and Egypt in an admirable manner, and their works were published by the French nation for the benefit of the world. These antiquaries were sources of amusement as well as information. They always moved with the baggage, and whenever the Arabs made their attacks, the philosophers and the asses were hurried together into the hollow squares, for safety. Hence a funny classification, very disparaging to these enlightened men. The asses were known by the appellation of *savans*, too, throughout the army.

† The Genius of the Hundred Days, and the fatal Belgian campaign.

‡ It was said that, when the Old Guard were summoned to surrender, at Waterloo, after Napoleon's bridle-rein was turned, General Cambronne, their commander, replied : "The Guard dies, but does not surrender !" It is distressing to the poetry of one's nature to say that Cambronne and his men did not die, and did surrender.

Disastrous day of prowess and distress !
 I will release the kings thou didst enslave ;
 I will transfer the galling chains that press
 Upon them, to the millions who shall brave
 The brunt of many battles in their claim.
 Ages shall doubt, in pondering o'er the story
 Of the bold veteran sharers in thy fame,
 Whether those living wrecks of all
 Thy countless contests under every sky
 Have won more deathless glory,
 In thirty years of pauseless victory,
 Or in one day of their devoted fall.

Thy sceptre will I break, and from its sphere
 Drive out thy blood-red star, that shone so high.
 All strength without a rein must ever err :
 Farewell, thy fortune fails, thy glory is gone by !

All three had vanished ; and the warrior still,
 Buried in listening wonder, seemed to hear ;
 A shadowy presentiment of ill,
 Left by the words, was darkening o'er his soul ;
 But when upon his ear
 Came the *reveillé* and the war-drum's roll,
 Faded the warning image of that dream,
 As nightly shadows pass before the morning's beam !

He flew to trample, with a ruthless force,
 The sons of old Pelayo's warlike race ;*
 Then, borne anew by that swift car,
 Whose wheels, amidst the nations, trace
 The deadly tracks of thraldom and of war,
 He passed his empire, with returning course,
 As at a single bound ; and, fiery fleet,
 His foaming chargers, that had lately drooped
 Beneath the sultry South, already stooped
 Where Berezina's wave rushed icy past their feet ! †

He slumbered, with a trust serenely strong,
 On his star's fortune and his sword's ;
 Deceived by servile Flattery's words,
 And the remorseless counsellors of wrong :
 Even in his fall, his beckoning visions spoke
 Of universal empire——In the air
 Burst the loud thunderbolt, and then he woke !—
 But where ?

Lone on a lonely rock, whence, potent yet,
 The remnant of his restless years
 Enchained the troubled monarchs in their fears ;

* The people of Spain.

† Alluding to the advance of the great French army towards Moscow, in 1812.

In every thought, in every clime,
Still present from his exile's depth, and, great
As his reverses, with a port sublime,
Erect upon the ruins of his fate !*

Victory widowed, Europe empty all,
From shock to shock, from fatal fall to fall,
He came to die upon a barren shore ;
The great sea round his tomb rolls murmurous evermore ! †

An isle receives him, crownless, lifeless—one
For whom a mighty empire was too narrow ;
The grave, to which his kingly hopes are gone,
With him enshrouds a dynasty undone.
The homeward fisherman, at set of sun,
Rests him awhile upon the hero's barrow ;
Then, raising up his heavy nets, he goes
Slowly away, treads o'er his last repose,
And ponders on—the business of to-morrow !

* This fine expression is a plagiarism from Seneca's *Nihilomenus inter ruinas publicas erectus*.

† The French can now say, with Sganarille, in *Le Medecin Malgre Lui* : "*Nous avons changé tout cela*." In 1840, the astute Louis Philippe had the body of Napoleon brought from St. Helena and deposited in the splendid mausoleum of the Madeleine. The French are not a poetical people, after all. They should have left the old soldier, "with his martial cloak around him,"

"To sleep in the vale, by the brook and the willow."

In that place, the drama of his life had its most impressive close and tragic beauty. The moral of his career loses half its eloquence and half its poetry by that transference of his remains. The gray and grand old ocean was a more dignified keeper of them than the city of Paris. These Frenchmen really seem to spoil every thing they try to mend. Neither Republicanism nor the Romance of History has any chance of thriving in their hands. For political reasons, also, Napoleon's ashes should not have been brought into France, to repose among the people he had so loved and so affectionately decimated in his lifetime. These relics of his certainly drew Louis Napoleon after them ; and now

"They form, like Guesclin's dust, a talisman"

against the efforts of the French republicans to get rid of him. That people, however, will soon say, as they said in the Hundred Days, "*Assez de ce Bonaparte*."

N A R R A T I V E
OF THE
LIFE OF GENERAL LESLIE COMBS,
OF KENTUCKY,

EMBRACING INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE defeat at Raisin, and the discharge of the remainder of the Kentucky troops, made the situation of General Harrison, and the whole north-western frontier, extremely critical. Of our old forts there remained in our possession Forts Wayne and Harrison. Fort Winchester had been erected on the site of old Fort Defiance, and General Harrison had built Fort Meigs at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, on the south side of the river. The latter was the only place at all prepared for an attack by heavy artillery; and it was to be expected that as soon as the ice on the lake and river broke up in the spring, the British, having command on the waters and entire possession of Michigan Territory, would assail that position. It was of the first importance, therefore, to have General Harrison reënforced as soon as possible, for the fall of Fort Meigs would expose the whole north-western frontier to fire and desolation. For this purpose, General Green Clay marched from Kentucky, early in April, with two regiments of volunteers, taking the same route which General Winchester had done. Having made the necessary preparations, Combs started himself soon afterwards to rejoin General Harrison at Fort Meigs, as he had promised to do, and overtook General Clay at Dayton. Totally unprovided as that general was with maps of the vast wilderness into which he was about to plunge, the practical information which young Combs had obtained on the previous campaign, as to the geography of the country, its watercourses, newly cut roads, Indian villages, &c., &c., was deemed of much importance; and before the expedition reached Piqua, he tendered

young Combs the appointment of *Captain of Spies*, with the privilege of selecting his company from Colonel Dudley's regiment. He had not expected a position so high or responsible, and felt much diffidence of his ability to discharge its dangerous duties.

The next day, another company was organized in Colonel Boswell's regiment, commanded by an old Indian fighter under Wayne, named Kilbreath; and by way of distinction afterwards, our young volunteer was called the *boy captain*. Their pay was thirty dollars per month extra; and he had no difficulty, therefore, in filling his company with active, gallant riflemen, but one or two of whom, however, had seen service.

When they reached St. Mary's Blockhouse, General Clay divided his brigade, sending Colonel Dudley's regiment across to the Auglaise river, and descending the St. Mary's himself, with Colonel Boswell's, intending to unite them again at old Fort Defiance. Captain Combs was attached to the former; and on their march down the Auglaise, an express reached them from Fort Meigs, with the intelligence that General Harrison was in daily expectation of an attack, and urging them to proceed with all possible dispatch. Colonel Dudley immediately summoned a council of officers to meet at his quarters, where it was unanimously resolved that General Harrison ought to be apprised of their approach, and his orders, as to the time and manner, received. How this was to be accomplished was then the question. It was fifty miles from Fort Defiance, where they expected to meet General Clay,

to Fort Meigs; and it was deemed extremely hazardous for any one to attempt to open a communication between the two points, especially as no one present, except Captain Combs, knew the exact position of Fort Meigs, or had any knowledge of the intervening country. He had remained silent during the consultation, but now all eyes were turned upon him, and he felt bound to speak. "Colonel Dudley," said he, "General Clay has thought proper to intrust me with an important command, attached to your regiment. When we reach Fort Defiance, if you will furnish me with a good canoe, I will carry your dispatches to General Harrison, and return with his orders. I shall only require four or five volunteers from my own company, and one of my Indian guides to accompany me." As may be supposed, his offer was joyfully accepted, and the Colonel specially complimented him for his voluntary proposition, as he said he should have had great reluctance in ordering any officer upon such an expedition.

The troops encamped at Fort Defiance on the afternoon of the first of May. General Clay, meanwhile, had not arrived. Captain Combs immediately prepared for his perilous trip. The two Walkers, Paxton, and Johnson, were to accompany him, as well as the young Shawanee warrior, *Black Fish*. As they pushed off from shore at the mouth of the Auglaise, the bank was covered with their anxious fellow-soldiers; and Major Shelby remarked, looking at his watch, "Remember, Captain Combs, if we never meet again, it is exactly six o'clock when we part;" and he has since told Mr. Combs that he never expected to see him again alive.

Captain Combs would have started some hours earlier, could his frail craft have been gotten ready; for he knew it would require hard work, even with the aid of a strong current, to reach Fort Meigs before daylight the next morning. Placing his Shawanee in the stern, with a steering-oar, and two men at the side-oars, alternately relieving each other, the Captain took his position in the bow, to take care of their rifles and direct the course to be pursued; keeping as nearly as possible in the centre of the stream, for fear of Indians on either side. By dark they had come within distinct hearing of the distant roar of heavy artillery in their front, and knew that General Harrison's apprehensions

of an early assault upon his enfeebled position were verified. These sounds were new to their ears, and highly exciting. It was late in the night when they struck the head of the rapids, and it seemed every moment as if their light canoe would be dashed in pieces. By lying flat on his face, the Captain could form some idea of the course of the deep channel, amid the war of waters which nearly deafened them, by seeing the foaming breakers glistening in the starlight. When they approached *Roche débout*, where they were informed there was a considerable perpendicular fall in low water, they were forced to land and haul their bark along the margin of the southern bank till they had passed the main obstruction; and daylight dawned upon them before they were again afloat. They were still some seven or eight miles above the fort, and well knew that the surrounding forests were alive with hostile savages.

When the frightful appearance of the swollen river first presented itself to the view of our voyagers, one of the men urged Captain Combs to land, and endeavor thus to get to the fort; but this plan was not to be thought of. Three other alternatives remained to him: to return and report the reason of his failure to go any farther; to remain where he was during the day, and make an attempt to enter the fort the next night; or to *proceed at once*. The first plan would have been most prudent; and if he had been an old and experienced officer, of established reputation for courage, perhaps it ought to have been adopted; but he was, as he has since expressed himself, a mere boy, with but little military experience, intrusted with a most important duty at his own instance; and his aged mother's last injunction was fresh in his heart, as well as in his recollection; *he could not retreat*. If he should determine to remain where he was during the day, they would most probably be discovered and tomahawked before night. *He therefore resolved instantly to go ahead*, desperate as the chances seemed against him, and risk all consequences. Not one of his brave companions demurred to his determination, although he told them they would certainly be compelled to earn their breakfasts before they would have the honor of taking coffee with General Harrison.

No one can well conceive his deep anxiety and intense excitement as he was ap-

proaching the last bend in the river which shut the fort from their view. He knew not but that, after all his risks, he might only arrive in time to see the example of Hull imitated, and the white flag of surrender and disgrace hung out from the walls; but, instead of that, as they swept rapidly round the point, the first object that met their sight was the British batteries belching forth their iron hail across the river, and the bomb-shells flying in the air; and the next moment they saw the glorious stars and stripes gallantly floating in the breeze. "Oh, it was a grand scene," writes Captain Combs. "We could not suppress a shout; and one of my men, Paxton, has since declared to me, that he then felt as if it would take about a peck of bullets to kill him!" Captain Combs had prepared every thing for action, by handing to each man his rifle freshly loaded, and, in the mean time, keeping near the middle of the river, which was several hundred yards wide, not knowing from which side they would be first attacked.

He hoped that General Harrison might now and then be taking a look with his spy-glass up the river, expecting General Clay, and would see them and send out an escort to bring them in. He did not know that that general was beleaguered on all sides, and hotly pressed at every point. At first they saw only a solitary Indian in the edge of the woods, on the American side, running down the river so as to get in hail of them; and they took him for a friendly Shawanee, of whom they knew General Harrison had several in his service as guides and spies. His steersman himself was for a moment deceived, and exclaimed, in his deep guttural voice, "Shawanee," at the same time turning the bow of the canoe towards him. A moment afterwards, however, when he raised the war-whoop, and they saw the woods full of red devils, running with all their speed to a point on the river below them, so as to cut them off from the fort, or drive them into the mouths of the British cannon, Captain Combs' young warrior exclaimed, "*Pottawatamie, God damn!*" and instantly turned the boat toward the opposite shore. The race between the little water party and the Indians was not long doubtful. The latter had the advantage in distance, and reached the point before the former. Combs still hoped to pass them with little injury, owing to the width of the river and the rapidity

of the current, and therefore ordered his men to receive their fire, without returning it, as he feared an attack also from the near shore, which would require all their means of resistance to repel. If successful, he should still have time and space enough to recross the river before he got within range of the British batteries, and save his little band from certain destruction. The first gun fired, however, satisfied him of his error, as the ball whistled over the canoe without injury, followed by a volley, which prostrated Johnson, mortally wounded, and also disabled Paxton; not, however, before they had all fired at the crowd, and saw several tumbling to the ground. Captain Combs was thus, as a last hope, forced to run his craft ashore, and attempt to make good his way to Fort Meigs on the north side of the river. To some extent they succeeded. The two Walkers soon left the party, by the Captain's order, to save themselves; the Indian nobly remained with Paxton, and helped him along for six or seven miles, until he was so exhausted with the loss of blood as to be unable to travel farther. Captain Combs was less fortunate with poor Johnson, who, with all his aid, could barely drag himself half a mile from their place of landing, and both he and Paxton were very soon captured and taken to General Proctor's head-quarters. They even reported, as was afterwards learned, that they had killed the Captain, and showed as evidence of the fact his cloth coat, which he had thrown off, putting on in its stead an old hunting-shirt, after he left Johnson, so as to disencumber himself of all surplus weight. His woodcraft, learned in the previous campaign, now did him good service, as it enabled him to elude his pursuers; and after two days and nights of starvation and suffering, he again met Major Shelby and his other friends, at the mouth of the Auglaise, on the fourth of May, in the morning, after all hope of his return had been given up. The two Walkers were a day ahead of him, and his brave young Indian succeeded in making his way to his native village.

The historian *McAfee*, page 264, in speaking of another expedition of a somewhat similar character, subsequently undertaken by Major Trimble, at the instance of General Clay, thus alludes to the above:—

"To penetrate to the camp [Fort Meigs] thus exposed in an open boat, was deemed extremely

hazardous. Such an attempt had already been made by Captain Leslie Combs, who was sent down in a canoe with five or six men by Colonel Dudley, on his arrival at Defiance. The Captain had reached within a mile of the fort, when he was attacked by the Indians and compelled to retreat, after bravely contending with superior numbers till he had lost nearly all his men."

Captain Combs' mouth and throat were excoriated by eating bitter hickory buds, and nothing else, for the last forty-eight hours. His feet were dreadfully lacerated by travelling in moccasins through burnt prairies, and his body and limbs were all over sore and chafed by constant exercise in wet clothes, as he was compelled to swim several swollen creeks, and it was raining part of the time most violently. In this situation he was ordered to bed in one of the boats just preparing to descend the river with General Clay's brigade.

He could not for days afterwards eat any solid food, and yet early next morning he found they were making a landing, just above the scene of his disaster four days before, and that the two companies of spies and the friendly Indian warriors were paraded on the beach, seemingly waiting for him to come, although the surgeon had told them he was unable to leave his pallet. Colonel Dudley's regiment was soon all landed and formed in three lines, preparatory to an early engagement with the enemy, and Captain Combs was informed that the spies were to constitute the vanguard. A battle—a real battle—was to be fought! delightful thought! The British batteries were to be stormed and destroyed, while General Harrison was assaulting the Indians and their allies on the opposite side of the river. At last he would have a chance to do something to make up for all his previous sufferings and misfortunes; and he forgot every bodily pain. In a few moments he was on his feet, dressed. He was received with a glad shout at the head of the vanguard, and commenced the march in front of the left flank, towards the enemy. Colonel Dudley himself led the attacking column, and captured the batteries from the rear, without the loss of a man. "The British flag was cut down, and the shouts of the American garrison announced their joy at this consummation of their wishes. General Harrison was standing on the grand battery next the river, and now called to the men and made signs to them to retreat to their boats, and

cross over, as he had previously ordered them, but all in vain."—*McAfee, page 270.*

Just before the batteries were taken, a body of Indians lying in ambush had fired upon Captain Combs' command, and shot down several of his men. He immediately formed in front of them, posting Captain Kilbreath on the left flank, while he himself occupied the right, and maintained his ground till reënforced by Colonel Dudley, who felt the necessity of bringing him off the ground, inasmuch as he had given him no orders to retreat, and had determined not to sacrifice him. Captain Kilbreath was killed at his post, and Captain Combs was slightly touched by a ball before he received any assistance. They soon after routed the enemy, and pursued them by successive charges of bayonet some two or three miles through the swamp. In the mean time the British had retaken their batteries, and driven off our left column, which had been left to guard them. The Indians, too, were largely reënforced, and were trying to surround the American detachment, or, at any rate, to cut them off from their boats. Under these circumstances, a retreat was ordered, with directions again to form at the batteries, it not then being known to the party that they had been retaken. As had been the case at Raisin, and will ever be repeated with raw troops, the retreat caused much disorder and confusion, and cost the Americans most dearly, for many of the wounded were now tomahawked and scalped; among them their brave, unfortunate commander, Colonel Dudley. Captain Combs' position threw him in the rear in this movement, and, although severely wounded in the shoulder by a ball, which remained lodged in his body, and bleeding profusely, he was enabled now and then to make a rally and drive back the painted devils, when they would be rushing up too closely upon his command. He had no idea that those in front of him had surrendered, until he found himself in the midst of the British regulars, and trampling on the thrown-away arms of the Kentucky troops. And here and thus his long-desired battle ended—a second river Raisin bloody massacre.*

* "The prisoners were taken down to the British head-quarters, put into Fort Miami, and the Indians permitted to garrison the surrounding rampart, and amuse themselves by loading and

The brilliant early history of an Alexander and a Napoleon, which had ever vividly floated in his mind in glorious visions as to his own unaided military career, were now exchanged for the agonizing reality of a prisoner of war; and yet he had not half reached the goal of torturing exposure which the afternoon of that dreadful day was to bring upon him.

The pen of the historian has long since given to the world some of the leading events to which we refer, and they have, perhaps, passed from the memory of the reader; but we do not recollect ever to have seen an authentic account published from any one of the unfortunate captives, and shall, therefore proceed to give in substance that of Captain Leslie Combs. General Proctor, who owed his elevation from a colonelcy to a previous victory, stained by the most revolting atrocities, and who witnessed, if not permitted those horrid atrocities committed on the present occasion by his Indian confederates, was afterwards dismissed from the British army for his disgraceful flight from General Harrison and *retributive justice*, at the battle of the Thames.

Immediately on the surrender of each successive squad or individual, as they arrived at the batteries, they were marched off in single file down the river towards the British head-quarters near old Fort Maumee, then in a very dilapidated condition, having been given up to us and abandoned shortly after Wayne's victory, some twenty years before that time. Very soon the Indian warriors, fresh from the conflict, (in some instances, boys and squaws,) commenced the operation of insulting and plundering the prisoners. A grim Indian on horseback, painted black and red in alternate rings around his eyes,

firing at the crowd, or at any particular individual. Those who preferred to inflict a still more cruel and savage death, selected their victims, led them to the gateway, and there, *under the eye of General Proctor, and in the presence of the whole British army, tomahawked and scalped them!* . . . As soon as Tecumseh beheld it, [the carnage,] he flourished his sword, and, in a loud voice, ordered them "for shame to desist. It is a disgrace to kill a defenseless prisoner." His orders were obeyed, to the great joy of the prisoners, who had, by this time, lost all hopes of being preserved. In this single act, Tecumseh displayed more humanity, magnanimity, and civilization, than Proctor, with all his British associates in command, displayed in the whole war on the north-western frontier."—*McAfee*, pp. 271-2.

rode up to Captain Combs and snatched his hat from his head. Soon afterwards, another rushed upon him, and, regardless of his pain, tore his coat from his back, tearing loose at the same time the bandages with which his brother had bound up his bleeding shoulder. Others robbed him of what little money he had in his pockets, not sparing even a small penknife and pocket-comb. In one instance, when he had nearly arrived at the old fort, and a "devilish-looking fellow" was handling him very roughly—the more so, perhaps, as his *honest* intentions upon the captive were unrewarded, in consequence of his having been previously cleaned out—a good-looking Canadian non-commissioned officer, as the Captain judged from his dress, interfered for his protection, and lost his life for his humanity. The Captain was hurried onwards, and suddenly observed, as he approached the fort, a number of painted warriors ranged on each side of the pass-way from the opening of a triangular ditch in front, some sixty feet or more to the old gateway of the main fortification; and on either side and among them were lying prostrate in the mud a number of human bodies, entirely naked, and in all the ghastliness of violent deaths produced by the war-club, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife. Never before had our captive seen such a horrid sight. A man would not be able to recognize his own father or brother after the scalp had thus been torn from his head, his whole countenance would be so distorted and unnatural. There was some poetry in the great excitement of mortal strife and skill in open battle, when all were armed with deadly weapons; but here the prisoners were nearly naked, with a chilling rain and fierce hail beating upon them for the last hour, and totally defenseless, in the midst of infuriated foes bent on their destruction. There was not the slightest poetic thought in our captive's head; all now was matter-of-fact—real prose. He felt very uncomfortable, and decidedly averse to proceeding any farther, and so notified an English soldier near him; but he replied that there was no alternative, and urged the prisoner forward. During this brief delay, the prisoner in his rear stepped before him, and in another moment the work of death was done upon him. He was shot down with a pistol in the hands of the first black fiend on the left side of the terrific gauntlet, and fell across the track, which was all the way slip-

perly with fresh-shed blood. Our Captain leaped over his body, and ran through into the fort *unhurt*, and found himself at once in the midst of several hundred of his fellow-sufferers, who had been equally fortunate. They were surrounded by a small British guard; but, thank Heaven! no more Indians were in sight. Whether it was our Captain's youthful appearance, his bloody shirt, or mere savage fancy that saved him, he did not know, nor stop to inquire. He again felt safe from cold-blooded massacre, whatever else might befall him. He was left to indulge this pleasant delusion for a few short minutes. Very soon, however, after the last prisoner had followed him in, by which time it seems the Indian hosts, who had driven them into the net of the British, had assembled around the prisoners' unsafe temporary habitation, they at once demanded that the latter should be given up to them; and being refused, they simultaneously broke in the old crumbling walls of the fort, and surrounded them on all sides, giving utterance at the same time to the dreaded war-whoop.

When the prisoners first entered the old fort, they were ordered to sit down, for fear the Indians would fire on them over the walls, which had crumbled down and were very low in some places. But as soon as the savages had burst in upon them, they all instantly rose to their feet, and an old friend near Captain Combs proposed that they should attempt to break through the enemy and get to the river. Captain Combs showed him his crippled shoulder by way of reply, and he afterwards told the Captain that he himself could not swim, but preferred drowning to death by the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and presumed the Captain would also.

The guard quieted their apprehensions for a short time, until a tall, raw-boned Indian, painted black, commenced shooting, tomahawking, and scalping the prisoners nearest to him, and could not be stopped until he had thus dispatched and mutilated *four*, whose reeking scalps were immediately seen ornamenting his waist-belt. One of these was a private in Combs' own company, who fell so near the Captain that his blood and brains sprinkled his clothes. The shrieks of these men in their dying agonies seemed for months afterwards to ring in his ears, and the crushing in of their skulls by the repeated blows of the war-club was most horrid.

At this time, too, the immense mass of

Indians around the prisoners again raised the war-whoop, and commenced throwing off the skin caps which protected the locks of their guns, preparatory for immediate use. The unfortunate captives then firmly believed their time had come; and they prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. There was a rush towards the centre, with a cry of terror, the guard calling as loudly as possible for General Proctor or Colonel Elliott to come in, or all the prisoners would be murdered. At this critical juncture, a noble-looking Indian, unpainted, dressed in a hunting-shirt or frock-coat and hat or cap, came striding briskly into the midst of the surrounding savages, and, taking his position on the highest point of the wall, made a brief but most emphatic address. Combs could not understand a word of what he said; but it seemed to receive the general assent of the Indians, as was indicated by their grunts and gestures, and he knew from his manner that he was on the side of mercy. The black devil only, who had just committed the four murders, growled and shook his head; but upon receiving a stern look and apparent positive command from the speaker, whirled on his heel and departed, much to the general joy of the prisoners, as it convinced them that the orator had power as well as eloquence. The next day Captain Combs asked of a British officer the name of the Indian who had thus interfered and saved them. He replied: "It was Tecumseh."*

"It was the first and last time," Mr. Combs afterwards writes, "I saw this great warrior. Since the days of King Philip, no single Indian had ever possessed so much power over his race; for, from the Capes of Florida to the Lake of the Woods, he had been able to produce one simultaneous uprising of the tribes against us, in the war with Great Britain. And yet I do not think, judging by his appearance, he could at that time have passed his fortieth year. When afterwards I heard of his untimely death at the battle of the Thames, while attempting to urge forward his forces, and regain the battle which Proctor's cowardly flight had lost, I could not repress a sigh of regret, a feeling in which I doubt not all of my companions on the bloody third of May participated."

"The prisoners," says McAfee, page 272,

* McAfee, pp. 271-2, as quoted in a former note.

"were kept in the same place [the old fort] till dark, during which time the wounded experienced the most excruciating torments. They were then taken into the British boats, and carried down the river to the brig Hunter and a schooner, where several hundreds of them were stowed away in the hold of the brig, and kept there for two days and nights," without, we are assured on the authority of Mr. Combs, either food or bedding of any kind for the wounded, or the slightest surgical attention.

Fortunately for himself, Captain Combs was on board the schooner, which was less crowded than the brig, and had the ball extracted from his shoulder by a British surgeon early the next morning; and, as soon as his name and rank were known, he was invited into the Captain's cabin, and treated with marked attention and politeness. It was there he learned that the party which had defeated him on his forlorn trip had borne back his uniform-coat in triumph, which was recognized by Paxton, and they asserted they had killed the wearer, showing some recent rents, which they averred were bullet-holes. Paxton himself, whom Captain Combs found on board, believed he was dead, as he last saw him with the coat on his back.

The prisoners were finally liberated on parole, and sent across the lake in open boats to the mouth of the Huron river, with a wilderness of some forty or fifty miles between them and the nearest settlement in Ohio, at Mansfield. Captain Combs had neither hat nor coat, and did not exchange his shirt, although covered with mud and blood, till he reached the town of Lancaster. There they were all decently clad, and most kindly entertained by the citizens.

Late in May, he again reached his father's humble farm in Clarke county, and soon afterwards was sent to McAllister's school, near Bardstown, to improve his somewhat neglected education. It was a year or two before he was notified of his exchange; and in the mean time he had commenced the study of the law, which was to be his means of livelihood through life.

Whether it was in his blood, or that he took the disease in his early boyhood from hearing his father talk of his revolutionary services and Indian "scrimmages," certain it is that, long before he arrived at manhood, Combs used to feel as young Norval did,

while with his father on the Grampian hills, an humble swain—an anxious desire for military renown. "I am not even yet," he writes, "entirely cured of the disease, and have all my life, till within the last few years, devoted a portion of my time to military tactics, in training the militia, having long since reached the highest grade. At the first tap of the drum, I instinctively catch the step, and keep it as long as the music reaches my ear."

When the Mexicans were invading Texas, in 1836-7 and '8, and General Gaines was posted on our south-western frontier, which was considered in some danger, he called upon Kentucky for help. The Governor immediately gave General Combs authority to raise ten companies, and march to his relief. He accordingly issued his proclamation, and had the offer of more than forty volunteer companies in a very short time. He selected ten, formed them into a regiment, and was ready to embark from Louisville, when the President of the United States countermanded the order, and they were discharged.

So, too, ten years afterwards, when rumors reached us that General Taylor was in front of a Mexican force, on the Rio Grande, of more than double his strength in point of numbers, and Congress had authorized the President to receive the services of fifty thousand volunteers, General Combs issued his general orders, commanding all the regiments under his command to assemble at their several places of annual parade, to see what could be done. The following is an extract from that order, dated May 18, 1846:—

"The Major-General does not doubt that the same noble spirit which precipitated the gallant sons of Kentucky upon every frontier where an enemy was to be found, during the late war, will again animate his fellow-soldiers; and he calls upon them, in the name of liberty and patriotism, to hasten to the rescue of the American army on the Rio Grande, to share their victories, or avenge their disasters, if any have befallen them."

Several regiments of volunteers were soon enrolled, and it was supposed by all that the command would be given to General Combs. But such was not the case. He was not in favor at Washington; and, although his proclamation was republished in the "Union," and his energy and patriotism every where complimented, none but political partisans

were appointed to high offices; some of whom were made generals, who had never "set a squadron in the field," nor were fit to do it. The Constitution of the United States was, in the opinion of General Combs, violated by depriving the States of the right to officer their own militia; and he was overlooked and superseded. Again, although opposed to the annexation of Texas, as proposed and finally consummated, yet, when war was declared, he desired to see it speedily fought out, and terminated by an honorable peace. He, therefore, again made an effort to be employed in the military service, and, with this view, addressed a letter to the President, when more volunteers were called for, offering to raise a full division, if he would only allow those who were willing to risk their lives for their country to choose their own officers. He even went to Washington, and renewed the offer in person to the President and Secretary of War; but it was declined politely, but positively. His remonstrances on the occasion were in plain English, as may be remembered, for they formed the subject of remark by the public press at the time, and very likely Mr. Marcy has not entirely forgotten them. No one was present at their brief interview in his office. General Combs soon afterwards resigned his office, in consequence of the gross injustice which he felt had been done him. He would not consent to be treated as a mere recruiting-sergeant to raise troops for those whom he regarded as party pets, without military experience or aptitude to command in the field.

Having risen from the ranks to the office of captain in two campaigns, without the aid of friends or fortune, by repeated acts of self-devotion, Leslie Combs had returned home naked and penniless, a cripple for life. Yet he did not apply for a pension from the War Office, as did others—even Colonel Johnson, who received his in full. When urged to do so, he replied, that his blood was as red, and shed as freely, as that of Colonel (afterwards Governor) Preston, of Virginia; and that, poor as he was, he would never receive a pension unless granted freely by special act of Congress, as had been done in Colonel Preston's case. But he had no friend at court; and no member of Congress looked into the matter for twenty years, when Mr. Allan, of the Lexington (Mr. Combs') district, took it in

hand, and the result was a report in favor of granting the pension. A bill was then, and not till then, passed by Congress, unanimously, we believe, in both Houses, which was approved by President Jackson, giving him a pension *from that date*—half-pay for life—but nothing for the past.

By the aid of a relative, who allowed him the gratuitous use of his office and books, he studied law, and obtained a license as an attorney at the age of twenty-three, and immediately went to hard work. Although far from being as well versed in his profession as he felt he ought to have been, his energy, industry, and punctuality soon procured him a large share of business, and enabled him to marry, and take upon himself the responsibility of a family.

This was his situation when the great effort was made in Kentucky to destroy HENRY CLAY, because he voted for Mr. Adams for President. His enemies in the Lexington district, and especially in Fayette county, were most violent and bitter in denouncing him; and at one-time, in 1826, thought they could at the next election certainly carry the county against him; their leader, General McCalla, having only failed by some nine or ten votes at the previous election. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Combs was urged to become a candidate for the Legislature. From his early boyhood he had been devoted in feeling to that illustrious man, looking upon him, as he ever since has done, as the "foremost man of the age," as well as the most vilely pursued, persecuted, and calumniated by his enemies. Although in a manner a stranger to him—for Combs' youth, and Mr. Clay's almost continued absence from Kentucky in the public service, had given the latter no opportunity to know the former except as a passing acquaintance—Mr. Combs determined to enter upon his defense and support; and for three successive years he canvassed the county from end to end, meeting Mr. Clay's enemies every where before the people; literally taking his life in his hand, and defying them. The first year he was elected by nearly one hundred majority, and the last by about five hundred; thus placing the party in an impregnable majority. He then returned to his profession, and soon not only regained his lost clients, but also obtained many new ones.

But it was contrary to Mr. Combs' nature to be an idler, or an humble follower of any man. When, therefore, he entered upon the public service, he went earnestly to work, as he had previously done in his profession. Kentucky was at that time flooded with a depreciated paper currency, worth about fifty cents to the dollar, issued by the "Bank of the Commonwealth," an institution which owed its origin to what was then called the "Relief" party, and which afterward became the Democratic or Loco-foco party in that State. Of public improvements, the State could boast none; there were not five miles of turnpike-road within her wide borders; a railroad had not even been thought of west of the mountains. As Chairman of the Committee of Finance, at the second or third session of his membership, he digested and reported a bill, which, after a severe struggle, and some slight modification, became a law, providing for the winding up, gradually and without oppression, of the whole paper system; and no attempt has since been made to renew it.

He also devoted himself to the cause of internal improvement, advocating turnpike charters, and proposing the first one for a railroad, when even Massachusetts could only boast of one, some four miles long, from the granite quarries to Boston.

He was again a member of the Legislature in 1833-4, and, as Chairman of the Committee on Internal Improvements, reported a volume of bills, under whose salutary influence that noble State has ever since been rapidly rising in wealth, comfort, and power. His means, too, were freely contributed in taking stock; all of which has since been bestowed upon a public library in Lexington.

He was not again a candidate until 1845, when he was chosen without the trouble of a canvass, and was at that session elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. The next year his name was again presented for the same office, by a large majority of the Whigs of the Legislature, but he positively declined to have it used, inasmuch as there were several highly promising young Whigs who desired it, and he was satisfied with the honor previously enjoyed. He has not since been a candidate for any State office.

Mr. Combs never asked for an executive appointment of any kind in his life, having an utter disgust to office-seeking, and being

wholly averse in feeling to such self-abasement as is generally necessary to obtain favor at court.

His first demonstration as a politician and public speaker on a national scale, was at the Harrisburg Whig Convention, in 1840, when Governor Metcalfe and himself were the delegates for the State at large, from Kentucky. They were very desirous for Mr. Clay's nomination; and it was, in Mr. Combs' opinion, by a most unfortunate combination of circumstances and individuals, that his nomination was defeated. His never-to-be-forgotten, self-sacrificing letter to the Convention had been handed to Mr. Combs by Mr. Archer, of Virginia; and after General Harrison's nomination, he read it to that body with a heart full of sorrow and disappointment. The whole country was taken by surprise, and a large portion of the Whig party shocked by the injustice done to their great leader.

He had kept Mr. Clay fully advised of every step taken, of every hope and fear which he entertained, up to the final consummation of the combined efforts of General Harrison, General Scott, and Mr. Webster, which finally defeated him. He believed then, and has never doubted since the election, that Mr. Clay could easily have triumphed over Mr. Van Buren. The people were tired, sick to death of his heartless selfishness and evident incompetency, and a change was inevitable. And what a blessing it would have been to the country to have had *Henry Clay* President for the succeeding four or eight years, instead of Tyler and Polk! We need not dwell upon the facts of history, and the imaginings of such a contrast.

Although Mr. Combs' first and *only* choice had been defeated in the Convention, and by means which he boldly condemned, still, as his old commander, General Harrison, a true patriot and an honorable man, had been nominated, he determined at once on his course. He felt that he owed a duty to the Whig party, to the country, to a gallant old soldier, under whose command he had suffered many hardships, and had shed his blood on the field of battle; and he resolved to devote himself to the coming canvass.

His first public address was in Philadelphia, to an immense multitude, the Monday night succeeding the nomination. All knew his devotion to Henry Clay, and were there-

fore anxious to hear what he had to say for General Harrison. He had numerous clients in the crowd, who had known him for many years as an energetic, prompt, and vigilant attorney, but never dreamed that he had once been a soldier. "I shall never forget their evident astonishment," says Mr. Combs, "when I took up the military life of the hero of Tippecanoe, and spoke of its leading events as familiarly as if they had been the events of yesterday. I knew that he had been assailed as the cause of the defeat of Winchester at Raisin, and of Dudley at the Rapids; and my vindication of him from these two charges was overwhelming and conclusive. I had been so connected with both of these disastrous events, as to render my testimony irrefutable."

From that time until the succeeding November, he almost gave up his profession; and from New-York to New-Orleans, from Kentucky, through Tennessee and Virginia, to Delaware, was day after day addressing large multitudes. His dress was a simple hunting-shirt and sash, such as General Harrison wore at the battle of Tippecanoe, and when he first saw him afterwards; such as his father had worn when he helped Daniel Boone to drive the Indians out of Kentucky, and such as the volunteers generally wore when they marched to the frontiers during the late war.

The Whig press every where teemed with the highest-wrought eulogies of his speeches, and its applause might have turned the head of a man prompted by less high and holy feelings than those which influenced him. As it was, they seem only to have stimulated him to still higher efforts. He spoke on the battlements of Yorktown on the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, with Seargent, and Upham, and Wise; at Lynchburg, a few days afterwards, with Rives, and Leigh, and Preston; at Richmond on three several nights, the last time to some thousand ladies. Thousands of living witnesses still remain to attest the effects of his addresses; while the files of the *Richmond Whig* of that day, then edited by the talented and lamented Pleasants, bear testimony to the character and effect of these appeals.

The election over, and General Harrison President, General Combs asked for nothing, and nothing was offered to him, while hundreds, who had rendered comparatively but

little service, were clamorous for reward, and some of them received high offices. The real champion of the conflict—he whose morning bugle had often roused a thousand men to arms, and who never wearied, day or night, in doing his duty till the victory was won—was forgotten in the hour of triumph, while others stepped forward and enjoyed the fruits of the victory.

If Peter the Hermit felt the inspiration of his holy cause when preaching a crusade against the infidels in possession of Jerusalem, so did Mr. Combs in his against the corruptions and usurpations of power in the city of Washington. All selfishness was absorbed in his burning desire to drive the Goths from the Capitol; and he valued more highly the outpourings of public approbation which every where greeted his efforts, than he would have done any official position which could have been offered him. The noble-hearted Whigs of little Delaware presented him with a most substantial evidence of their confidence and gratitude, by the presentation of a magnificent piece of plate, with the following inscription:—

"To General Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, from a number of his Democratic Whig friends of New-castle county, Delaware, in testimony of their high regard for him as a patriot and soldier in the North-western campaign of 1812 and '13, whilst yet a youth, and as the able and eloquent vindicator of his old General, the hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames, in the political campaign of 1840."

Four years afterwards, when the farmer of Ashland received the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, he again took the field, although he knew that he would thereby lose a large portion of his remaining clients and business, which had become more important to him from pecuniary embarrassment, induced by large investments in the Texan War Debt. After canvassing a large portion of Kentucky, previous to the August election, he directed himself, during the months of September, October, and November, to Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New-York.

He made a rapid passage through Virginia, from Abingdon, by way of Lynchburg, Richmond, and Yorktown, to Norfolk, arousing the Whigs every where, and urging the Democrats to stand by their noblest son, towering as he did in fame and public services as high above his competitor as the peaks of the Alleghanies above the mole-hills

at their base. But all in vain. They were wedded to their idol, modern progressive Democracy.

What to them were justice, truth, gratitude, fraternal or maternal love? Henry Clay was to be immolated under the remorseless car of this modern Juggernaut; and who so proper as his own mother to use the sacrificial knife? It was done.

Mr. Combs appealed to Pennsylvania and New-York to stand by and sustain the great father of the American system, the steadfast friend of human labor in all its forms, against the false traitors and pretended friends, who would certainly prostrate our rising manufactures and mechanical pursuits; but they would not heed him. They, too, cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him!" and he was crucified. Oh, what a reckoning they have yet to settle for this outrageous wrong to America's great statesman!

Of the many scenes of deep excitement through which the subject of our notice passed during this ever-memorable campaign, we shall refer but to one of prominent interest. It occurred at New-Haven, Connecticut. Mr. Combs had been invited to be present at a great Whig gathering at that renowned city, and accordingly went there at the appointed time. The principal streets were most magnificently decorated with flags and banners, bearing mottoes of appropriate significance. The crowd was innumerable, and moved by the highest enthusiasm. Senator Berrien, of Georgia, first addressed them, followed by Mr. White, of New-York, from a broad platform, covered by the most venerable and distinguished sons of the pilgrim fathers. "Indeed," says Mr. Combs, in allusion to this occasion, "when I looked around me, I felt as if I were in the midst of that daring band of holy men who had crossed the broad Atlantic in quest of civil and religious liberty." Instead of speaking from the stand, a light wagon was placed for him to stand in, near the centre of the crowd, so as to be better heard. He spoke about two hours. At the commencement, he had asserted his belief in an overruling Providence in all things; that there was ever present "a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will;" that He who was the orphan's father and the widow's husband had, in early life, taken an orphan boy in the slashes of Hanover, and led him on, step by step,

from one great deed to another, till now, when his history should be written, and justice done him, he would occupy a pinnacle of glory high as Chimborazo's loftiest peak, with Mount Olympus piled upon it. Like an eagle high in air, shot at by the poisoned shafts of calumny on every side, he still flies higher, and with prouder pinion, towards his mountain eyrie. "Look at him!" exclaimed the speaker, as he threw his hands upwards, and involuntarily the eyes of the multitude followed his gesture. Such a shout as instantly rent the skies was scarce ever heard before, or such a waving of handkerchiefs seen as was exhibited by the thousand ladies who were present. Casting his eyes upwards, he beheld an American eagle some few hundred feet distant, gracefully flying toward the east. His own feelings were highly excited. He folded his arms, and, looking at it for a moment, exclaimed, in a thrilling tone of voice, "I have told you, fellow-citizens, that there were no accidents on earth or in heaven, and I hail this as a happy omen. Fly on, and still fly higher, proud bird of my country's banner; and long may you continue to ornament the flag which waves over the land of the free and home of the brave!" No one present will ever forget the scene.

As the Whigs of little Delaware manifested their gratitude to him by the presentation of a magnificent piece of plate in 1840, so also did those of the Empire State in 1844, with the following simple, but touching inscription:—

"From the Whigs of Kings county, New-York, to General Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, the friend of Henry Clay.

"November, 1844.

"Si Pergama dextris,
Defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent."

The defeat of Henry Clay, and the election of James K. Polk, produced a profound sensation throughout America; and when the vile duplicity and falsehood of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania is remembered, where every standard was emblazoned with "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of 1842;" while every where in the North it was unblushingly asserted that Polk was a better protective tariff man than Henry Clay, at the same time that he was supported in the South as an advocate of free trade; it cannot be wondered at that both he and Dallas

afterwards betrayed the North; and the ruinous Tariff Act of 1846 was passed, which has already prostrated some of our most important manufactures. Indeed, but for the opportune discovery of the rich gold-mines of California, we should, ere this, have had another commercial crash such as desolated the country in 1837-8; for it is indisputably true that the balance of trade for the last year has been so much against us that it has required the shipment of over sixty millions of the precious metal, as well as large amounts of United States and States stocks, to make up the deficit.

General Combs was the last man to leave this great battle-field; for, on the very day of the election in New-York, he passed from Albany to New-York city, and at every landing of the steamer stimulated the crowd, who were anxiously expecting the election news from Ohio, urging them to poll every vote in their power for Henry Clay, for that every thing depended on the Empire State.

Such afterwards proved to be the case; and, but for the gross frauds in the city of New-York, Polk would have been defeated, and the great cause of American labor gloriously triumphant. The Empire Club did the dark deed, which has since produced such wide-spread ruin and distress in some of our manufacturing districts, especially in Pennsylvania.

A man of less sanguine temperament, or one more calculating in his friendship, and less truly devoted to Henry Clay in all his fortunes than General Combs, might have been led away by the loud shouting and deep enthusiasm naturally excited by the brilliant victories of the hero of Buena Vista, when the grateful hearts of millions of true Whigs in America throbbed with joy at the suggestion of his name in connection with the Presidential office. Even in Kentucky, multitudes of Mr. Clay's constant supporters and some of his oldest friends avowed themselves in favor of General Taylor, as the *most available* candidate; and some men denounced Mr. Clay as selfish and ambitious; but General Combs never hesitated, never faltered.

"Faithful found among the faithless;
Faithful only he amid innumerable false."

"Unmoved, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified."

And so he continued till the last moment in

Philadelphia, when the National Whig Convention decided in favor of General Taylor.

Fatigue, loss of rest, anxiety of mind, had by this time prostrated General Combs on a sick-bed; yet, when Independence Square was in the evening filled by tens of thousands of anxious Whigs, mainly the devoted friends of Henry Clay, it was deemed most important to have an address made by General Combs, the long-trying and ever-faithful friend of that illustrious man. It was a severe trial for him to encounter; yet, when lifted to the stand, he pronounced that brief and most thrilling address, which was at the time listened to in breathless silence, and given on the lightning's winds to the utmost corners of the United States. But no report of it could do justice to the impressive manner and evidently deep emotions of the speaker, while he seemed to feel that he was giving up for ever the hope of his whole life to see *Henry Clay President of the United States*.

Considering the success of the Whig cause as above all other considerations, he pursued the same course in 1848 that he had done in 1840. From Maine to Indiana his voice was every where heard in private circles and in public assemblages of the people, urging all to unite in the support of General Taylor; and hundreds of thousands yet live to testify to the power and effect of his speeches.

Neither General Harrison nor General Taylor ever forgot (we will not say forgave) his unalterable attachment and adherence to Mr. Clay; and although he did more for each *after his nomination* than any other one man in America did, they acted towards him as if they only remembered his opposition to their nomination by the Whig party. They never evinced the slightest gratitude for his efficient and disinterested advocacy of their claim before the people. But that may be allowed to pass. Mr. Combs had his own self-approbation, and the high confidence of the great Whig party, and they were infinitely more valuable than court favor and official patronage.

We come now to Mr. Combs' last political campaign; and shall treat it briefly. His competitor was allied by blood and marriage to several numerous wealthy and influential Whig families in the district; had been himself a Whig in early life; was the present pride and hope of the Democracy; and

thus concentrated all their support. General Combs had no such extra aid or sympathy in the canvass. The mass of the Whigs believed he was invincible, and that therefore they need make no effort. In a long professional career he had made some personal enemies among the Whigs, who took this occasion to gratify personal vengeance at the sacrifice of political principle. Some hundreds of the first class did not go to the polls. A few of the latter were active and violent against him, and he was defeated. But he died on the plateau of the battlefield, in the front rank of the Whig army, with the Whig banner around him as his winding-sheet. He sustained the Union, the compromise, the cause of American labor and internal improvements, as presented by Millard Fillmore; and he would rather thus have fallen than have achieved victory by any sacrifice of principle or personal independence. Those who fly from the battlefield, and those who hide in the ravines and ditches while the balls are flying thickest, are disgraced by defeat, and not the leader who bravely fights and falls in the combat. Among the many high and honorable names recorded in his support are those of *Henry Clay* and *J. J. Crittenden*. Mr. Combs has no complaints to make against those who failed to do their duty. He feels that his is still obvious; to hold on to Whig principles only the more firmly because the timid and treacherous abandon them.

He has ever preached and endeavored to practise the philosophy that the world was intended by its Creator to be governed, not by force and violence, but by *love* and *truth*—love, embracing all benevolence of thought and act, and truth in deed as well as in word. To his rigid observance of these two great moral landmarks may be attributed the remarkable effect of his public speeches. He never berated or denounced bitterly his opponents. He lectured them, criticized them, and endeavored to refute their arguments in good temper; and he never uttered a word on the stump which he did not believe to be true, nor expressed a sentiment which he did not most sincerely entertain.

When he commenced life, he set himself to work first to attain pecuniary independence by his own labor, and, second, to do all the good he could to all around him. His first production, which went to the press more than

thirty years ago, was an argument and appeal in favor of a lunatic asylum in Kentucky. There was not one then west of the mountains, and only three or four in America. A few humane men in Lexington took up the subject, and the result was the commencement of the present magnificent establishment, which has ever since been dispensing its blessings in the State.

At a later date, he aided the public library by a large donation, considering his limited means; stimulated the establishment of public free-schools, and a female orphan asylum; all of which are now conferring inestimable benefits upon the community. Not a church has been erected in Lexington, Protestant or Catholic, for whites or blacks, to which he did not contribute his mite. In 1833, he passed through the severest ordeal of his life. When the Asiatic cholera first made its appearance on this continent, (in Canada, we believe,) scattering death in its path and all around, an almost universal panic seized upon the public mind. The alarm seemed to increase according to the distance from the scene of its first desolation, and pervaded to a great extent the community of General Combs' residence as well as others, although the medical faculty there assured the people that they were in no danger; that their position was so elevated and healthful, that if it should even "rain pestilence upon them, it would run off." The consternation of the community may be easily imagined, when, in June, 1833, that mysterious disease burst forth in all its fury in their midst, sparing neither age nor sex; old men and children, master and slave, seeming alike subject to its sudden and fatal visitation. Its first known demonstration was in General Combs' own family, upon the person of a favorite servant, who died in a few hours; thence it spread among his immediate neighbors. Thousands fled to the mountains, leaving their houses deserted or in care of their slaves, who, being thus abandoned, became more alarmed, and consequently more liable to the fell disease. Many thought it contagious, and would not even visit their relatives and dearest friends. A high duty seemed to devolve upon Mr. Combs. With a calm and determined front he met it, and went to work to study the disease, endeavor to arrest its progress, and relieve its subjects. He never stopped, except for brief periods of rest, day or night, for more than thirty days,

devoting himself wholly to the sick and suffering; rich and poor, black and white, bond and free, friend and foe, alike received his services, sometimes in the most menial and disgusting offices at their bedsides. It may be justly claimed for him that he was the instrument of hope, of relief, of prolonged life to many. He had a full sweep of vengeance upon his enemies—he had a few such—and upon his political persecutors, by helping them when they could not help themselves, and felt as if they were abandoned by every friend on earth. “It was a glorious triumph,” is the language of Mr. Combs. “I would not now exchange it for a victory on the battle-field, or the highest political promotion—so help me God!”

The entire population of Lexington was almost decimated in a month. Mr. Combs had met the British and the Indians in hostile array; had been wounded, and a prisoner, subjected to every savage barbarity; but he had never before found such a foe as the cholera of 1833, so horrid, relentless and terrific, in act and aspect. His escape from it, exposed as he was, seemed almost miraculous; for he was not touched till near the close of the season of the epidemic, and then not very violently. His health is still perfect, and he retains all the vigor and elasticity of early manhood.

In all the relations of life, General Combs has discharged the obligations growing out of those relations with scrupulous fidelity. Enterprising and public-spirited, he has ever been among the foremost in promoting any scheme having for its object the public good, and has liberally used his means in contributing to every project calculated to advance the public prosperity. As a member of the Legislature of Kentucky, and chairman of the Committee of Internal Improvements in 1833, he strenuously advocated a system of internal improvements, which, by his influence, was partially adopted, and which has done much towards placing the State in its present high position. As a private citizen, within the last few years he has devoted himself to the work of arousing the public mind to the importance of railroad communication; and by his addresses, and through the press, has done more, perhaps, than any other man, in awakening the people of Kentucky to the necessity of prompt and vigorous action in this behalf. The result is seen in the various lines of road projected and now under progress, and by which the entire

State will, in the course of a few years, be traversed. Such indeed has been his characteristic energy and zeal in matters of this sort, that when any thing was to be done, he was looked to, to take the lead.

He has ever been, emphatically, the poor man's friend; and never was an appeal made to him in vain in behalf of suffering humanity. During one of his tours in the Presidential campaign of 1844, he chanced to stop at a country church in Virginia, and heard the pastor deliver his farewell sermon, in the course of which some remarks were made in reference to the pecuniary embarrassment which forced the separation of this old shepherd from his flock. Upon the return of General Combs home, he immediately enclosed a sum of money to this old minister, whom for the first and last time he saw but for a few minutes on that Sabbath, and to whom he was an entire stranger. Accident made the writer of this acquainted with this circumstance, a knowledge of which has hitherto been confined to the parties to it and himself. A favorite plan of benevolence with General Combs has been to assist in bringing forward poor young men of talent, assisting them in their studies, recommending them to public favor, and aiding them in getting a start in their profession; and more than one has had reason to thank the good fortune that threw them in his way.

In 1833, while the cholera was raging with extreme violence in Lexington, one of its first victims was a bitter personal enemy; and yet, while fear drove others from his bedside, General Combs nursed him with all the care and tenderness of a devoted friend. The annual election for members of the General Assembly came on a short time after the pestilence had subsided, and the citizens of Lexington and Fayette county testified their gratitude for his humane exertions by bestowing upon him their unsolicited suffrages, and electing him to the Legislature.

The writer of this has had opportunities which few have enjoyed of studying thoroughly the character of the subject of this sketch, and it affords him the highest gratification to bear testimony to his unbending integrity, his firmness of purpose in maintaining the right at every hazard, his manly independence, his benevolence of disposition, and, in short, all those high qualities which make up the true man—the noblest work of God.

COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIALS.

MRS. COWDEN CLARKE'S CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE.

TESTIMONIALS of approbation are very rarely thought of being voted to such as have rendered eminent services to their country, until after they have "passed that bourne from whence no traveler returns." After some eminent person dies, people then begin to reflect, and think that the memory of a great public benefactor should not be allowed to sink into oblivion, without some commemoration of the benefits which all are then ready to admit have been derived from his genius, although, unfortunately, little heeded or thought of while the individual was among us, perhaps adding another and another to his former doings.

We have, during our sojourn in England, witnessed many a long array of titled aristocrats attending the funeral of some departed genius, whom, while living, they would probably have passed without a word of recognition, or the condescension of the slightest notice. During a long, meritorious life, few men were better known by their works than Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and many of the most inspired lyrics in the English language.

It was owing to his patriotic exertions that the London University was founded and endowed, for the purpose of giving a classical education to the youth of the metropolis of England, without the necessity of sending them to those antiquated, expensive sinks of iniquity, Oxford and Cambridge, from whence, although many great men have sprung, many, greater in science and literature, have arisen solely by the force of their own genius, although they were not matriculated at either. Witness the greatest of all, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Campbell, although a perfect gentleman in manners and appearance, was almost unnoticed by the higher orders—the upper ten. It is admitted that his brilliant wit made him an occasional and welcome guest at Holland House, because its owner and his lady delighted in the society of literary men, yet he was never seen in the courtly circles.

But when the papers announced the death of THOMAS CAMPBELL, an assemblage of the first nobility of England flocked to his funeral, eager to attend. His inanimate clay was carried to the grave, followed by an endless train of emblazoned equipages, and his funeral pall was borne by the most illustrious of the peerage, not one of whom, we will venture to affirm, ever took the slightest notice of him while alive! Shortly after his death, a subscription was set on foot to erect a statue to his memory in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, where his ashes repose: and we had the melancholy satisfaction of adding our mite in honor of the memory of a man whom we knew, and with whom we spent many social hours. But we humbly think it would have been in far better taste, had those titled personages united to present some fitting testimonial, which might have given gratification during his life, and enabled him to transmit it to his posterity at his death.

We, as well as thousands besides ourselves, thought it a very equivocal compliment, on a late occasion, to see some gentlemen in New-York vote a public dinner to the most generous man of the present age. A dinner! at which each and every subscriber, in his own proper person, ate and drank the amount of his subscription!! Instead of such sensuality, had they voted Henry Grinnell a piece of plate, or some other testimonial to commemorate his noble, disinterested humanity, they would have done honor to him—and themselves. We observe, with pleasure, that some of the gentlemen of England seem desirous of redeeming the national character, by presenting Mr. Grinnell with something worthy of being preserved and handed down to his children's children.

We would here remark that the late Philip Hone must have felt an honest pride, whenever he entered the Mercantile Library, to see that exquisite, lifelike bust of himself adorning the room. We sincerely trust

the members of that Society will yet see the propriety of placing beside it a similar bust of its first founder and friend, William Wood, Esq., while he yet lives. The members of that priceless institution, the Apprentices' Library, in Mechanics' Hall, long since placed in their rooms an admirable portrait of their friend and founder, the same patriotic individual. Besides being the founder of these two invaluable libraries, we know that Mr. Wood was likewise the founder, or, at all events, the first great benefactor towards the Library and Museum in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn; and although he has for many years resided in that lovely village, Canandaigua, the Peri of the West, he yet, although in his seventy-fifth year, takes a lively interest in these institutions, besides appropriating every dollar he can spare to the purchase of dictionaries and books of instruction for the schools in his district. A slight testimonial, consisting of a very handsome French writing-desk, with gold pencil and pen, &c., &c., was presented to Mr. Wood a few years ago, by one or two friends in this city, who were aware of his long-trying and never-ending acts of benevolence.

On the 23d of last April, we had the pleasure of being invited to attend the annual banquet given by that kind-hearted and universal favorite of the public, William E. Burton, Esq., proprietor of the Chambers street Theatre, in honor of the birth-day of the world-worshipped Shakespeare. Mr. Burton has for many years, both in England and America, been in the habit of celebrating that auspicious day, owing to an innate admiration of the greatest dramatic genius the world has ever produced. He is the happy owner of all the good editions of Shakespeare ever published, from the first folio—that rare and much-coveted volume—to the last. We do not, of course, mean the common editions, but all those edited by men of recognised erudition, which have prefaces, notes, and comments, together with every work of merit connected with the Drama. His magnificent library does him the highest honor.

On the evening of that ever-memorable day, on our return home, it occurred to us that it would be a thing peculiarly gratifying, to get up a subscription, for the purpose of presenting some fitting testimonial to one who has labored more assiduously

in honor of the immortal Shakespeare than any of his thousand commentators, and that such testimonial should be offered to the lovely woman in whose honor it was proposed, while she was still in the prime of life. We of course allude to Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, author of the Concordance to Shakespeare, published by Charles Knight. We had some slight knowledge of the lady, but only by correspondence, and it arose thus:—

We have been, for many years, a collector of autograph letters; not those of the million—kings, princes and peers have had no value in our eyes—"the rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gowd!" Our collection has been confined to literary men and artists, such as will *live* and be valued hundreds of years hence. Having observed the fac-simile of Mrs. Clarke's beautiful signature in the preface to her Concordance, we felt a natural and irresistible desire to possess a letter of so extraordinary a woman; not an enveloped letter, but one carrying prima facie evidence of its authenticity, the post office stamps and date. And we would here put in our solemn protest against the detestable fashion, now prevailing, of putting all letters and notes into envelopes, thus destroying that which courts of law have recognized as evidence, the government stamp. May he or she who first made envelopes fashionable for letters passing through the post office, be enveloped in everlasting oblivion!

We therefore wrote to a literary friend in London, soliciting the favor that he would try and procure us an *un*enveloped letter, which had passed through the post office. Our friend kindly complied, and the lady was informed that such a letter was wished, for "an American Enthusiast!"

Ever ready to perform acts of kindness, this charming woman at once complied, and wrote the gentleman who made the application in our favor, a delightful letter of three pages, commencing thus:

"MY DEAR SIR:—Although rousing a sense of my own unworthiness, yet the desire of your "American enthusiast" is, nevertheless, most welcome, affording, as it does, another instance of the world-wide worship of our beloved Shakespeare, and also testifying an interest in perseverance and hard work in a good cause, which are doing, and have already done so much for America herself.

"Accepting, therefore, the compliment in its true spirit, I willingly trace a few lines, in the con-

fidence that their own intrinsic merit is of golden weight."

Then follow twenty-four lines copied from *Troilus and Cressida*, Act 1st, Scene 3d, as we discovered on reference to the Concordance, for neither the passage nor play are noticed in the letter. The passage is a glowing and glorious one, and the extract is followed by this sentence:

"The Italian patriots might take worthy comfort from these lines, just now."

The letter was dated the 11th October, 1849; and if the Italian patriots might take comfort from the glowing sentiments of the godlike Shakespeare *then*, they will apply as forcibly still, and much more, ay, ten-fold more, to the cause of that inspired man, Kossuth, now among us, and his prostrate country; but we trust in God a good time is coming, both for Italy, Hungary, France, and all Europe.

The letter was forwarded and duly received. Elated and charmed with the sweetness of disposition so charmingly manifested by the fair writer, we took leave, in pure gratitude, to transmit to her, as an emblem of herself, a handsome gold pen, saying, if there was any thing in America that would be a desideratum, if she would condescend to address a line to the American Enthusiast, New-York, it would come to hand quite safe. We were in some doubt whether such a letter would be noticed; but we mentioned the circumstance to that most obliging gentleman, Mr. William Taylor, of the post office, and, to our great joy, in due course, he handed us another charming letter, addressed as indicated. This led to others; and as the lady afterwards honestly and artlessly admitted, "her Eve-ish curiosity could hold out no longer." She called on our friend, wishing to know her unknown correspondent's proper name. At the very moment our friend happened to have a letter of ours at his elbow, and handed it to the darling daughter of Eve. And so the mystery was explained.

But it was not the winning kindness of Mrs. Clarke's correspondence, nor the purity of her mind, nor her truthfulness, artlessness, or playful wit, that induced us to think of a Testimonial; it was the unwearied industry, the indomitable perseverance, with which she had, through a long series of years, pursued her labor of love. Were

we at liberty to transcribe her graphic narrative of all she encountered and endured, in sickness and in health, and the ingenuity of the plan she pursued, we will venture to say that a more interesting paper has seldom been laid before the public.

When it is mentioned that the Concordance contains eight hundred and sixty pages, of *three* columns each, each column containing one hundred and twenty *lines*, or three hundred and sixty lines on *every page*, and that the entire volume has the astonishing number of three hundred and nine *thousand* six hundred lines! (309,600,) our readers may form some idea, although a faint one, of the labor incurred. There is not a *word* throughout Shakespeare, which is not alphabetically arranged; the whole *line* in which such word occurs is given, and at the end of the line we have the name of the play, and the act, and the scene! It will, therefore, appear to the least reflective that this was indeed a gigantic task; yet, momentous as it was, this lovely woman triumphantly accomplished it.

As may easily be imagined, she was encouraged and sustained during the undertaking, by the endearing sympathy of a most affectionate husband of congenial taste, to whom she was happily united at the very time she commenced the work. Never did a happier union take place; for we lately learned from a friend, who knew both previous to their marriage, that amongst their friends they are called "the married lovers."

We had been erroneously informed that each line of the Concordance was written on a separate slip of paper, and put into baskets alphabetically arranged! Had this been so, we opine it would have required buck-baskets as large as that into which fat Jack was so unceremoniously thrust, and a room to hold them as capacious as St. George's Hall, in Windsor Castle. Far different and more ingenious was the mode pursued; and if ever the lady shall be induced to favor the world with her method, of which she favored us with a sketch, they will more and more admire the ingenuity and business-like tact which brought her almost endless task to a happy termination. Before being stereotyped, the work was read over three different times and compared with the three most correct editions—a wonderful labor in itself. In a work so extraordinarily voluminous, one would expect to

find, notwithstanding all this care, a considerable list of errata; yet, out of 309,600 lines, there are but twelve errata, and these quite inconsiderable; in fact, they are not properly errata, but omissions.

Full of admiration at the fine qualities of head *and heart*, which Mrs. Clarke displayed in her wonderful work, on returning from Mr. Burton's Shakespearian banquet—at which, by the way, her health and happiness had been enthusiastically drunk with **HIGHLAND HONORS***—we sat down and drew up the following circular:

"A few devoted admirers of Shakespeare have considered it would be a well-deserved compliment to present to MRS. COWDEN CLARKE some testimonial of their approbation. This most amiable lady spent TWELVE long years in writing out her CONCORDANCE, and FOUR more in correcting the press; an instance of perseverance and devotion unequalled in the world, even among men. As some acknowledgment for such a noble performance, it has been proposed to present to Mrs. Clarke a handsome carved rosewood library-chair, with writing and reading-desk attached; and it is hoped the lovers of Shakespeare in America, who are constantly deriving benefit from Mrs. Clarke's labor, will have gallantry sufficient to present a testimonial while it can be enjoyed, rather than wait, as is too often the case, till the lapse of time shall render it unavailing.

*"After life's fitful fever,"
"Storied urn or animated bust?"*

are of small consequence. Mr. George P. Putnam, bookseller, Broadway, will receive subscriptions; and if you approve the intention, you are respectfully requested to remit to him. It is not expected that any subscription shall exceed five dollars, but the carving and decorations of the chair will be in accordance with the amount received."

Feeling it would be proper that the circular should be authenticated by the names of one or two gentlemen known to the public, we obtained those of WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Editor of the "Evening Post;" HENRY E. RAYMOND, then Speaker of the Legislature; WILLIAM E. BURTON, proprietor of the Theatre, Chambers street; and ALFRED PELL.

The circular was printed, and addressed to various friends, well-known lovers of literature. The very first issued was to a dear

friend in Massachusetts. His reply came immediately, and was as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR:—Your most welcome favor was received at the right moment. Your favorite correspondent, Miss M. S. Q., chanced to be with us when the music and poetry arrived, and I thought it no more than justice to put the prophetic roll into her fair hands. She was happy to disengage the tape and open the diplomatic parcel, and read to us the stirring and sweet contents. We admired them as much as you could desire, and more than my pen is able to tell, since it is difficult to embody tones, martial sharps, and the mystic breathings of the minor key in a letter. We thank you for introducing your unknown 'angel' to us, Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke. We have not seen her Concordance, but hope to possess the valuable desideratum. I went to a book-store and brought home three numbers of her original work, the *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*; and we immediately read the sweet development of the early years of Portia. The ladies—M. S. Q., Miss S. A. G., and Mrs. T.—were charmed with the ingenuity, imagination, tact, and excellent principles of the character. If the writer discovers equal invention, power, and attractive detail in the other Shakespearian lassies, she will confer a substantial benefit upon readers of the *MYRIAD-MINDED MAN*. We were so much pleased with this single effort, that (what is most unusual for us) I opened a bottle of champagne, and we drank the health of M. O. O., hoping her American chair might be as easy and commodious to her as her Concordance and characteristic creations were delightful to her readers; and for the construction of said chair, we have the pleasure of contributing ten dollars—five from Brown's Square, and five from your friend M. S. Q. We are enjoying the brightest sunshine, after the rain of last night. I am," &c. &c.

This admirable letter, from a gentleman of the finest taste, himself a distinguished author, was a happy commencement, and we went gayly on, addressing circulars to distant friends before we touched the "home circle." Other replies were equally encouraging, although it must be admitted that some took no notice of the application; (and we may here remark, *en passant*, there are some men of mark to whom circulars were sent, who will probably regret their—forgetfulness, when they read the roll which accompanies this.)

It would, of course, have been altogether impossible to have omitted addressing a letter to him who has, on all occasions, (to borrow the phrase of one of his most attached personal friends,) "proved himself to be the Magnus Apollo of America, in every thing to which he turns his mind, be it great or small." After this, we need hardly say we refer to America's greatest statesman, en-

* This hearty Scottish custom of drinking a health, "with Highland honors," is performed by each guest standing on his chair, placing his right foot on the table, holding his glass above his head, extended at full arm's length, and then, after the name, drink the bumper without spilling a drop; and it requires a strong and steady head, hand, and foot to accomplish it properly.

dowed with the most enlarged and poetical mind of any man of the present day, our admired Secretary of State, THE HONORABLE DANIEL WEBSTER.

To that patriotic man we wrote, soliciting the favor that he would condescend to head the subscription; and the following is a copy of his characteristic reply:—

"Washington, July 11, 1851.

"DEAR SIR:—I had the pleasure of receiving your highly valued letter of the 19th of last month, at the moment of leaving this city for a visit to Virginia. On my return, I looked up the letter, but do not find the circular.

"I shall most heartily concur, my dear Sir, in a testimonial of approbation to the lady to whom you refer, and am quite ready to sign the subscription, first, or last, or any where. Her work is a perfect wonder, surprisingly full and accurate, and exhibiting proof of unexampled labor and patience. She has treasured up every word of Shakespeare, as if he were her lover, and she were his.

"I expect to be at the Astor House about the middle of next month. Pray give me an opportunity to place my name among the contributors to the testimonial.

"I am, dear Sir, yours, with entire regard,

"DANIEL WEBSTER.

"P. S. Of those of my personal friends who know Shakespeare best and admire him most, is Mrs. Edward Curtis, of your city. She first made me acquainted with this admirable Concordance, and I pray you to give her an opportunity of signifying her exalted opinion of it, by subscribing to the testimonial."

This delightful letter was so encouraging, that we no longer felt any doubt as to the final result. The chair was ordered. The lady so obligingly referred to immediately sent her subscription. Mr. Putnam also received a letter from one of his friends in Boston, so very gratifying, that we are sure its perusal will give great pleasure:—

"DEAR SIR:—I enclose five dollars for the Testimonial to Mrs. Cowden Clarke. I feel that I owe it to her to add, that I have used her Concordance to Shakespeare unceasingly from the day when I first saw a copy of it, and that it has never failed in a single instance to satisfy my wants; that I have recommended it in every way that I could with propriety, and have received only thanks, wherever I have made it known; and that, from its extraordinary fulness and accuracy, I am convinced that it will never be superseded. Twiss, Ayscough, Dolby, &c., which I have long had, are entirely useless, and will necessarily remain so. I have not the smallest knowledge of Mrs. Clarke, except such as her pleasant stories of the Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, which you have printed so beautifully, give me, and this Concordance. My gratitude to her is, therefore, wholly free from the prejudices that would spring from personal regard.

"Yours, faithfully, GEO. TICKNOR."

We were also favored with many other letters from different States at vast distances from each other, and it would be highly gratifying to lay them before the reader; but we shall confine them to one more, short and sweet, and characteristic of the distinguished poet who wrote it:—

"DEAR SIR:—It gives me very great pleasure to add my name to the list of those gentlemen who propose to present a chair to Mrs. Cowden Clarke. It is a very pleasant compliment, and one well deserved; and the chair itself should

'Match the royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair,
The which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on.'

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

It may perhaps appear invidious to omit many other charming letters, particularly one from Colonel Grayson, of Detroit, Michigan, written just before the subscription closed. He had then accidentally heard of it, and wrote to inquire whether he was yet in time to record his approbation and sympathy in the undertaking. But we trust we have given enough to show the feeling which has animated so many generous hearts, living thousands of miles apart from each other, incontestably proving the truth of Mrs. Clarke's sentiment, that the fame of Shakespeare is indeed "world-wide," and begets among mankind a sort of free-masonry, by which all *true* lovers of his works feel towards each other as brothers. We will, however, notice a painful and extraordinary deviation from this feeling.

A certain well-known dramatic critic and editor, who was about commencing a new edition of Shakespeare, which, with extraordinary facilities for the task, he would fain have had the public believe was to be *the* only correct one, made a severe attack on all former editions, in a pamphlet entitled "Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works." He there calls their inaccuracies "culpable carelessness," "remarkable ignorance," "wilful corruptions," "criminal inattention," "unpardonable," &c. &c. In a postscript to the sixth volume of Mr. Knight's Pictorial Edition, he rebukes, in a mild and gentlemanly manner, the use of such strong terms, in these words: "We whose labors are in association with the works of the most charitable of created beings, ought to banish the word unpardonable from our vocabulary." Throughout the whole of Mr. Knight's edi-

tion, the sharp-sighted critic could discover but *one* trifling error, copied from former editions. Mr. Knight accounts for it thus: "It occurs in the *Winter's Tale*, act 5, scene 1, where DAME is printed inaccurately for *name*." The critic calls it a "wilful corruption." It is nothing but a printer's error of the commonest kind. The box or partition in the compositor's 'case,' which holds the *d*, is immediately above the *n*; a *d* falls into the lower partition, and *n-ame* becomes *d-ame*; *dame* makes a sense, although an imperfect one, and so the error escapes all eyes, and is perpetuated through many editions." Mr. Knight continues—and we would call particular attention to the passage—"Errors such as these, I take the liberty of thinking, scarcely deserve the application of such strong terms. In a portion of the text of *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*, in the *very latest reprint I have seen*, there is a deviation from the text of the first folio which is highly injurious to the sense, but which, pervading all modern editions, with *one* exception, has been overlooked by an editor whose care might be expected to produce something immaculate. In the second act, when Isabella is coming to ask her brother's pardon, Angelo thus soliloquizes:

"Why does the blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all *my* other parts
Of necessary fitness!"

How cold, how meaningless would be,
"And dispossessing all *the* other parts!"

The true reading of the folio is given in my edition alone"—(the Pictorial.) "The false reading is found in all modern editions of the play; and it is also found in Collier's *specimen*, consisting of but *thirty lines* of the text of his new edition," prefixed to his *Reasons* for a new one! After this, what can be said? It is indeed what our old friend Joe Ritson would have called the quip modest, and returning the great critic measure for measure with a vengeance. The postscript was published in a separate form, and we believe may still be had. We have been induced to give the extract, to prove that Mr. Knight's edition of Shakespeare was edited with consummate care, and is, beyond all question, the most accurate, as well as the most beautiful and useful, that has ever issued from the press.

While on the subject, we may here notice

a popular error, in regard to a word in Shakespeare. Strange to say, there is a prevalent belief, that IRELAND does not occur throughout his works. Our first informant, who was himself an Irishman, assured us it was a fact! We thought it singular, and pondered to consider whether there was cause; we mentioned it to others, who concurred in the same belief; but on reference to Mrs. Clarke's invaluable Concordance, we found, to our surprise, that *Ireland*, *Irish*, and *Irishmen*, occur no less than forty-three times, in as many lines, with a reference to the play, act, and scene. This shows the great value of Mrs. Clarke's work.

To return to the Testimonial Chair: we would mention that the ornamental parts of it were carved from drawings executed by a lady. In the centre of the top there is a head of Shakespeare, front face, carved in ivory, from the monumental bust at Stratford-on-Avon. It was executed by Mr. Rhodé, a German artist in New-York; and great credit is due to his skill, for the beauty with which it is carved. The head is encircled by a wreath of oak leaves and laurel, carved in the wood.

It was intended that the head should have been in the centre of a star, of frosted silver, and one was executed for the purpose; but owing to a mistake on the part of the silversmith, it was made too small, and could not be used.

The head is placed between two swans, carved in alto-relievo, each having a wing extended, meeting in the centre directly over it, as a protecting canopy.

On the lower rail of the chair, just below the cushion, are masks of Tragedy and Comedy, beautifully carved by Mr. Eisenbach. All the other parts of the chair are elaborately carved, particularly the sides, which are peculiarly rich in delicate filigree work, cut out of the solid wood. The reading-desk moves on a silver-plated crane, and, for the sake of convenience, silver-plated eyes are on both sides of the chair, so that the desk may be placed on the right or the left arm of it.

The material with which the chair is covered, both front and back, is composed of French satin brocade, beautifully figured, and the effect is singularly rich and elegant. It was at first intended that the cover should have been of crimson Genoa velvet; but the ladies who kindly undertook to make the

selection, considered that crimson velvet, although regal, was become somewhat old-fashioned; and there was no disputing with them, considering that the chair was for a lady. One gentleman, who had, at first, taken some interest in the Testimonial, insisted that it should be covered with green morocco leather; but to leather a lady's chair would have been rather preposterous! The inscription on the silver gilt plate, placed immediately under the beautiful head of Shakespeare, is as follows :

TO MRS. MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

THIS CHAIR IS PRESENTED,

BY A FEW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF AMERICA,

AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE FOR THE UNEQUALLED INDUSTRY
WHICH GAVE THE READERS OF ENGLISH
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

HER CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE.

NEW-YORK.

15 JULY. 1851.

It will be seen by the following list, that the subscribers to the Testimonial are from all parts of the Union, extending from the most northern of all, Maine, to Mexico and the shores of the Pacific, and from Wisconsin, in the far West, to the seaboard. And we will venture to say that this Testimonial to an English lady comparatively unknown in America, is a striking and convincing proof of kindly feeling, gratifying to all, and every way worthy of record.

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It only remains to be said, that, with the characteristic kindness of his nature, our much-respected Ambassador to the Court of St. James', the Honorable Abbott Lawrence, when we applied to him, at once consented to present the Testimonial in the name of the subscribers. With equal kindness, Mr. Collins transmitted it to Liverpool, freight-free; and Messrs. Edwards, Sanford & Company, with the like generosity, took charge of the case, paid the duty, and conveyed it to London, charging nothing for their trouble.

We are perfectly sure it is the universal wish, that the fair lady to whom this national gift has been presented, may long live in

uninterrupted health and happiness, and the enjoyment of her AMERICAN TESTIMONIAL CHAIR.

R. B.

SINCE the above was written, we have received a letter from Mrs. Clarke, and extract the following passage :

" Well, my dear Sir, you may imagine the overwhelmed state of my feelings *now*!! when I tell you that yesterday afternoon I received your packet, sent through His Excellency, Abbott Lawrence. If I felt it difficult to express myself before, what must now be my speechless condition, since I have read all those testimonials of active kindness! But let me tell you how it all happened. While I was finishing the above letter to you, a card was brought up to me from a gentle-

man who was waiting to see me,—Mr. Charles F. Dennet,—and with the card was your port-folio, with the autographs, and your own letter. I went down to Mr. Dennet, and found a most gentlemanly, handsome young man, who very courteously informed me that the "Testimonial Chair" had arrived at Mr. Lawrence's, and that my further wishes upon the disposition of the gift from America were to be consulted. I assure you I felt perfectly overwhelmed; the honor was so distinguished, so unprecedented, I scarcely knew what to say or propose. Finally, Mr. Dennet most kindly and considerately agreed to call here this morning and see my brother Alfred. This morning he has done so, and they are just gone together to Piccadilly, that my brother may be presented to Mr. Lawrence, and learn his wishes on the subject, as they of course will guide mine, as to the mode in which I shall receive the honored gift of America. How shall I thank you for all the pains you have taken to make this presentation a source of *multiplied* pleasure to me! The autograph letters, containing such delightful tributes of kind sympathy and encouragement from several of America's most revered names; that most noble letter from Mr. WEBSTER; the proof impressions; the lists of names and States, all so beautifully arranged and packed, to contribute to my delight! And do you know what touched me

to the heart!—it was the *sentiment* of your sending me that identical gold coin that had passed through the hands of that great man. It seemed hardly a piece of money—but rather some valuable medal, and token of national and individual kindness and esteem. I feel inclined to have it mounted as an ornament to a bracelet or some such article of wear, that I may keep it about me. It was a most sweet thought, your preserving that actual coin as a type of all the other donations, and a relic of the high-minded man himself.

"Looking at Mr. Webster's golden gift, and reading his letter and those of the other subscribers, who have taken such a kind interest in an unknown stranger, quite overpowered me; I could not read them through, without weeping tears of mingled gratification and tenderness; I was obliged to pause several times to regain my voice, as I read them to my dear Charles.

"According to my daily custom for health's sake, I yesterday went to meet my brother as he returned home to dinner; and as I passed through the open air in Hyde Park, with nothing but the cope of heaven above between America and my thoughts, you may believe how fervently they breathed gratitude and blessings towards her, and the warm, generous hearts, that had sent so glorious a token of sympathy and commendation to an unknown little Englishwoman."

THE CRISIS OF THE CENTURY.

ALLIANCES, EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN.

WHILE, with feelings of profound regret, we were contemplating the overthrow of republican schemes in Europe, and speculating on the probable consequences of the French usurpation, a printed document was laid before us, entitled "Eighteen Fifty-Two and the Presidency," seeming to be the "leader" or "first article" of a free-trade journal, published in this city, and styled the *Democratic Review*. On a very slight examination of this document, it appeared to us, that not only the mighty kingdom of France, but the very little one of our free-trade contemporary, had suffered a *coup*. The idea suggested thereby—that we were now entered on a general epoch of *coups*, material and intellectual—not only inspired a philosophical calm, but, by the contrast of great things with little ones, produced a gentle and mirthful surprise. Here was a genuine and original *coup*, "accomplishing

itself," as the Germans say, under our very noses; not, indeed, upon a nation, nor upon any considerable number of persons, like the *coup* of Napoleon, but on a company of innocent and unsuspecting subscribers.

Instead of the customary changes rung upon "corn and cotton, cotton and corn," our hitherto respectable and monotonous contemporary bursts upon a select circle of determined readers with—a *figure of rhetoric*. Yes; our free-trade friend, after years of virtuous abstinence, at length indulges, on a New-Year's-Day, in a *trope*. "A *trope*," in the language of Cockney classics, "as is a *trope*," a prosopopeia of next year—of its number, nay, of its abbreviation—"of '52." This "'52," it seems, is the "Brutus of years," and, we suppose, the Cassius of abbreviations.

"Heroic Rome, with a sublime calm, waits

on God and '52," exclaims our inspired free-trade friend.

"The trampled and the cheated" in general "look to '52 for redemption and redress."

"The unhappy German, as he bent his neck to his thirty tyrants, murmured to his sinking soul, 'Hope and '52.'"

"The French *Republic*," quotha! . . . replies to the sneers of Europe, "Wait for '52."

"We, too, Democrats of America, have waited for '52."

"He comes, this Brutus of years, [an ominous comparison!] to restore the will of the people to the rule of the United States, and to extinguish, under the very dome of the Capitol, the imperial principles of the modern Cæsar."

Notwithstanding the general obligation upon "leading men" to get drunk on New-Year's-Day, we are not aware that the custom extends to "leading articles." It is better to indulge temperately in figures, as in wine—a little, as the months pass on—and not to concentrate the rhetoric of a whole year upon a single staggering and weak-headed "leader." *Coup d'états* have this coincidence with *coup de têtes*, that, for the accomplishment of either, the brain should be cool, the imagination under discipline. Neither *coup d'états* nor *coup de têtes* can be successfully achieved by figures of speech. *Coup de têtes*, great brain-strokes, victories of argument and persuasion, require tact and steadiness. The *coup de tête* of our tropical contemporary is a general declaration or rather prediction of war over all the world; in fact, a kind of Millerite prophecy, "'52" being responsible. "Governments emulative of monarchic passions look to '52 for redemption and redress." Hungary is to be set free, Ireland avenged, the entire world set up into a republican fraternity, and "Young Democracy" to oust their fathers and uncles in '52.

A parallel is then drawn between the Whig administration and that of the so-called "French republic," and they are found to be identical. "The histories of the French and American republics for these four years, up to 1st December, 1851, have been identical." The French people have suffered from peculation, so have we; they have not engaged in war for the defense of republics, so have not we; other governments have suffered from treachery and cowardice, and have not hung the foreign

ambassadors; so have and have not we. "There is but one difference. We have, as yet, not been subjected to a *coup d'état*;" . . . "but for that merciful exemption we thank Democratic strength, not the principles or aspirations of the partisans of Austria, of the friends of England, or of the apologists of Spain."

We would undertake, by the same figure of rhetoric, to draw a parallel between the writer of the above and Louis Napoleon, which would shock and astonish both. Both, for example, have noses; both are endowed with hands and arms; both wear breeches, (we suppose;) both are considerably anxious about the "Brutus of years," responsible "'52." In fact, the identity is perfect, except in the *coup*; the *coup* of Louis is a *coup d'état*, that of our nervous contemporary is a *coup de tête*.

We are to thank the Democratic party, it appears, for averting the terrible calamity of a *coup d'état* from this free and happy republic. This is truly an astounding piece of news. Our contemporary is gone mad with meritorious patriotism. "Our sympathies have been ignored, our wishes falsified, our friends left to perish; our soil and right, even by treaty, surrendered; our brothers handed over to the fusillade and the garrote; and our very interests, merely of trade and commerce, disgracefully abandoned." Poor souls! the recollections of "'54° 40', or fight," and of the Democratic free-trade friendship with England, have escaped the memory of our agonized contemporary.

This *coup de tête* of our contemporary against the Southern division of the Democratic party will not raise it in the esteem of those aspirants for the Presidency who are engaged in "making political capital" with the "Democratic" growers of cotton and of corn. Nor is there any probability that its project for taking England roughly in hand, and for a general interference of the United States in the affairs of Europe, in behalf of republican minorities, will meet with much favor among those "free-trade" readers, whose business it is to exchange the manufactures of France and Great Britain for the gold, the corn, and the cotton of the United States.

As Whigs, we cannot, indeed, raise a single *interested* objection to the course adopted by our excited contemporary. The Whig party made war upon England in 1812. A war

with England is always for their *interests*, as it is the creator and patron of native industry and of internal improvement; nor is it any sacrifice of *interest* to them, to interfere in behalf of Central America. It is their humane unwillingness to engage hastily and violently in war, and not their fears or their selfishness, that restrains them. Nor are they sure that a general *active* sympathy of the United States in behalf of republican minorities in Europe would advance at all the cause which they hold most dear. It *might* secure them the hatred of nations who now regard them with admiration and respect.

Against a war with Great Britain, on the other hand, or with any foreign power dependent upon corn and cotton, the free-trade Democratic party have reasons cogent and imperative. The *coup* of our contemporary will be unpalatable, we fear, to the interested majority. Stronger arguments than prophecies of republican glory and prosopopeias of dates—arguments drawn from *interest*—must be employed by our enthusiastic free-trade contemporary to move the Democratic cotton grower and corn producer into a suspension of the trade with England, such as would follow, were the sentiments of our contemporary to prevail, in behalf of European republicanism.

By its *coup de tête*, our rhetorical contemporary intends the sudden conversion of the Democratic or Free-trade party into an anti-British war party. We are by no means sanguine of its success, however desirable it might be for the Whigs (no responsibility attaching to themselves) to have a year's embargo upon the commerce of France and Great Britain, imposed by their innocent and patriotic adversaries.

The signs of the times are not, however, favorable to such a result.

In the present posture of affairs, while the republic of Hungary is put under the leaden seal of despotism, and, for the time, made to disappear from among the nations; while it is uncertain what may be the combinations of European powers, toward what conquests they may direct their mercenary legions; while the attitude even of America and Great Britain, though inclining toward peace, is not without a mixture of irritation and discontent; it is not probable that the people of America will engage in war in behalf of any European nation until they

can attain a clear view of what is prudent and necessary for *themselves*, as well as for the cause of which they are at present the sole defenders on earth. A single grand error on their part might put a period, for all time, to the aspirations of Europe.

The only nation with whom there is a strong disposition on the part of numbers to engage in alliance, is Great Britain, in the event of a combination against her of the European despots.

"A political combination, on the principles of common repression," says the *London Times* of Dec. 12th, "between France and all the other military governments of the continent, *from which we are unhappily estranged*, is an event pregnant with evil to the influence and security of Britain. A second reflection of equal moment is, that when Louis Napoleon has accomplished his mission of '*tranquilizing France*,' two necessities will press upon him: to employ the energy and reward the devotion of an enormous army, and to gratify the natural passions of a people whom he has deprived of its national rights. We recommend these topics to the most serious consideration of the English nation.

"There are no two states in the whole world, and never have been, so bound to one another, so mutually beneficial, and so able to work together, as the British empire and the United States. At present it seems impossible but that the whole continent of Europe should fall into the hands of military despots; it seems equally impossible that we, with our American brethren, should lose our enthusiasm for liberty. Here, then, are the two parties in the great cause that threatens to divide and convulse the whole world. What will be required of us? What attempts will be made on us? What crusades ought we spontaneously to undertake? What assistance in any case are we to expect from America? For our islands we have no fear. Despotism is great on land, but impotent and craven on the sea. Wherever our ships can go, there we have no compeer. As on the former occasion referred to by Mr. Walker, we can protect the New World from the tyrannies of the Old. What then, remains to be done? Are we expected to land on the continent of Europe, and fight, single-handed, with four huge military monarchies, mustering two or three millions of armed men? What degree of assistance are we to expect from America, in marching into the centre of Europe? None, we should think. However, there are many things to be considered. A hundred years ago, what was Russia? A hundred years hence, what will be the United States? An empire with not far short of two hundred million souls. Should any thing happen to us—should we ever be exposed to unmerited indignity and oppression, and our services to Europe be forgotten, we have only to pray, *Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*, and that the prayer will one day bring across, on occasion, the messengers of a state that can apply to its purpose the resources of a continent and two oceans."

The Mr. Walker referred to by the *Times* is one of eight or ten Presidential candidates of the Free-trade party in the United States. His presence in England, on a public occasion in honor of the ex-governor of Hungary, gave him an opportunity of making large promises to the English people of aid from America in the event of a combination against her by the European powers. In making these promises, Mr. Walker pledges himself and his party to the most important step that could be taken by us, or by the people of England. No doubt there is a considerable portion of the Free-trade party, perhaps the entire Southern portion, ready to fulfil the promise of their astute economist, not only as they look to England as their market, but in agreement with their leaning toward her during the slavery agitations.

The doctrines of free trade oblige them to regard the wealthy classes of Great Britain as already bound to them in the alliance of interest and necessity; and the promises of Mr. Walker will, of course, be warmly seconded by the *leaders* and the *organs* of his party here, excepting always the "Mad Tom" of the party, the *Democratic Review*. When we reflect that the modern Democratic or Free-trade party of the Union depends for the argument of its existence on the commercial policy of England; and that, for the privilege of sustaining her manufactures, feeding her operatives, and purchasing the products of her industry, it is ready to sacrifice the commercial and industrial freedom of the United States, and make them the colonial servants instead of the rival and equal of the mother country; we need not wonder at their eager loyalty in promising navies and armies for her defense.

If, however, the Democratic party are ready to fulfil the promises of their economist, it will not be necessary for them to send fleets and armies for the protection of the British monarchy; they have only to give the goods of England the free entry of our ports, and they will have done more for her than she would even dare to ask.

The treasury of the United States is dependent on a tariff: it could be filled to overflowing by a system of direct taxation, a system agreeable to the party of free trade, and which, were the majority of their mind, they would readily adopt. May it not be possible that the policy of Mr. Walker and

his party, for giving aid to England, is to have this form? It is obvious and simple; how can they fail to adopt it?

The Democratic party are either in favor of free trade, or they are against it. They are either the tributaries and powerful supporters of Great Britain, or they are not. If they are not "free traders," they are Whigs, in their political economy, for there is no other recognized point of difference between the two parties, in that respect. England is neither the ally nor the enemy of any nation, except for prudential and substantial reasons; and we must say we rather like her for that; and if she holds out the hand of fellowship and favor to the Democratic party, it would be a naughty freak on their part, with no reason in nature for such conduct, to make war upon their "bread and butter," the cutlery and cottons of "poor old England." And yet "there is a Nemesis in history," says our exasperated "organ" on the Free-trade platform. "There is an avenging and just principle in the world, which evinces itself in nothing so much as in bringing betrayal and condign ruin upon those who will ally themselves with the unprincipled and the vicious." Little as we are disposed to malign or disparage the people of England, as a people, or as a nation; we have witnessed in our own country, and have heard from other parts of the globe, from every corner of it, enough to satisfy us that the free-trade system, of which the *present* English ministry are the supporters, operates every where to the injury and debasement of the human race; and debasement and injury must proceed in some degree from a congenial source.

Our friends of the "free-trade or English tenets" are therefore in a position truly pitiable. Dissatisfied with England and pleased with her at the same moment, they abuse her with tears and imprecations, while they pocket the gifts she offers. It is a lover's quarrel, and must be the renewal of love. The purse rules; the purse is the foundation; the purse will triumph. The hearts of the "free traders" are of too cottony a substance to be long in anger with their great customer. The "foreign policy of England," that policy which they abuse with such vivacity, seems to them an indispensable policy, since it provides a foreign market for cotton and for corn.

We agree with our contemporary of the "Free-trade party." "There is a Nemesis in history;" a Nemesis of ingratitude. The ingratitude of that party toward the nation that creates and vivifies it, that is its "friend, philosopher and guide," the inspirer of its councils, and the source of all its power, demands an imperious and summary visitation, and that visitation will be the parallel of one they have already suffered in the affair of Oregon. With a stentorian yell, they demand the evacuation of Central America. England laughs, and sends us "an order for cotton." They cry again, and this time with threats and imprecations, "Liberty and protection for Ireland!" and are choked by "an order for corn."

The very talented violence of our respectable "Free-trade" contemporary against the "foreign policy of Great Britain," calls down, as we have said, "the Nemesis of ingratitude." That "policy" provides a market in India for American cotton, wrought up by English skill; it makes lard "lively," and corn "brisk;" it cuts down the "odious aristocracy" of Lowell and Lawrence, and establishes the more "respectable" and "legitimate" one of London and Manchester.

That "policy of the British Lord Palmerston," who, as we are assured by our "clever," but rather excited contemporary, allied *perfidie* Albion with a "swindler of the Carlton Club, and made a French President out of him;" that same detested policy (of free trade) is the policy of Irish subjugation, of the conquest and oppression of the Hindoos, of the seizure of San Juan de Nicaragua, of the occupation of the western half of Central America, of the breaking up of the Tehuantepec and Nicaraguan routes of travel, of the anti-American movements in Mexico, of the blockade of Vera Cruz, of the hundred "interferences" in all the coast cities of South America, of the famous "assurances" of Sir H. Bulwer, of the seizure of Aden, and the occupation of the Red Sea; in brief, of almost every measure of importance for the *extension of the commerce* of Great Britain and of the great empire of the Normans over all the world.

There is an aspect truly comic in this sudden rage of a Democratic organ against their patron and sole customer; and we may anticipate a "Nemesis" for them, on the return of Mr. Walker, in the sudden subsidence of their wrath into a strangled mur-

mur. As we have heard Sir Charles Coldstream remark, sadly, in the comedy of *Ennui*: "There is nothing in it;" not even in a Vesuvius of free-trade anti-British rage.

Are we to anticipate from this extraordinary and astounding movement of our contemporary, a defection from the ranks of Free-trade, and a conversion of the Northern Democracy to the American policy of Protection and Non-intervention? We think not. The "sacrifice" of corn and cotton would be too great. Keenly as we may sympathize with our patriotic "Free-trade" friend—drawn one way by its principles, and another by its party; its "principles," in this unhappy situation, degenerating into rage, under the whip of a "Nemesis," ready to scourge its back into the path of cotton and of corn—keenly as we suffer in its behalf, we may be permitted to draw from its sufferings and our own a moral lesson to "young America;" a lesson humbly but humorously conveyed in the adage of "a sow's ear;" out of which material, say the wise, "a silk purse" can by no art or ingenuity be contrived. Silk purses out of corn and cotton are indeed more feasible; but the new invention of these in a linsey-wolsey of Whig principles and Free-trade virulence, is like to share the fate of Paine's gas and the last invented perpetual motion.

The question of alliance with Great Britain is, indeed, a grave one for the Whigs, however kindly and eagerly the prospect of a free-trade bargain may be looked forward to by the Democrats. The affinities of the Whig party with England resemble, in *other* respects, those of the Democrats. The American people, Whig and Democratic, desire the prosperity of the people of England, and are grieved and wounded by every calamity that falls upon them. Though they differ in many respects from their brethren in Great Britain, and more especially in regard to their foreign policy; although the commercial relation of the two countries is a strenuous rivalry for the commerce of the world; though there is a party in America hostile to that policy of aggression in which the people of England have too long indulged their present ministry; although, in a word, there are causes of serious irritation between ourselves and the Foreign Office of the British empire, we cannot, and we never shall, regard ourselves as the enemies of the people of the British isles. Race for race—English,

Irish, Scotch—they are of one blood with us. They are and will continue to be our friends and brothers, even though their government may sometimes mislead them, and introduce war between the two nations. May the good God avert the catastrophe! The close and entangling, though tacit, alliance which now exists between the free-traders of Great Britain and their subservient friends in America, is honestly and firmly disavowed by the Whig party, North and South. We are ready to admit that that party have failed of their duty, and have not enforced their principles with the requisite vigor. The blame of negligence must fall, in part, upon their leaders, but chiefly upon themselves; for in this country the people are responsible.

The interested leaning of the Free-trade party, on the other hand, toward the policy of the British Foreign Office, will of necessity create a considerable anxiety in England for the results of the coming Presidential election. The ascension of the Whigs to power, by a clear and powerful majority in their favor, would be a terrible blow to the policy of the present Cabinet of England. With the principles of non-intervention, and of protection to our home industry, made the basis of legislation, and supported by a strong majority in Congress, the attitude of the United States toward Great Britain would be a jealous and a guarded one. It would become necessary for our government to assert the liberties, not only of its own, but of neighbor states; the corn and cotton of America would be consumed at home, and serve no longer to swell the manufacture and debase the foreign policy of Great Britain. If the unwieldy and ill-balanced industrial system of England has compelled her to violate the laws of nations, to despise treaties, and to seize upon the capes and merchant fortresses of every continent; making the sustenance of her operatives depend on the impoverishment of all other nations; introducing every where turmoil, war, and confusion, in order that the ports of all the world may be kept open to the cottons of the South, converted by her skill; it is the crime of Democracy in America to suffer this, by indulging her in the fallacies of free trade. Nay, it is not England, but, first of all, the Southern Democrat, and through him the Northern free-trader, self-styled Democrat, who makes and has made this world-wide mischief.

We are, therefore, constrained to differ with our irascible contemporary in regard to the policy of parties in America, and venture to assert with perfect confidence that the first movement toward a British alliance, should such a thing be made, will come from the party of which it wishes to be, but is not, the representative. It is impossible to advocate free trade and hostility to England in the same breath. We have ourselves repeatedly urged upon our own government the necessity of a more jealous regard for the proceedings of the British Foreign Office. We *know* that if the people of England were aware of the irritation and hostility excited by the proceedings of their government in Central America, they would administer a severe reprimand to it for its violation of the friendship of the two countries.

Free traders will never interfere in these matters, though our irritable contemporary scream itself hoarse. It is the Devil's adage, "great cry and little wool;" shearing hogs and "whole ones" with a vengeance. The *practical* doctrines of the party it is now misrepresenting with such a brass-trumpet sound are purely and strictly Palmerstonian, or, if it please, "British." It is bound to close with Great Britain, should aid be asked from it by that power. If the Cossack avalanche bursts upon the head of England, her foremost friends would be those who look to her for a market.

In regard to the other nations of the European continent, it is vehemently insisted by our contemporary that we ought to lay aside our reserve, and enter into their system, throwing our influence, of course, into the republican scale, and regarding as our allies the republican minorities of France, Italy, and Germany.

Alliances of this kind would of necessity provoke the intensest hostility, and confirm and strengthen the bonds of fellowship and mutuality among the despotic powers. Whether they would issue in the glorious victory or the total ruin of European republicanism, is a question of the utmost gravity and difficulty.

Few nations, more especially the frugal and industrious, are ready to engage in alliances or in wars of mere opinion. Alliance is a species of partnership, in which a common benefit is looked for in a common cause. To be durable and profitable, there must be a good to be attained, or

a danger to be avoided, or both, to which the copartnership is necessary. If the people of America ally themselves, they will do so because they believe that a solid benefit is to arise to themselves. Superior in commercial and military resources to every other nation, and well defended by their situation, they will not look for aid if their territories are invaded. Their military alliances, if they make them, will be to *give*, and not to *receive* protection. Their maritime cities will not be "cannonaded and laid in ashes" without a hundred-fold vengeance upon the invader. While they need no protection at home, they are equally able to protect their commerce and their proper interests abroad; with an augmented navy, and the vigilance naturally excited by the desire of gain and the pride of commercial superiority, they are able and ready to make themselves respected by all the world, without alliances, and by their own enterprise and courage.

If the people of the United States become the ally of any nation, it must be to render that nation some profitable and essential aid. But even in the transactions of individuals, aid is given for the advantage also of him who gives it; and though individuals may sometimes sacrifice themselves for the good of others, it is not possible for nations to do so.

While the European governments remain despotic, tacit alliance with these republican minorities will be equivalent to a general scheme for the destruction of constitutional government in every part of the world. That we may have a clearer comprehension of the nature of such a scheme, let us cast our eyes over all Europe, and observe the structure of its governmental systems, but more especially of that of France, a power for the past four years rejoicing in the name of a republic, and by some esteemed worthy to be ranked, as such, the equal and destined ally of the

United States.

The movement of the centre of imperial or military authority in Europe, since the epoch of the Cæsars, has been northward and eastward by steps, from Rome to St. Petersburg.

During the decadence of Rome, the seat of empire moved eastward to the space of division between Asiatic and European civilization. At successive epochs it has rested upon that space: first at Constantinople;

again in eastern Europe, on the Danube; and lastly at St. Petersburg.

The intermediary empires of Charlemagne and of Napoleon have made France their centre, but by the shortness of their periods we are taught, that they owed their existence rather to the genius of a single conqueror, than to the balance and gravity of the general system.

The prevalent error in political calculations is in estimating, not the forces that naturally and permanently sway and subjugate a people, but the transient policy and efforts of superior genius, acting in opposition to those forces. We say that a certain government will become imperial, because the educated talent of the few has determined that it shall; we find ourselves in error; the form of an empire is indeed attempted, but the people soon fall away, as if the laws of gravity were opposed to them.

Nor is legitimacy itself the secret of imperialism. It may bind a family, a nation, or even a race, but imperialism is fundamentally *elective*, and does not recognize it. Blood and prejudice give way to motives of greater value. Legitimacy prevails more in the decline of royalty and empire than in its rise; as in the decline of Rome, the decline of feudalism, and later, in the decline of monarchy. It is, then, a symptom of weakness in royalty.

The movement of the Imperial Centre in Europe is not regulated by legitimacy, nor by the efforts of single conquerors, subverting the usual order of events. We must seek other causes; in physical culture and discipline; arming hordes of barbarians with the weapons and the tactics of the highest civilization; as were armed the Roman mercenary legion, the free troops of Wallenstein, and the army of the Czar; in the perfect union of servility and devotion to the imperial head, forming the political faith of a warlike people, numerous enough to be the guard of an imperial throne; as are at all times the central people of the empire; the necessity felt in every member of a system of monarchic and despotic states for an arbitrary head, by whom all differences shall be observed and suppressed; the necessity of *combination* among governments, no one of which is powerful enough to sustain itself alone against extensive rebellions. In the balance of these motives, and in the generally diffused super-

stitution of the lower orders, we find the motive-powers of the empire, almost without reference to legitimacy, or to the genius of great commanders.

Thus, in no case can we anticipate for France the consent of Europe to her assumption of the imperial power, notwithstanding her military resources and her physical civilization. The devotion of her people is fickle, their opinions subject to impulse. Their policy is transient, and suffers sudden change; they are individually ambitious, and they rather admire and fear, than revere or abase themselves before the head that rules them.

The remote situation, and the isolated and peculiar policy of England, with the alloy of republicanism in the genius of her laws, makes her even less apt than France to be the seat of empire. She has undertaken to control the commerce of all nations, rather than to conquer and subjugate. Her conquests indicate her policy; they are made for commerce, and commonly limited, as they are shaped, by its necessities.

The penetration of the free or western spirit into all parts of Germany in modern times, the poverty and disorganization of the Italian states, have compelled the aristocracy of Europe to allow a new Imperial Centre to form itself on their northern border. It could not rest in Prussia, in Poland, or in Hungary, because of the insubordination and the too great intelligence of the masses. Russia alone could give the example and exercise the rights of empire: with a people but one remove, in principle, from slavery, worshipping autocracy, and ignorant of the rights and honors of individual freedom, or even of a government by laws, she was able to receive it; while the necessities and dangers of the lesser monarchies compelled them tacitly to elect the Czar their emperor.

Of all the nations of the European continent, France has been the least dependent on and least ready to acknowledge the empire. Her vast armies, her bravery, and maritime and commercial resources make it usually unnecessary for her government to seek the countenance, or even to cultivate the favor of an Imperial Centre. Unable to hold empire or permanent conquest, through the volatility of her statesmen, she is also incapable of subjugation, through their courage and pride. Since the days of Charlemagne, and earlier, she has centralized more than

organized herself; fixing the idea of monarchy in the mind of the people; gradually suppressing the intermediate orders; then, by revolution, the guillotine, and exile, cutting away almost the entire rank of aristocracy, and weakening irretrievably the principle of legitimacy, while the habit of acquiescence in political affairs remained fixed almost as at first in the mind of the country population.

It is said that in certain departments of the interior, the country people voted for the present Napoleon, supposing him to be his uncle, such was their ignorance, such the fixedness of the imperial idea, without regard either to legitimacy or to republicanism.

Whatever may be the *form* of government adopted by the French, it is matured in Paris, established by a sudden movement of the people, or in some instances by the army, and imposed upon the masses of the interior without consultation with them. Paris is the sovereign of France. Paris organizes the army, appoints all important officers, and is the source and sanction of all government in France, whether she adopt a republican or a monarchical form of power.

The opinion of the masses in France is thus amused and occupied with the movements and revolutions of the Centre, and not with their own affairs: an occupation incompatible with civic republicanism, the ground of that species of organization being in the pride of the citizen, who must look upon the government as the mere agent of his interest and opinion, and not in any sense as a source of law, or as possessing the least authority or merit in itself. If France were divided into many sovereignties, as in feudal times, and these sovereignties represented as peers in a house of assembly, authority might remain in the people of the provinces: but the representative assemblies who meet at Paris, in the name of the people, represent not an organized nation, but a turbulent, unsettled, and self-despising population; that portion only who are elected under the pressure of patronage and Parisian authority having a consistency of will, and that will devoted to the executive at Paris, whatever be its name. Whilst the entire military, financial, and appointing power of the nation centres in Paris, the faction ruling at Paris must have its irresistible counterpart in the provinces,

very significantly called "departments," their boundaries having been drawn as they are for the purpose of breaking up the ancient provincial feeling, and reducing the entire people to dependence upon the dominant faction of Paris.

This mechanical division of the people into disjointed portions, each placed in arbitrary connection with the Centre, and represented in the Assembly, not as an independent sovereignty, but as a portion of the population, with only a numerical value, the elections of each fragment or department under the immediate control of officials appointed by the central power; eighty-six departments, averaging a population of much less than half a million each, not one of them able of itself to make an organized resistance, as a state or people, to the oppression of the Centre; represented by no Senate, and governed in detail by prefects, appointed by, and obedient to, the central power; the arrondissements and the communes into which these helpless fragments are again subdivided, governed, the first by a sub-prefect, and the latter by a mayor, also appointed by the Centre, forming a body of 86 governors, 363 under-governors, and 37,187 mayors, the entire honorary government of the nation at the absolute disposal of the Centre; it appears that with such a system, France will never become republican, but must inevitably and always fall back into despotism.

Moreover, of her 35 millions, nearly 19 millions, more than half, are the small proprietors, of whom nine tenths do not realize an income of more than \$100 a year; such being the consequences of the law which sets aside wills, and compels an equal division of property among heirs, both male and female. Two thirds of the entire population, including the proprietors, are engaged in agriculture in the small way; the manufacturing towns, on the other hand, crowded with impoverished operatives; internal commerce limited, for the most part, to intercourse between the town and country people of an arrondissement; education regulated by the central power; the press under the same regulation; popular meetings and political societies broken up by the prefects, under the orders of the Centre; no possibility of organization left, except by secret societies, which are criminal in the eye of the Centre; arms given to

or taken from the people as it may please the Centre; no volunteer militia, except that which is under the control of the Centre.

France neither is nor has ever been a republic: she has chosen, for popular effect, to call her central government at one time republican, at another monarchic, at another imperial, dictatorial, provisional: the name is immaterial; the *substance* is always a despotism, elective or not.

The delusion of universal suffrage in a lower population, composed of thirty millions of very poor persons, under the divided and subdivided control of some three hundred thousand agents of the Centre, be that Centre what it may, should not weigh with us for an instant. These myriads of agents may and must press down with a tyrannizing force upon these millions of small proprietors, rooted to the soil by their poverty, and restricted to such political information as it may please the Centre and its agents to afford them. To talk of redress by the courts is idle for them, these also being, in a degree, the creatures of the Centre. The suffrage of the people of France is, in great part, the suffrage of the Centre, voting itself into a dictatorship.

The farce of an Assembly of more than nine hundred persons representing a population without fixed opinions or ascertained political rights; a population not individually man for man, republican, but advised, as a stroke of policy, to name the persons who should exercise arbitrary power over them, was sustained, with much gravity and dignity, by French statesmen. Louis Napoleon has dropped the curtain and put an end to the farce, not by seizing, but by *using* merely the *actual* power intrusted to him. Representatives returned under his dictation, be they in two houses or in one, will be, in all probability, a reflection of the dictator: himself multiplied by himself. Let them be what they may, they represent nothing; their constituencies having no very defined or distinguishable interests, no political knowledge or experience, and, above all, no inherent sovereignty, either of state or of citizen. If these representatives are sent to Paris to establish a republic, they go there on a fool's errand; for the vast majority of them have no notion of a republic; or if they had, they know their constituencies have not, and they will consequently erect any paper system that is most convenient, leaving all

the power as before in the army and its chiefs, who govern as Paris pleases.

To the people of the United States, it is a question of small importance what *form* of government may be erected at Paris for the oppression of the people. The inherency of public and private freedom, of state rights and of individual sovereignty, is unknown, or at least not practically known in France. Let government, then, take what name or form it pleases; as long as the power of the nation is centralized at Paris, and the attention of the citizen fixed, not upon his own absolute rights and power, as the creator of the state, but on a choice of despots, we reassert, it is immaterial to us what may be the name or figure of the Parisian despotism. In no case will it stand before the world, like the United States, as a defender and asserter of the sovereignty of citizens and of States. It is a power without principles, and therefore with no sympathies except those of despotism. The people of France have indeed a sympathy with all great and good men, whose deeds they celebrate, and whose love for the people excites in them an equal love; but the majority of that gallant and accomplished nation have not yet attained *man for man*, that stern individualism which is the principle and safeguard of a republic. A nation of which each separate portion is not able to defend itself against the aggressions of the central power, and in which all combination of the oppressed is made impossible by the very structure of the state, cannot, without an entire and radical change of institutions, be other than a despotism. We excite revolutions in vain, if they are only to eject one faction and instate another. Socialism, (so called,) republicanism, imperialism, and legitimacy, may take their turns; it is despotism in many masks. Under each and all, the citizen out of Paris is nothing, and the province is nothing; the faction in Paris every thing.

Until the people of the provinces establish independent governments, and regulate their own domestic affairs, according to the sovereignty of the citizen, on the basis of inherent right, we need not concern ourselves much with France as a republic. The reign of Louis XIV. was despotic; the reign of terror was still more despotic. Napoleon, within the Consulate, constructed the Empire. His successor, the Bourbon,

was despotic, and Louis Philippe thought himself secure in a despotism of bribery. The Provisional Government exercised despotic power; its successor, Louis Napoleon, is dictator of France. She has never once been a republic, *not even for an hour*; and she is apparently less confident than ever in her own ability to become so.

If the present dictator maintains his position—and the prospect is fair for him—he has not only Paris and the departments to keep in awe and to employ, but he has the ambition of the army to satisfy with successful wars. A portion of the grand army of four hundred thousand men, created by the republican fears of the Provisional Government, will, of course, find occupation in maintaining the authority of the despot at home. Another portion may be amused at Rome. A vast surplus remains, for whom it will be requisite to create a serious and brilliant war. It was the necessity of Napoleon, of Charlemagne, and of Louis XIV., to maintain a succession of such wars: it is perhaps the common necessity of a Gallic, as it was of a Roman despotism, to do this.

We learn that the usurpation of Louis Napoleon has called out the congratulations of Austria and Russia; and it is even asserted, and may well be believed, that the movement was expected and secretly aided by those powers, and doubtless by the lesser states of Europe as well. If the policy of Louis Napoleon, or of his faction, were now to employ the grand army of France against Russia, Austria, or Prussia, or against any of the lesser monarchies forming an integral part of the European system, he would not be aided, abetted, and congratulated, as he has been, by them. On the contrary, he enters into that system as a member of it; and he carries over the arms and power of France to their side. The play of war in Africa can be regarded only as a gymnastic preparation for attempts of greater name.

As the republicanism of Switzerland has never been a dangerous contagion for surrounding states, it may be thought best to leave her open as a vent, or as a field of observation upon the movements of conspirators. It is an affair of evil fortune to make war on Switzerland, and it may be thought best to exercise there only a corrupting diplomacy.

There remains then but one enterprise by which the army and the people of France

can be profoundly interested and excited, and that is, to give a check to England in her career of conquest and maritime empire.

For the moneyed classes it is necessary to open new sources of industry, in commerce and manufacture. Germany, from the Baltic to the Gulf of Venice, is agitating a protective policy against what they are pleased to term the commercial robberies of Great Britain; that is to say, against her free trade and manufacture, and against the diplomacy by which she forces all nations to receive her goods, to the ruin of their own industry. About one half the entire exports of Great Britain and Ireland are into countries strictly European. They are in value equal perhaps to about one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. Italy, Russia, Germany, Portugal, and Holland and Belgium, receive the greater part. It is a necessity for Great Britain to export and sell, and within a few years past it has become equally necessary for her to receive food in exchange for what she sells; but it is by no means an equal necessity for those countries to receive the cloth and iron work of Great Britain. By combination on a vigilant protective system, they can exclude her manufactures, and supply themselves and their dependencies. Germany is becoming fast independent in her manufactures. France is already so, or would quickly become so with a slight encouragement.

A customs union on a strong protective basis, among the four military despotisms of Europe and their dependencies, directed against British manufactures, would consequently inflict incalculable injury upon Great Britain, and comparatively little upon the people of Europe, who would then be supplied by France and Germany, manufacturing countries, with what they have usually received from England. Such a union is already proposed.

Every movement of the Dictator, or, as, it is said, he is about to call himself, the "Regent of the Republic," will be in combination with the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian despotisms, during such time as the aid and support of these powers may be necessary to himself, and their alliance popular with the army. The customs league, consequently, will meet his approbation and support.

The Frankfort Diet have sent a special remonstrance, in which the other great powers join, against the asylum opened by Great

Britain to political exiles. In this movement Napoleon the Second is deeply interested, London being the rendezvous of his most dangerous enemies.

Here then are two blows meditated by the united despots of Europe against the political independence and the commercial predominance of Great Britain.

The Foreign Office of Great Britain have interfered already in the new movement of the Continent, by demanding an explanation of the *coup d'état*. England, consequently, manifests an interest opposed to the probable consequences of the *coup d'état*. Her "free-trade press," moreover, condemns, and even execrates the movements on the Continent.

Great Britain holding this attitude of incipient hostility toward the Continental powers, and they on their side menacing her with the destruction of her commerce, and protesting against her entertainment of political exiles; the constitutional and republican parties extinct, or without leaders, in Austria, in Prussia, and in France; a general movement having been adopted by these governments, to favor the example set by Austria, and followed by France, of dispensing with parliamentary rule, and, in general, with representation and constitution in every shape; it becomes necessary for Great Britain to establish, if possible, a new and extraordinary "balance of power," namely, that of constitutional and legal government, in every shape against absolutism; that is to say, it is necessary for her to adopt the Hungarian and American doctrine of non-intervention, a doctrine to which she has been hitherto opposed in theory as well as in practice. By demanding an explanation from Louis Napoleon, she has broken new ground, and declared her opposition in form.

The movements of German Europe against England must be chiefly of a statical character; those of France of necessity dynamical: the interest of Germany being that of a manufacturing, and those of France of a military rival.

The policy of the French autocrat toward the people whom he controls, is clearly indicated by the projects in which he has been for three years engaged. According to the representation of Montalembert, he ought not to be regarded as an adventurer, but as the benefactor of the nation. He has pro-

jected an immense system of railroads centering in Paris, which are to empty into a circular road, investing the city within the walls. By this system, the loyalty of the provinces and of the legions can be concentrated in twenty-four hours at Paris for the suppression of any dangerous rebellion. The government, as a principal owner, will have the absolute control of these roads. The decree for this project was issued with Napoleonic rapidity soon after the *coup d'état*, and serves to occupy and amuse the financiers and the bourgeoisie. Floating funds, that would otherwise assist in the organization of conspiracies, will be sunk in railroad shares, and a vast body of discontented *ouvriers* employed under the surveillance and patronage of the autocrat. By this measure the government also creates a new conservative body of stockholders dependent upon its will.

We can understand from this hint that it will be a part of the system of the French autocrat to occupy the people with industrial projects. By his past administration, he has already secured for himself the favor of the Church. During the three years of his Presidency, he has reinstated the Pope, and protected him with an army against the Italian Republicans. He has reinstated the Church as the instructor of youth, an institution to which she owes her existence. He has restored the Church "to all its Councils, its Synod, and its plenitude of dignity."

He has given to it the Pantheon, the temple of the genius of France; a delicate souvenir, which signifies that the excitors of revolution shall no longer be revered in France.

By the *coup d'état* of December 2d, he has "put to flight," says Montalembert, "the whole of the Revolutionists, the whole of the Socialists, and the whole of the bandits of France and Europe."

He has given the army and public authority "its revenge," (*revanche*, by the massacre of the Boulevards and of the *rue des Italiens*,) we are told by the same Christian and Catholic statesman, for the disgrace of February, 1848.

He is a prince who has rendered great service to Catholicism, says the Church, and to move against him would be to instate the Red Republic and Socialism, with all its horrors.

"He will be elected," said Montalembert;

and the remarkable inference was drawn by this truly French authority, that the people ought, *for that reason*, to vote for him.

The recent election of this Catholic despot by *universal suffrage*, is the moral fulcrum or *point d'appui* of his government. For its *sanction*, he has the army.

Every commune in France, under the direction of a mayor, appointed by the Dictator himself, will choose an elector. These electors, to the number of thirty-six thousand, will send in their votes for the representatives of arrondissements. There are to be five hundred representatives chosen in this manner, under the immediate influence of the Dictator and his agents.

Out of the five hundred representatives, elected by his friends and servants, or at least under their immediate influence, the Dictator, it is said, is to select two hundred and fifty, to compose a Legislative Assembly, which will be of necessity subservient to his will.

In case this farcical Assembly shall three times in succession refuse him the annual appropriation, he promises to retire from office.

The Assembly is to deliberate upon laws, but will have neither the *initiative* nor the *veto* of them. Its sittings will be for six months.

In the duties of his office he is to be assisted by a Council of State, which will constitute the mainspring of the government, but which will have no executive authority, nor a veto.

The organization of the army is already Napoleonic, and the appointment of the marshals now in progress.

A senate of eighty persons; thirty-nine appointed by the Councils-General of the departments, and forty-one by the Dictator, is to complete the thin disguise of despotism.

The two representative bodies will serve, while they last, to maintain a faint appearance of popular forms, but the general structure of the government is otherwise extremely simple and efficient. It is a kind of "clearing of the decks for action." Every thing obstructive is knocked away, that the arm of the Executive may have a clear sweep for oppression and for war. It is a government organized for a people who cannot shape one for themselves, and which has thrown aside, for an indefinite period of time,

all consideration for abstract rights, and all ideas of a republic; a nation that has now to make choice of internal or external war, of civil rebellion, or of foreign enterprise; since it must either suffer under and contend against an army necessary to the maintenance of its government, or must occupy that army to gratify its ambition. We may consequently regard the French nation as, for the present, employed in military affairs; as a member of the European or Cossack Empire. The prediction of Napoleon is accomplished.

After the view which we have taken of the internal and external relations of France, it will not be suggested, even by the most unthinking, that she is at present in a condition to offer or accept an alliance with America. Her enormous agricultural resources remove her from the possibility of dependence upon us. We can form no natural or profitable connection with a nation

whose commercial interests are antagonistic to our own, and whose spirit of government is a disgrace and detriment to all republics, and, indeed, to all constitutional rule. We must wait for another revolution in France, and that, too, a revolution more extraordinary than has ever been as yet, before we enter with her into an alliance of principle. As she is, let us accept the lesson which she gives; for she has at length taught the world that *suffrage is not liberty*; that the republic must exist in the hearts of the people, and, more than that, in their mind and nature, before it can appear in their votes: that a nation without the will or the capacity of self-government—that is to say, a nation in which the people, *man for man*, are not equal to public affairs, jealous of superiority, and hating every shape of interference and oppression—can never go beyond the name, cannot attain even to the *form* of a republic.

THE MODERN AMERICAN DRAMA.

HOWEVER strange it may sound to divide into *two* parts what many deny we possess, we deliberately write the *Modern American Drama*, to distinguish it from those national pieces so prevalent some few years ago.

We conceive that much vagueness exists in the public mind as to what constitutes a national drama: many accept the limited definition, which excludes all subjects drawn from a foreign source: in this point of view universality is at once negatived, and the drama merely becomes the history of a nation flattered and falsified, or at all events condensed, colored, and emphasized: this definition substitutes a practical *romance* for what should be the picture of *life*, without reference to any particular locality. The human heart, with all its lofty and cosmopolitan aspirations, is limited to the *cordon sanataire* of a parish;

"The soul's uneasy, and confined at home;"

the far-searching intellect is put into the village stocks; the philanthropist has to nar-

row his sympathy to his own parish; the glorious gift of charity is a mere legal poor's rate; and Olympian Jove, by this bigotry, is dethroned to make way for the beadle. If the universal can be narrowed into the national, what is to prohibit the latter from becoming the parochial? Goldsmith's sarcasm upon Burke,

"Who" [he said] "narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,"

becomes complimentary, and conveys a patriotic idea, instead of a factious one. The motto of the *great dramatist* is,

Homo sum, et nihil me alienum puto.

Measured, however, by the other rule, the Drama is but a very "little bit of man indeed," scarcely a finger. Our Drama, therefore, (in our opinion,) does not depend upon our writer's choosing American subjects, but in the excellence of their treatment of the subject itself. Judged by the former standard, how few of Shakspeare's plays are national! his comedies are limited to the Merry Wives of Windsor, and his tragedies to his histories.

The greatest triumphs of his genius are excluded from the English Drama by this absurd definition. Hamlet belongs to Denmark; Timon of Athens to Greece; Troilus and Cressida to Troy; Othello, Romeo and Juliet, Merchant of Venice, and a host of others, are part and parcel of the Italian stage; for a mere glance will show how few of his subjects are national. In our own times the rule holds good; Bulwer, Knowles, Talfourd, Browning, Horne, Stephens, and Heraud, avail themselves of the history of the human heart, without thinking of geography, which is more useful to the hack-driver than the poet. Faith and morals may depend somewhat upon latitude and longitude; but poetry, which has man for its subject, claims him wherever she finds him. Indeed, it may be taken as proof of *want* of genius, when an author confines himself to his own nation and times; this is evident in the plays of Jerrold, Bell, Marston, and Boursicault, which are very flimsy things. This class are rather reporters than poets; mere observers, not creators; and their works consist of conventional dialogues, turning more upon manners than man. Boker's Calaynos belongs as truly to the American mind, and is as genuine a specimen of our Drama, as the witchcraft of Mathews, although the scene of one is laid in Spain, and the other in Salem.

This brings us at once to the consideration of the cynical complaint we occasionally hear, "that we have no national literature;" forgetting that to a certain extent we have no *distinctive* existence as a people; the constituent parts of all that constitutes nationality, or rather the elements of them, being identical with those of England. We are the brighter noon of her dawning day; a young giant endowed with her idiosyncrasy; we possess her memory, and every faculty that is used in either political or literary thought; in sitting down to write, we think in English; our judges decide on English principles; our moral and religious prejudices have their root on the other side the Atlantic; we inherit her history, manners, and customs, modified certainly by locality and circumstances. Notwithstanding the vast interfusion of foreign blood, it has never dethroned the predominant idea; had it done that, it would have changed our language. Language is the symbol of sovereignty; this has re-

mained untouched, not because the absolute majority are of the original English stock, but because they are, more than any other, a constituent part of the population; this will account for our identity remaining untouched. We are improved, not changed; a new edition, "amended and corrected," certainly, by a superior commentator, but not another work; a fuller, grander, deeper development of England. We have thrown aside the *formulae*, and purified our creed. We have outgrown the superstitions of the old religion; our genius moves no longer in the ancient fetters of the feudal past; in a word, we are free!

When Columbus discovered America, he found also the world for human progress; he chose the battle-field of peace, whose victory was the happiness of man.

Freed from the entangling alliances of neighboring powers, and the disturbing influences of old associations, the strongest, healthiest, noblest-hearted child of a great name, settled in a new land. Our republic dates earlier than from the Declaration of Independence. It was born the day our forefathers landed on these shores. The Mayflower was the modern Ark, rescuing from the deluge of despotism the founders of a new order of things. The first blow of the axe that felled the first tree of the forests of Massachusetts, commenced the homestead of Freedom.

The hereditary leprosy of the feudal age was outgrown to a great extent, our relations with the mother country becoming a convenience on our part, and a sympathy on hers: possibly there was more of habit in it than either necessity or reflection. Although we were weaned from a churlish breast, established in our own home, we remained a part of the same family. We are consequently precluded, by our very origin, from the possession of a distinct or original literature, which is, like ourselves, a continuation of England; and until a current of foreign blood is poured into our veins sufficiently large to change our language, it must of necessity remain so. Our feelings and opinions will progress, but our spirit will be intact: this occurs in individuals constantly. Paul the persecutor, and St. Paul the apostle, were the same man; yet no *two* men ever were more unlike at different periods than this *one*: the miraculous conversion changed alone his faith, which led to a

different conduct on that one question. It left his intellect untouched; the same method of using it, the same vehement nature, the old habits, tastes, and knowledge. Memory, that continuity of thought, was unimpaired; identity, which is the coherence of man, can only be touched at the expense of reason itself. Death and insanity are its only operators. The foundation of the future is the past; and what is true of a man is true of a nation, for the simple reason, as Wordsworth writes,

"Have we not all of us *one* human heart?"

And the greatest of poets says,

"*One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin!*"

In like manner, although our external policy became independent at the Revolution, our nature was substantially untouched. Americans pored over history with the same feelings as they did before, when they were nominally colonists. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, even Old Hickory himself, as well as their present descendants, never read the wars of York and Lancaster with the same emotions as either a Frenchman, a German, or a Pole; and this will be the case with *our* descendants, to the last "syllable of recorded time."

As the poet says,

"Our blood was first the cause; since then, our tongue."

Indeed, what blood is to the body, language is to the mind: language may be called the sap; and we may as reasonably expect oranges and lemons to grow upon an apple tree, simply because it is transplanted from England to Spain: at the same time, grafting and transplanting may improve its fruit, endowing it with a superior bloom, size, and flavor; but it will bear apples only as long as it grows.

Having noticed briefly a Jeremiad we frequently hear sung over our Drama, we shall glance at, also briefly, another, sometimes chanted over the slowness of our mental progress generally, especially with reference to the more imaginative part, modern literature. To prove this "dreadful and remarkable fact," our undervaluers bring forth, as an unanswerable witness, Science herself. There is, however, we venture to say, no analogy between them, and her evidence is, consequently, thrown away.

Imagination and Science are essentially contrasts; their history is far as the poles assunder. Science advances day by day. Every fresh experiment is a step gained. Science is a priest whose book is nature; Poetry is one whose Bible is man. Science, through her inspired handmaid, Accident, works problems blindly, and points out unwittingly the most wonderful discoveries; but the human heart keeps its secrets to itself, deep hidden in its darkest recesses, and the poet and philosopher have to drag them painfully to light: Nature, on the other hand, rejoices in her full development; "she wears her heart upon her sleeve," and, as Coleridge observes, "never does betray the heart that loves her." Her laboratory is every where, and ever open. The boiling of water gives birth to the steam-engine, which, as Kosuth says, "makes distance obsolete." The flying of a child's kite in a storm suggests the electric telegraph—that wonderful invention, which gives a nervous system to the globe, and makes a whispering gallery of the world. The ascent of smoke points out the navigation of air; while hydrostatics, like Venus, rises from her bath. A floating log suggests the boat, and the motion of a fish's tail adds the rudder. Accident drew the first portrait, by throwing a profile on the wall; a piece of flint falling into a fire mixes with some sand, and we have glass: in a word, the greatest of philosophers and benefactors has been that well-abused doer of so much damage, Accident. Science* is a register of the commonplace of Nature, the simple acts of her daily life. When men discover, they only note down some particular process; when they fancy they invent, they merely imitate her actions; they make practical for their own use, what she has performed since creation. Physical science consequently advances every day, because fresh observations are made incessantly. Human scrutiny is ever fixed upon the phenomena of Nature, which never pauses, for a moment's cessation would unhinge the universe. Creation is her daily work, or rather her unconscious growth—the pulsations of her mighty heart. As children stand around the studio of some great artist, watching awe-struck his labors, even so philosophers gaze reverently upon the gigantic opera-

* Science is the diary of Nature.—*Commonplace Book of Nature.*

tions of the Creator, as little able to fathom His secret as the boys are to master the skill of the other.

Thus, while science marches forward every hour, in the regions of pure intellect man makes no progress. Our greatest modern philosophers do not surpass, even if they equal, Plato or Aristotle; our moralists are not beyond Socrates and Epictetus; Euclid is still our master in geometry; in poetry, Homer, Pindar, Horace, Æschylus, and Anacreon remain unrivaled; Juvenal reigns the Jove of satirists; Lucretius and Epicurus are great in infidelity, considered by many a modern vice; Tacitus and Thucydides are the chiefest of historians, while Quintus Curtius, Suetonius, Cornelius Nepos, and Plutarch, excel as biographers. In military glory, Hannibal, Alexander, Scipio, Cæsar, and Marius, are yet the "thunderbolts of war."

In *pure* intellect, therefore, man will most probably remain stationary to the end of the chapter; his progress being confined to morals, science, and system.

Every year diffuses education among the masses; we have not, perhaps, so many *millionaires* of knowledge, but intellectual wealth is more equally distributed. The human race is growing more and more republican every day; knowledge, like power, is becoming common property; no longer hoarded in the groves of Academus, the caves of Pythagoras, the cloisters or the palace, it is now all-pervading, like the air. Men must and will have it, or perish in obtaining it. This will account for the fact, that it is in the Drama alone that the moderns have gained upon the ancients, and this merely in the *scientific* part, construction. Compare the Greek stage with the modern, and the stride is immense; but, we repeat, only in the more *mechanical* part, the stage carpentry. We question if our modern poets knew *more* of the *human heart* than Euripides, Sophocles, Menander, Aristophanes, Terence and Plautus. We exclude Shakspeare from this comparison, as he is rather an exception than a rule; otherwise, in pure intellect, our dramatists have not advanced. Great allowance must likewise be made for the changing manners of the times; even in Shakspeare's day, the patience of an audience was almost antediluvian. What spectators, but an audience of Methuselahs, could afford to sit out tragedies

as long as Hamlet, with its four thousand five hundred lines? Now the orthodox length of a play is thirteen hundred, and it requires almost a murder in every scene to make it endurable at that. In the days of Elizabeth, the dramatist was the instructor, as well as the amuser; and his works, however prolix, came upon the parched souls of the people, as rain upon a thirsty soil; now every thing is intensified. Electric telegraphs have made the human soul impatient; we demand sensation, not instruction; stimulant, not food; excitement, not repose. We brace our system by over-doses of passion; to borrow an illustration from Lamb, "like the tailor, we *rest* ourselves by *standing*!"

But while science is thus enabled to show a glorious train of triumphs in every department, and proudly display its volume, where it has inscribed some daily achievement, with its Horatian motto of

"Nulla dies sine linea,"

the pure intellect has its consolation in its more enduring nature; for even in this world of matter, the *spiritual* triumphs over the *physical*, memory becoming the Pantheon of even the materialist. The greatest achievements of the sculptor, the painter, the architect, perish surely, though imperceptibly: shred by shred, and tint by tint, the cartoons of Raphael and the glowing colorings of Rubens are fading; the pyramids are silently passing into dust, like the forgotten hands of those who fashioned them; the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, and the Venus de Medicis are decaying beneath the touch of Time, as though they were merely a harder mortal flesh; even mountains crumble, and rivers dry up; but the song of Pindar is as fresh and glowing as when it first left his lips, and stirs the soul of man as deeply *now* as *then*. The poet's voice has all the force of its first utterance, and it is alone in his verse that the names of heroes, sculptors, painters, and architects survive. The poet's song is a type of immortality, the symbol of the soul that uttered it.

But we must hasten from this general glance at the history of poetry, and confine ourselves to the more immediate subject of our own drama.

At the risk of being considered national, we openly avow that we regard the position we have gained, whether in the arts and sciences, comprehending painting, poetry,

sculpture, and mechanics, even taking all in their widest range, as one of which the most dispassionate judge has ample reason to be proud.

The nature of our present inquiry of course confines us to merely *one* branch, but no candid mind need fear applying the severest test to all; indeed, considering the many difficulties thrown into the way of our authors, their comparative progress is greater than that of any other nation. When it is remembered that they have to encounter the competition of laborers who work gratuitously—we mean the British authors who are impressed and kidnapped by our present infamous practice of literary piracy, which converts our mental commerce into a vast system of legalized smuggling, driving the native artisan out of the field, or else making him a mere literary beggar, dependent upon the precarious alms of a publisher—we marvel they have accomplished so much. What would become of our commerce and manufactures, if a band of smugglers and pirates inundated the market with the proceeds of plundered foreign stores, the prime cost of which was merely the iniquity of the robber, and the life-blood of the rightful possessor?

The present system deprives our authors of the greatest incentive to intellectual exertion; the battle is to be fought, forsooth, against the most desperate odds, and yet the palm of victory—the prize for which all fight—is to be withheld: scorn, if we fail; neglect, if we triumph. Genius requires sunshine for its development more than any other human faculty. What *vacuum* is to physical life, neglect is to the mind. Genius cannot breathe in silence, indifference, and obscurity. "Poetry," as Coleridge well said, "is its own exceeding great reward;" for it gets most certainly no other in this far-famed land of liberty.

When these circumstances are taken into account, we repeat, the wonder is that we have done so much and so well. The last few years have produced as dramatists, Willis, Boker, Mathews, Pray, Ware, and Mrs. Mowatt, all of whom have written successful acting plays, some of a very high merit. Had there been "a clear stage," the list must necessarily have been far more brilliant. It is also another of the enemy's tactics to appeal to this apparent poverty of literary triumphs, and adduce it as a proof of our mental inferiority, thus justifying their own

conduct in perpetuating the evil, by withholding the encouragement necessary to remedy it. Another class adopts the hollow cant of saying, that we have no time to waste upon poetry and literary pursuits; we must build our towns, grow our cotton, extend our territories, construct our railways, and sail our ships. Pray, do not the English perform these necessary works? Are they an idle people? They have colonies in every quarter of the globe, and yet they have the first literature in the world! Their marine, commerce, manufactures, and mines are admirably managed, their ships well attended, they do more work than any other nation, and yet they cheerfully devote a quota to the encouragement of their intellect; and a close observation compels us to declare that the prosperity and *prestige* of that nation depend more upon her intellectual triumphs than her physical force: her battles have been gained as much by Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, and Locke, as by her brute sinews and her glittering bayonets!

We do not, however, in this particular, blame either managers or publishers. It is not natural to pay large sums for what they can obtain a bountiful supply of from England for twenty-five cents. Managers and publishers are merely tradesmen; one keeping his theatre, and the other his "Temple of Knowledge" open for the express purpose of making money; their motto is the same as that of the peddler or *free-trader*, "To buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market."

The real culprits are the Nation, indirectly, and the Legislature, *directly*, who refuse to throw the protecting mantle of law over the highest order of work. It is a gross anomaly, that the noblest, most intelligent and disinterested class of laborers should be left without any security for their property, as though they were outlaws! This is the worst kind of Socialism. This subject is, however, one of too great magnitude to be dismissed in a few words; we shall therefore consider it more fully in a future number, merely remarking that the wrong done to the native author is the least of the evils inflicted by such a monstrous system of injustice. We entirely leave out of view the rights of British writers. We think, however, we perceive a growing disposition in the public mind to rectify this singular injustice, which has become

the more glaring, since, by a recent treaty between England and France, a copyright has been recognized even for the protection of original works against translators. Surely this ought to shame our Congress into an act of tardy justice, for, to a certain extent, a translator acquires a kind of *half title* to the work he transfers from a foreign language into his own. It implies labor, and enables the mass who are ignorant of the original to become acquainted with productions otherwise sealed to them. To return to the drama:

Poets, more especially dramatists, are almost invariably deficient in application: this proceeds from their very temperament, in the first instance, and from habit afterwards; however natural, it should be manfully combated. Milton well knew that he who aspired to fame must "scorn delights, and live laborious days."

Genius without labor is but an idle capital, a mine without a shaft or miners. The first thought of Apollo may be the best, but its revised expression is better still, being of necessity more artistic; revision cannot spoil, it may improve; the poet, in his moment of composition, is in an *excited* state. Inspiration, creation, impulse, and excitement, are in nature nearly synonymous; they are certainly all poetical states of mind. Coleridge was a remarkable instance of mechanical indolence; we suspect that even his mental activity has been overrated; there was more subtle restlessness than vigor or steadiness about him; he abominated the mere mechanical act of writing down his conceptions; doubtless, the tedious elaboration of recording every word checks that flowing impulse and swing of verse which many confound with poetical thought itself: it is what Horne Tooke called "putting up a turnpike at every step." Among the inventions of the future, we must not despair of a machine which, like the electric telegraph, can be worked direct by the brain. This was one of Coleridge's wishes, which drew from Lamb the remark, that "if all was written that Coleridge talked, writing-paper would indeed become scarce and dear."

The mention of Lamb's name reminds us of an anecdote, which, though not very *piquant* for him, yet, as we are not aware it has ever been printed, may as well be handed over to our readers.

At a party one night at Highgate, where

Irving was present, a gentleman entered into controversy with that great preacher and unassuming man, maintaining the superiority of the Mohammedan religion over the Christian with considerable irreverence and pertinacity. When he had finished, Lamb approached the theoretical Turk, and, making a formal salaam, very much in the fashion of Neafie, gravely inquired after his harem, and begged the loan of his turban, *as his grandmother was in want of one.*

Poets are too easily satisfied with their first crude, rough drafts; pleased themselves, and understanding what they mean, they are under the delusion that they have perfected their intention; but perfection is of slow growth. Literary works do not start, "armed at all points, exactly cap-a-pie," like Minerva from the brain of Jove. A fine thought, like a beautiful woman, requires some time and attention in dressing, to show her charms to the utmost advantage. Taste and labor are as necessary as symmetry of form.

In a drama this is more indispensable than in any other production. It demands also a combination of faculties, which renders a play the highest effort of genius. We are also inclined to believe that a fine comedy, such as the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Le Tartuffe*, requires more intellect and knowledge of human nature than a tragedy: in the latter, the *momentum* of tragic passion and the physical force of the *denouement*, lend a certain artificial or adventitious progress to the drama; it moves from the stimulant of a startling occurrence. The audience are not so critical with a serious as a comic play: it is easier to move tears than mirth; the eyes are weaker than the diaphragm: the force of an event, with the baldest description, will carry the pathetic *feelings* along, but the *judgment* is of a colder nature. Tragic speeches can be thrown off, *currente calamo*, but wit is the effect of study and incessant polish. Even *jeux d'esprit* and *extempore* remarks require long coaxing. Moore says, in a letter to Byron, "that he has been toiling for three weeks at the *fag end of an impromptu.*"

If it be true that a drama is life, and life a drama, the greatest charm is naturalness; but even here this is subject to a considerable modification. Heraud, who was an admirable critic, though he never could write

an effective play himself, declared that a drama is a certain event artistically presented; lopping off all episodes, however much they may explain, and illustrating the catastrophe, which ought to approach gradually; neither pausing, nor jumping to a conclusion. The *dramatis personæ* ought to have a natural dependence upon the chief actor, who should not, however, monopolize the interest; he should merely be the central figure round which the more prominent ones are to revolve during the action, and to be grouped at the *finale*. As in a picture, much must depend upon the light and shade; a due distribution being indispensable to the *tout ensemble*. When the coloring is too *sombre*, as in the *Gamester*, the *Revenge*, and others of that class, they only please gloomy or diseased tastes, and consequently fail as *dramas*; not having fulfilled their aim and object, they are mere monotonous groans, "long drawn out." Like the epic, a play should have a beginning, middle, and end, which seems naturally to divide it into three acts, notwithstanding the traditional custom of five. Bulwer defends the latter by dividing a drama thus: first, the introduction; secondly, the effervescence; thirdly, the zenith; fourthly, pause and preparation for the tendency; and, lastly, the catastrophe. This, however, is more arbitrary than the other, which seems to be the most natural.

Some critics consider a drama as a syllogism in action; consisting of a major, minor, and inference; the *denouement* being the demonstration. Othello, by this rule-of-three, would be stated somewhat thus: Given an ill-assorted runaway marriage; the wife being weak, and the husband jealous and credulous, to work out its arithmetical result with a false friend as the multiplier. The quotient undoubtedly is murder! By this rule, Shakspeare might become a dramatic Cocker, and his study strengthen the arithmetical powers of our young merchants, justifying Pope's line—

"Lisping in numbers, for the numbers came."

After the construction of the plot, the dialogue is the most important, being the intellectual gladiatorship of the parties con-

cerned; the characters, of course, being included in the plot. It resembles two skilful fencers, each trying for a "palpable hit," and not two butchers hacking at each other alternately. The perfection of a dramatic style may be defined as a *lucid terseness*; passion speaking in natural epigrams, without antithesis; suiting the action to the word, by way of illustration, but never becoming tautological by saying and doing the same thing. Action and language are equally intelligible to an audience; this is the grand distinction between a poem and a drama; the latter of which is a *ballet* set to words instead of music; indeed, a skilful manager can at once tell if a play will be effective on the stage, by rehearsing it in his "mind's eye" as a ballet. The question is not, How does such a tragedy read? but, How will it dance? Not, Will it *talk* well? but, Will it *walk* well? Farley, the cleverest of modern pantomimists, said, every good acting play was, *per necessitatem*, a good *ballet*, instancing Othello. According to this theory, what the skeleton is to the human frame, action is to the drama; passion being the muscles, and language the flesh, symmetry being analogous to the plot.

Browning, in a letter to the writer, says: "A drama is a certain history, rounded to a point, which is the catastrophe. As an epic is the emphasis of *narration*, a drama is the emphasis of *action*; words are, therefore, to a certain extent, almost a necessary evil. Nothing should be done by speaking what can be conveyed by looks or by action; the dialogue should explain and assist, not retard, nor yet unnecessarily accompany; words should never lead or be substituted. The chief excellence is unexpectedness; thus distinguishing it from melodrama and pantomime, which is founded upon surprises and improbabilities; one deals in the contingencies and probabilities of life, the latter in the remotest possibilities."

Having thus stated what we conceive a drama to be, we shall devote in our next an article to a brief review of the principal writers who have endeavored to uphold this department of the literature of their country, commencing with Mr. Willis, as one of the earliest of the present class.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

FRANCE.—The usurpation of Louis Napoleon has been completely successful. The provinces are quiet, Paris is humble, and France once more breathes freely, after her customary blood-letting. Upwards of two thousand Frenchmen, it is supposed, have been killed in the capital and throughout the country in the execution of the President's *coup d'état*. Every thing is perfectly tranquil. Even stocks are looking up, whether from direct operations of government to produce that effect, or from renewed confidence in the stability of Louis Napoleon's power, it is difficult to say. The only uneasy man in the country is the President himself, who lives in hourly dread of assassination. He will be used to it by the time he has made as many escapes as his predecessor, Louis Philippe, who for many a year afforded good target-practice for his loving subjects, and died in his bed at last. It is stated that a conspiracy has already been discovered to assassinate the President, and that numerous arrests have been made in consequence. He is attended in public by a strong escort of dragoons, with cocked pistols in their hands.

Much unnecessary cruelty was practised in carrying out this measure. The Boulevards, on the day of its accomplishment, were, as usual, crowded with citizens—men, women, and children, on the favorite promenade of the Parisians—when the troops commenced firing upon them, at first with such regularity, that the more distant spectators supposed it to be a review. But the flying crowds, the shattered windows, the slain and wounded falling around them, the brutal and, it is so said, half-intoxicated soldiery, told the old story that the same scenes so often have told before. The few barricades that were erected were soon carried by the troops; the few members of the Assembly that rallied the citizens to resistance were soon shot down or taken prisoners; the leading men of the nation were already in close detention, and the great French republic disappeared, to make room for the glories of a new empire. The farce of an election was then gone through with, to give Louis Napoleon a legal right to the presidency for ten years. At the places where the people registered their votes, guards of soldiers were placed, and sentries stationed at the doors of the voting-rooms. Government officials presided over the ballot-boxes. The tickets were a simple *yes* for Louis Napoleon, or *no*,—no opposition candidate being allowed. The votes were then counted by the government agents, who, of course, remedied all mistakes or deficiencies. The results of this proceeding are announced by the government as being upwards of 7,000,000 for Louis Napoleon, against 600,000 in the negative.

All the accounts received abroad concerning the usurpation have hitherto been partial and unsatisfactory; for in the outset the telegraphic lines were stopped, except in the service of the government,

and the post-office was thoroughly watched, and all letters opened. The press was completely muzzled, and still remains subject to a severe censorship. Many of the leading editors were arrested, though since discharged from custody.

The Minister of Marine has given orders to prepare several ships for sea, and to keep them in readiness to remove political offenders to Algeria or Cayenne.

The President has received the felicitations of all the Courts of the North on his successful exertions in the cause of law and order. A splendid carriage and four magnificent horses have been presented to him by the Emperor of Austria, and the Czar has sent one of his aides-de-camp to compliment the President on his exploit, and to present him with the grand cordon of the order of St. Andrew, which is the first order in the Russian empire. The King of Naples is said to be nearly beside himself with joy.

The ultra party among the Catholics espouse the cause of the dictator. Montalembert and the Bishop of Chartres have both publicly declared in his favor, while the liberal Archbishop of Paris denounces the new régime.

An American writer (Dr. Bushnell) summed up with admirable brevity the peculiar advantages of our own form of government, when he said that, "were the President of the United States to attempt military usurpation, *we would send a constable after him.*" Louis Napoleon has, in a manner equally concise, practically epitomized the weakness of the French republican constitution, by taking the nation itself into custody. He demands his own reëlection by the *unbiased* vote of France, while he holds a pistol to the head of each elector. "Your suffrage or your life," says this modern Dick Turpin; and the Frenchman gives the worthless vote, and saves his life for the hour when a *coup de pistolet* will follow up the *coup d'état*.

From this, the world concludes that constitutions are the merest of forms, empty and futile, except so far as they are represented in the hearts and brains of the people that build them; and that the omnipotence of the law in the breast of the American citizen would sustain American liberty, let the form be never so faulty, while the slavish French nature would contaminate the freest and most divinely perfect of political institutions.

And the world may be right, as it often is; or it may be wrong, as it sometimes has been found to be.

For, let the American citizen be harassed by a periodical state-spasm, swamping the country in blood, beating down trade, credit, labor, ceasing only from the exhaustion of the nation, and commencing with the renewal of strength, and we can answer for him that the charms of absolutism will find more favor in his eyes than he now fancies. The American is remarkably alive to the claims

which the liberties of future ages have upon him, and proud of the splendid destinies of his country. But his enthusiasm requires no especial sacrifice of his personal interests or comfort, otherwise he might be heard saying with the Frenchman, "After us, the deluge."

But still the croakers may be right after all, when they tell us that the weakness and instability, the want of depth, and grave steady purpose, the mixed ferocity and childishness of the Gaul, are the real and only serious obstacles to his emancipation. It may be that human nature and French nature are two, and that the feverish Gallic blood finds its natural temperature at boiling-heat. Nevertheless let us hope for the best, and look for a less gloomy solution of this fearful riddle.

Never before have the dangers of *centralization*, the element of French republicanism, been so clearly manifested as in the late *coup d'état* by Louis Napoleon. In all previous violent seizures or tyrannical abuse by individuals of the revolutionary governments, this inherent defect has been hazed over, or completely concealed by circumstances incidental to the times, and not to the principle of free institutions. Under Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, the nation was wreaking the vengeance due to centuries of aristocratic contumely, and the sanguinary brotherhood were the furies let loose by the people upon the heads of the privileged classes. In the succeeding transition state, dictatorial power seemed necessary to repress the internal agitation consequent upon such terrible scenes of anarchy; and finally, when Napoleon quietly assumed the purple, the threatening aspect of the allied kings justified him before the people. But the usurpation of Louis Napoleon was effected without even the shadow of a pretext. Whatever dangers were gathering in the depths of society, its surface was as calm as a summer sea. The citizens heard the platoon-firing on the Boulevards, and thought it a holiday review, until the iron shower came hurtling among them, to convince them of their folly in changing King Log for King Stork. This was the thunder in a clear sky; and let France heed the omen. Never, since the Prætorians made a football of the Roman crown, or the Janissaries bowstringed stubborn Grand Signora, has centralization been brought to such perfection.

Lest our readers may not make allowance for the difficulties which beset unfortunate Frenchmen in their search for freedom, and to check us from pharisaically thanking God that we are not such as these men, let us imagine the whole of the vast army of office-holders within the United States—not only those already holding authority from the general government, but the state officials, the county officers, the township, village, and country neighborhood authorities—all to receive their appointments from the executive, and upon whose favor or disfavor their daily bread consequently depends. Let us imagine a thoroughly disciplined standing army waiting at the beck of this dread Power of the Centre, while the bugbear of Socialism, Communism, Red Republicanism, stands, as the Scylla of this Charybdis, to frighten the timid, hold in check the selfish, and perplex good men and true patriots. Do we not see that

the liberties of the citizen are but a straw in the way of this gigantic machinery, and that to wield this highly artificial system requires *will* more than *thought*; and to seize it, less genius than audacity! As it now is in the United States, every petty local election is an organized nucleus of opposition to an ambitious Executive; and every official so elected is a faithful guardian of the fold which cherishes him, instead of being its secret enemy, as in the case of the French central system.

Similar to the successful experiment of Louis Napoleon, was the brilliant but unsuccessful conspiracy of Malet, which, with no more genius than would be required for a well-conceived burglary, but with an immortal courage, nearly wrenched the sceptre from the sinewy hold of the Emperor Napoleon. When Bonaparte was contending in Russia against his first reverses, a prisoner of state, named Malet, an obscure but daring man, with only two accomplices, one a prisoner like himself, and the other the corporal on guard at the place of detention, formed the project of overturning the imperial dynasty. The means were a fabricated story of the death of the Emperor, and a forged decree of the Senate creating General Malet governor of Paris, and establishing a provisional government; also forged orders on the treasury, of various amounts. With these, and dressed in the uniform of general of brigade, Malet presented himself at the house of the colonel of one of the regiments in Paris, announced to him that the Emperor had been killed before Moscow, and that he himself had been appointed by the Senate Governor of Paris; at the same time presenting to the colonel, Soulier, an appointment from the Senate of general of brigade, and a treasury order for 100,000 francs. The colonel, deceived or won, gave in to the snare, and led the way to the barracks. Here Malet assumed command, assembled the troops, read the announcement of the Emperor's death and the decree of the Senate, and finally marched, before daybreak, with a strong body of troops, to the prison of La Force, where were confined two republican generals, Lahorie and Guidal. With these Malet divided the command of the troops. One column marched to the residence of Savary, the minister of police, who was surprised in bed, and carried in safety to the very prison from which his captor had just escaped. The second detachment made prisoner of the prefect of police, and deposited him likewise in the prison of La Force. Soulier, the colonel, took possession of the Hôtel de Ville, while Malet occupied the Place Vendôme. He dispatched from here forged orders, similar to those which had deceived Soulier, to the colonels of different regiments, and gained thereby, without the slightest resistance, possession of the bank and of the barriers of Paris, which were closed to prevent messengers being sent from the city to the country for assistance. The prefect of the department of the Seine was likewise completely caught in the snare, and fell into the train of the resolute Malet. The Governor of Paris, on showing suspicion, and hesitating to obey the directions given him, was shot down, and left for dead. Nothing now was wanting to complete success but possession of the office of the *états-major*, the

head-quarters of military authority in Paris. Here the same tactics were employed as with the other officers, and the adjutant-general, Doucet, so far obeyed the orders given him as to send for the minister of war, Laborde, whom he had been ordered to arrest. This functionary was about yielding to his arrest, when the inspector-general of police, who had had the charge of Malet in his place of detention, and who was entirely ignorant of what had occurred, accidentally entered the door. He recognized the escaped prisoner, arrested him; the soldiers were informed of the deceit practised on them, and told the Emperor was not dead, the minister of police was released, and by nine o'clock in the morning this extraordinary conspiracy was defeated, when within a few moments of its successful accomplishment. "But for the accident," says Savary, "which caused the arrest of the minister of war to fail, Malet, in a few moments, would have been master of almost every thing; and in a country so much influenced by the contagion of example, there is no saying where his success would have stopped. He would have had possession of the treasury, then extremely rich, the post-office, the telegraph, and the command of the hundred cohorts of the National Guards of Paris."

In this singular conspiracy aimed at the power of the Emperor, we see many remarkable resemblances to that in which his nephew has established his own. The ease with which the tremendous power of a standing army was grasped and directed by a single bold hand, the seizure of some of the high functionaries of government in their beds, and the intimidation of others, the soulless, mechanical working of the state machinery, Paris secured, and France in chains behind it, and we see that in either case the principle of centralization was the enormous lever by which a few daring spirits pried a kingdom from its foundations.

ENGLAND.—The unexpected retirement from office of Lord Palmerston, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, by removing one of the main props of Lord John Russell's ministry, renders probable the speedy dissolution of the whole Cabinet. The immediate cause of Lord Palmerston's exclusion would seem to have been an irreconcilable difference of opinion with regard to the European policy of the government. The rest of the Cabinet earnestly desired a cordial understanding with the courts of Central and Northern Europe, and regretted the convulsion which had taken place in France, which transferred that people from a constitutional government to military absolutism. Lord Palmerston, on the other hand, had embittered the despotic Courts by his downright and manly interference in their shameful system of military terrorism. Witness his answer to the Kossuth delegation, which drew out the remonstrances of the Russian and Austrian Cabinets. It was Palmerston, too, that saved Kossuth from an Austrian gibbet, for the backing up of England was the only thing that enabled Turkey to stand out against the haughty demands of the Czar. His rebuke, also, of the infernal cruelties of the King of Naples, by means of the Gladstone exposures, was worthy of a man who, by forty years of political service in the English government, occupied a higher posi-

tion than any monarch in Europe. The circular he addressed to the European Courts concerning the political persecutions of the Neapolitan Nero, and the cold shoulder turned by them to his earnest representations, placed Great Britain before the world as the sole defender in Europe of civil and political freedom.

But how can we reconcile this active espousal of constitutionalism and the eternal rights of man with the unbounded approbation and admiration which Lord Palmerston notoriously expressed for the successful *coup d'état* which annihilated the liberties of France?

The two facts are not altogether irreconcilable, if we consider them from the stand-point of England's well-founded jealousy of Russia, and her position with regard to the question of European balance of power, once the holy of holies to European despots, now—such changes does time bring—the last hope of free institutions in the Old World. Of the five great powers of Europe, it is evident that Prussia and Austria become day by day more involved in the toils of Russian diplomacy, and more overawed by the military strength of their colossal neighbor. France is fast becoming the natural ally of Great Britain, to check this wicked coalition. But France, to be available, must possess a strong government; must be either a well-cemented constitutional monarchy or republic, or a strong military autocracy. It is during her frequent changes, while she lies helpless and nerveless, after casting her old skin, that the Czar makes always a step forward. She was in this state when Nicholas threw his sword into the scale between Austria and Hungary. Had Louis Napoleon been what he now is, such monstrous assumption would never have been tolerated. Not but that the French dictator would gladly see Hungary succumb to Austria, for to strengthen Austria has been the policy of the Eastern Courts of Europe since the fall of Bonaparte. But Austria would have been far stronger, losing Hungary, than she now is, retaining it by the bolstering of Russia. For now she hugs her destroyer.

Such we imagine to be the policy which actuated the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The opposite view taken by the rest of the Cabinet, and which resulted in the exclusion of Lord Palmerston, sprang from the fear of a coalition between the continental absolutisms against Great Britain, as the hot-bed of all the ideas of political, civil, and religious liberty. That this danger is not altogether visionary, we have a proof in the continued remonstrances of the German Confederation, in reference to the revolutionary refugees in London. This representation against England being permitted to be the refuge of all political refugees, and the centre of conspiracies against the governments of the continent, is, it is understood, couched in very distinct language, and intimates that the several states will be compelled, if some measures are not taken against this propaganda, to defend themselves by means which would amount to the total exclusion of Englishmen from the continent.

The inquiries made non-officially by the English ministry, not including Lord Palmerston, concerning the designs of Louis Napoleon with regard to the liberties of the French people, and which were

reiterated on not meeting with a satisfactory answer, show that this alarm is taking a palpable shape. England is loth to lose friends in the fearful crisis before her. She is also casting around for new allies on this side of the Atlantic, as may be seen by an extract from the *London Times*, quoted in a previous article.

When the day comes that the powers of Europe and darkness league against this republic—and come it will, sooner or later—the natural increase of population, the incessant immigration, the warlike spirit of our people, our geographical position, lying like an entrenched camp between two oceans, our wonderful facilities for concentrating at a few days' notice every man in the country able to bear arms upon the important points of our Atlantic seaboard, remove us as far from all fears of the violence that threatens England as if we dwelt in another planet. But these are defenses against attack, and not obstacles to aggression on our part. Blood is thicker than water; and common lineage, common language, common civil liberty, and similar political institutions, lie heavy on men's hearts. The first Hun that crosses the Straits of Dover will be felt here like the landing of the invader on our own coasts, and will be the beat of the drum to set on foot the most sanguinary and unparalleled of crusades.

AUSTRIA.—The Ambassador lately sent from the Court of St. James to Vienna, was denied permission to present his letters of credence to the Emperor, until an answer was returned to a note of the Austrian Cabinet, complaining of the offensive terms in which Lord Palmerston spoke of Austria, in reply to a deputation who waited on him with an address concerning M. Kossuth. The answer seems to have been received, and to have proved satisfactory, for the official audience has since taken place.

The Prime Minister of Austria, Prince Schwarzenberg, has had an interview with the Count de Chambord, (Henry V.,) and he advised the Prince to proceed in his ambitious schemes with the utmost caution and circumspection. He gave him to understand that Louis Napoleon was entitled to the moral support of the foreign Cabinet, since he had the confidence of the army, which was the sole guaranty for the preservation of peace and order.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

On the twenty-fourth of December, the Congressional Library was destroyed by fire, and the whole Capitol was in imminent danger of sharing the same fate. The fire was caused by the ends of the beams being inserted in too great proximity to the hot-air flues, which had been heated in an unusual degree during the late cold weather at Washington, and thus brought about an accident, which might from the same cause have happened at any time before. Nearly the entire library, in value over two hundred thousand dollars, was lost. The number of volumes was about sixty thousand, including the library of Jefferson, for which Congress had paid forty thousand dollars. Many of these books were highly valuable on account of the marginal annotations in Jefferson's handwrit-

ing. Twelve hundred bronze medals, presented by Vattermare, were lost. Rare and valuable books presented by foreign governments shared the fate of the rest. The original draft of the Declaration of Independence was fortunately saved, as were also some of the portraits of the Presidents, and various medals. The books in the adjoining room to the main library, numbering twenty thousand volumes, were saved.

Congress has, since then, voted five thousand dollars for the expenses attending the fire, and ten thousand for the purchase of books.

CARAVAJAL has made another attempt in northern Mexico, and been again defeated. Texas papers state that he had advanced upon Cerralvo, from which he was repulsed with loss, and driven into the chapparal. Thus, probably, ends the ill-advised bucaneeering adventure.

THE Coquille tribe of Oregon Indians, that massacred, not long since, Colonel T. Vault and his party, have been severely punished in an engagement with Colonel Casey's command. Fifteen Indians were killed, and a large number wounded, and their canoes, and most of their winter provisions, destroyed. All their rancherias were burnt to the ground. These measures were absolutely necessary to restrain the savages from murdering and plundering, and, it is thought, will have a beneficial effect upon all the tribes in that region.

THE Maryland House of Delegates, in their resolutions of welcome to Kossuth, repudiated his views on the subject of foreign intervention. On the 13th of January, he addressed the Legislature of that State. The next day, in accordance with the invitation of the Pennsylvania Legislature, he left for Harrisburg. The same afternoon he addressed the Legislature. The State House having been taken possession of by the populace, the reception of the Hungarian governor was attended by the most riotous demonstrations of enthusiasm. The military were called out to clear the Capitol, but were unable to do so; the Governor's words of welcome were lost in the uproar; and it was not until Kossuth rose to reply, and had remained standing for some minutes, that the doors could be closed so as to deaden the shouts of the crowd without, and enable his reply to be heard by those within the building.

In Maine, the Legislature have passed resolutions approving of Kossuth's views of intervention abroad.

Mr. Smith, Representative from Alabama, has informed Congress that the Legislature of his State has resolved adversely to Kossuth's views.

It is understood that the Austrian chargé, M. Hulsemann, has written to President Fillmore, making the inquiry whether his (the President's) views in regard to Austria and Hungary corresponded with those expressed by Mr. Webster at the Congressional Banquet. His object in asking this explanation was stated to be, that he might communicate to the Austrian Cabinet that the government of the United States was not committed by those declarations.

M. Hulsemann, as chargé, was, of course, not accredited to the President of the United States, but simply to the Secretary of State; and in thus

addressing the President, he committed a most unusual breach of official etiquette. It is said that this departure from usage will not pass unnoticed by our government.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

LITTLE of general interest has taken place in Washington during the last month, except the reception of Kossuth by both branches of Congress, and the debates in the Senate concerning the proposed revival of corporal punishment in the Navy. On the latter subject, Mr. Stockton, of New-Jersey, spoke with great feeling, reprobating, from his own long experience as a naval commander, a return to this cruel and degrading system.

"I am of opinion," said the Senator, "that the nation whose service is supplied with the best common sailors, will excel in naval warfare, as well as in maritime pursuits. I am further of opinion, that in sensibility, education, courage, and industry, our sailors in the whaling and coasting service excel those of all other nations. I am furthermore of opinion, that the superiority of the American sailors has decided the battle in our favor in many a bloody conflict, when without that superiority it might have been otherwise. I desire to secure and preserve that superiority. To that end, and for humanity's sake, I am utterly and irreconcilably opposed to the use of the lash in the navy or any where else.

"The longest and most arduous voyages are made in the merchant service without the use of the lash; in the Polar Seas, among the icebergs of the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, the intrepid New-Englander pursues his gigantic game, and hurls his harpoon, and, after a three years' voyage, returns with the oily spoils of his adventurous navigation. But he owes none of his success, his patient endurance, his exemplary discipline and indefatigable industry to the guardian ministration of the lash. To say that men who can make such voyages and endure such hardships cheerfully and contentedly cannot navigate their own national ships without the infliction of the infamous lash, is a libel. Is their nature changed the moment they step on the deck of a national vessel? Are they less men, less Americans, as soon as the custody of the American flag or the national honor is intrusted to their keeping? No, Sir, it is a libel."

Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, was somewhat surprised at the sentiments expressed by the Senator from New-Jersey, and, as a member of the Naval Committee, desired to express his views, which were very different from those of Senator Stockton. What was the subject before the Senate? Was it that we are called upon to apply the lash to sailors till the flesh is scourged from their backs, and till the blood runs down to their heels? Not so. It was to restore the discipline of the Navy to what it had been since the days of Washington.

The Senator from New-Jersey argued that the lash made a man regardless of self-respect, and yet, in the same breath, speaks of the glories of the sailors, and of their high renown gained during the last war. Was not flogging part of the discipline then? The Senator refuted his own position.

Mr. Badger gave as his own opinion that the lash ought to form a part of the naval discipline; but it had been repealed; and as he was not for hasty changes, he was for leaving the matter as it was, till time had tested whether it was necessary or not.

On the 6th of January, President Fillmore transmitted to the Senate the report from the Secretary of State, announcing the pardon and release, by the Spanish government, of the prisoners taken in Cuba, in the expedition of Lopez, and afterwards sent to Spain. Mr. Webster suggested, in his communication, the expediency of making an appropriation for the purpose of defraying the expenses which may have been, or may be, incurred in administering to the necessities of these persons while in Spain, and until their return to the United States. Their condition he stated to be forlorn and deplorable, and called for immediate relief.

On the 9th of January, a message was received from the President, enclosing a note from Mr. Crampton, of the British Legation in this country, to the Secretary of State, expressive of the satisfaction with which the Provincial Parliament of Canada received the intelligence of the donations which had been made by the Congress of the United States, by the Legislature of Vermont, and by the Legislature of the State of New-York, in aid of the reconstruction of the library of the Canadian Parliament. Mr. Crampton requests the Secretary of State to convey the thanks of the Canadian Parliament to the Congress of the United States, as well as to the Legislatures of New-York and Vermont.

On the same day, in the House of Representatives, the report from the returned Judges and Secretary of Utah Territory was brought up, and referred to the Committee on Territories. These documents represent the local authorities of Utah as setting at defiance the General Government, and even as threatening the lives of the United States officials. They describe the immorality prevailing among the Mormons as deplorable; while polygamy is openly practised, each man having as many wives as his means will enable him to support. The leading men have often twenty or thirty wives, and Brigham Young, the Governor, even a greater number. This dignitary is sometimes seen driving through the streets of the Mormon city in company with a large number of the ladies of his seraglio, the greater part of them with infants in their arms, each of whom is supposed to be of the royal and priestly stock. The city of Great Salt Lake is an important point in the overland route to Oregon and California, for the emigrant to replenish his stores, or to winter, if overtaken by the season. But the returned officers represent the intimidation which is produced by the denunciations and conduct of the Mormon Church and people upon the citizens of the United States passing through or engaged in business there, to be such as to force the emigrant to avoid it, if possible, and the resident to submit without a murmur. No man dare open his mouth in opposition to their lawless exactions, without feeling its effect upon his liberty, his business, or his life. Such are the very grave charges brought forward by the

Secretary and by the Chief and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States for the Territory of Utah. Mr. Bernhisel, the delegate from that Territory, has formally denied the truth of these charges.

Kossuth reached Washington on the morning of December 30th, and was received by Senators Shields and Seward, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and the United States Marshal of the District of Columbia. He was shortly afterwards waited upon by Mr. Webster, and by numbers of the more prominent men in Congress. The next day he was presented to the President, at the White House, by Secretary Webster and Senators Seward and Shields. M. Kossuth read a short address to the President, in which he expressed his gratitude, for himself, his associates, and his country, for the encouragement and sympathy shown by our government towards the Hungarian cause. "I stand before your Excellency," said M. Kossuth, "a living protestation against the violence of foreign interference, opposing the sovereign right of nations to regulate their own domestic concerns. I stand before your Excellency, a living protestation against centralization, opposing the state right of self-government. May I be allowed to take it for an augury of better times, that in landing on the happy shores of this glorious republic, I landed in a free and powerful country, whose honored chief magistrate proclaims to the world that this country cannot remain indifferent when the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment and repress the spirit of freedom in any country?"

The reply of President Fillmore was as follows: "I am happy, Governor Kossuth, to welcome you to this land of freedom; and it gives me pleasure to congratulate you upon your release from a long confinement in Turkey, and your safe arrival here. As an individual, I sympathized deeply with you in your brave struggle for the independence and freedom of your native land. The American people can never be indifferent to such a contest; but our policy as a nation in this respect has been uniform, from the commencement of our government; and my own views, as the chief executive magistrate of this nation, are fully and freely expressed in my recent message to Congress, to which you have been pleased to allude. They are the same, whether speaking to Congress here, or to the nations of Europe.

"Should your country be restored to indepen-

dence and freedom, I should then wish you, as the greatest blessing you could enjoy, a restoration to your native land; but, should that never happen, I can only repeat my welcome to you and your companions here, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon you wherever your lot may be cast."

On the 5th of January, M. Kossuth was introduced to the Senate. He entered the Senate-chamber accompanied by Messrs. Cass and Seward, and leaning upon the arm of Mr. Shields, who said, "Mr. President, we have the honor to announce Louis Kossuth to the Senate of the United States." The Chair then invited the distinguished guest to a seat placed in front of the Secretary's desk. The Senate then adjourned, and the Senators came forward and were introduced to M. Kossuth by Messrs. Seward and Shields.

On the same day, the resolution inviting M. Kossuth to the House of Representatives was passed by that body, by a vote of 123 to 54. On the second day following, the introduction took place with the same ceremonies as in the Senate. The following was the reply made to the Speaker by the Hungarian Governor:

"Sir: It is a remarkable fact in the history of mankind, that while, through all the past, honors were bestowed upon glory, and glory was attached only to success, the legislative authorities of this great republic bestow honors upon a persecuted exile, not conspicuous by glory, not favored by success, but engaged in a just cause. There is a triumph of republican principles in this fact. Sir, I thank, in my own and my country's name, the House of Representatives of the United States for the honor of this cordial welcome."

At the dinner given by the members of Congress to Kossuth, Mr. Webster spoke in laudation of the guest of the evening, and of the importance of the events attending M. Kossuth's career to his own country and to this, and proceeded at length, and with his usual impressiveness, to speak of the Hungarian cause—setting forth the peculiar fitness of that country for an independent government—in the course of which he referred to his Greek speeches as containing the sentiments which he still held on the question of national inviolability. He concluded his remarks with the following sentiment:—"Hungarian independence; Hungarian control of her own destinies; and Hungary as a distinct nationality among the nations of Europe."

NOTE—EDITORIAL.—Our Critical Notices are unavoidably crowded out this month. We hope, however, to make up all deficiencies on this score in our next.

The Biographical Notice which should accompany the portrait of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, will appear in our next.

Secretary and by the Chief and Associate Justices | dence and freedom, I should then wish you, as the

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TO THE FARMERS OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN:—By the common consent of mankind, especial honor has always been given to the class to which you belong. As the followers of your calling have always been the first to develop the riches of those countries in which they may have been placed, so have they always continued to represent a large portion of its wealth, and to furnish the most numerous, and often the most valuable portion of its citizens. From the very nature of your avocation, you are necessarily supposed to possess a steadiness of character and a sobriety of thought sufficient to preserve you from the follies and the caprices which are shown in a greater or less degree by that class of men who from choice or misfortune have never become owners of land or of a settled habitation. You are removed from the imputation of fickleness, or of coming to hasty conclusions. As your decisions are formed only after mature reflection, they are afterward retained with a tenacity which cannot be shaken but by the most powerful means, and which is often called obstinacy by those who have been unable to force it. The peculiar traits of character which you manifest have always rendered you the most efficient supporters of any line of policy which the nation has adopted, provided its utility has been fairly proved and fully tried; and, on the other hand, there is no public measure that has provided for the good of the few at the expense of the many, which you have not opposed and labored to repeal as soon as you have discovered its actual influence. It is owing to these circumstances that conflicting parties have always found it necessary to approach you with caution and with moderation, and to disclaim all those equivocal representations and windy rhetoricisms by which the mobs of cities are so readily charmed and led captive.

You are also the last portion of any community to feel the burdens of national poverty or misfortune. Being farthest removed from the necessity of government, you are slow to realize those pressures to which all governments are liable, and which occasion, as often as they happen, such pecuniary disasters among the commercial classes. Whatever may happen, your property can never be swallowed up, nor your means of subsistence wholly cut off. You can never be in want of either food or clothing, nor can your supplies of these necessities of life ever suffer such a curtailment as to bring you into that fear of want which is in most cases as severe an infliction as privation itself. You enjoy above other men an immunity from taxation, which makes you oblivious of all beside the blessings of the government under which you

live. The political dishonesties that are daily taking place in our great centres of political action, the frauds, the intrigues, the corruptive bargains, the slanders, the low manceuvring and the open scandal — with such unworthy features of our national existence you have nothing to do, and you realize them the less, because you are forced to bear in so slight a degree their untoward consequences. The profession of a politician is not one that you are inclined to favor, and you dislike it rather from a conviction of its inutility than of its danger. To deposit your vote quietly at every election, and to vote for those measures for which you have been accustomed to exercise your suffrage, you consider the extent of the political duty of most citizens. Whatever may be the advantages consequent upon this calmness with which you view all national questions, it cannot be denied that you are often in danger of slighting real governmental evils, principally because they do not immediately or seriously affect you, and in some measure also, because the conservative education which you have received has taught you to fear political agitations of every kind, and to endure a trifling discomfort, or wink at a slight sacrifice of interest, rather than precipitate yourselves and the nation into that whirl of disturbances which your vision conjures up from a commission of new measures, or an alteration of the old.

By one of the two great parties of the United States you have been told that in all public measures affecting the trade or the production of the country, your own interests were to be regarded before those of any other class. Scarcely a Democratic newspaper has failed to assure you of the deep concern felt for your prosperity by the Free-trade party, and of the hostility entertained by the same party against all those portions of society whose advantage is supposed to conflict with your own. The dignities of your employment have been elaborately held up before you, the value of your labors unsparingly displayed, and your prospective importance painted in the most lively colors. You have been eulogized as the only profitable class of the community. You have been cautioned against the machinations of all evil-disposed men, who were seeking to live upon your productions without undergoing a labor as severe as

your own. You have been told that a purely agricultural nation was of all others the richest and the happiest; that all occupations beside that of farming were secondary and unprofitable; and you have been especially warned against the insidious advance of manufactures, and the ruinous tariff doctrines of the Whigs.

The wonderful prosperity of the nation has been urged upon you as a reason why you should avoid agitation, and adhere to the comfortable ways in which you have been led by the Free-traders. Having obtained possession of a soil almost boundless in extent, and fertile beyond the experience of all who have come hither from the old world, you have been induced to believe that your agricultural resources are inexhaustible, and that as you have hitherto lived without fearing poverty, so you might safely continue in your long-accustomed course of agricultural prodigality. When your lands have become "worn out," you have had only to retreat a few miles farther west to enter upon unworked and fruitful soil. Means of transportation have been easy from the first, and appear in no danger of ever becoming difficult. The extent of country before you has appeared incapable of ever becoming exhausted, even by the most careless cultivation. Your market being already so good, you have never dreamed of looking for a better. And in addition, our opponents have constantly labored to implant in your breasts a jealousy towards the manufacturing class, whom they have denounced under the appellation of "mill-lords," "cotton-princes," "aristocrats," and other considerate epithets, equally choice and equally well merited.

The same political authorities have all along pointed you to England as the market to which to send your produce, and from which to obtain your manufactured goods. England, it has been said, possesses ready-fitted work-shops, mills, factories; her workmen are skilful, and are content with low wages; she is ready to sell you all kinds of manufactured goods, at vastly lower rates than American manufacturers can propose to you; she wants wheat, tobacco, beef, and cotton, and will take them from you in exchange for her wares, at remunerative prices. Considerately regarding the condition both of her own operatives and of foreign agriculturists, she has removed all duties from foreign

grain; and, having thus shown her attachment to free trade, and her willingness to benefit the producers of other nations, you surely should not refuse her an equally free market, especially as, by granting this untrammelled reciprocity, you would enable yourselves to purchase at the lowest prices from the cheapest ware-rooms of the world.

Such, with a few superadded flourishes touching the profits and dignities of commerce, has been the unvarying language of free-trade politicians, during the last score of years, to the nation at large, and especially to the agricultural interest. Agriculture, every thing; manufactures, nothing—this is their brief and expressive code. Monopoly, aristocracy, oppression—these are the bugbears by which they seek to frighten the nation into an abandonment of its present manufacturing improvements, into a neglect of its mechanical resources, and into a state of colonial dependency upon England. Free trade, commerce, reciprocity of interests—such are the alluring terms by which they would convert us all into farmers, and dissuade us from undertaking the “barren and unproductive” labor of the manufacturer.

As agriculturists and as thinking men, you may be pardoned in doubting the wisdom of the free-trade creed, even if you had no cause to suspect the sincerity of the party by which it is advocated; for, if you look at history, or at the world as it is, you will find that no nation, wholly agricultural, has been either prosperous or influential, and that the richest countries are those in which agriculture and manufactures are most intimately allied, and which are the least dependent upon commerce for their staple articles of use or consumption. If you consult reason, her simple and unanswerable deductions will teach you that the greatest wealth is found where the most complete facilities of exchange exist; and that, in proportion as the agriculturist and the manufacturer, the producer and the consumer, are brought together, the labor of both will be better repaid, and their actual amount of labor diminished.*

* If the choice of a nation lay between agriculture and manufactures, each to the entire exclusion of the other, there can be no question that, so far as the accumulation of riches is concerned, preference would be wisely given to manufactures.

We do not propose, within the limits of this paper, to enter into a comprehensive examination of free-trade arguments, or to discuss in full the many relations which the tariff question bears towards our various national interests. We wish simply to discover in what manner the system of free trade, which our opponents advocate, affects you as agriculturists; whether, as is affirmed, it benefits your calling beyond all others; and whether it does, in fact, substantiate the flattering promises which have been all along held out to you by the Democratic party. A wise degree of suspicion should always attach to those whose promises are boundless, and who profess themselves the partisans of this or that particular branch of industry. The Whig party promises nothing that cannot be realized, and aims at favoring all

The reasons for this are thus stated by Adam Smith:

“The revenue of a trading and manufacturing country must, other things being equal, always be much greater than that of one without trade or manufactures. By means of trade and manufactures, a greater quantity of subsistence can be annually imported into a particular country than what its own lands, in the actual state of their cultivation, could afford. The inhabitants of a town, though they frequently possess no lands of their own, yet draw to themselves, by their industry, such a quantity of the rude produce of the lands of other people, as supplies them, not only with the materials of their work, but with the fund of their subsistence. What a town always is with regard to the country in its neighborhood, one independent state or country may frequently be with regard to other independent states or countries. It is thus that Holland draws a great part of its subsistence from other countries; live cattle from Holstein and Jutland, and corn from almost all the different countries of Europe. A small quantity of manufactured produce purchases a great quantity of rude produce. A trading and manufacturing country, therefore, naturally purchases with a small part of its manufactured produce a great part of the produce of other countries; while, on the contrary, a country without trade and manufactures is generally obliged to purchase, at the expense of a great part of its rude produce, a very small part of the manufactured produce of other countries. The one exports what can subsist and accommodate but a very few, and imports the subsistence and accommodation of a great number. The other exports the accommodation and subsistence of a great number, and imports that of a very few only. The inhabitants of the one must always enjoy a much greater quantity of subsistence than what their own lands, in the actual state of their cultivation, could afford. The inhabitants of the other must always enjoy a much smaller quantity.”—*Wealth of Nations*, book iv., chapter 9.

industrial pursuits alike, which impartiality can only be shown by advocating such measures as shall put them all on the same footing, and assign to each an equal share of honor and of profit.

By the free-trade theory, the market for the produce of your fields is to be found abroad, in those countries which are willing to supply you, in turn, with manufactured goods. If your own soil is more productive than that of your neighbors, and if, on the other hand, their work-shops are better furnished than your own, and their laborers content with smaller wages than your own operatives, it were well for you to drop those pursuits in which nature or practice has given them the advantage over you, and confine yourselves to the simple occupation of raising food wherewith to buy such manufactured articles as you need. From this interchange of commodities will arise another branch of industry, that of commerce, in which, by the natural course of things, you will be equally represented, and from which you will mutually derive the benefits of civilization and enlightened liberality. This, in brief, is the theory, and we think we need not now state it at greater length.

The only articles of your production which you can export with any reasonable expectation of profit, are those in which the value is very great in comparison with their bulk. The expenses of freight and the difficulties of transportation have obviously a tendency to narrow your choice of exports within a very small range. Setting aside a number of miscellaneous products, your principal exportations at present consist of wheat or flour, tobacco, rice, cotton, beef, and pork. Among those articles which, from their bulk or perishability, you are unable to send abroad, the most noticeable are potatoes and root crops in general, fruit, dairy products, and the flesh of young or of small domestic animals.

The fewer manufactories we have at home the greater will be the number to be supported abroad, and consequently the greater will be the production required of those articles which we have mentioned as being peculiarly fitted for transportation. If the free-trade theory were fully realized, and we imported all our manufactured goods, there would be no manufacturers at home, and we should all be cultivators of the soil. In this

case the quantity of root crops which we should raise would be very inconsiderable, since their consumption would be limited to the inhabitants of each farm-house; and the cultivation of grain and cotton would become universal, since we should depend entirely on the sale of these for our supply of manufactures.

Our free-trade advocates are not to be thanked that we are not at present actually in this condition. The condition that approximates nearest to it, is in their estimation the most desirable and profitable. If we are not tending to it, it is because we are not sufficiently wise to appreciate its advantages. If we encourage home manufactures in any degree, it is because we are not sufficiently awake to the superior utility and profit of buying them with our exported produce.

Returning now to the respective kinds and value of the crops of the United States: as prudent men, you need not be told that the profit of any crop depends not less upon the state in which the land is left after its product has been removed, than upon the sum of money which has been received for it. No crop could be called profitable, however great the pecuniary amount realized by its sale, if it should destroy the productive powers of the land on which it was raised. In proportion to its exhausting effects will be its deficit of profitability. On the other hand, an agricultural product that diminishes the fruitfulness of the soil in but a very slight degree, or not at all, may be reckoned as clear profit after rent and labor expenses have been paid; as a positive increase of wealth accumulated without drawing on the resources of the future.

It cannot have escaped your notice, that two of your great staples of exportation, wheat and tobacco, are among the most exhausting crops that are to be found in nature. The strongest and newest lands are required for their production, and no soils can continue to produce them year after year in any degree of plenty, without the aid of the most potent natural manures or artificial stimulants. When once the land has been "cropped over" by wheat or tobacco, it ever after exhibits a sterility as disheartening as it is unprofitable; for an example of which we have, unhappily, not very far to look.

In the early days of New-England, the

fertility of her soil was such as to call forth astonishment both at home and abroad, little inferior to that which we now hear expressed with reference to the "inexhaustible" lands of Illinois or of Iowa. The colonists, as they cleared away acre after acre of timber, advanced upon a soil which yielded them a return for their seed of which they had never dreamed. There seemed no need of the ordinary thrifts of husbandry, of manuring, or of alternation of crops. The cultivation of grain and tobacco for the market of the mother-country was thought to be the most profitable employment in which the inhabitants of Massachusetts or of Connecticut could be engaged. So long as any arable land remained unworked within the precincts of these States, the colonists remained purely agricultural, sending their surplus produce home, and receiving thence all their manufactured goods. Here, surely, was an exemplification of free trade with which the most perverse of Democrats could have found no fault.

The settlers of Virginia pursued a system of industry precisely like that of their New-England neighbors. While they had the forest before them, covering lands then deemed exhaustless, and the ships of England behind them, laden with goods to be exchanged for tobacco and grain, they went carelessly over the soil, extracting its riches by a process of cropping which we should scarcely believe to have been possible, did we not witness its equal every day at the West, and leaving its worn-out remains in their rear as a silent but lasting witness of their irremediable folly. Following the courses of their great rivers, and of the valleys between their mountain ranges, they established towns, depots for the maintenance of that free trade, that delightful and profitable reciprocity of exchange between an agricultural and a manufacturing state, which doubtless appeared to them to be the means of attaining most surely and quickly to national riches. These centres of trade were prosperous so long as the country adjacent to each continued to supply it with produce to be exchanged for goods brought from the sea-board, and gradually decreased in importance as the fertility of the soil was exhausted. Of the many towns that sprang up in Virginia during the height of her agricultural prosperity, and that grew to

an importance like that possessed at present by the marvellous cities of the Western States, there are few that have not receded in actual wealth and in population, and none that have increased in a ratio at all proportioned to their growth during the first years of their existence. It is this exhaustion of the lands in the interior, by a ruinous system of agriculture, and a total neglect to build up a home market for non-exhausting crops, that has prevented the growth of cities like Norfolk, Richmond, and others, which, from their position and their original facilities, formerly enjoyed a prosperity relatively as great as that now enjoyed by Buffalo, Cincinnati, or St. Louis.

The great diminution of the agricultural resources, both of Virginia and the New-England States, is well known. Virginia produces but a small amount of tobacco or of wheat, and her young men emigrate, as soon as they become of age, to the richer lands of the South and West. In New-England, a few tobacco-fields are found skirting the banks of the Connecticut river, from thirty miles above its mouth to the interior of Massachusetts, branching out here and there on each side, but forming a noteworthy crop only in a small number of towns. The quantity of wheat raised in New-England is absolutely nothing. The soil is incapable of producing it. Lands which formerly yielded each year from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, are found by experiment to be unable at present to produce over eight or ten; and the entire population of New-England is supplied with bread-stuffs from the fields of the Southwest and the West.*

* The following table shows the amount of wheat produced in New-England in the year 1850. It must be remembered that much of Maine and Vermont is yet new land.

	Bushels.
Maine, - - - - -	367,980
New-Hampshire, - - - - -	185,658
Vermont, - - - - -	493,666
Massachusetts, - - - - -	29,784
Rhode Island, - - - - -	39
Connecticut, - - - - -	40,167
Total, - - - - -	1,117,294

Being about one fourteenth part of the production of the single State of Ohio.

That condition of the soil which prevails in New-England, and in the older States of the Atlantic sea-board, is steadily progressing westward; and although its disastrous consequences may not be severely felt for several generations to come, yet it is steadily diminishing our national riches. The land which you cultivate is nothing more or less than a bank in which the deposits have been accumulating for ages. You have it in your power to use the means which it affords you in such a manner that the capital of your bank will never decrease, but will, on the other hand, continue to yield you large and certain dividends year by year. You are also at liberty to draw upon your bank as much as you please, without regard to its interests or your own, and you are able to feel that the effects of such inordinate demands as you may make will not occasion any very great degree of inconvenience to yourselves. "Let those care who come afterwards," seems to be the maxim toward which your agricultural system strongly leans. In Western New-York, in Ohio, in Illinois, in Missouri, you are practising a method of farming precisely like that employed by the early Virginian or New-Englander. Already you are beginning to witness the results of your spendthrift policy. Patches of worn-out land are becoming more and more frequent among the most famous grain-growing districts of the Western and Middle States. Very few farms in that section of New-York lying between Albany and Seneca Lake, and comprised between the forty-second and forty-third degree of latitude, are capable of producing more than eighteen or twenty bushels of wheat to the acre; and this slender and unproductive crop is often obtained only by a system of summer fallowing by which the land is suffered to lie idle during alternate years. The returns of crops of the Genesee valley show a large decrease since former years. Twenty years ago, it was not an unusual thing in that district for even the most ordinary farmers, in years of average plenty, to harvest thirty or forty bushels of wheat from each acre under cultivation, and a crop of fifty bushels excited no surprise. Now, on the same farms, twenty bushels is considered a good yield, and a harvest of thirty-five or forty bushels is not to be obtained without the most careful cultivation, and the free use of powerful manures. The

writer has seen tracts of land within an hour's ride of the first milling city of New-York, so exhausted by frequent cropping as to be incapable of yielding more than ten bushels of wheat from an acre. The same lands formerly produced forty.*

* Lest these statements should seem incredible or exaggerated, we will quote a sentence or two from Dr. Lee's Patent Office Report on Agriculture, for 1849 and 1850:

"Of the twelve million acres of improved land in the State of New-York, one million are so cultivated as to become richer from year to year. These improving soils are in the hands of forty thousand cultivators, who take and read agricultural journals, and nobly sustain the State and County Societies of that commonwealth.

"Three million acres of the twelve million are so managed as barely to hold their own in point of fertility. These lands belong to a class of persons who do as well as they know from personal observation, and seeing how reading men improve their estates and domestic animals.

"Eight million acres are in the hands of three hundred thousand persons, who still adhere to the colonial practice of extracting from the virgin soil all it will yield, so long as it will pay expenses to crop it, and then leave it in a thin, poor pasture for a term of years. Some of these impoverished farms, which seventy-five years ago produced from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat per acre, now yield only from five to eight bushels. In an interesting work, entitled 'American Husbandry,' published in London in 1775, and written by an American, the following remarks may be found on page 98, vol. I.: 'Wheat, in many parts of the province, (N.Y.,) yields a larger produce than is common in England. Upon good lands about Albany, where the climate is the coldest in the country, they sow two bushels and better upon an acre, and reap from twenty to forty; the latter quantity, however, is not often had, but from twenty to thirty is common; and with such bad husbandry as would not yield the like in England, and much less in Scotland. This is owing to the richness and freshness of the land.'

"According to the State census of 1845, Albany county now produces only seven and a half bushels of wheat per acre, although its farmers are on tide-water, near the capital of the State, with a good home market, and possess every facility for procuring the most valuable fertilizers. Dutchess county, also on the Hudson river, produces an average of only five bushels per acre; Columbia, six bushels; Rensselaer, eight; Westchester, seven; which is higher than the average of soils that once gave a return larger than the wheat lands of England, even with bad husbandry."

We do not think, however, that the reason for this deterioration of the soil lies in the fact that the mass of farmers do not encourage agricultural journals as much as they should. What farmers want, is a market for something besides grain;

The same causes that have led to this diminution of productiveness in the older States, will ultimately, if they are suffered to go on, reduce the entire grain-growing districts to a state of comparative poverty. There can be no escape from this conclusion, and we hope our free-trade friends may take as much pleasure in declaring such a result impossible, as if they had actually proved it to be so. The measure of poverty will be greater or less according as the necessities or the prudence of the inhabitants of these districts induce them to establish manufactures, and to develop their mechanical and mineral resources. Absolute want, of course, they can never suffer, but they are even now laboring under a degree of poverty which they need never have suffered, and whose rugged monitions will attend them for many years to come.

The size of a country does not in the least affect the law by which its prosperity is governed. If the United States had been comprised within the limits of New-England, we should long before this have presented to the world the singular sight of a nation, once a large exporter of bread-stuffs, driven to the necessity of buying its wheat from other countries. If New-England has been so fortunate as to be able to fall back on New-York for its wheat, and New-York is favored with a similar refuge for its prospective poverty in Ohio, the far Western States have no right to presume on a like good fortune. Beyond them there is nothing but the ocean,

and until they possess such a market, all the agricultural journals in the world will do them but little good.

Should manufactures become general throughout that district of New-York of which we have been speaking, by a judicious cultivation of those lighter crops which would meet with a ready sale among the operatives, the soil would become so much restored, after a reasonable lapse of time, as to produce crops of grain nearly or quite as large as formerly.

The soil of New-England has been much ameliorated during the last few years, owing to the presence of manufactures, although it will not regain its original fertility for very many years to come; and, meanwhile, with a portion of New-York, the Eastern States must depend on the West for their supplies of bread-stuffs. The facilities of transportation which these States enjoy, diminish the inconvenience of their present infertility, but they are, nevertheless, losers by their former careless cultivation.

and before their emigrating inhabitants could come in sight of its waves, they might happen upon territories which the commerce of the Pacific had reduced to a barrenness as hopeless as that of the lands which they had left.

The true method of securing industrial prosperity is to bring agriculture and manufactures together; to place producer and consumer side by side, so that each, with the smallest expenditure of time and trouble, shall enjoy the proceeds of the labor of the other. "Commerce," says Carlyle, "is king;" but, if commerce really possesses this regal dignity, a more unprofitable despot certainly never lorded it over an agricultural country. An array of fleets produces nothing, and gives value to nothing. In the ordinary transactions of business, the employment of carriers is held to be a drawback on profits, which may be cheerfully borne if unavoidable, but which must always be avoided if possible. With a given amount of exchange, the greater the carrying, the greater the loss, and the less the carrying, the greater the profit to each party. The farmer and the manufacturer with his operatives, if placed near each other, effect exchanges by which each is profited to the fullest extent; remove the manufacturer to a distant country, and the same exchanges are carried on with diminished profit to each, the farmer suffering the more severely of the two, for the reason mentioned a page or two back, that "a trading and manufacturing country naturally purchases, with a small part of its manufactured produce, a great part of the rude produce of other countries; while, on the contrary, a country without trade and manufactures is generally obliged to purchase, at the expense of a great part of its rude produce, a very small part of the manufactured produce of other countries."

It is this same "King Commerce" who is persuading you at the South to send your cotton to England, to be returned to you in the shape of Manchester cloth, when the banks of your rivers might be lined with mills that would at once convert your raw material into the desired fabric, without the risks or costs of transportation, and would furnish in their armies of operatives a steady and profitable market for the lighter crops, with which your exhausted soil might be occa-

sionally refreshed.* At the South-west, he persuades you to crop your lands with tobacco, which he kindly offers to turn into cloth and hardware at fair prices, *minus* the cost of transportation to and from the foreign market, and the expenses of a ten per cent. exchange. We have shown what he has done for you throughout the grain-growing districts; how he has aided you in extracting the fertility from your soils, and how, when you have been tempted to reflection by the sterilities gradually surrounding you, he has pointed you to "fresh woods and pastures new" beyond, and turned aside

your disturbing premonitions by counseling you to leave all care to those who should come after you.

In New-England, you have found that manufactures are by no means such an enemy to your interests as the Free-traders and the violent denunciators of "mill-lords" and "cotton-princes" would have you believe. The presence of the many operatives employed in the New-England factories has not only given you a market for a vast variety of produce which "King Commerce" could never had taken off your hands, but has supported you in comparative independence,

* The following table, taken from the census of 1850, shows the amount of cotton manufactured in the United States. A gratifying increase of manufacture will be noticed throughout the Southern States.

COTTON GOODS.

State.	No. establishments in operation.	Capital invested.	Bales cotton.	Value of all raw material.	No. hands employed.		Entire wages per month.		Value of entire product.
					Males.	Fem.	Males.	Females.	
Maine,.....	12	00	31,531	\$1,573,110	780	2,959	\$22,595	\$35,973	\$2,594,356
New-Hampshire,...	44	00	83,086	4,839,429	2,911	9,911	75,713	194,131	8,830,819
Vermont,.....	9	00	2,943	114,415	94	147	1,460	1,861	196,100
Massachusetts,....	213	30	223,607	11,289,309	9,293	19,437	212,892	284,514	19,712,461
Rhode Island,.....	158	00	50,713	3,484,579	4,959	5,916	92,292	76,656	6,447,190
Connecticut,.....	128	00	32,483	2,600,062	2,708	3,478	51,679	41,060	4,257,522
New-York,.....	86	00	37,778	1,985,973	2,632	3,698	48,244	35,699	3,591,989
New-Jersey,.....	31	00	14,437	666,645	616	1,096	11,078	10,497	1,109,594
Pennsylvania,.....	208	25	44,162	2,152,530	3,564	4,099	63,642	40,856	5,322,982
Delaware,.....	12	00	4,730	312,068	413	435	6,326	4,926	538,439
Maryland,.....	24	00	23,325	1,165,679	1,008	3,014	15,546	19,108	2,120,504
Virginia,.....	27	00	17,785	829,375	1,276	1,868	12,963	11,791	1,486,384
North Carolina,....	26	00	13,617	531,903	442	1,177	5,153	7,216	831,342
South Carolina,....	18	00	9,929	595,971	299	620	5,565	5,151	748,338
Georgia,.....	35	56	20,230	900,419	673	1,399	12,726	10,352	2,135,044
Florida,.....	..	00	600	30,000	28	67	900	335	42,920
Alabama,.....	19	651,200	5,208	237,081	246	369	4,033	2,946	292,260
Mississippi,.....	2	38,000	430	21,500	19	17	270	101	30,600
Louisiana,.....
Texas,.....
Arkansas,.....	3	16,500	170	8,975	13	18	190	106	16,637
Tennessee,.....	33	669,600	6,411	297,600	310	581	3,394	3,728	510,624
Kentucky,.....	8	239,000	3,760	180,907	181	221	2,707	2,070	273,429
Ohio,.....	8	297,000	4,270	237,060	129	269	2,191	2,534	394,700
Michigan,.....
Indiana,.....	2	43,000	675	28,220	38	57	496	286	44,900
Illinois,.....
Missouri,.....	2	102,000	2,160	84,446	75	80	820	800	142,900
Iowa,.....
Wisconsin,.....
California,.....
Dist. of Columbia,...	1	85,000	900	67,000	41	103	576	695	100,000
Total,.....	1,094	\$74,501,031	641,240	\$34,835,066	33,160	59,186	\$652,778	\$703,414	\$61,869,184

Our imports of cotton goods during the same year are stated as follows:

Printed, stained or colored cottons, \$13,640,291
 White or uncolored do. 1,773,802
 Embroidered and mixed do. 1,469,406
 Frame Hosiery, 1,558,173
 Yarns, Threads, &c., 1,667,547

\$20,108,719

Showing an excess of home manufactured cotton goods to the amount of \$41,760,465.

During the same period, however, our exportations of raw cotton amounted to \$71,984,616, which, if manufactured at home, would have given employment to nearly 200,000 hands, and would have sold in those cotton markets which are now supplied by Great Britain, for the sum of \$180,000,000.

How much longer shall we continue to sell for 71 millions what, if manufactured at home, would give employment to a quarter of a million hands, and sell, in addition, for 130 millions of dollars?

when, but for some such aid, your farms would scarcely have sufficed for the maintenance of one half their present number of occupants. Instead of raising fifteen or twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, which, for the sake of illustration, we will suppose you capable of doing, to be sold for fifteen or twenty dollars and sent abroad, so that none of it could by any possibility ever find its way back, to be again incorporated into the soil, you find it vastly more profitable to raise twelve or fifteen tons of turnips, or two or three hundred bushels of potatoes, or three or four hundred pounds of butter, or a thousand gallons of milk, from the same quantity of land. You have a constant market for any or all of these latter products. The unceasing production of grain soon wears out your land, but the more turnips or potatoes you raise, the more is the condition of your farm improved. As just hinted, no part of your wheat crop ever comes back to be again incorporated in the soil, but the cattle who furnish your dairy products from the same land, supply you with manure sufficient to ameliorate double the number of acres on which they have grazed; and if you are careful to work in the refuse of your root crops, your soil will receive an enrichment which will manifest itself increasingly year by year, and which it would require much money to bring about on lands exhausted by the production of grain.

Throughout the Western and Southern States, your market for ameliorating crops will increase in proportion as you encourage the growth of home manufactures. Instead of raising by the bushel, you will produce by the ton; instead of depending on the services of the contractor or the storekeeper who transfers your products to the city dealer by a tedious and expensive system of transportation, who, in his turn, transfers it to a foreign port through the wasteful and costly medium of commerce, you will deal directly with the ultimate buyer and consumer. With such facilities of exchange, you would not lose, even if the actual amount of your productions was diminished; and your gain is all the more certain from the fact that, with a home market, your crops would be of a more profitable nature, and the total of your sales larger.

A protective tariff, such as the Whig party have always advocated, is the only means by which your excessive exportations

of exhausting crops can be checked, and a market for your perishable and bulky productions built up at your door. The ground upon which the Loco-foco party have continued to oppose this measure—setting aside certain commonplaces respecting the woful injuries that would ensue to “commerce” and “civilization,” should we conclude to manufacture our goods for ourselves—is pretended to be founded upon economy. You should, it is said, “buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest.” England sells the same amount of goods for a less sum of money than your manufacturers, and therefore, by the above rule of commercial policy, you should patronize her market.

But our opponents and, we may say, your enemies, have proposed to you the shop-keeper's rule, without giving you the shop-keeper's resource. When you tax your lands for supplies of grain or tobacco, which they cannot long continue to yield, but by which they must soon be reduced to comparative sterility, you are *not* buying in the cheapest market, no matter where you may be selling. If you regard your land as a market, you must look at it as one out of which your products may be bought, and into which a proportionate quantity of labor and of fertilizing substances must be sold. By buying a certain kind of products out of your market, you disqualify yourselves from returning the necessary and proportionate amount of value; and the quantity of products for which you may apply, gradually diminishes to an indefinite paucity. By buying another kind of products, on the other hand, you become increasingly able to return full value for all that you have taken, and your store-house remains full. In the latter case, you are buying in a cheap market; in the former, you are disabling yourselves from buying in any market whatever.

You may also doubt whether, in selling grain or cotton to England, you are in reality selling dear. If from a farm of ten acres you raise two hundred bushels of wheat, which you exchange, at the rate of one dollar a bushel, for English iron at the rate of thirty-five dollars a ton, your profits are not as great as in selling three thousand bushels of potatoes at twenty-five cents a bushel, in exchange for American iron, of better quality than the English, at fifty dollars a ton. If you exchange ten thousand

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TO THE FARMERS OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN:—By the common consent of mankind, especial honor has always been given to the class to which you belong. As the followers of your calling have always been the first to develop the riches of those countries in which they may have been placed, so have they always continued to represent a large portion of its wealth, and to furnish the most numerous, and often the most valuable portion of its citizens. From the very nature of your avocation, you are necessarily supposed to possess a steadiness of character and a sobriety of thought sufficient to preserve you from the follies and the caprices which are shown in a greater or less degree by that class of men who from choice or misfortune have never become owners of land or of a settled habitation. You are removed from the imputation of fickleness, or of coming to hasty conclusions. As your decisions are formed only after mature reflection, they are afterward retained with a tenacity which cannot be shaken but by the most powerful means, and which is often called obstinacy by those who have been unable to force it. The peculiar traits of character which you manifest have always rendered you the most efficient supporters of any line of policy which the nation has adopted, provided its utility has been fairly proved and fully tried; and, on the other hand, there is no

public measure that has provided for the good of the few at the expense of the many, which you have not opposed and labored to repeal as soon as you have discovered its actual influence. It is owing to these circumstances that conflicting parties have always found it necessary to approach you with caution and with moderation, and to disclaim all those equivocal representations and windy rhetoricisms by which the mobs of cities are so readily charmed and led captive.

You are also the last portion of any community to feel the burdens of national poverty or misfortune. Being farthest removed from the necessity of government, you are slow to realize those pressures to which all governments are liable, and which occasion, as often as they happen, such pecuniary disasters among the commercial classes. Whatever may happen, your property can never be swallowed up, nor your means of subsistence wholly cut off. You can never be in want of either food or clothing, nor can your supplies of these necessities of life ever suffer such a curtailment as to bring you into that fear of want which is in most cases as severe an infliction as privation itself. You enjoy above other men an immunity from taxation, which makes you oblivious of all beside the blessings of the government under which you

live. The political dishonesties that are daily taking place in our great centres of political action, the frauds, the intrigues, the corruptive bargains, the slanders, the low manceuvring and the open scandal — with such unworthy features of our national existence you have nothing to do, and you realize them the less, because you are forced to bear in so slight a degree their untoward consequences. The profession of a politician is not one that you are inclined to favor, and you dislike it rather from a conviction of its inutility than of its danger. To deposit your vote quietly at every election, and to vote for those measures for which you have been accustomed to exercise your suffrage, you consider the extent of the political duty of most citizens. Whatever may be the advantages consequent upon this calmness with which you view all national questions, it cannot be denied that you are often in danger of slighting real governmental evils, principally because they do not immediately or seriously affect you, and in some measure also, because the conservative education which you have received has taught you to fear political agitations of every kind, and to endure a trifling discomfort, or wink at a slight sacrifice of interest, rather than precipitate yourselves and the nation into that whirl of disturbances which your vision conjures up from a commission of new measures, or an alteration of the old.

By one of the two great parties of the United States you have been told that in all public measures affecting the trade or the production of the country, your own interests were to be regarded before those of any other class. Scarcely a Democratic newspaper has failed to assure you of the deep concern felt for your prosperity by the Free-trade party, and of the hostility entertained by the same party against all those portions of society whose advantage is supposed to conflict with your own. The dignities of your employment have been elaborately held up before you, the value of your labors unsparingly displayed, and your prospective importance painted in the most lively colors. You have been eulogized as the only profitable class of the community.

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your own. You have been told that a purely agricultural nation was of all others the richest and the happiest; that all occupations beside that of farming were secondary and unprofitable; and you have been especially warned against the insidious advance of manufactures, and the ruinous tariff doctrines of the Whigs.

The wonderful prosperity of the nation has been urged upon you as a reason why you should avoid agitation, and adhere to the comfortable ways in which you have been led by the Free-traders. Having obtained possession of a soil almost boundless in extent, and fertile beyond the experience of all who have come hither from the old world, you have been induced to believe that your agricultural resources are inexhaustible, and that as you have hitherto lived without fearing poverty, so you might safely continue in your long-accustomed course of agricultural prodigality. When your lands have become "worn out," you have had only to retreat a few miles farther west to enter upon unworked and fruitful soil. Means of transportation have been easy from the first, and appear in no danger of ever becoming difficult. The extent of country before you has appeared incapable of ever becoming exhausted, even by the most careless cultivation. Your market being already so good, you have never dreamed of looking for a better. And in addition, our opponents have constantly labored to implant in your breasts a jealousy towards the manufacturing class, whom they have denounced under the appellation of "mill-lords," "cotton-princes," "aristocrats," and other considerate epithets, equally choice and equally well merited.

The same political authorities have all along pointed you to England as the market to which to send your produce, and from which to obtain your manufactured goods. England, it has been said, possesses ready-fitted work-shops, mills, factories; her workmen are skilful, and are content with low wages; she is ready to sell you all kinds of manufactured goods, at vastly lower rates than American manufacturers can propose to you; she wants wheat, tobacco, beef, and cotton, and will take them from you in exchange for her wares, at remunerative prices. Considerately regarding the condition both of her own operatives and of foreign agriculturists, she has removed all duties from foreign

grain; and, having thus shown her attachment to free trade, and her willingness to benefit the producers of other nations, you surely should not refuse her an equally free market, especially as, by granting this untrammelled reciprocity, you would enable yourselves to purchase at the lowest prices from the cheapest ware-rooms of the world.

Such, with a few superadded flourishes touching the profits and dignities of commerce, has been the unvarying language of free-trade politicians, during the last score of years, to the nation at large, and especially to the agricultural interest. Agriculture, every thing; manufactures, nothing—this is their brief and expressive code. Monopoly, aristocracy, oppression—these are the bugbears by which they seek to frighten the nation into an abandonment of its present manufacturing improvements, into a neglect of its mechanical resources, and into a state of colonial dependency upon England. Free trade, commerce, reciprocity of interests—such are the alluring terms by which they would convert us all into farmers, and dissuade us from undertaking the “barren and unproductive” labor of the manufacturer.

As agriculturists and as thinking men, you may be pardoned in doubting the wisdom of the free-trade creed, even if you had no cause to suspect the sincerity of the party by which it is advocated; for, if you look at history, or at the world as it is, you will find that no nation, wholly agricultural, has been either prosperous or influential, and that the richest countries are those in which agriculture and manufactures are most intimately allied, and which are the least dependent upon commerce for their staple articles of use or consumption. If you consult reason, her simple and unanswerable deductions will teach you that the greatest wealth is found where the most complete facilities of exchange exist; and that, in proportion as the agriculturist and the manufacturer, the producer and the consumer, are brought together, the labor of both will be better repaid, and their actual amount of labor diminished.*

* If the choice of a nation lay between agriculture and manufactures, each to the entire exclusion of the other, there can be no question that, so far as the accumulation of riches is concerned, preference would be wisely given to manufactures.

We do not propose, within the limits of this paper, to enter into a comprehensive examination of free-trade arguments, or to discuss in full the many relations which the tariff question bears towards our various national interests. We wish simply to discover in what manner the system of free trade, which our opponents advocate, affects you as agriculturists; whether, as is affirmed, it benefits your calling beyond all others; and whether it does, in fact, substantiate the flattering promises which have been all along held out to you by the Democratic party. A wise degree of suspicion should always attach to those whose promises are boundless, and who profess themselves the partisans of this or that particular branch of industry. The Whig party promises nothing that cannot be realized, and aims at favoring all

The reasons for this are thus stated by Adam Smith:

“The revenue of a trading and manufacturing country must, other things being equal, always be much greater than that of one without trade or manufactures. By means of trade and manufactures, a greater quantity of subsistence can be annually imported into a particular country than what its own lands, in the actual state of their cultivation, could afford. The inhabitants of a town, though they frequently possess no lands of their own, yet draw to themselves, by their industry, such a quantity of the rude produce of the lands of other people, as supplies them, not only with the materials of their work, but with the fund of their subsistence. What a town always is with regard to the country in its neighborhood, one independent state or country may frequently be with regard to other independent states or countries. It is thus that Holland draws a great part of its subsistence from other countries; live cattle from Holstein and Jutland, and corn from almost all the different countries of Europe. A small quantity of manufactured produce purchases a great quantity of rude produce. A trading and manufacturing country, therefore, naturally purchases with a small part of its manufactured produce a great part of the produce of other countries; while, on the contrary, a country without trade and manufactures is generally obliged to purchase, at the expense of a great part of its rude produce, a very small part of the manufactured produce of other countries. The one exports what can subsist and accommodate but a very few, and imports the subsistence and accommodation of a great number. The other exports the accommodation and subsistence of a great number, and imports that of a very few only. The inhabitants of the one must always enjoy a much greater quantity of subsistence than what their own lands, in the actual state of their cultivation, could afford. The inhabitants of the other must always enjoy a much smaller quantity.”—*Wealth of Nations*, book iv., chapter 9.

industrial pursuits alike, which impartiality can only be shown by advocating such measures as shall put them all on the same footing, and assign to each an equal share of honor and of profit.

By the free-trade theory, the market for the produce of your fields is to be found abroad, in those countries which are willing to supply you, in turn, with manufactured goods. If your own soil is more productive than that of your neighbors, and if, on the other hand, their work-shops are better furnished than your own, and their laborers content with smaller wages than your own operatives, it were well for you to drop those pursuits in which nature or practice has given them the advantage over you, and confine yourselves to the simple occupation of raising food wherewith to buy such manufactured articles as you need. From this interchange of commodities will arise another branch of industry, that of commerce, in which, by the natural course of things, you will be equally represented, and from which you will mutually derive the benefits of civilization and enlightened liberality. This, in brief, is the theory, and we think we need not now state it at greater length.

The only articles of your production which you can export with any reasonable expectation of profit, are those in which the value is very great in comparison with their bulk. The expenses of freight and the difficulties of transportation have obviously a tendency to narrow your choice of exports within a very small range. Setting aside a number of miscellaneous products, your principal exportations at present consist of wheat or flour, tobacco, rice, cotton, beef, and pork. Among those articles which, from their bulk or perishability, you are unable to send abroad, the most noticeable are potatoes and root crops in general, fruit, dairy products, and the flesh of young or of small domestic animals.

The fewer manufactories we have at home the greater will be the number to be supported abroad, and consequently the greater will be the production required of those articles which we have mentioned as being peculiarly fitted for transportation. If the free-trade theory were fully realized, and we imported all our manufactured goods, there would be no manufacturers at home, and we

would all be cultivators of the soil. In this

case the quantity of root crops which we should raise would be very inconsiderable, since their consumption would be limited to the inhabitants of each farm-house; and the cultivation of grain and cotton would become universal, since we should depend entirely on the sale of these for our supply of manufactures.

Our free-trade advocates are not to be thanked that we are not at present actually in this condition. The condition that approximates nearest to it, is in their estimation the most desirable and profitable. If we are not tending to it, it is because we are not sufficiently wise to appreciate its advantages. If we encourage home manufactures in any degree, it is because we are not sufficiently awake to the superior utility and profit of buying them with our exported produce.

Returning now to the respective kinds and value of the crops of the United States: as prudent men, you need not be told that the profit of any crop depends not less upon the state in which the land is left after its product has been removed, than upon the sum of money which has been received for it. No crop could be called profitable, however great the pecuniary amount realized by its sale, if it should destroy the productive powers of the land on which it was raised. In proportion to its exhausting effects will be its deficit of profitability. On the other hand, an agricultural product that diminishes the fruitfulness of the soil in but a very slight degree, or not at all, may be reckoned as clear profit after rent and labor expenses have been paid; as a positive increase of wealth accumulated without drawing on the resources of the future.

It cannot have escaped your notice, that two of your great staples of exportation, wheat and tobacco, are among the most exhausting crops that are to be found in nature. The strongest and newest lands are required for their production, and no soils can continue to produce them year after year in any degree of plenty, without the aid of the most potent natural manures or artificial stimulants. When once the land has been "cropped over" by wheat or tobacco, it ever after exhibits a sterility as disheartening as it is unprofitable; for an example of which we have, unhappily, not very far to look.

In the early days of New-England, the

fertility of her soil was such as to call forth astonishment both at home and abroad, little inferior to that which we now hear expressed with reference to the "inexhaustible" lands of Illinois or of Iowa. The colonists, as they cleared away acre after acre of timber, advanced upon a soil which yielded them a return for their seed of which they had never dreamed. There seemed no need of the ordinary thrifts of husbandry, of manuring, or of alternation of crops. The cultivation of grain and tobacco for the market of the mother-country was thought to be the most profitable employment in which the inhabitants of Massachusetts or of Connecticut could be engaged. So long as any arable land remained unworked within the precincts of these States, the colonists remained purely agricultural, sending their surplus produce home, and receiving thence all their manufactured goods. Here, surely, was an exemplification of free trade with which the most perverse of Democrats could have found no fault.

The settlers of Virginia pursued a system of industry precisely like that of their New-England neighbors. While they had the forest before them, covering lands then deemed exhaustless, and the ships of England behind them, laden with goods to be exchanged for tobacco and grain, they went carelessly over the soil, extracting its riches by a process of cropping which we should scarcely believe to have been possible, did we not witness its equal every day at the West, and leaving its worn-out remains in their rear as a silent but lasting witness of their irremediable folly. Following the courses of their great rivers, and of the valleys between their mountain ranges, they established towns, depots for the maintenance of that free trade, that delightful and profitable reciprocity of exchange between an agricultural and a manufacturing state, which doubtless appeared to them to be the means of attaining most surely and quickly to national riches. These centres of trade were prosperous so long as the country adjacent to each continued to supply it with produce to be exchanged for goods brought from the sea-board, and gradually decreased in importance as the fertility of the soil was exhausted. Of the many towns that sprang up in Virginia during the height of her agricultural prosperity, and that grew to

an importance like that possessed at present by the marvellous cities of the Western States, there are few that have not receded in actual wealth and in population, and none that have increased in a ratio at all proportioned to their growth during the first years of their existence. It is this exhaustion of the lands in the interior, by a ruinous system of agriculture, and a total neglect to build up a home market for non-exhausting crops, that has prevented the growth of cities like Norfolk, Richmond, and others, which, from their position and their original facilities, formerly enjoyed a prosperity relatively as great as that now enjoyed by Buffalo, Cincinnati, or St. Louis.

The great diminution of the agricultural resources, both of Virginia and the New-England States, is well known. Virginia produces but a small amount of tobacco or of wheat, and her young men emigrate, as soon as they become of age, to the richer lands of the South and West. In New-England, a few tobacco-fields are found skirting the banks of the Connecticut river, from thirty miles above its mouth to the interior of Massachusetts, branching out here and there on each side, but forming a noteworthy crop only in a small number of towns. The quantity of wheat raised in New-England is absolutely nothing. The soil is incapable of producing it. Lands which formerly yielded each year from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, are found by experiment to be unable at present to produce over eight or ten; and the entire population of New-England is supplied with bread-stuffs from the fields of the Southwest and the West.*

* The following table shows the amount of wheat produced in New-England in the year 1850. It must be remembered that much of Maine and Vermont is yet new land.

	Bushels.
Maine, - - - - -	367,980
New-Hampshire, - - - - -	185,658
Vermont, - - - - -	493,666
Massachusetts, - - - - -	29,784
Rhode Island, - - - - -	89
Connecticut, - - - - -	40,167
Total, - - - - -	1,117,294

Being about one fourteenth part of the production of the single State of Ohio.

That condition of the soil which prevails in New-England, and in the older States of the Atlantic sea-board, is steadily progressing westward; and although its disastrous consequences may not be severely felt for several generations to come, yet it is steadily diminishing our national riches. The land which you cultivate is nothing more or less than a bank in which the deposits have been accumulating for ages. You have it in your power to use the means which it affords you in such a manner that the capital of your bank will never decrease, but will, on the other hand, continue to yield you large and certain dividends year by year. You are also at liberty to draw upon your bank as much as you please, without regard to its interests or your own, and you are able to feel that the effects of such inordinate demands as you may make will not occasion any very great degree of inconvenience to yourselves. "Let those care who come afterwards," seems to be the maxim toward which your agricultural system strongly leans. In Western New-York, in Ohio, in Illinois, in Missouri, you are practising a method of farming precisely like that employed by the early Virginian or New-Englander. Already you are beginning to witness the results of your spendthrift policy. Patches of worn-out land are becoming more and more frequent among the most famous grain-growing districts of the Western and Middle States. Very few farms in that section of New-York lying between Albany and Seneca Lake, and comprised between the forty-second and forty-third degree of latitude, are capable of producing more than eighteen or twenty bushels of wheat to the acre; and this slender and unproductive crop is often obtained only by a system of summer fallowing by which the land is suffered to lie idle during alternate years. The returns of crops of the Genesee valley show a large decrease since former years. Twenty years ago, it was not an unusual thing in that district for even the most ordinary farmers, in years of average plenty, to harvest thirty or forty bushels of wheat from each acre under cultivation, and a crop of fifty bushels excited no surprise. Now, on the same farms, twenty bushels is considered a good yield, and a harvest of thirty-five or forty bushels is not to be obtained without the most careful cultivation, a free use of powerful manures. The

writer has seen tracts of land within an hour's ride of the first milling city of New-York, so exhausted by frequent cropping as to be incapable of yielding more than ten bushels of wheat from an acre. The same lands formerly produced forty.*

* Lest these statements should seem incredible or exaggerated, we will quote a sentence or two from Dr. Lee's Patent Office Report on Agriculture, for 1849 and 1850:

"Of the twelve million acres of improved land in the State of New-York, one million are so cultivated as to become richer from year to year. These improving soils are in the hands of forty thousand cultivators, who take and read agricultural journals, and nobly sustain the State and County Societies of that commonwealth.

"Three million acres of the twelve million are so managed as barely to hold their own in point of fertility. These lands belong to a class of persons who do as well as they know from personal observation, and seeing how reading men improve their estates and domestic animals.

"Eight million acres are in the hands of three hundred thousand persons, who still adhere to the colonial practice of extracting from the virgin soil all it will yield, so long as it will pay expenses to crop it, and then leave it in a thin, poor pasture for a term of years. Some of these impoverished farms, which seventy-five years ago produced from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat per acre, now yield only from five to eight bushels. In an interesting work, entitled 'American Husbandry,' published in London in 1775, and written by an American, the following remarks may be found on page 98, vol. I.: 'Wheat, in many parts of the province, (N.Y.) yields a larger produce than is common in England. Upon good lands about Albany, where the climate is the coldest in the country, they sow two bushels and better upon an acre, and reap from twenty to forty; the latter quantity, however, is not often had, but from twenty to thirty is common; and with such bad husbandry as would not yield the like in England, and much less in Scotland. This is owing to the richness and freshness of the land.'

"According to the State census of 1845, Albany county now produces only seven and a half bushels of wheat per acre, although its farmers are on tide-water, near the capital of the State, with a good home market, and possess every facility for procuring the most valuable fertilizers. Dutchess county, also on the Hudson river, produces an average of only five bushels per acre; Columbia, six bushels; Rensselaer, eight; Westchester, seven; which is higher than the average of soils that once gave a return larger than the wheat lands of England, even with bad husbandry."

We do not think, however, that the reason for this deterioration of the soil lies in the fact that the mass of farmers do not encourage agricultural journals as much as they should. What farmers want, is a market for something besides grain;

The same causes that have led to this diminution of productiveness in the older States, will ultimately, if they are suffered to go on, reduce the entire grain-growing districts to a state of comparative poverty. There can be no escape from this conclusion, and we hope our free-trade friends may take as much pleasure in declaring such a result impossible, as if they had actually proved it to be so. The measure of poverty will be greater or less according as the necessities or the prudence of the inhabitants of these districts induce them to establish manufactures, and to develop their mechanical and mineral resources. Absolute want, of course, they can never suffer, but they are even now laboring under a degree of poverty which they need never have suffered, and whose rugged monitions will attend them for many years to come.

The size of a country does not in the least affect the law by which its prosperity is governed. If the United States had been comprised within the limits of New-England, we should long before this have presented to the world the singular sight of a nation, once a large exporter of bread-stuffs, driven to the necessity of buying its wheat from other countries. If New-England has been so fortunate as to be able to fall back on New-York for its wheat, and New-York is favored with a similar refuge for its prospective poverty in Ohio, the far Western States have no right to presume on a like good fortune. Beyond them there is nothing but the ocean,

and until they possess such a market, all the agricultural journals in the world will do them but little good.

Should manufactures become general throughout that district of New-York of which we have been speaking, by a judicious cultivation of those lighter crops which would meet with a ready sale among the operatives, the soil would become so much restored, after a reasonable lapse of time, as to produce crops of grain nearly or quite as large as formerly.

The soil of New-England has been much ameliorated during the last few years, owing to the presence of manufactures, although it will not regain its original fertility for very many years to come; and, meanwhile, with a portion of New-York, the Eastern States must depend on the West for their supplies of bread-stuffs. The facilities of transportation which these States enjoy, diminish the inconvenience of their present infertility, but they are, nevertheless, losers by their former careless cultivation.

and before their emigrating inhabitants could come in sight of its waves, they might happen upon territories which the commerce of the Pacific had reduced to a barrenness as hopeless as that of the lands which they had left.

The true method of securing industrial prosperity is to bring agriculture and manufactures together; to place producer and consumer side by side, so that each, with the smallest expenditure of time and trouble, shall enjoy the proceeds of the labor of the other. "Commerce," says Carlyle, "is king;" but, if commerce really possesses this regal dignity, a more unprofitable despot certainly never lorded it over an agricultural country. An array of fleets produces nothing, and gives value to nothing. In the ordinary transactions of business, the employment of carriers is held to be a drawback on profits, which may be cheerfully borne if unavoidable, but which must always be avoided if possible. With a given amount of exchange, the greater the carrying, the greater the loss, and the less the carrying, the greater the profit to each party. The farmer and the manufacturer with his operatives, if placed near each other, effect exchanges by which each is profited to the fullest extent; remove the manufacturer to a distant country, and the same exchanges are carried on with diminished profit to each, the farmer suffering the more severely of the two, for the reason mentioned a page or two back, that "a trading and manufacturing country naturally purchases, with a small part of its manufactured produce, a great part of the rude produce of other countries; while, on the contrary, a country without trade and manufactures is generally obliged to purchase, at the expense of a great part of its rude produce, a very small part of the manufactured produce of other countries."

It is this same "King Commerce" who is persuading you at the South to send your cotton to England, to be returned to you in the shape of Manchester cloth, when the banks of your rivers might be lined with mills that would at once convert your raw material into the desired fabric, without the risks or costs of transportation, and would furnish in their armies of operatives a steady and profitable market for the lighter crops, with which your exhausted soil might be occa-

pounds of cotton, at eight cents a pound, for English hardware, at twenty per cent. discount on the dollar, your profits are not as great as they would have been, had you sold half the quantity of cotton to the manufacturer at your door, at the same rate; devoting the remaining half of your land to the raising of root crops, dairy products, and fresh meat, to be consumed by the operatives of the manufactory, and buying American hardware at no discount at all.

Dearness and cheapness are relative terms; and from the simple price of any thing, unless the circumstances that attended its production, or will attend its use, are known, no idea whatever can be formed of its value. If a man has no money in his pocket, and is destitute of credit, it is all the same to him whether an article whose possession he might fancy, is rated at one dollar or five. The ability to buy is with practical men the test of value; and if the income of every member of society were doubled at this moment, any article that was cheap or dear at one dollar yesterday, would be equally cheap or dear at two dollars to-day. If, in consequence of a duty on imported cutlery and cloth, you are obliged to pay American manufacturers twenty per cent. more for the same quality of goods; and if, in consequence of the same measure, your farm products rise in price, and you are enabled to substitute ameliorating instead of exhausting crops; producing, in short, a much greater bulk of food, and receiving a much greater amount of money, surely you are no loser. If you are enabled to do away with an expensive system of transportation; if you are no longer compelled to submit to a discount on your products wherewith to pay the carrier; it is not difficult to decide whether the change involves gain or loss, and who is the principal gainer.

Perhaps these thoughts may have occurred to some of you, as you have stood upon the wharves of Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Buffalo, and have observed the countless boat-loads of bread-stuffs transmitted through the ware-houses of those ports, on their way to

tide-water and across the Atlantic, and have noted, in turn, the many packages and casks of foreign stamp, traveling westward by the same medium; or, as you have stood upon the docks of New-Orleans, Charleston, or New-York, and have witnessed the mountains of cotton and tobacco being heaved on board ship for England, and the piles of manufactured wares or of bars of iron being disgorged in return; and, even if you may have been temporarily exalted by the magnitude of the transactions thus passing before you, you cannot have escaped asking yourselves, in all earnestness, "To what purpose is this waste? Why this transportation of products which, in one or another shape, we are about to buy back again at a vastly enhanced price; and why this importation of goods which, with no greater genius than that of industry, we could at any time manufacture for ourselves? Is it our destiny that commerce shall be for ever our king, and we for ever the agricultural colonists of England? With a mineral wealth unequaled by that of any nation under heaven, must we at last exhaust our resources in keeping ourselves supplied with the iron which others have manufactured? Shall we, with all the facilities which it is possible for a people to enjoy, only employ those of prodigality and waste, and rear upon that foundation of national wealth with which we are favored, only a conspicuous structure of splendid bankruptcy?"

No jealousy of the manufacturing interest, implanted in you by the mischievous doctrines of your free-trade enemies; no sounding protocols, issued by the great monarch of universal exchange; no sluggish disinclination to meddle with political theories should tempt you to suppress these questions or to slight the growing monitions of our national circumstances. Those measures which are proposed to you by the Free-traders, for the especial good of a part, are for that very reason destructive to all. Your prosperity consists in having your best and nearest market, and you will effect this only by bringing the consumer of your products side by side with yourselves.

JOURNALISM AND JOURNALISTS IN PARIS.

WE said, in a late number, that we should treat very soon of the Parisian press, now or *lately*, one of the most *immediate* political agents in the world.

We have postponed the fulfilment of our promise for two reasons: first, to obtain from Paris and the best sources correct information, and next, to know precisely how the new constitution of Louis Napoleon would treat the press. This, however, could be foreseen. The *coup d'état* had prostrated it; the constitution was not only to muzzle, but to enchain it. Strange vicissitude of human events! In 1830, journalism made a revolution, and beat the army; in 1851, the army has made a revolution, and beaten journalism!

What changes and transformation, in the editorial corps as well as in the character and organization of the press, the late events will bring forth, it would be premature to judge. Yet, we will give, in the proper place, our impartial opinion. One fact is certain: that the press, which for sixty years, since the great revolution of 1789, has played so important a part in the destinies of France, we might say, of the world, is silenced for the present, has no more a free voice, and must submit to an iron rule. Our account, therefore, comes in the proper time, both to illustrate the past, and shed some rays of light on the darkness of the future.

What have been the character, the influence, and the vicissitudes of the Parisian press for the past sixty years? We will expose it in the following brief sketches, which embrace the principal phases.

I.—THE REVOLUTION—FROM 1789 TO 1799.

When the revolution broke out, every thing was prepared to give it the most violent and tremendous character. The royal prerogative, by a long series of successful usurpations, had reached a degree of despotism incompatible with rational freedom; the nobility had exchanged their former and manly virtues for the corruption, vices, and effeminacy of courts; the Church

had degenerated, and the bishops and higher clergy, rolling in wealth or basking in the sunshine of royal favor, had become in a great part an object both of contempt and hatred; the burden of taxation rested exclusively, and with insupportable weight, on the laboring people; the peasantry, at the same time, were, with few exceptions, in an indigent condition, and eager for any change; the middle order, or the *bourgeoisie*, had silently accumulated wealth, while power imperceptibly glided from the higher classes, and ardently aspired after reform and better condition; for there were no political rights, no freedom, no periodical press! Thus, the explosion of so many angry passions was like the eruption of a volcano; the spirit of insurrection became universal from Calais to Bayonne.

The press, set free, seemed to have no other mission than to spread throughout the country the flame of discontent. Hundreds of newspapers sprang up, to publish the debates of the National Assembly, the news of the day, and to discuss boldly matters considered of the deepest moment to the human race. Politics were then universally agitating and engrossing the public mind; all ranks of society engaged in public affairs; the spirit of party ran high; and the two opposite opinions, which, whatever might have been their subdivisions, represented, on the one hand, the old régime, or the despotic monarchy, and, on the other, the love of liberty or revolution, found enthusiastic, clever, and eloquent organs in the numerous newspapers which were established. Those which strongly supported revolution, far excelled, it must be acknowledged, in depth of learning, power of argument, talent and eloquence, those of the opposite party. The latter were generally epigrammatic, witty, and brilliant, but without that power which rules opinion. Yet the attempt by one set of men to stifle or violently contradict the expression of the predominant spirit of liberty, gradually engendered a rankling hatred in the bosom of others, and kindled the pas-

sions that later, as revolution was progressing onward, became devouring flames.

At that period commenced a newspaper, which has become the great repertory of facts and speeches, the *Moniteur*, (Nov. 1789.) A very intelligent politician, Maret, afterwards made Duke of Bassano by Napoleon, soon was made *redacteur en chef*, (chief editor;) and it is to him that we owe the debates of the National Assembly, the most faithful records we have of the events of that most interesting period. During its long existence, now nearly sixty-two years, it has been the special organ of the ruling government, and received contributions of men of ability and merit, some of whom attained the highest stations. The tone of the *Moniteur* has been generally temperate, impartial, and dignified, though of course it reflected the dominant spirit and thoughts of the times. It presents to the diligent inquirer a mine of historical wealth, in which there is the most precious ore from which to elaborate the political history of France. It forms a collection of about one hundred and ten volumes; and as complete copies of it are very rare, it brings a very high price.

Under the CONVENTION, when horror followed upon horror, when the most frightful scenes were occurrences of every-day life, the newspapers increased in savage enthusiasm, fury, and madness; but of course there was only one opinion expressed, and that was the most violent and sanguinary, and the most congenial to those disastrous times. The constitution of *l'an III.*, and the establishment of the directorial government, (Nov. 1795,) restored liberty to the press, and then sprang up again the many newspapers of conflicting parties. The struggle was resumed with a new vigor and spirit between those which strenuously stood by the principles of revolution, and those which secretly aspired to reestablish the Bourbons and the former monarchy. Such was the condition of the press, when the man whose fate it was to silence the jarring parties and the passionate press, landed from Egypt, to give to the revolution a new and impetuous but splendid direction, to achieve the most extraordinary deeds of the age, and, after exhausting glory and prosperity, to die in the dreary exile of St. Helena!

2. CONSULATE—EMPIRE, (1799 to 1814.)

The *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire was

really an outrage upon the laws, a bold attempt upon liberty. But, for the past ten years, so many *coups d'état* had been effected, either by popular masses or by the government, and, besides, the nation was so fatigued with political anarchy, that the establishment of the Consulate was hailed with satisfaction and hope. The name and genius of General Bonaparté seemed to legitimate the change. Glory, order, and liberty—these three great national objects, seemed to be combined. The general feeling was, that the paramount principles of Revolution must be saved, even at a sacrifice, and that the new Consul was the only man to defend against Europe the wavering and critical condition of republican France. It was felt that society, after such great disorders, must be organized and reconstructed; and there was then no serious fear of the despotism which grew up and increased more and more from the victories of the empire. Such was the illusion of the time—an illusion soon to be dispelled, for it speedily became evident that liberty was obliterated from the constitution. A vast system of centralization was founded; the government was invested with the most extensive and efficient powers; it was, in fact, dictatorship, disguised under constitutional forms.

Nothing was said of the liberty of the press: it was treated as an enemy, and one of the early acts of the Consulate was the suppression of all newspapers, except thirteen, which were only organs of the government. The dying moans of freedom were overpowered by the artillery which announced the victory of Marengo; the eye of the nation was dazzled by the splendor and magnitude of the triumph; and then commenced that long intoxication of glory, which made a whole nation the obedient tool of a man. Such is, alas, unfortunately, France! a country of soldiers rather than citizens, ever ready to submit to the yoke, if only it be covered with laurels.

Nevertheless the imperial government itself found the utmost difficulty in keeping the press under an absolute yoke. It constantly had recourse to the bulletins of victorious armies, to keep to their full heat the emotions that were no longer excited by the impassioned appeals of a hostile press. But when triumphs of the battle-field could no longer be announced, public opinion

forced its way, and powerfully contributed to the overthrow of the empire.

We can judge how Napoleon liked the press by this plain and candid opinion, which one day he uttered in the Council of State, his great instrument of legislation: "I am indeed not partial to newspapers. And do you know why, gentlemen? A journalist is only a grumbler, a censor, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than one hundred thousand bayonets!"

Later, he acknowledged his error. After his return from Elba, he entered into a compromise with the press; and in St. Helena, three weeks only before his death, when dictating that memorable and profound letter, which contained the last counsels of a dying father and sovereign to his son, he said expressly: "My son will be obliged to allow the liberty of the press; this is a necessity at the present day. In order to govern, it is not necessary to pursue a more or less perfect theory, but to build with the materials which are under one's hand; to submit to necessities, and profit by them. The liberty of the press ought to become, in the hands of the government, a powerful auxiliary in diffusing through all the most distant corners of the empire, sound doctrines and good principles. To leave it to itself would be to fall asleep on the brink of danger. On the conclusion of a general peace, I would have instituted a directory of the press, composed of the ablest men of the country, and I would have diffused, even to the most distant hamlet, my ideas and my intentions. At the present day, it is impossible to remain, as one might have done three centuries ago, a quiet spectator of the transformations of society; now, one must, under pain of death, either direct or hinder every thing."

3. RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS, (1814 TO 1830.)

With this memorable change, the press resumed its liberty, its rôle and influence, though at different times it was restricted by a preventive censorship, or regulated by severe laws. But the principle of liberty was written in the constitution, the *charte*, and it was enough to insure free discussion within proper limits, and to give great power to the press.

This period was in reality a long and passionate struggle throughout between the antiquated ideas of royal power, represented by the Bourbons, the old nobility, the Church, and ignorant peasantry of many provinces on the one hand; and, on the other, the new ideas, new principles, emanating from the Revolution, with which a great part of the upper classes, the bourgeoisie at large, the bulk of country people, the discontented officers and soldiers of the empire—in fact, the great majority of the nation—were deeply imbued. Besides, the national pride was stung by the humiliation of the restoration being ushered in and imposed upon them by foreign conquest, and the heart of the people was always bleeding with the dismal recollection of Waterloo. Hence the press was deeply tinged with the passions and opinions of conflicting interests and principles.

Two parties early arose, and gradually increased more or less in strength—the Ultra-Royalists and the Liberals or the Opposition, which ardently struggled for the mastery in the elections and in both Chambers, (Peers and Commons.) Both exerted themselves to secure powerful organs in the newspapers, as well as at the tribune of Parliament. Two papers were superior to the others in talent and political influence—the *Débats* and the *Constitutionnel*—for many years opposed in opinion, but, from 1824, united in warfare, as will be explained hereafter, and fighting with extreme and eloquent hostility against the Ultra-Tory ministers, Villèle and Polignac.

Meanwhile, appeared successively in the Chambers, orators gifted with the most splendid talents, and whose eloquence recalled the celebrated names of Chatham, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan. Their speeches were reëchoed in the Liberal journals, which drew from this splendid oratory a more vigorous spirit and more forcible arguments to assail the blundering and obnoxious ministers.

At that time, but especially during the five years of Charles X., the Opposition papers exercised the greatest prestige and influence. The more they were arraigned and mulcted under severe penalties, the more they were applauded and indemnified by public favor and subscriptions. An article, (we mean a leading one, called *premier Paris*,) if written in a forcible and eloquent style and vein, became the event of the day,

of the week ; and the name of the writer was welcomed and repeated with the warmest eulogies of the *salons*. To revile or to contest the right of freedom for the press would have been considered as an outrage to liberty itself ; to attempt to stifle or destroy it would have brought an immediate revolution.

It seems, by the late events, that Louis Bonaparte has formed other and peculiar opinions on this subject ; but he is not acquainted, we apprehend, with the all-powerful electric machine which he has so recklessly assaulted. A spark from this machine, when overcharged, is as fatal as it is rapid.

We will give here a forcible extract from the writings of a man who was a warm loyalist throughout his life, but a man of high intellect, and sincere friend of representative government, Chateaubriand. It is a fine illustration of the necessity of freedom for the press in our times. He says in his memoirs :

"The press is an element once unknown, a power formerly unused. Introduced into the world, it is speech acting like thunder ; it is the social electricity. Can you annihilate it ? The more you try to compress it, the more violent will be the explosion. Thus you must resign yourself to live with it, as you live with the steam-engine. You must learn to manage the press, and deprive it of its danger, either by a familiar and practical usage, by which its power will gradually relent, or by assimilating by degrees your manners and laws to the principles which henceforth shall govern mankind."

After the accession of the Polignac ministry, the highest excitement and irritation prevailed in the public mind. The Chamber of Deputies firmly pursued their course, and Charles X. and the ministers hurried on, with a stubborn blindness, to a final destruction. The *coup d'état* by which the *charte* was so seriously altered, and the crown made the sole power in the state, brought forth the long-expected explosion. Under the impulse and ardent appeal of the press, the most energetic and best part of the population took up arms ; three days were enough for the complete victory of Paris ; Charles X. was sent back to his third and last exile ; the *charte* was revised in a liberal spirit, and Louis Philippe ascended the throne.

4. MONARCHY OF JULY, (1830 TO 1848.)

A revolution ushered in the reign of that prince ; a revolution was suddenly to terminate it. But if, in the fiery transport of discontent, the Constitutional party and a portion of

the citizens were hurried away to trample upon eighteen years of comparative quiet and undoubted prosperity ; if the Republican and Socialist party eagerly seized the occasion to carry out their long-cherished theories of government, by hurling headlong the populace to accomplish another revolution ; if, after the popular victory, the name and reign of the old king have been assailed with the bitterest rancor and hostility ; history, which is and must be impartial, cannot repeat insult and unjust obloquy. It will say that Louis Philippe committed grave, immense faults ; countenanced, for his selfish views, corruption and degrading avarice ; did not develop the public liberties according to the true and full spirit of the constitution ; but all these evils might be cured with time and gradual reformation, and the representative monarchy, of which his family was the key-stone, was far better and more congenial to France than a sham republic, which was to be only an open field for exasperated and jarring parties, bad passions, and anarchy. In a word, we think that France has a highly democratic spirit, but not at all republican.

The press, so severely tried and dealt with under the Restoration, was triumphant. For the first few years, it had a full scope of freedom, though most of the past laws regulating its exercise had been maintained. It used its freedom to the greatest extent, and gradually, wild theories, extravagant politics, and licentiousness grew up, and increased to such a degree, that in 1837 more stringent and severe laws were enacted. The opposition papers were highly indignant, and bitterly complained of restriction, but public opinion approved of the measures.

Among the leading and most influential papers of the times, we should name the *Débats*, a constant and able supporter of the ministry ; the *National*, leaning to ultra Democratic doctrines ; the *Constitutionnel*, all-powerful before 1830, but then declining in talent and consistency ; the *Presse*, founded in 1834 by Emile de Girardin, full of the vigor, talent, and progressive spirit of the chief editor, sometimes on the side of ministers, sometimes bitterly and savagely hostile to them ; the *Siècle*, of moderate principles, exerting itself by cheapness and a variety of romantic contributions to secure a vast number of subscribers and make money.

At this period was introduced into many

newspapers, in a regular way, the *feuilleton-roman*, that is to say, a novel, divided into chapters, of the most thrilling interest, and which were given two or three times a week to a panting, over-excited public. Thus appeared the wildly impassioned and extraordinary novels, the *Mysteries of Paris*, and the *Wandering Jew*, by E. Sue; *Monte Christo*, and other productions of the firm of A. Dumas and Company; the licentious, though talented novels of Madame Dudevant, well known by the *nom de guerre* of George Sand. These *feuilletons*, which flattered, nay, pandered, for the sake of money, to the most sensual and coarse propensities, powerfully contributed to pervert the imagination, and to lower and degrade the dignity and purity of thought.

Another characteristic of the time was, that each party, and fraction of a party, in the Chamber of Deputies, had, as a mouth-piece, a special newspaper, entirely devoted to the views, passions, and interests of the party, and which, on every important matter, received the suggestions and *mots d'ordre* from the chief leader. Thus, the *Siècle* was the organ of Odillon Barrot, leader of the *opposition dynastique*, willing to preserve and support the dynasty, provided the chief and his friends should be promoted to the ministry; the *National*, of the republican party, bitterly hostile to the dynasty and the existing constitution; the *Débats*, of the ministerial party, and especially of Guizot, who every morning was praised with glowing eloquence, but, it must be said, not with a far-seeing judgment and statesmanship.

Not being very numerous, the newspapers of Paris were generally in a flourishing condition as to money and influence, when the unexpected revolution of February, 1848, broke out, which was to bring forth the most material changes in their spirit, politics, and influence.

5. REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY, 1848, TO DECEMBER, 1851.

At this sudden change, the ministerial and the moderate newspapers were for a time bewildered and thunderstruck, while the ultra democratic papers wildly exulted in their triumph, and in the confident hope of carrying out at last their long-cherished theories. The former restrictive laws of the press were then contemptuously overlooked,

trespassed, or trampled upon. No more stamp-tax, no more security-money: freedom! an entire and absolute freedom to start any paper, to boldly publish any opinion; such was the incessant outcry of the victorious and overjoyed party!

New and numerous aspirants hurried into the career of journalism. Every week new papers were started, ambitious to play a rôle in the state, to force through their doctrines, and to break down the prosperity of the other long established newspapers, but, since the triumph of the republic, proclaimed as superannuated. The different parties, the unfortunate result of sixty years of revolutions, went out to forward their opinions and secure success, if possible. Legitimists, Bonapartists, moderate Republicans, red-hot Republicans, Socialists, Communists, had their papers; while the Orleanists, still powerful, but cautious because of the recent catastrophe and the popular effervescence, tried to keep their ground with much ability and moderation, by advocating order and law. But the largest number, as it was to be expected, came from the democratic and socialist opinion. There appeared in a short time the *Republique*, by the citizen Baresté; the *Accusateur public*, by Esquiros; the *Ami du Peuple*, by Raspail; the *Commune de Paris*, by Sobrier, (proudly styling himself a *Montagnard*;) the *Journal démocratique et officiel des Ateliers nationaux*; the *Représentant du peuple*, by the famous Proudhon, (the latter the most remarkable,) and a great many others, with titles more or less revolutionary and catch-penny. Even moderate opinion supplied its share by the *Assemblée nationale*, the *Patrie*, and the *Ordre*, while the Legitimists brought up the *Ere nouvelle* and the *Opinion publique*.

The chief characteristic of all the newspapers of this period, with a few exceptions, was the want of sound judgment, sound thought, consistency in doctrines, and especially of high talent and noble elegance in style, which is highly valued in France; yet it must be said that generally the conservative papers had the advantage in these qualifications over the republican papers; and the *Revue des deux Mondes* (conservative) could say with truth: "It is not to their own sterling superiority of talent that the conservatives owe a greater influence than the demagogic party; it is because the latter are still poorer in talent, nay, of a pro-

found inability. The radicals are able neither to speak nor to think, still less to write; and the chief cause of their political foils and disappointments, since the republic has been proclaimed, is to be found in their literary impotency."

The absolute liberty of the press was nothing else than an instrument of licentiousness. The principle of security-money was reestablished by the Legislative Assembly, (April and July, 1849,) and later, in 1850, the ministers asked, to secure the interests both of the public treasury and of the order, a higher amount for security-money and the stamp-tax. In the course of the discussion, which was very warm, the primitive bill was greatly altered and modified. Two legitimist representatives, anxious to *moralize* the press—that is to say, to further improve the *good* papers, and efficiently restrain the licentiousness of the *bad* ones—proposed to introduce in the law the system of personal responsibility. Hitherto the editors, hidden behind the curtain, spoke and wrote in the name of their journal. It was therefore resolved that the name of the writer should be affixed to any article of political, philosophic, and religious discussion, or relating to acts and interests of private persons, and this under the penalty of one hundred dollars fine for the first infraction, and of two hundred dollars for the second; and that any false signature should be punished by a fine of two hundred dollars, and an imprisonment of six months, to which the false signer, the true writer of the article, and the responsible editor of the paper were equally liable. Finally, in order to restrain at least the *Roman-feuilleton*, deemed guilty of over-exciting the passions, and propagating in an attractive form wild and dangerous theories, a small tax was imposed upon every copy of it. This bill, the object of which was to strike the most severe and efficient blows upon what they called the *bad press*, was carried out, (July, 1850,) and it has ruled the press till the *coup d'état* of December 2d, 1851, which has been the death-blow to its freedom.

II.—ORGANIZATION AND CHARACTER OF THE NEWSPAPERS—HISTORY OF THE LEADING JOURNALS.

It appears, from a source which we consider reliable, that in October, 1851, the political, literary, scientific, artistic,

and commercial press of France was represented by about seven hundred and fifty newspapers of every kind, of which four hundred were published in Paris, and three hundred and fifty in the *departments*—eighty-six in all. The reader will be, perhaps, startled at the large number that we allot to Paris. But it must be considered that Paris is really the brain of France, we might say too, the heart; that it has been always the most attractive centre for any distinguished man or eminent talent in the provinces; and that since the concentration of political powers, established by the Convention, and so skilfully and selfishly reorganized, and still strengthened by Napoleon, Paris has secured a paramount influence—in fact, has become France. Hence this character of literary and scientific, as well as of political superiority; hence this over-excitement, this love of agitation, this ardor to promote sublime or wild ideas and theories; this disposition to burst forth into revolution, and to hurl over the country the successful *coup d'état* of a day, or the bloody victory of its anger, as the sovereign and legitimate government of France.

Three things claim our attention, because they are special characteristics of the French newspapers: the legal prescriptions by which they are ruled, the elements of which they are daily made up, the character and acquirements of the editors.

To start a new paper is a comparatively easy undertaking in our country. With a few hundred dollars, and a certain skill to humor the ruling feelings, or to secure the patronage of a party, you may confidently enter into the career of journalism and chief editorship. You will meet support, and, with a persevering industry, success. It is not so in France. At first a large capital is required, as security-money (*cautionnement*) to be deposited in the public treasury for future fines in case of penalties, and as means for the materials and daily expenses of a new establishment. Then, however attractive the young paper tries to be, the public are somewhat distrustful of a *débutant*, and subscribers rather sluggish to bring or send their names and money. Besides, that fortunate cornucopia, that milk and honey of our papers—we mean abundant and regular advertisements—are greatly wanting the first, and even the second year; and the paper must exert itself, must strive and go

on with its own resources. Fifty thousand dollars at least become requisite to successfully start the affair.

The elements which constitute a French newspaper are, as usual elsewhere, news, politics, financial and commercial matters; but they are arranged according to a certain order, treated and expounded in a peculiar way. Moreover, great attention is paid, even in chiefly political papers, to the more attractive subjects of literature, art, and science. Here is the sketch of the general disposition of matters.

First: On the opening page, under the head of Paris, is placed the leading article of the day, called *Premier Paris*, and usually written with great vigor and talent. It is designed to strike a hard blow upon some ministerial proceeding, to fully discuss a question of moment, foreign or domestic, or to justify a law and a minister.

Editors only of consummate learning and ability, and gifted with brilliant writing, are intrusted with those leading articles, and their compensation is very high. Of course, we speak only of the leading papers; for in the others, many indifferent, declamatory, or trashy articles are to be found. The jokers, who usually are fond of jesting with every thing, either good or bad, have nicknamed the *Premier Paris* the *pièce de résistance*, the *tartine politique*—words almost untranslatable, and answering to “hard and strong piece,” and “stuffed lucubration.” Usually the leading article is followed by one or two others of like nature, but of less interest or moment.

Then come the news or extracts from foreign papers; and generally this chapter is very poor and very short. People in France do not fancy an extensive intelligence concerning other countries, and they are served agreeably to their liking. This, however, is a deficiency, and should be reformed. Then follow home news from the departments, and those relating to Paris. They are usually selected with tact and discrimination, are in a neat and elegant style, and do not present that farrago of indigested, indifferent, or vulgar news, which too often fill up many high-pretending newspapers of our large cities.

After the news, there is found a literary or scientific article, prepared by a special editor, thoroughly conversant with his subject, and, in addition, a brilliant and refined

writer. If these articles have not generally the sterling merit of the *essays* of the English reviews, they are more lively, sparkling, and amusing; yet, pretty often, both sterling merit and superior wit are happily united.

The fourth page is devoted to advertisements of every kind and dimension. For this branch of industry and money-making, a singular system has been of late years organized and used. A bold speculator presents himself to the proprietor of a newspaper, who has succeeded by cheapness, the *feuilleton-roman*, or some other attraction, in securing a wide circulation, and says to him: “Sir, I come to propose to you a splendid affair. You must have, no doubt, much trouble in attracting and collecting your advertisements. Now, grant me an absolute right on your fourth page, and I will secure you such an amount yearly.” The amount varies, especially for widely circulated papers, between sixty thousand and eighty thousand dollars. Such a proposal is, of course, attended to, fully discussed, and the right on the fourth page sold. Then the speculator (*fermier*) applies to the commercial and manufacturing classes, anxious of public notice or of puffery, to urge the advantages of advertising in such a paper, so popular, so favorite, so widely circulating, and drains them to the best of his abilities. Kinds of feudal lords, these *farmers* are strongly established at the door of most newspapers, ruling in a sovereign manner, and even having the privilege of silencing every editorial criticism, favorable or not, about a book or an enterprise which has not paid the duty for a notice in the fourth page. Hence, the high charge of advertisements in Paris, higher than in any country, even in England, where there is a tax upon every *annonce* of about thirty-eight cents. Thirty-five lines, with more letters than in the Parisian papers, cost in London a pound sterling; while in Paris it costs thirty-five francs, or about seven dollars.

At the bottom conspicuously figures, in ten or twelve separate columns, the *feuilleton-roman*, which has been, for many years, and at great profit, monopolized by E. Sue, A. Dumas, G. Sand, and a few others. Sometimes the place is occupied by accounts of new dramas or comedies, news of science and art, lively sketches of manners and anecdotes. The *feuilleton*, whatever it may

be, is the favorite dish of every one who leisurely breakfasts at home or at the coffee-house.

The editorial writers, or *rédacteurs*, as they are called, generally belong to the literary class. They are distinguished by education, scholarship, and talent. Many of them, after eight or ten years of brilliant services, where their superior attainments and abilities have been displayed, have risen to high stations, either in the administrative preferments or in diplomacy. Generally, each of them has his own province, such as foreign or domestic questions, commerce, manufactures, art, sciences, literature, theatrical matters, &c.; and, under the eye and suggestions of the chief editor, the articles are carefully prepared and improved, in order to give to the labors of the many different talents and intellects, that unity of political and literary opinion which is a characteristic of import in the leading newspapers, because they have to preserve a high reputation and influence. In the following pages we will speak more at large of some celebrated writers.

III.—HISTORY OF THE JOURNALS AND EDITORS.

It is not easy, at this day, to draw a graphic and correct classification of the French newspapers. Since the proclamation of the republic, their political opinions have so much altered, grown prudent by fear, or passionate and wildly enthusiastic by excitement; and, moreover, the late *coup d'état* has brought forth so profound a perturbation in their spirit, language, and even existence, directly killing and destroying some, commanding silence or the utmost cautiousness for others, censuring and muzzling all the living, that we have thought it best to adopt a wide division, namely, Conservative, Democratic and Republican newspapers of every shade, being applied to the last period before the *coup d'état*.

CONSERVATIVE.

	Subscribers.
Débats	12,000
Constitutionnel	30,000
Assemblée Nationale.....	10,000
Patrie.....	12,000
Union	7,000
Ordre	5,000
Siècle.....	30,000
Univers Religieux	8,000
Opinion Publique.....	4,000
Gazette de France	3,000

DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN.

National.....	7,000
Republique	12,000
Presse	20,000
• Under Louis Philippe	60,000
Événement	4,000

and twenty others of less note, most of which died from the obligation of security-money and stamp, or under heavy penalties.

We will now proceed to our biographic sketches.

THE DEBATS.

This journal, one of the oldest in the press, is also the most famous and talented, as it has been, at certain periods, the most influential. It ranks with the *London Times*. Through its long existence, (fifty past years,) four remarkable phases are found—the government of Napoleon, the Restoration, the reign of Louis Philippe, the Republic. Each of these periods exercised a strong influence on its spirit and language, and each phasis of its life is marked by a predominant characteristic.

The *Débats* was established in the last year of the eighteenth century, 1799, by Francis and Louis Bertin, the one the father, the other the uncle, of the present proprietor, Armand Bertin. The Bertins were men honorably born. Their father, who had been Secretary to the Duke de Choiseul, the minister, died young. Both had received an excellent and classical education, and were gifted with remarkable abilities. Francis, the elder brother, was not merely a man of the world, but a scholar; a man of large views in legislation and politics, and of a generous, kindly, and lovable nature. Louis, the younger brother, was indefatigable as a man of business. Though an excellent scholar, and delighting in the brilliant literature of antiquity, he never strayed with the poets of Greece or Italy, when there was actual business to be done. After having been long a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he was sent, soon after the Revolution of 1830, to Holland as ambassador, and made a member of the Chamber of Peers.

It seems that the elder Bertin purchased for 20,000 francs (4000 dollars) the name and copyright of a very small journal. To give *éclat* to his début, and superior attraction to the new paper, the far-seeing man enlisted men of science, learning, and taste, as fellow-journalists. Among the earliest contributors were Geoffroy, Dussault, Feletz, and Dela-

lot. The *feuilletons* of Geoffroy succeeded to wonder; in a few years they became the rage in Paris and the provinces. There was criticism, literary, artistical, theatrical; there was learning, sound judgment, and wit, with a refined elegance of style, a genuine atticism, and a perfect *abandon*. The result was a great run of deserved prosperity. The *Débats* had soon, in consequence, about 20,000 subscribers. A transient blow, but not change, came over the golden dream and prosperity. The proprietor of the *Débats*, though a man of moderation and dexterity, was often constrained, under Napoleon, to an unwilling silence; but on one occasion, in 1803, we think, he exhibited a *récalcitrant* spirit. He was then driven from his own journal, and the property in it bestowed on a more obsequious scribe. The squall, however, was not of serious consequence; but hence, and from his highly conservative and Bourbonist feelings, proceeded, under the Restoration, the steady and fiery spirit of opposition, nay, of hostility, which the *Débats* manifested towards the Emperor and the Empire. At the end of the year 1805, so admirably was the journal conducted, that Messrs. Bertin were said to be making 200,000 francs a year, or about 40,000 dollars. Meanwhile, the First Consul had become emperor by the *Senatus Consulte organique* of the 18th May, 1804, and crowned by the Pope himself at Notre Dame, on the 2d December of the same year. The *Débats* took the title of *Journal de l'Empire*, but it preserved the same writers, to whom the prosperity and reputation of the paper were chiefly owing. From time to time, new talents, young men of high promise, were added to an already very efficient corps. This far-seeing policy has been, throughout, a constant and honorable characteristic of the proprietors.

On the fall of Napoleon, the *Journal de l'Empire* became again the *Débats*, and then began the most important phasis of its existence. The old opinions and affections of the Bertins were triumphant with the return of the Bourbons, and the establishment of a constitution, the *Charte*, by which the past and the present were to be reconciled and permanently reunited. The *Débats* overflowed with joy, and gave enthusiastic applause to a change which they proclaimed the most auspicious and fortunate, to enchain the spirit and to close for ever the disastrous

era of revolutions! On the return of Napoleon from Elba, the proprietor of the *Débats* followed the king, Louis XVIII., to Ghent in March, 1819, and in the following September he was named President of the Electoral College of the Seine, and soon afterwards was appointed Secretary-General to the Minister of Police. During ten years, the journal defended every administration, sometimes with more zeal and passion than high intelligence and judgment, but generally with cleverness and efficiency. It received political hints and secrets from men in high favor or rank, and even ready-made articles from distinguished writers, whose name was only whispered.

Previous to, and after, the Restoration, there had been an intimate literary connection between Chateaubriand and the Bertins; in fact, Chateaubriand was one of the principal literary supporters of their journal, as well as his friends, Laménais, then a high royalist, de Bonald, and Charles Nodier. As long as Chateaubriand held high offices, as Ambassador, Minister of Foreign Affairs, &c., the *Débats* remained the warm advocate and supporter of retrograde measures and laws, of the most impolitic proceedings—the expedition to Spain in 1823, for instance, accomplished by ultra-royalist ministers, who were hurrying France to a counter-revolution. But in the middle of 1824 an event took place, which brought forth the most serious consequences. M. de Chateaubriand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was dismissed from the ministry by the advice and influence of M. de Villèle, and with the most offensive discourtesy. A change, an ominous change, came over the spirit and language of the journal! Immediately, under the inspiration of Chateaubriand, and often with the articles of high but indignant eloquence which he supplied, it opened a tremendous fire on the whole ministry, but especially de Villèle, who was then the Premier. Charles X. ascended the throne Sept. 1824, a stubborn, narrow-minded king, the most fit to render any crisis dangerous, and to incur fresh revolution. The obnoxious minister, so ardently assailed by every opposition newspaper, (and at that time how brilliant, eloquent, powerful was the Opposition!)—the minister seemed to stand firm in the royal favor, and for three years dared and withstood the furious onsets of almost the entire press. Foremost was the *Débats*, but,

even in the most passionate flights of indignation and eloquence, always most respectful to the king and the royal family. There was a hope, an anxious desire that M. de Chateaubriand might be recalled to the ministry. M. de Villèle fell at last, and the friends of Chateaubriand, but not himself, became ministers, with M. de Martignac as Premier. Their administration was moderate and conciliatory, and supported with great cleverness and talent by the *Débats*. In fact, the ministers were the personification of its conservative but intelligent opinions, and of its aspirations for wise and constitutional liberty. But the concessions which the ministers had made to public opinion, their liberal policy, and even moderation, were exceedingly distasteful to the old king. Besieged by a blind and mad-brained coterie of the court and of the Jesuits, he dismissed his ministry, and intrusted the highest offices to Messrs. de Polignac, Peyronnet, and Bourmont. The first was the very soul of Jesuitism; the second the discredited colleague of M. de Villèle; the third, a former general of the *Chouans*, had betrayed the Emperor in the campaign of Waterloo. Notwithstanding their conciliatory and ensnaring professions, the nation clearly saw it was threatened with a counter-revolution, and prepared for the struggle. The *Debats* reëntered into an earnest opposition.

During the period from 1824 to the Revolution of July, 1830, many of the present contributors began their career, or were fast rising into fame. Among those must be mentioned one of the best political writers of the present day—if not, indeed, the very best—we mean M. de Sacy, son of the celebrated orientalist, Antoine Sylvestre de Sacy, created a baron by Napoleon, in 1813; M. Saint Marc Girardin, whose *Tableau de Littérature Française, au XVI Siècle*, obtained the prize of eloquence from the French Academy, and since, for twenty past years, Professor at the *Faculté des Lettres*; and M. Narcisse de Salvandy, later the shamefully servile Minister of Louis Philippe. In 1826 and 1827, the circulation of the *Débats* greatly diminished, but from no fault of either proprietors or writers. A new competitor had started up in the person of the *Globe*, a journal which numbered some of the ablest and most instructed men of France among its contributors. Among these must be enumerated de Rémusat, Minister under

Thiers; Duvergier de Hauranne, later member of the Chamber of Deputies, and one of the great promoters of reformation banquets; Duchâtel and Dumon, afterwards Ministers of the Interior and of Public Works, under the reign of Louis Philippe; and Piscatory, who, having gone to Greece in 1823, to defend the cause of independence, first fleshed his maiden literary sword in the *Globe*, on his return; and M. Dubois, one of the most learned, brilliant, and profound writers of the University. Of course, the journal was in the opposition, and its warfare against the Villèle and Polignac ministries was high-spirited, eloquent, and powerful. It surpassed even the *Débats*, by the loftiness of its views, by its profound and philosophic speculations, and by its elegance and vigor of style.

The vehemence and hostility of the opposition papers, which, it must be remembered, were the energetic organs of public opinion, grew, from day to day, bolder and more efficient. Charles X. at last made his *coup d'état*, by which the freedom of the press was abolished, the last election abrogated, and a new electoral system established. In fact, it was the overthrow of the constitution. Most of the papers broke out in the most furious and desperate onset against the illegal ordinances; but at this culmination of the struggle, the *Débats*, seeming to stare as at a precipice, was far less energetic in its remonstrances. Paris rose in arms; the people, who, in their inmost heart, had a long grudge against the dynasty, threw themselves into the battle, and the fate of the old Bourbons was sealed.

After the Three Days of July, some of the older writers in the *Débats* retired from the field; among others, Duvicquet, the theatrical critic and writer of the feuilleton. The vacant throne has since been filled by Jules Janin, a writer of great fecundity and incontestible merit; but conceited, *maniéré*, and full of affectation. Soon after, Michel Chevalier, formerly St. Simonian, was admitted, a distinguished writer, and deeply conversant with political economy, banking, and engineering improvements. Further on, we will notice him more at length.

Under the reign of Louis Philippe, the *Débats* became a paramount paper in the support of every conservative ministry. It adopted M. Guizot as the most superior statesman which the times needed and could find.

Throughout all the political vicissitudes, it always remained his steady and spirited, though not always sagacious and far-seeing supporter. Counsels, given at proper times and in a bold spirit, might have prevented the explosion of February, of which the result has proved nothing else than shame and ruin to France, since a revolutionary and republican surge has thrown a Democratic President to the most absolute despotism. There are fatal hours, in which former faults are visited with dreadfully retaliating calamities!

One of the causes that most contributed to the success of the *Débats* was the large, liberal, and intelligent manner in which it usually treated foreign politics. This can be accounted for by its high position and very considerable pecuniary resources. But there is another reason. In the days of Louis Philippe, as for fifteen years previously to 1830, there was scarcely a remarkable minister in those times who had not occasionally written in the *Débats*, or furnished it information. Sometimes a sheet, full of important hints, came from the Foreign Office, and the special writer had only to work out and expose those suggestions. But sometimes, too, the *Débats* kept and manifested independence and public spirit. When, in 1832 or 1833,

the royalty of July spared no effort or compliance to render itself acceptable to the court of St. Petersburg, this journal sustained the cause of Poland, and was not sparing either in reproaches or in attacks. These remarkable articles were from the pen of M. Saint Marc Girardin. Again, when the rhetorical Salvandy, its former companion and contributor, became Minister of Public Instruction, the *Débats* turned against him, and espoused the cause of the university, supported by Cousin. In both cases, it was right.

But generally, in the palmiest days of Louis Philippe, as it is still now, the columns of the *Débats* were open to all the king's aides-de-camp, secretaries of commandements, and personal friends, such as Montalivet, Cuvillier-Fleury, &c. A writer who then distinguished himself in the *Débats* was sure of favorable notice, and, in time, of promotion. A succession of able *Premier Paris* has made many a councillor of state, many a *maître des requêtes*, many a consul—indeed, even an ambassador, in the person of M. de Bourqueney, who was not a distinguished writer, though he possessed the talent of prosperously pushing his own personal fortunes.

J. C.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVENINGS WITH SOME FEMALE POETS.

THIRD EVENING.

Scene: Our Study; the stove full heated; table with books, papers, proof-sheets, decanters, glasses, and smoking-machines.

Present: JOHANNES, BELLOWS.

Enter: FRANÇO BEAUMONT, Hibernian; WILLIAM THORN, Columbian.

JOHANNES.—Glad to see you, boys; Morton and I were just discussing some Female Poets. We have had a couple of evenings at it, (as you are aware,) and are about to bring our controversy to an end to-night.

BEAUMONT.—Ha! I'm glad we came then. I hav'n't much of an opinion regarding the merits of women writers, but I shall be happy to listen. Whom were you talking about?

BELLOWS.—Miss Hannah F. Gould: have you read her poems?

BEAUMONT.—No, I have not, but shall be glad to hear some of them, if they *are* poems.

BELLOWS.—Here is a very beautiful poem. Attention, gentlemen.

JOHANNES.—There are pipes, boys; make yourselves comfortable; draw up to the stove, and fill your glasses: the night is chill and frosty, and this female poetry is cold stuff.

BELLOWS.—All ready; now listen and you shall hear. (*Reads.*)

A NAME IN THE SAND.

"Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;"

JOHANNES.—Stay; that line is from Gray's "Elegy:"

"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

'Tis the very same, only Miss Gould *did* look behind.

BEAUMONT.—Well, what woman wouldn't? Didn't Lot's wife do the same?

JOHANNES.—Yes, and a pretty *pickle* she got into by it.

THORN.—I suppose it is out of opposition to "all creation," that the women follow her example, and are so fond of smelling-salts.

BELLOWS.—Really, gentlemen, if you go on joking in this manner, we shall forget the beginning of the poem before we reach the end.

BEAUMONT.—Well, my dear fellow, just "cast one lingering look behind," and proceed.

BELLOWS (*proceeds*).

"One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away."

BEAUMONT.—Then they were *out*-lines, by *O-strander*!

JOHANNES (*puff, puff*).—Really, Franc, you must explain your pun. Go on, Morton. MORTON (*reads*).

"And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark Oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place—"

BEAUMONT.—By the harp of Ossian, man, all that is from Tom Moore, thought, metre, and every thing else. Look at his "Evenings in Greece," and you will find what I refer to, and a beautiful little song it is. Let me see if I can't recollect.

"As by the shore at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay
Upon the sands, with broken sword
He traced his farewell to the free;
And there the last unfinished word
He dying wrote, was Liberty!"

"At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were covered by the sounding sea.
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty!"

JOHANNES.—Yes, that is beautiful, and it is a fact that Miss Gould attempts to portray the same thought. I do not believe, however, that the “cause and name of him who dies for liberty” will die with him. They live greater after him. History shows it, and the revolutions of late years prove it. Liberty can never die. It is immortal as the heavens, to imitate which, it strives to make an earthly happiness; and those who uphold it, or die upholding, live in their glorious acts to inspire others who come after them. Now, as to Miss Gould’s verse, it is of a very doubtful order. It never reaches above fancy, and often descends below *mere* prettiness. When she is in a good vein, she gives us some very readable stanzas; “The Scar of Lexington,” for instance, which contains some touching reference to the days of ’76, and clothes a high purpose, which more than overbalances any falling off in the execution. It has always been a favorite with me. It is simple, gracefully told, and leaves a noble impression on the mind. It suggests more than it speaks, which is a great commendation in any poem; and the contrast of the “prattling boy” and the old veteran of “fourscore,” has more effect on the reader than if the old soldier had recounted his deeds, and “fought his battles o’er again,” to a more mature audience. The child, asking his grandsire “What wounded him,” is answered:—

“My child, ’tis five-and-fifty years
This very day, this very hour,
Since, from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun
Behind the hills of Lexington.

* * * * *

’Tis since that dread and wild affray,
That trying and eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

“When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom’s rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unblighted product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil.

* * * * *

“But should thy country’s voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandsire’s trusty sword,
And, undismayed by war’s alarms,

*Remember, on the battle-field,
I made the hand of God my shield:
And be thou spared, like me, to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell!”*

The ennobling reflections which the last stanza prompts, take the mind away from the many weaknesses of expression in the foregoing ones. The poem seems carelessly written, and decidedly advises us that there is a deeper pathetic power within the authoress than she has ever cultivated. A redundancy of expression, and a too hasty desire to rhyme out the line with phrases which should have been left out for others more to the purpose, weaken all of Miss Gould’s poems. She amplifies too much, introducing many words, and even lines, which do not say more than what has been previously and better said. This is the more to be condemned, because, with the evidence of capacity, she never strives to rear it up in a healthful and strong condition. It is the great fault of all female writers, that they are in a hurry. So as they can rhyme *skies* with *eyes*, or *beaming* and *gleaming*, at the end of eight or nine syllables, they are careless of what makes up the other seven or eight. Education, although a beneficial and proper accomplishment, is often a very ruinous one. When I say education, I do not allude now to more than even a rudimentary one. But for it, how many sensible women might we not add to the now small number! What a regiment of females have been destroyed by learning the alphabet, and by the bad examples of others of their sex! It is dreadful to encourage women to write. If I had my will, I would make it a capital offense, and punishable by bread and water.

THORN.—I guess their writings would not bring them that at present.

JOHANNES.—True. The moment a girl showed a tendency to write verses at school, I would give her low diet, and no books but Pollok’s “Course of Time,” which, like the “course of true love, never *does* run smooth.” Sir Richard Blackmore’s “King Arthur,” who, instead of being at a round table, is all round my hat—

BEAUMONT. — Then you must be a Roundhead; your abuse of the fair shows you are no Cavalier.

JOHANNES.—Hem! or Tupper’s Proverbial Cant, and Barlow’s “Columbiad.” If

these did not cure her, I'd apply Ward's cantos on the Reformation; and if that failed, she should change the grammar-school for the lunatic asylum. If she had a mind to, *then* she might contribute to the *Opal*, or the *Home Journal*, but my conscience would be easy, fully confident that I had done my endeavors to save her from vanity, ridicule, and idleness, and *for* a life of affection, womanhood, and usefulness. Naturally more fickle, trifling, and vain than man; eager to attract attention; prone to regard herself by the number of admirers she can count, and ever devising little arts by which she can win the same; woman is not qualified to offer that whole-souled devotion to the muse which the divine goddess demands. The muse being a female, moreover, and in much repute, naturally is an object of jealousy,—for who ever heard one lady speak well of another,—and our female writers only seem longing to annihilate her, to attract attention to themselves. This they do, I must say, very successfully, and, strange to say, do actually gain attention from crowds of editors, who have "poet's corners" to fill up in their papers; from fashionable readers, who read because it is the fashion, and toss over a number of pages as they would ribbons in a milliner's box, to see which suits the season, and by other thoughtless creatures, who are ever on the look-out for something new. No one honours genius, whether in man or woman, more than I do; but really, after reading volume after volume of female writing,—for I have gone through that purgatory in search of a heaven,—I think that it is once in an age that a woman with even respectable talent appears. Two or three *may* visit the earth at the same time, as at present, and should be welcomed and honored; but it is a sin against common sense and humanity to tolerate such verse as *this*. The writer is whirled into an ecstasy on hearing "music on a canal."

"A strain of sweetest melody
Arose upon my ear;
The blessed sound of woman's voice,
That angels love to hear."

Now, the veriest child can see that the fourth line is brought in to make a rhyme with the second, and that the entire four are most nonsensical. (*Filling and drinking*).—Here's your health, Beaumont, and may your life be as your common-sense is—uncommon.

Hip, hip, hurrah! I am glad, boys, ye came in. Morton was getting the worst of it, and we should be dull indeed, if we had not somebody to aid us out with wit. I love the night too, and never like to have it pass unmerrily or unthinkingly. Our best thoughts, I do believe, come in the night time. Our minds shine, as it were, in the gloom of the night.

THORN.—You agree with Festus, that

"Day hath too much light for us,
To see things spiritually. Mind and Night
Will meet, though in silence, like forbidden lovers,
With whom, to see each other's sacred form
Must satisfy."

JOHANNES.—Yes, I agree with him, saving the *silence* at present. There are times, though, when I love to sit up through the long lone night, to take my opium-pipe, and dream back my life. I am very happy then. The Jupiter of my own heaven, this little library, I recline amid my clouds (of smoke,) and hurl my thought, my silent thunder, against those who waylaid me on my life-track; who, as it were, broke up the railway on which my fiery self was speeding, dashing me off, and leaving me almost a ruin. But these are sad things to think of. The heart sometimes likes to speak out though, to hear itself, as women love to see themselves in a glass. But my youth has gone, and my age has found a solace in books, darling books.

BEAUMONT.—Doctor, you'll put me into the blues if you talk on so. I am miserable enough myself, and should be wretched, save that I have determined not to be. Come, fill up, and I will give thee a stave, old boy, to divert you. (*Sings.*)

"Come, let the wine whimper in eddies
Within the red goblet of bliss;
The brain that its wedlock unsteadies,
Is not worth its homeliest kiss.
Come, push round the heart-soothing nectar
No recreant beaker for him
Who pledges; may Venus select her
Chief knight, who most fills to the brim.
Chorus.—Come, push round, &c.

Some totter through long lives of trouble;
To lame middle age some creep on;
And both often wish the book double,
Though blottings commenced at page one.
Now, here's may my life be like sherry!
As sparkling its wit to express,
And just as long, friends, as 'tis merry;
A day more I crave not, nor less!

Come, chorus, boys! (*Taking hands round the table, all sing.*)

Here's may our lives be like sherry!
As sparkling its wit to express,
And just as long, friends, as 'tis merry;
A day more we crave not, nor less!

BELLOWS (*Pompously stroking his chin with one hand, and pulling down his vest with the other.*)—Now, gentlemen—

BEAUMONT.—Address the chair, my young friend.

BELLOWS.—Mr. Chairman (the doctor is chairman, I presume) and gentlemen, with all respect for the convivial feelings of my friends, my Irish friend more parti-cu-lar-ly, I move that we resume our deliberations on the female poets. I feel that mirth has encroached on our labor of love, Doctor, and Heaven only knows when we shall get through, if we postpone without doing so to-night. I move we resume; and, indeed, I'm sure our friends Beaumont and Thorn will not only be gratified, but receive much useful instruction.

THORN—(*Gives a long whistle.*)

BEAUMONT (*in an under-tone.*)—"A fool, a fool; I met a fool i' the forest—a motley fool," &c.

JOHANNES.—Well, Morton, bring up your next evidence of the genius of the fair rhymers.

BELLOWS.—Well, what do you think of the powers of Mrs. Estelle Anna Lewis?

JOHANNES.—I think she has less *weaknesses* in her writings than a vast number of her sex. She is daring in her fancy, and often successful. We seldom find her admitting a redundancy of expletives, which I remarked as being so detrimental to the force of Miss Gould's verses. Mrs. Lewis has much force, her rhythm is generally flowing and her sentences terse—an uncommon want in female writings. Here is a good passage:

"Shrine of the gods! mine own eternal Greece!
When shall thy weeds be doffed, thy mourning
cease,
The gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And there be living, breathing Greece again!"

BEAUMONT.—That last line was suggested by Byron:

"Greece, but living Greece no more."

JOHANNES.—Yes, I dare say it was. Let

me go on, though; you'll find something to admire.

"Grave of the mighty—hero, poet, sage—
Whose deeds are guiding-stars to every age!
Land unsurpassed in glory and despair,
Still in thy desolation thou art fair."

BEAUMONT.—Like dear old Ireland.

JOHANNES. (*Reading on.*)

"Not all that drapes thy loveliness in night
Can quench thy spirit's never-dying light."

Our authoress possesses much vigor of thought, and her expressiveness is often eloquent and artistic. My attention was directed to a poem of hers, the "Lament of La Vega in Captivity," by Edgar Poe, an able critic. He admired its "fierce energy of expression." I think his praise not unmerited, for rarely do we meet with such force in a female pen. Here is a verse (though not the best) which is beautiful. The captive addresses his country:

"And thou, ethereal one! my spirit's bride,
My star, my sun, my universe—the beam
That lit my youthful feet mid ways untried—
Within me woke each high ambitious scheme,
And here dost hover o'er me in my dream,
Pressing thy lips to mine, until I feel
Our quick hearts ebbing into one soft stream
Of holy love—ah, who will guard thy weal,
And from thy breast avert the dark marauder's
steel!"

One thing there is which Mrs. Lewis's poems claim special attention for—their masculine daring. She does not whine pitiful ditties to the moon, nor become ecstatic at the sound of an accordeon on a "canal." She has some very palpable faults, though, the chief of which is a frequent straining after effect. Occasionally, she startles us with a brilliant thought, and often reminds me of Bailey's "Festus" in a feminine way. I can fancy that Bailey is a favorite with her. Here is a passage from the "Broken Heart" which clings to my memory. The idea of the living dead is forcibly and well told:

"Alas! what awe have sepulchres
For hearts that have been dead for years,
Dead unto all eternal things,
Dead unto Hope's sweet offerings!
While, with its lofty pinions furled,
The spirit floats in neither world."

Many a heart will see itself as in a mirror in these lines. The first and last couplet of the quotation are especially good. I

might object to the word *lofty* in the fifth line, as applied to the spirit-wings, if the general impression of the passage did not rather disarm me from what you might term hypercriticism. The authoress, too, may not apply the word "lofty" to the immediate height of the pinions, but may mean to qualify the distance those pinions are from the earth. The *spirit* of the "heartbroken" is released from this world by the fact of the heart being broken, having lost its spirit, but has not entered the next, because it yet awaits the motion of the body, even as a shadow. It cannot enter the next world until the body enters the grave, and so it

"Floats in neither world."

The word *lofty* does not convey the idea which the writer had in her mind. It is really, and to all intents and purposes, so lofty, that I cannot see it rightly. It is obscure.

BEAUMONT.—Well, Bellows, what do you think of it?

BELLOWS.—I should most positively assert that it is rather obscure. I agree with the doctor.

THORN.—Bellows never disagrees on any thing, saving his tailor's bills, and them, like most other things, he makes a point to know nothing about. He knows just as much about the obscurity of a phrase, as he does of the "internal policy of the Peruvians." It's not in his way, as Aminadab Sleek says.

BELLOWS.—I must say, Mr. Thorn, you are inclined to be sarcastic at my expense.

THORN.—Curse the expense! your character can afford twice as much, and that's more than my experience can say for your purse.

BELLOWS.—Do you mean to insult me?

JOHANNES.—He does not mean to—

BELLOWS.—What else?

BEAUMONT (*laughing*).—No, he does not *mean* to, for he has already.

JOHANNES.—Hallo, you wild Hibernian! do you want to have the boys at each other?

BEAUMONT.—Only with the gloves on—across the table—three rounds—that's all. I'll back Bellows—you turn over to Thorn.

JOHANNES.—'Od's-blood, you rake, do you think I'm going to let them wrestle over the bodies of the female poets, as Hamlet and Laertes did over the grave of Ophelia? Come, Bellows, Thorn, fill your goblets, and

open your mouths only, as the quaint old poet has it,

"To suffer wet damnation to run through them."

BEAUMONT.—They'll want to get very wet in this world, to stand the *drying* they'll surely go through in the next.

THORN.—That "wet damnation," Doctor, puts me in mind of Coleridge's sonnet on Brinsley Sheridan, which opens thus:

"It was some *spirit*, Sheridan! that breathed
O'er thy young mind such wildly various power."

I do not think he could have opened it better, considering the amount of *spiritual* knocking that went on between Sherry's hand and mouth. Poor fellow, he too truly lived from "hand to mouth." I often wondered if Coleridge had not a palpable allusion to Sherry's weakness, in that "some spirit."

BELLOWS.—The spirit that overcame Sheridan was "some."

BEAUMONT.—Bravo! Good for Morton, by Jove. But see here, Thorn, you might as well say that I am sworn to follow Richard Brinsley, because in my song the line occurs:

"Here's, may my life be like *Sherry*."

Coleridge was a "misty-mid-region-of-Weir"-man; and if he had had more real spirits and less opium in his head, he would have been a greater man. No matter what he wants to convey about Sheridan. He could not think any thing greater of him than he actually was. The inspiration of Moore, Byron, Coleridge and others, Sherry was the terror of all his opponents. Was he ever nonplussed? In sublimity, brilliancy, scorn, or pure wit, was he not, as the Germans say of Jean Paul, *der Einzige*—the only one? I think I see him lashed into

"Patriot rage and indignation high,"

or now, his eyes dancing like those twitting imps that played such pranks with Saint Anthony, sparkling and leaping full of the

"Meaning of scorn and wit's quaint revelry."

Oh! he was a glorious fellow!

BELLOWS.—It is a pity Father Mathew did not live then.

BEAUMONT.—Ha, ha! yes, for he wouldn't be alive now!

BELLOWS.—Sheridan should be in Gotham to-day, and see "The Bottle" at Barnum's.

BEAUMONT.—I don't think he'd care much to see it. I'm sure 'twould have no effect on him.

THORN.—Why so?

BEAUMONT.—Why—because (I went to see it myself, and) there's *nothing* in it. But here's a bottle *with* something in it, not much, by the way, but enough to drink his memory: Sherry's memory; and may we be as witty over our cups of sherry as Sherry was in his cups.

JOHANNES.—As we are on the subject of spirits, hearken to this. It is a lady's "Invocation to Poetry," from the "Female Poets of America," page 207:

"Come back, come back, sweet spirit,
I miss thee in my dreams;
I miss thee in the laughing bowers,
And by the gushing streams."

We are not informed if the spirit was moved to come back, and indeed I do not wonder if it never came. The "poetry" by the same hand would advise us that the lady was crying for something she never possessed; for verses so devoid of spirit it would be difficult to find out of the volume in which they are a worthy leaseholder. She says herself in the lines I have recited, that the *bowers* were *laughing*; and certainly, if the "Vaucusian shades" could or ever did enjoy a titter, we must approve of their time and object of merriment. It must be rare sport to see a female poet in search of spirit. Here is another verse, which is worthy of the most desperate enemy of the "Apostle of Temperance."

"Wine, wine! O blessed spirit!
The inspiring draught be mine,
Though words may ne'er reveal how deep
My worship at thy shrine."

Did we not flatter ourselves that this is merely allegorical, the confession would be startling. Female poetry (if the two words can be coupled without contradicting each other) always runs into the merest word-trifling, or the most outrageous hyperbole. It is pretty much like the ladies themselves, either quietly silly or ridiculously talkative—one extreme or the other. They lack *heart*, as Mrs. Skewton says: they believe an ebullition of nonsensical images, thrown off with the rapidity of sparks from a knife-grinder's wheel, is a fine display of passionate poetry and an overflowing heart. They say many things which they but imperfectly under-

stand, and give us a feast of incongruities, instead of a "flow of soul," and think it is quite a "dainty dish to set before a king." Listen here:

"I met thee in the Isle of Dreams,
Beloved of my soul—
I met thee on the silver sands,
Where Lethean rivers roll;
And by the *flashing* waterfalls,
That *lulled* the hours asleep—
* * * * *
All, all was sunshine, bliss, and light,
Beloved of my soul,
When in the Isle of Dreams we met,
Where Lethean rivers roll."

I think the "*flashing* waterfalls" would be more likely to keep the hours awake than lull them asleep. It should read, the *crooning* waterfalls; the word *croon* would better impress us with the idea of the monotonous song and flow of the water, and would more appropriately convey the idea of putting to sleep. I cannot see, either, how all can be "bliss" and "light" and "lovely" where the "Lethean rivers," the waters of sorrow, gloom, and agony, roll. It is said, and not unwisely, that out of darkness cometh light; but in this instance the writer must have a far greater amount of fancy than is evidenced in her verses, if even the presence of the "beloved of her soul" could throw any light on her subject—the Isle of Dreams, where, according to herself, Lethean rivers abound; indeed, a traveler in that region might expect to meet a very Black Sea, or, at all events, the source of the *Niger*. Here is another "poem" by a lady poet from the same volume. It is evidently a great attempt; it is called "Lees from the Cup of Life," and essays to give the feelings of one tired of existence, or anxious to war with the world for her own reasons. The speaker is supposed to be a sort of female Manfred, that is, a woman in a passion with every thing, and with herself, I should opine, most particularly. I can imagine such a feminine Tom O'Bedlam singing—

"Once I was sad, and well could weep;
Now I am wild, and I will laugh:
Pour out for me libations deep!
The blood of trampled grapes I'll quaff,
And mock at all who idly mourn,
And smite the beggar with his staff."

I have no objection to Mistress Manfred laughing as hearty as she will—'sdeath! not I; but I object to her sitting coolly down when the fit is over, and writing us an ac-

count of it, which only proves that she should be laughing still; for she is decidedly as wild as ever. I grew quite chill when I came to the "blood" in the fourth line, thinking she was going to drink *bona fide* blood, and, at all events, out of a skull; but presently thought there was much sense in her wildness, and envied her her libation of "trampled grapes." They were sour grapes to me, though. No wonder that she should mock at those who "*idly* mourn," for, faith, her lamentations seem to keep her tolerably busy, even to the assaulting of a beggar with his own staff. Now, this is the most foolish part of the performance as yet; for the laws of the land fortunately protect beggar-men as well as bullion-men. Another stanza runs thus:—

"Make me a song whose sturdy rhyme
Shall bid defiance bold to Wo,
Though caitiff wretch come down to me:
See, at thy gate my trump I blow,
And, armed with rude indifference,
To thee my scornful glove I throw!"

In this stanza, we perceive that the speaker, in the midst of her wildness, retains much consciousness; in fact, is perfectly aware that *her* song is very *woful*, and begs somebody else to compose a ditty of an opposite nature, at the same time that she is rudely indifferent to the "caitiff wretch," which must mean the reader, as the only person she comes in contact with; blows (and very immoderately, too) her trump at his gate, (allegorical of his attention,) and finally throws a "scornful glove" at him. What sort is a *scornful* glove?

THORN.—I can't tell, unless it be a boxing-glove.

BEAUMONT.—Ay; made of ass's skin, to pummel calves' heads into sheep's faces.

JOHANNES.—No matter what sort the glove is; no matter; on the verses, I think, we shall have no difference of opinion. They are decidedly bombastic, and unnatural to any phase of human existence, in or out of a mad-house. The expressiveness is bald, unimpassioned, and uncouth. An epigrammatic roughness is mistaken for vigor, and "sound and fury, which signifieth nothing," assumes the place of passion. Inequality is one of the most striking faults of some of the best of our female poets. And the closing couplet of the stanza, which should contain its chief pith, is generally the weakest. Some weak sentence of expletives, or weaker af-

fection, forms the climax, and leaves any thing but a favorable impression on the reader. This inequality of style, I said, may be traced in the writings of some of our best female poets. Here, now, is an example from Mrs. Ellet's "Lake Ontario." The first six lines are very graceful:—

"Thy smile is glorious when the morning's spring
Gives half its glowing beauty to the deep;
When the dusk swallow dips his drooping wing,
And the gay winds that o'er thy bosom sweep,
Tribute from dewy woods, and violets bring,
Thy restless billows in their gifts to steep.
Thou'rt beautiful when evening moonbeams shine,
And the soft hour of night and stars is thine."

The last couplet falls off both in expressiveness and grace. "Soft hour of night" is bad; the last line altogether fails to carry out the beauty which the author would indicate. The serene beauty of the lake at night would be more appropriately manifested by calmness—the sublime stillness of the midnight hours. The *softness* of the hours of night is horribly unpoetic. The expression not only fails to convey beauty, but is effeminate in the lowest degree. It is not even sentimental. Here, however, is an unexceptionable stanza in the same poem:

"Here, too, at early morn, the hunter's song
Was heard from wooded vale and grassy glade;
And here, at eve, these clustered bowers among,
The low, sweet carol of the Indian maid,
Chiding the slumbering breeze and shadows long,
That kept her lingering lover from the shade,
While, scarcely seen, thy willing waters o'er,
Sped the light bark that bore him to the shore."

The climax here comes with the movement of the verse, and the picture presented to the mind is interesting because complete. Might I look for a fault, I would object to the word *bore* in the last line, because it rather mars the rhyming of the same sound—*shore*—at the proper place, by taking the ear too soon. This is slight; but the word *brought*, or some such other word, might be introduced instead, with increased effect.

THORN.—Doctor, do you recollect any of Mrs. Oakes Smith's sonnets? I think (but then I am not much of a critic) that some of them are very good. They suit me, and that is as much as any one person can say of any thing he is pleased with.

JOHANNES.—I was exceedingly well pleased with "The Acorn," by the author you name. I met it in a collection of poems some years since, and, if I remember cor-

rectly, the tone was healthy and vigorous, and the idea graphically worked out.

THORN.—Push that book this way, Doctor—(*turning over the pages.*) Margaret Fuller—very able woman, fine prose writer; Frances Osgood—very graceful, and full of elegant fancy. Ah! here we are—"Elizabeth Oakes Smith." Here is a sonnet—"The Wife"—which I always admired. (*Reads.*)

"All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro;
And, ever and anon, will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.
Light household duties, ever more inwrought
With placid fancies of one trusting heart,
That lives but in her smile, and turns
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns—
To be refreshed where one pure altar burns.
Shut out from hence the mockery of life,
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting
wife."

JOHANNES.—It is a good womanly idea of a wife; full of home, love, and true confidence. I like such pictures for the truth of the sketching, even if not well colored. "The placid fancies of her trusting heart" is a beautiful and delicate observation, neatly told; also the

"Murmured melody of pleasant thought"

gives the idea, as Carlyle would say, of a "much-loving house-mother."

THORN.—I think, Doctor, I can point out another contributor to that volume, some of whose writings are excellent. Did you happen to see in the book "The Sculptor's Love," by Miss Sara J. Clarke, or "Grace Greenwood," as she is more popularly styled?

BEAUMONT.—By Jove! let us have it; I understand "Grace" is a Diana, a Calliope, a Venus—in fact, a huntress, a songstress, a beauty, remarkable as each and enviable for all. She is the very divinity for an Irishman. Don't you know our old song—

"As swift as a ball from a cannon,
As warm as roasted potatoes,
As clear as the streams of the Shannon,
Is an Irishman's heart for the ladies."

Ah! you should hear Beaumont, senior, sing that; his punch-bowl (nearly emptied) before him, and a chorus of jolly fellows to give a tally-ho. Let us have "Grace Green-

wood's" poetry; but Heaven help my anticipative spirit if it falls short!

THORN.—Make your mind easy about that. The story is a sort of Frankenstein one, but ends very differently and very pleasantly. I think you would like to be the sculptor; but of that anon. The artist had been working "well and long" on a statue dedicated to female beauty. He stands now before his completed work.

"As stood the sculptor, with still-folded arms,
And viewed this shape of rarest loveliness,
No flush of triumph crimsoned o'er his brow,
Nor grew his dark eye luminous with joy.
Heart-crushed with grief, worn with intense desires,
And wasting with a mad, consuming flame,
He wildly gazed—his cold cheek rivaling
The whiteness of the marble he had wrought.
The robe's loose folds which lay upon his breast
Tumultuous rose and fell, like ocean-waves
Upheaved by storms beneath; and on his brow,
In beaded drops, the dew of anguish lay.
And thus he flung himself upon the earth,
And poured in prayer his wild and burning words."

He casts his heart, in all its anguished enthusiasm, to Jove, tells how he labored to make a form of "more than earthly beauty:"

"And now, (deem not thy suppliant impious,
Our being's source, thou Father of all life,)
A wild, o'ermastering passion fires my soul:
I madly love the work my hand hath wrought!
Intoxicate, I gaze through all the day,
And mocking visions haunt my couch at night;
My heart is faint and sick with longings vain,
A passionate thirst is parching up my life.

* * * * *

Oh! I would have an eye to gaze in mine;
An ear to listen to my coming step;
A voice of love, with tones like Joy's own bells,
To ring their silver changes on mine ear;
A yielding hand, to thrill within mine own;
And lips of melting sweetness, full and warm!
Would change this deathless stone to mortal flesh,
And barter immortality for love!

BEAUMONT.—Capital! That sculptor was no fool; not like the unfortunate old sinner, St. Senanus, that Tom Moore sings about, who turned the beautiful lady from his "sacred isle" in most inclement weather, swearing like a trooper that

"His sainted sod
Should ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

I do *not* think he was an Irishman. Old Anthony must have been born in Munster, though, no matter what the lives of the saints may say to the contrary. He could appreciate beauty, and

"Barter immortality for love."

Go on, Thorn, I'm deeply interested in this sculptor.

THORN.—I must read the conclusion entire; it is beautifully conceived, and the description is equal to the noble passion with which the *denouement* is brought about:

"He stayed his prayer, and on his statue gazed.
Behold, a gentle heaving stirred its breast!
O'er all the form a flush of rose-light passed;
Along the limbs the azure arteries throbbed;
A golden lustre settled on the head,
And gleamed amid the meshes of the hair;
The rounded cheek grew vivid with a blush;
Ambrosial breathings cleft the curv'd lips,
And softly through the arch'd nostril stole;
The fringed lips quivered and uprose, and eyes,
Like violets wet with dew, drank in the light."

JOHANNES (*rapt and slowly*).—Very fine indeed!

BEAUMONT.—The old story of Saint Anthony over again, by Jove, with the Doctor! Ha! ha! Go on, Thorn.

THORN. (*Reads*.)

"Moveless she stood, until her wandering glance
Upon the rapt face of the sculptor fell:
Bewildered and abashed, it sank beneath
The burning gaze of his adoring eyes.
And then there ran through all her trembling frame
A strange, sweet thrill of blissful consciousness:
Life's wildest joy, in one delicious tide,
Poured through the channels of her new-born heart;
And love's first sigh rose quivering from her breast!
She turned upon her pedestal, and smiled,
And toward the kneeling youth bent tenderly.
He rose, sprang forward with a passionate cry,
And joyously outstretched his *thrilling* arms;
And lo! the form he sculptured from the stone,
Instinct with life, and radiant with soul,
A breathing shape of beauty, soft and warm,
Of mortal womanhood, all smiles and tears,
In love's sweet trance upon his bosom lay."

BEAUMONT.—That is really beautiful! Ah! some little devil of a girl made her own capture of the enthusiastic artist.

JOHANNES.—I did not expect any thing so excellent; indeed I did not. There is one word I would object to; the phrase "*thrilling* arms" is incorrect—*thrilling* is not the word.

BEAUMONT.—I'm off, Doctor. I cannot stay here to allow you to be the iconoclast of the pleasure in my brain. No, no. Come, Thorn. Hallo! look at Bellows; fast asleep. Poor Bellows!

JOHANNES (*calling loudly*).—Help! murder! help! help! Thieves!

BELLOWS (*starting up*).—Good God! Murder! Is any body's throat cut?

BEAUMONT (*aside*).—Don't mind the old man; he wants to frighten you.

JOHANNES.—You are a pretty defender of the female poets, to fall asleep during the trial.

BELLOWS.—Asleep!

BEAUMONT.—No! he was not asleep. He only gave way to his feelings on the recital of such a beautiful composition.

BELLOWS.—Yes, exactly; and more, I think the poem one of very remarkable humor. It is in the style of Juvenal.

ALL.—Ha! ha! ha! Capital!

JOHANNES.—You incorrigible Juvenile. Boys, did you ever meet such an audacious bit of persevering nonsense in the shape of flesh and bone?

BEAUMONT.—Ha! ha! Come along. Do you come our way, Bellows?

BELLOWS.—N—o. I go towards the Fifth avenue, 'bove Bleecker considerably. Good night. (*Curtain falls*.) J. S.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

FOREIGN STATEMENTS OF AMERICAN POLICY.

NOTE.—Of the many readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* in this country, a portion are doubtless aware of the disregard of truth which that periodical generally exhibits when remarking on the policy of the United States; but there are others, we are only too sorry to say, who readily adopt all emanations from that source, whether political or literary, and incorporate them into the body of their own opinions.

This latter class are, to a certain extent, responsible for the discredit brought upon American institutions by the evil teachings of *Blackwood*. If the circulation of this periodical were less encouraged, there would be much less mischief to be corrected, and Americans would grow up with a more wholesome conviction of the efficiency and the honesty of the Federal Government and that of the several States. A foreign school is certainly not the best in which the citizens of the United States are to be taught their own duty or their own history.

For acts of positive repudiation committed by any State, we have, of course, no apology to offer. State dishonesties have deserved no favor from the American people, and have received none from the Whig party. We cannot hold ourselves responsible for crimes which, as a party, we have always reprobated, and which have already been severely atoned for.

The following article, though brief, is sufficiently long to expose the falsehood of the statements in reference to which it is written.—ED.

“WHAT did universal suffrage lead to in America? Repudiation of State debts.

“Why are some of the States of the Union, who formerly repudiated, now paying the interest of their debt? Because they derive £3,000,000 a year from the sale of lands belonging to the Indians, which, by fraud or violence, they have contrived to get possession of.”

We copy the foregoing from *Blackwood's* leader for the month of January, and we have seldom seen so much ignorance and falsehood combined in the same number of lines. We were all the more surprised to find such statements in the article referred to, because the writer, in our opinion, had no need to go beyond the bounds of strict and acknowledged truth in order to make an impregnable case.

This continual defamation of America and her free institutions is altogether unworthy of writers of such ability as those gentlemen possess who get up the very able political articles for *Blackwood's Magazine*. They may think it good policy; and, for aught we know, they may be catering for the appetites of a large portion of their British readers; but we are very sure that it is always bad policy, in the long run, for a political writer to expose his ignorance by asserting things to be true of which he has no knowledge, and, still worse, to make similar assertions, which he knows to be false. His

readers will in time,—however they may be warped by prejudice, or however thick-skulled they may be,—discover the ignorance and the falsehood, and from that moment the writer will lose his influence over them.

“Universal suffrage” may be a dangerous element in France or in England: until they have banished *universal ignorance*, we think it will prove to be so. But those who hold that opinion in England had better not cite the example of America in support of it. No harm has ever come of it here; none ever will come, till we shut up our school-houses, an event which is not likely to happen very soon. The man who charges “repudiation of State debts” upon “universal suffrage” is either wofully ignorant or wilfully false. If ignorant, by what right does he undertake to instruct others? If not ignorant, how can he justify the falsehood?

After making this charge, he evidently perceives that he has placed himself in a “ticklish position,” because it will be said in reply, “But these repudiating States have all resumed payment of their own accord, and, for aught that can be seen, are quite as likely to pay up interest and principal as any of the despotisms of Europe;” and, to escape from the foolish dilemma, he invents two more falsehoods, each worse than the other. He says that these repudiating States have obtained lands of the Indians, “by fraud or

violence," from which they derive an annual income of nearly \$15,000,000, and *therefore* they pay.

If these States stopped payment for want of ability, and resumed payment the moment they recovered the ability, why all this cry about repudiation, these thousand-times-repeated charges of knavery, &c.? It seems to us that they should rather be entitled to sympathy for their misfortunes, and to praise for their integrity.

If they had the ability to pay when they stopped payment, they acted the part of knaves certainly; and if they really plundered the poor Indians, and then used the plunder to pay men who had been complimenting them with the beautiful epithets of knaves, scoundrels, pickpockets, bankrupts, and cheats, they were fools also.

Now, we apprehend that the very able writer in *Blackwood* who makes these charges is fully aware that the following statements are strictly true:—

1. That certain States became involved in debt at a time when all the world was insane—all this Western world at least—by reason of a great expansion of currency.

2. That, when the currency bubble burst, and the consequent tremendous reaction took place, it was just as impossible for those young and comparatively poor States to meet their engagements promptly, as it would be for England to pay her national debt in the next ten years.

3. That the States in question never obtained their lands from the Indians "by fraud or violence," or in any other manner.

4. That those States *have no lands* from which to derive an income by sale; all the lands within their borders, which are not private property, being the property of the

Union, and all the proceeds of sales going into the treasury of the Union.

5. That the annual sales of all the public lands in the United States do not produce \$2,500,000, instead of \$15,000,000, as stated, and that this income goes to pay the debt of the Union, and not of individual States.

6. That the delinquent States resumed payment the first moment that it was possible to do so, by assessing a burdensome *direct tax* upon their citizens.

We say that the writer referred to knows all these things, because we cannot suppose for a moment that any man who sets himself up for a political teacher, through the columns of such a work as *Blackwood's Magazine*, can possibly be ignorant of facts so notorious; and yet, in defiance of such knowledge, he abuses his position and his opportunities by stating and reiterating that they are false.

As we have intimated, it may be that the British readers of *Blackwood* are pleased with such seasoning in the political food served up to them by that magazine; but, whether so or not, it would better comport with manliness and dignity in those who write for it, to say nothing which is untrue about America and her institutions, however strongly the truth may militate against their theories of "divine right" and hereditary senates. If we cannot be made to testify in favor of their theories, they had better let us alone; they are not obliged to summon us into court.

But who suffers by these falsehoods? This is a question we commend to the consideration of these writers. They may find, perhaps, that we are not injured by them; and they may also find that truth is gradually making its way even among their own readers. When it does thus find its way, and becomes established in their minds, the answer to our question will be easily found.

MORMONISM IN ILLINOIS.

No. I.

ONE of the most striking features in the history of modern fanaticism, is unquestionably the progress of Mormonism in the United States. That an uneducated youth, without the recommendation of decent morality, and in fact notorious only for a vagrant and dissolute life, should create and excite a new and revolutionary movement in the religious world, and be able to operate on the public mind by means of the most absurd pretenses to the divine and prophetic character, and that too in an age and amongst a people who boast of their general intelligence, is a paradox scarcely to be accounted for on any known laws of the human mind. It is our intention, in this and subsequent articles, to give a brief, and, so far as practicable, correct sketch of the history of this infatuated people, during the period of their residence in the State of Illinois. For years prior to their emigration to this State, they had occupied a district of almost wilderness country in the west of Missouri, where, however popular they may have been on their first arrival, they soon rendered themselves obnoxious by setting up the most arrogant pretensions to divine favor and protection, and the advocacy of the most dangerous and disorganizing social doctrines. Smith, their dictator and prophet, assumed to act from divine appointment. It was pretended that his mission was of both a spiritual and temporal character. He was to radically and essentially change all the features of divine worship, and herald the millennial reign of Christ on earth. In addition to this, so far as could be ascertained from his vague and rather obscure prophetic teachings, he was to establish a temporal kingdom, in which the saints were to reign, and crush the unbelieving world beneath their vigorous rule. It was claimed that the foundations of this kingdom were laid at Independence, an inconsiderable village on the Missouri river. From this nucleus, it was to be extended by a series of supernatural incidents and bril-

liant conquests, more miraculous, complete, and dazzling than the rapid march of the Moslem prophet under his crescent banner. For the accomplishment of his purposes and the establishment of his dynasty, he was to concentrate all the savage tribes of the far West, and animate them to revenge the wrongs they had received at the hands of the white men. The terrible Comanche, the Bedouin of the American desert; the Sacs and Foxes, still smarting under the defeat of their celebrated chieftain, Black Hawk; the Pawnees, the Omahaws, and all the wild tribes of the deep valleys and lofty crags of the Rocky Mountains, were to hear the voice of the Prophet, submit to his teachings, and to give their untamed barbarian energies, and employ the tactics of their destructive warfare to the establishment of the Mormon supremacy.

It cannot be pretended that these bold assumptions of the Prophet were the insane ravings of stupid fanaticism, intended only for the amusement and edification of his superstitious and fanciful followers. The whole policy of the Prophet plainly indicated that his dreams of conquest and future empire resulted not so much from his fanaticism, as from a lofty, earnest, and determined ambition. For the purpose of advancing these lofty views, he employed and sent amongst the various tribes on the skirts of his settlement, his most cunning emissaries, for the avowed purpose of winning them over to his intended coalition. The Book of Mormon, which is a pretended history of the ancient aborigines of the country, from which it is claimed that the modern tribes have descended, was the principal means used by the Mormon missionaries to effect the conversion of the savages. From the pages of this blundering fiction, the red man was taught of his elevated origin; of an ancestry which had peopled a vast continent, and established a civilization even superior to that of their European enemies. From the pages of this book,

they were pointed to immense cities, which far surpassed the most populous and magnificent of modern times, and which had long since decayed and passed away, leaving distinct traces of their ruins behind. The heart of the modern savage was animated, and his sanguinary nature was excited and aroused by graphic details of terrific battles fought; of cities desolated; of countries laid waste, and whole tribes exterminated by ruthless and indiscriminate warfare. Whilst their admiration was enlisted by the heroic virtues of an ancestry which had perished from the earth, their own feeble and helpless condition was depicted in strong and glowing terms by the cunning missionary of the new faith. They were pointed to the European race, which had driven them from their fairest possessions, as the cause of their degradation. They were confidently promised a speedy restoration of all their rights, and a return to all the grandeur and power of their ancient ancestry, should they but rally and fight under the Prophet's banner. By such means as these, all the wild tribes who had suffered wrong from the usurpations of the white race were to be united under the leadership of Smith, and, emerging from the shades of their wilderness homes, were to pour their vengeful and desolating legions on the possessions of their enemies; and where the arts of civilization marked the conquest of the white man over the wilderness, was the savage to relight his council-fires, and dance his war-dance amid sombre desolation and ruin.

The pioneer settlers of Missouri had encountered much from the hostility of their Indian neighbors. In fact, they had maintained the occupancy of their new homes as much by the terrors of the rifle as the force of law. It was consequently with considerable alarm that they learned that the emigrant Mormons, who had been received with true hospitality amongst them, were plotting with their avowed enemies for their final extinction. It was not singular that they should immediately remonstrate with decision and warmth against a course tending to inflame the untamed passions of the savage and increase his natural hostility. But their remonstrance was received with contempt by the misguided fanatics, which they neither cared to conceal or disguise. The Missourians were informed in substance, that the Mormons must live up to their ele-

vated destiny; that their course, however revolutionary it might be, was marked out for them by divine appointment; and that if the omnipotent Ruler of the universe intended through their instrumentality to restore the aborigines of the country to their primitive rights, they were bound to obey, regardless of what results might follow their action.

Whatever may be the faults of the Western pioneer, a tendency to fanaticism or superstition is not one of them. They would have treated the insane ravings of the Prophet with passive indifference, had it not been for his continued and repeated attempts to excite against them the wrath of the red man. Although they viewed Smith as an impostor, they still believed that any prophecy, however false, absurd, or stupid, might conduce to its own fulfilment in the hands of desperate and misguided fanatics. It is not, therefore, wonderful that they were excited and alarmed by the acts of the Mormons in tampering with their savage enemies. Interview succeeded interview with the fanatics, for the purpose, if possible, of adjusting their difficulties, without any satisfactory results. The Mormons assumed a still more lofty and threatening attitude, and their language became still more irritating, until the Missourians, provoked beyond endurance, collected their forces, declared war against the Prophet, and, after a number of skirmishes between the parties, in which several lives were lost, and the property of the Mormons was totally destroyed, they were finally with "strong hand" expelled from the State.

Smith, by this unfortunate termination of his settlement in Missouri, had lost years in the accomplishment of his purposes; yet his bad fortune never caused him to despair. Visions of future empire and greatness still animated his heart, and prepared him for more bold, determined, and desperate effort in the future. The land from which he had been just expelled under circumstances so humiliating to his ambition, he still claimed as his own; and if he was compelled by untoward events to retrace his footsteps eastward, it was only to recruit his exhausted resources, to rally and consolidate his increasing followers, preparatory to a more extended system of colonization in the far West.

With these views he landed at Quincy, in the State of Illinois, some time during the

autumn of 1839. He was then much reduced in circumstances. Instead of the robust and ambitious fanatic, threatening Missouri and the world with divine vengeance, he was meek with endurance, gaunt and haggard with famine; a ragged, destitute outcast of society, begging a subsistence at the hand of charity. The Prophet, together with his famished followers, many of whom were sick with the hardships and exposures they had encountered, were received with sincere and unaffected hospitality by the people of Quincy, who, with exalted and praiseworthy benevolence and liberal hand, administered to all their necessities. Whilst the famished and suffering Mormons were fed without charge by the benevolence of strangers, who had but heard of the strange sect of religionists, and of their persecutions for conscience' sake, these strangers listened with sympathy to the stories of their wrongs, and as they listened they became indignant at the recital of those scenes of violence which the persecuted Mormons had suffered, for no other reason than the peculiarities of their faith, and the unaffected and gracious piety of their deportment. The people and the press of Illinois were loud in their denunciations of the people of Missouri for the violence they had manifested towards the Mormons.

The Prophet and his followers remained at Quincy but a short time, during which they received many letters from various portions of the State, inviting them to make a permanent settlement. Smith concluded, after some deliberation, that the most desirable locality for the establishment of his head-quarters was at the head of the Des Moines rapids of the Mississippi river, in the county of Hancock, then in an almost wilderness state. He accordingly visited that place, and was received with great kindness and consideration by the few persons who then resided there. This point had for a few years past been the property of a small junto of operators in real estate, who had been laboring to build up a city by devices and expedients known exclusively to that interesting class of speculators. This object they found no difficulty to accomplish—on paper. Splendid lithographed plots of the flourishing city of "Commerce" (for so was this child of ingenious speculation christened) had been exhibited by the most industrious and enterprising agents, in all the principal

Eastern cities; on which were pointed out spacious and elegant churches, hotels, banks, and other public buildings, all constructed on the most approved and graceful order of architecture. Yet, in Western phraseology, it was "no go." Eastern capitalists had been already too sorely bitten by the adroit cunning of Western sharpers, in numerous speculations of like character, to deal any further in paper cities; consequently, notwithstanding the handsome and imposing appearance of its public buildings, Commerce lots remained dull and inactive on the hands of their owners.

It was not strange that Smith should be received with the utmost kindness by these speculators, who would no doubt have extended the same welcome to Lucifer, scented with all the fumes of his brimstone kingdom, if his majesty would have taken upon himself the responsibility of building up the embryo city. To facilitate business, one or two of those speculators went so far as to unite with the Mormon church, and subsequently won some notoriety in the annals of fanaticism. Smith was struck with the extreme beauty of the situation, and, the terms being easy, managed to purchase large tracts of the most fertile alluvial bottom lands, which for the present was to be the seat of the Mormon dynasty, and on which, as with the wand of enchantment, he was to cause a populous city suddenly to spring from the silent bosom of the earth. The locality was most admirable and picturesque. The Mississippi swept its magnificent flood of transparent waters in a vast curve, around its north-western and southern limits. On the east, by easy and gradual ascent, rose the bluff, to the height of some hundred feet, and crowned at that time by a forest of sturdy oaks, invaluable to the settler for fuel and building purposes. Stretching to the east, the forest disappeared, and an expansive prairie of untold fertility and beauty, as yet in its primitive wilderness state, invited the culture of the emigrant, and promised a rich reward to his toil. It was just what the destitute Mormons required. They could erect temporary dwellings by their own labor, and secure a subsistence by agricultural pursuits.

The Prophet immediately brought his family, and the fugitives that accompanied him, to the site of the new city, which he called Nauvoo, meaning, in the fanciful lan-

guage of Mormonism, "a city of rest." No sooner had Smith taken possession of his new home, and before the first log-cabin had been erected to shelter the saints, than he issued a general proclamation to all his followers to assemble themselves at their new "city of rest." This call was responded to with all the zeal of fanaticism. The exhausted and care-worn follower of the Prophet, driven and persecuted by the hostile and avenging citizens of Missouri, bent their feeble and worn-out footsteps to the land of promise. The devotees of the new religion farther east, many of whom were persons of substantial means, heard the summons of the Prophet, and, full of hope and promise, collected their household gods together and hastened on their journey, to unite with the congregation of the faithful. The gaunt, famine-stricken operatives in the manufacturing districts of England, many of whom had been seduced into the ranks of Mormonism by exaggerated statements of the influence, prosperity, and prospective greatness of the new sect, heard the voice of the Prophet as the voice of God, and with precipitate haste embraced the opportunity to expatriate themselves from the prison-house of their servitude.

Population flowed into the city. The residents of the county, who had long witnessed the abortive attempts made to build up the city of Commerce, beheld with astonishment the life, activity, and enterprise of the fanatics. Buildings of every description, from the rude shed to the spacious and commodious dwelling, were completed with unexampled rapidity. Never in the history of the West, unprecedented for its wonderful growth, did any place, even the most flourishing, progress in improvement and increase in population as did Nauvoo. Through the enterprise of the Mormon, the wild prairie was tamed, and reduced to cultivation; spacious improvements and productive farms appeared, where only a year before the wild grass waved its exuberant and massive greenness to the invigorating prairie breeze. This beautiful region, which enterprise and cunning had failed to make available, in two short years boasted a population of ten thousand souls, and was still advancing with unexampled strides. The industry and energy of the Mormons won the approbation and applause of all who visited them. In the mean time, the most important and useful public improvements were contemplated.

The Des Moines rapids, which had always been a serious obstacle to the successful navigation of the Upper Mississippi, were to be improved by private enterprise, in such a manner that a vast hydraulic power, of incalculable utility, was to be secured, and the City of the Saints was destined to rank in wealth and importance with the great manufacturing towns of Europe. Voluntary associations, for the encouragement of agriculture, for the improvement of the mechanic arts, for the advancement of their commercial interests, and the dissemination of general intelligence, were established.

The Mormons now numbered a majority in the county of Hancock, and it was not singular that aspirants to political distinction should pay court to their Prophet, who had undisputed and absolute control of all their votes. Many of these candidates for political favor were not ashamed of the basest sycophancy and meanness in their intercourse with the Prophet, which they exerted for the accomplishment of their ambitious purposes. The egregious vanity of Smith was inflamed by the grossest flattery. Candidates for the State Legislature promised every thing for the advancement of the Prophet and his people; and the one who could stoop to the basest servility had the greatest reason to hope for success. The members elect went into the Legislature under direct pledges to Smith to carry out certain measures which he conceived necessary for his protection and future prosperity.

The Prophet asked for the incorporation of his new city, and forthwith his obsequious representatives prepared a charter, and by their influence procured its passage, granting to the municipality of Nauvoo privileges and authority which in a great measure placed the Mormons beyond the control of all legal tribunals. A sort of anomalous judiciary, which was termed a municipal court, was created by this act of incorporation, which virtually ousted all other courts of jurisdiction in causes where Mormons were parties. Jurisdiction of writs of habeas corpus had been confined by statute to judges of the Circuit and Supreme Courts. But this important right was now vested in the municipality of Nauvoo, and threatened by its arbitrary and extensive operation to wrest every culprit from the custody of the law.

Since the first organization of his church,

Smith had suffered much from the waywardness and persecutions of the Gentile world, whilst his unorganized and unarmed followers were inadequate to his protection. His experience in Ohio and Missouri had proven to him that the supremacy of the law was nothing but idle cant when the Mormons were concerned. He could more readily depend on the zeal of his followers than the strong arm of the law, which had never yet proven strong enough to vindicate his rights. For the purpose of self-protection, he now asked a complete and thorough organization of his followers into an independent military force; and, strange as it may appear, this unreasonable request was granted; and the celebrated Nauvoo Legion, ever afterwards conspicuous in Mormon history, and which became the terror and scourge of the adjacent country, sprang into existence at the bidding of the Legislature, with chartered rights even beyond the expectations of the aspiring Prophet. And as if this organization was not of itself sufficient, a large portion of public arms, embracing several pieces of artillery, was placed at the disposal of this body of military. Other charters of great importance, though less dangerous tendency, were freely granted by this subservient Legislature.

Smith was now rapidly becoming a personage of great importance. The haggard countenance and attenuated figure of the outcast and persecuted Missourian would scarcely have been recognized in the jovial face and athletic person of General Smith; for the Prophet had been called to the command of his legion, with the rank of lieutenant-general. He was the founder of a new and highly prosperous city. He was the prophet, dictator, and king of ten thousand devoted followers, who were clustered around his standard and awaited his commands. He had the absolute control of a large and formidable volunteer force, whose hearts palpitated in unison with his own. He was no longer a wandering fugitive, subsisting on the cold charity of the community, but, on the contrary, was the centre of patronage and power. Legislators were made and unmade at his bidding; and sages who aspired to a seat in the legislative councils of the nation, were not ashamed to pay court to the Prophet, and succumb to his dictation for his influence and support.

After organizations were effected under

his various charters, Smith determined to construct a temple, to be dedicated to the celebration of the religious rites of Mormonism, which was to surpass in originality, grandeur of design, and the harmony of its proportions, all other edifices in Christendom. To enlist his people in this vast enterprise, the Prophet declared that he had received a revelation on the subject, authorizing and directing the construction of the sacred edifice, and communicating the plan of its architecture. For the accomplishment of this design, Smith adopted the ancient Jewish system of tithing. Every devotee of the faith was required, under heavy penalties, to contribute one tenth of his means; and the destitute and unfortunate, who had no property, were compelled to devote one tenth of their labor on the rising edifice. In addition to these resources, every portion of America, and many countries of Europe, were visited by the agents of the Prophet, whose business it was to solicit means to build the temple of the Lord. The material used in the building of the walls of the sacred edifice was white limestone, which admitted a fine polish, and which was found in great abundance in the adjacent river bluffs, and was excavated with comparatively little labor by the determined and energetic fanatics. The necessary lumber was cut and sawed out of the pine forests of the distant North, by Mormon labor.

Every thing, as yet, had gone smoothly in the intercourse between the Mormons and their neighbors. But, as the polished and strong walls of the temple, under the skill, direction, and enterprise of fanaticism, rose gradually from their solid foundations, in their massive strength resembling more an unassailable fortress than a sanctuary devoted to the sacred rites of religion, a feeling of suspicion and distrust was engendered towards Smith and his followers, which soon increased to settled and deadly hostility, on the part of the citizens of the county. They now began to reflect on the difficulties which had always attended the wanderings of the fanatic impostor. They now began to inquire why it was that, in Western New-York, where the Prophet first propagated his new faith, and first organized into a church his followers, he was frowned upon by the virtuous of all religions, and, by the force of public sentiment alone, without any appeal to violence, was banished from the State; and why it

was that, in Northern Ohio, where he sought to concentrate his followers and effect a permanent settlement, that he was compelled to fly on account of the hostility of his neighbors and their appeal to violence; and why it was that the people of Missouri had manifested such deadly hatred towards the Mormons, and visited them with such sanguinary vengeance. And, with the inquiry, the conclusion began to force itself on the minds of all candid persons that the Mormons themselves had occasioned all their difficulties; that their religion was incompatible with social order, opposed to the genius and institutions of all just governments, and in its very nature a treasonable conspiracy against American institutions; and with the conclusion came the reflection that, by their partiality and encouragement, they had breathed into the almost extinct spirit of fanaticism new life and vigor; that they had raised the Prophet from a condition of insignificance, and exalted him to one of power and prospective greatness. They had surrounded him with the protection of chartered rights, which had in a measure placed him beyond the jurisdiction of legal tribunals; through their zeal on his behalf, a formidable military force had been created, and the very bayonets which bristled in their hands, and the ordinance which thundered at their public rejoicings, were the gift of their foolish munificence.

If Joe Smith, with a handful of his weak, inefficient, and despised followers, by a threatening and defiant attitude, could alarm and agitate all Missouri, what were the people of Illinois to expect from him, when a well-organized military force waited on the Prophet, and executed his commands?

Another election was approaching, and it was thought important and desirable by all good citizens, who were alarmed by the growth of fanaticism, to associate themselves together, irrespective of party predilections or issues, for the purpose of opposing an undivided front to the increasing power of the obnoxious sect. It is due to this banded opposition to the Mormons to say, that anti-Mormons were not in any way disposed to abridge their rights of conscience, or in any way interfere with the free exercise of the absurd rites of the Mormon religion. It was only intended to keep in check the political tendency of their faith, and, if possible, prevent the interests of the county from perish-

ing under their corrupt and absurd rule. For this purpose, an anti-Mormon meeting was called, which was largely attended by the old citizens of the county. This meeting had two duties to discharge; one to pass resolutions of censure against the Mormons, the other to nominate a full anti-Mormon county ticket, by which the subservient tools of Mormonism were to be defeated. The first duty of the convention was readily accomplished. The Mormons were attacked and abused in a long string of most bitter resolutions, which were passed with the greatest unanimity. But the apportionment of the offices amongst a crowd of aspirants was a task of more delicacy and difficulty than had been anticipated. It was desirable that every one should be satisfied, and this could hardly be expected, as a number of zealous claimants appeared for every office. Notwithstanding there appeared some dissension and dissatisfaction on the part of many members of the convention, yet there was too much zeal to abandon the projected organization. The nominations were accordingly made; but when the meeting was called upon for its final and unanimous ratification of the nominations which had been passed upon, some of the most zealous and influential members of the organization bolted outright, and retired, muttering the most unequivocal threats against the success of the ticket.

Amongst the disaffected was a certain Mr. O., a superannuated Calvinistic Baptist preacher of the old school, noted for ignorance and bigotry, and for his determined opposition to the cause of education. His piety was of that doubtful character which hungered and thirsted after office more than after righteousness.

Another of the worthies who bolted the action of this convention was a Mr. D., a lawyer of limited attainments and ordinary talents, a politician in his small way, and an oracle on all subjects in the drinking-shops which he haunted.

Immediately after these gentlemen withdrew from the convention, they deserted to the enemy. They informed the Prophet that they had come over to him on account of the intolerant and proscriptive policy of the anti-Mormons, and that they were willing to avow allegiance to Smith, and make themselves generally useful in the advancement of his interests, if they could only be

returned to the Legislature. It was finally agreed that the lawyer should be the candidate for the State Senate, and that the preacher, in conjunction with William Smith, a younger brother of the Prophet, should represent him in the lower branch of the Legislature. Smith, by virtue of a revelation which he pretended to have received, commanded his followers to vote *en masse* for these candidates of his choice. This command of the Prophet was obeyed to the letter, and it resulted in the defeat of the anti-Mormon candidates by a considerable majority.

However much depressed and discouraged the anti-Mormons may have been, by reason of their bad success, it was now too late for them to abandon the contest which they had commenced with Mormonism. The sect was daily increasing in numbers and influence, and the attitude of the Prophet was daily becoming more threatening and alarming. The unparalleled growth of fanaticism, unless speedily checked, would soon control their destiny.

Smith boasted that the number of his followers already exceeded three hundred thousand; and his avowed policy was to centralize his numerical force at Nauvoo. The population of the State at that time did not much, if any, exceed six hundred thousand, which was nearly equally divided between

the Whig and Democratic parties, the Democracy being in the ascendant by a few thousand votes only. It was not improbable that, at no very distant period, if the Prophet continued to concentrate his followers at Nauvoo, his power would become formidable to the State, as it was now to the county. The Mormon vote, even at this period, was almost equal to the difference between the Whig and Democratic parties, and was an object of great importance to the aspirant to office, inasmuch as it was never divided, but always thrown *en masse*, according to the Prophet's directions. Nor was this vote Whig, Democratic, or Free Soil in its predilections; it was an independent power, always in the market, ready to be sold to the highest bidder. Demagogues of all parties, and of every possible shade of political belief, crowded like famished carrion-crows to the City of the Saints, for the purpose of bartering for the Mormon vote.

In view of this state of facts, the defeat which the anti-Mormons had just sustained, so far from causing them to abandon their opposition to the Mormons as hopeless, only inspired them with more determined energy and hostility, and incited them to effect a more perfect organization, to successfully meet all coming contests with their triumphant rivals.

R. W. MAC.

Nauvoo, Ill., January 11, 1852.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

REFERRING our readers to the preliminary paper in our last number, in which a discussion of the general principles of the Drama was attempted, we now proceed to a more definite consideration of the merits and defects of our American dramatists.

Mr. Willis has tried his hand several times at the drama; but the very excellences which have given him *prestige* in the lighter departments of literature have been fatal to his success in its loftiest regions, although his great tact has preserved him from an actual defeat.

Generally speaking, an author's works are but elongations of himself; a man cannot escape from his own nature: like an instrument, whatever may be the variety of tunes the musician draws from it, the ear can at once detect whether the sound be that of a harp, violin, or flute; it is only given to a few, like Shakspeare, to possess an entire orchestra.

In accordance with his idiosyncrasy, Mr. Willis is eminently artificial; there is nothing truthful from beginning to end; all is meretricious, conventional, unsound; we know that it is a thing of shreds and patches inside, notwithstanding the fine veneer of polished language over the entire work; there is no soul within: to parody Cobbett's remark on Sir Robert Peel, "What seemed his heart was only a ball of cotton;" so Mr. Willis' dramatic muse has lavender-water for blood, whalebone for a skeleton, and a cake of scented soap for a moral centre; his very nervous system seems silken, and, instead of fine healthy flesh, it is softly-padded satin.

Thus the entire *dramatis personæ* is "Mr. Willis, *vox et, preterea nihil*;" Willis, as chambermaid; Willis, as valet; Willis, as young lady in satin; Willis, as female attendant in muslin; Willis, as old lady in velvet; Willis, as lover; Willis, as father; Willis, as mother; Willis, as grandmother; in a word, it is Willis from the rising of the curtain to the falling thereof.

Yet, with all this, there is a profusion of sparkling gems scattered throughout, which flash and glitter like diamonds in the eyes

of the million, although the practised jeweler detects them as mere paste at the first glance.

His heroes and heroines are a race of imaginative centaurs, produced by his invention upon his memory; his Bianca Visconti is a strange compound, like the animal Horace advises painters not to paint. We admit that it is perfectly proper to exhibit good and evil qualities in the same character; we observe this constantly: almost every human being, even that monster of perfection, oneself, combines *inconsistencies*, but not *incongruities*. There are certain qualities perfectly incompatible; a sort of moral black and white, never found in one person; the Passions cannot be tamed into a Happy Family, dwelling together in the same breasts, as cats, dogs, mice, and antagonistic creatures do in one cage at the Museum: Nature is not a Barnum.

Now, in the case of Bianca, we have the souls of Cordelia and Lady Macbeth in one suit of tragic silk; indeed, she is worse than the Scotch murderess. The woman who could not lift her hand against the sleeping Duncan, because she fancied a resemblance between him and her father, would never have planned and accomplished the murder of her own brother, an innocent and confiding boy, to whom she is represented as being fondly attached. And yet Mr. Willis makes this demoness a woman of exquisitely fine feelings and the strongest affections. Juliet and Goneril, although women, belong to an entirely different species. It is said by a friendly critic, that Bianca's mind was so disturbed at the time she planned the fratricide, she did not precisely know what she was about; let us give the author the benefit of this charitable doubt when he projected this play.

Tortosa, the Usurer, is, we think, the best of his dramas; for, although the plot is not sufficiently simple, it is ingeniously worked out, and we are not met with such startling monstrosities as Bianca. Still, there is nothing natural, nothing healthy in it; it is redolent of Willis. He makes Zippa, the

semi-heroine, love two gentlemen at once, and palms a daughter off upon her own father, as *her portrait ready framed and glazed!* It may be stated in his defense, that a dramatist, whose name is so frequently quoted by us all, that we are positively ashamed to write it, has a somewhat similar device in *The Winter's Tale*; but it is much nearer probability to place a lady on a pedestal so artistically, with regard to light and shade, as, at a proper distance, to pass it off as the statue of a long-deceased wife, than the feat of Angelo in Mr. Willis' play.

There are also one or two graver errors of taste, such as Tomaso placing the resuscitated heroine, with her grave-clothes on, in the very bed of his master, her lover. The author, also, indulges in *asides* to a most ludicrous extent. These are only occasionally allowable, to elucidate the character, not to be a running commentary on the whole text, a sort of supplementary dialogue.

The great *hiatus* in his composition is a total want either of *faith* in the sufficiency of passion to work out its own results, or of *power* to do it; substituting ingenuity and recollection for a trust in himself to portray human beings fulfilling their own nature under the pressure of exciting circumstances. Indeed, a drama may be defined as "the pursuit of an object under difficulties." His language and imagery are likewise too far removed from simplicity to reach the heart; we frequently pause to say, "How pretty!" seldom "How touching; how true!" In a word, his *dramatis personæ* belong rather to Madame Tussaud's Gallery of Wax-work than to Dame Nature's family of flesh and blood!

Mr. Boker's productions are of a very different order, and he is undoubtedly the most promising of our dramatists; but he must surpass his present efforts, if he hopes to place his fame on an enduring basis.

His chief excellence, now, is the poetical beauty of his dialogue; some of his speeches being admirable for their justness of thought and felicity of expression. This, however, goes but a small way towards equipping a dramatist for the field of action; but we observe in the author of *Calynos* greater qualifications than mere language, and he only requires opportunity to produce dramas infinitely superior to those of his English contemporaries, which are now placed by the managers before the American public simply

because they can get them for twenty-five cents! Strange that actors cheerfully pay a thousand dollars for a suit of tinsel cloth to strut in, and managers expend fortunes upon *blue fire*, while they withhold every encouragement from a native author!

We wonder that the two thousand poets of New-York, with Brigadier-General Morris and Colonel Griswold at their head, do not form themselves into a regiment to *damn* all foreign plays, till every one of the afore-said two thousand had received a fair trial.

Mr. Boker's first effort, *Calynos*, had the "singular honor" of being played in London previous to its performance here; it was not very successful, and was considered by the best English critics as more of a *poem* than a *drama*. We strongly suspect that the Jacob Leisler of Mr. Mathews would be received with more favor by a British audience, although its want of poetical merit would expose it to the onslaught of the critics.

In the *Betrothal* we saw but little improvement in the essential requisites of a drama, while the plot was even more commonplace; it wanted depth, earnestness, and force, terrible deficiencies in a serious drama: it was certainly elegant, poetical, and frequently pointed; but these merits, great as they are, were possessed, even in a superior degree, by his *Anna Boleyn*, which we think has the honor of being the finest play hitherto published by an American. Its chiefest defect is a want of distinct characterization; his persons have no peculiar individuality, talking so much alike, that were the printer to omit the names, we should be puzzled to know who was really speaking. Added to this, Mr. Boker has no geniality or humor; in his *Betrothal* there is an occasional dry sarcasm, hard joking, or perhaps it comes nearer solemn banter than any thing else; but, whatever it may be called, there is a total absence of that *unctuousness* without which the bones of comedy will not move naturally. Our comic dramas seem to labor under a severe rheumatism in all the joints and limbs, not even excepting the tongue, so that their jokes do not flow, but are jerked from the lips as though, like sugar-plums, they had been purposely placed there, and were not the original production of the mouth.

It strikes us as a singular trait in our dramatists, that, notwithstanding the hu-

mor very perceptible in our people, they either do not recognize it, or else consider it beneath their dignity to become its exponent. We admit that we are judging them upon limited experience, for it is only after repeated efforts, and consequently many failures, that the greatest writers have produced a work that will live.

Brummell's valet coming from the beau's toilet with an armful of rumpled cravats, which he designated as "only their failures," is the true report of a successful dramatist's career. None but the valet and the laundress knew how many cravats were spoiled in achieving the *perfect tie*; and likewise none but a manager and an actor can tell what alterations, dovetailings, omissions, and interpolations are required before a play is fit for the public.

We remember one of the most successful of writers describing the process his best play underwent, by comparing it to a loaf of bread, whose crumb was first taken out and another inserted, to please the actors, after which the crust was taken off and replaced by a fresh one, to suit the manager, so that very little of the original dough was left; nearly realizing the Irishman's definition of *nothing*: "A footless pair of stockings *without the legs*!" Even so, a crustless loaf of bread without the crumb, was our friend's definition of his play as originally written!

The ruthlessness with which an author's most labored speeches are cut out by the manager—those *pet passages* which drew tears from his eyes when he wrote them—become ludicrous when spoken to an unsympathizing audience. A popular dramatist assured us that he has often been so ashamed at the first rehearsal of his own play, that he could barely persuade himself he had ever written any thing so tame, or else so inflated.

It requires great power of abstracting judgment from temperament, for an author to view his own work critically: it is almost like a man stepping off his pedestal and walking to a distance, to see how he looks when standing upon it; he must almost be in two places at once, or two persons at the same time, to accomplish either the one or the other; for, either his familiarity with the ideas set forth makes him think it tame and stale—a sort of foregone conclusion, after the glow of composition has fled—or his peculiar sympathy with his own production, like a

bashful wooer, makes him blush at his own speeches.

It reminds us of the lover, who, courting his intended in New-York one very severe winter, heard in the spring (when they had been married some months) the same vows rendered vocal *by a sudden thaw*. Then, as one fond vow followed another, as they became audible he could only exclaim, "Is it possible, Mrs. Jones, that I have ever been fool enough to utter such egregious nonsense! I must have been mad; you women will swallow any thing; you ought to be ashamed to accept one who talked so incoherently."

But lest our readers should consider this anecdote apocryphal, we will illustrate our meaning by comparing an author hearing his own play, to a middle-aged husband reading the *billets doux* he wrote in his youth.

Dramatic genius consists in a perfect mastery of construction, plot, character, and language. Alas! what a combination of powers! what an art to acquire! what a secret to master! and yet almost every young poetling fancies himself the Ulysses of this wonderful bow, and tries his hand at what generally results in a production which, if it escapes the Scylla of a *funny* tragedy, runs bump ashore on the Charybdis of a very *dismal* farce; thus, by a singular ingenuity, reversing the legitimate objects of the drama by extracting the tears from comedy and the laughter from his tragic muse.

It is seldom that we take pleasure in quoting the criticism of one author upon another, but we have always heartily enjoyed, when Cumberland ill-naturedly remarked he did not *once* laugh at Sheridan's comedy, the wit's humorous retort, "that it was very ungrateful of Mr. Cumberland, for at his *tragedy* he did nothing but laugh from beginning to end."

Mr. Longfellow's Spanish Student has no claim to be considered any thing beyond a drawing-room drama, fitted for a company of parlor amateurs. It is a story, narrated in graceful dialogue, not a plot naturally evolved by circumstances acting upon characters properly developed. There is no stage effect, no dramatic situation; the story progresses by being carried by the author, not walking by itself; it is a stage elephant, with men for legs, just as likely to fall in halves, by the want of uniform action, or sympathy between the former and hinder

parts. It is, however, like most poetical plays, when written by men of taste, full of fine thoughts, exquisitely expressed.

Mr. Mathews is of a very different class to those we have enumerated, being singularly deficient in all the graces of composition of which they are such masters, while in rough vigor and blind conceptions he infinitely surpasses them.

Of his three plays, two — Jacob Leisler and Witchcraft — have undergone the "fiery ordeal" of representation, and are consequently familiar to the public. The third — Mirovitch — is founded on a Russian story, and is still in manuscript. Taking into consideration his delicate position with the press, we do not think he can be said to have "failed." Dramatic success is as much the child of practice as of genius. Judged by their earliest efforts, Bulwer and Knowles have little to show superior to those of Mathews. Some of their most popular pieces met with a very indifferent reception at first. Bulwer's *now* much-admired comedy of Money was *all* but damned on its first representation; and it was entirely owing to the manager having paid six hundred guineas for the copyright, that led him, night after night, to pertinaciously perform it, till the public were convinced it had a great run, and was a tremendous hit. Had the author of Jacob Leisler been similarly seconded, instead of being the Puffer Hopkins of New-York, he might have been the Bulwer of Gotham. We all know that Mr. Mathews is no favorite with the managers or the critics, and, constituted as human nature is, both here and elsewhere, we fully believe that all did their best to withhold from him that "clear stage" which is due to a dog, much more to a dramatist.

It must at the same time be admitted that he has great defects. He has no passion, no poetry, no pathos; he can therefore neither warm nor rouse his audience. He is dry and literal; all is cold cleverness, with a rough eye for crude dramatic effect. His soul is hard labor, and the atmosphere he throws over his creation is chilling, not inspiring. Like Ben Jonson, his dramas are *works*, not plays. He has no fun in him; his very laugh is grim. In addition to these inherent short-comings, he made some practical mistakes. He miscalculated the effect his subject would have upon his audience; he forgot he was in America. He

expected that his story, being national, would curry favor with the public; on the contrary, we should say, his choice of plots was against him; he should have laid the scene in Italy, England, France, or even Timbuctoo. As a nation, we are singularly deficient in self-confidence. We are a quick, vain, sensitive people, not a proud one. We pay more respect to what foreigners say of us, than what we think of ourselves. This amiable weakness affects, as a matter of course, our literary tastes, and justifies our asserting that the public have yet to be convinced there has been any thing heroic done in our native country, so far as tragic interest is concerned. Our sentimental young ladies associate moonlight in Venice, Spain, and on the Rhine, with love and poetry; while they ignore its romance on the Battery and Union Square; as for Broadway, that is gas-light all the year round; moons, no doubt, gave a tenderer light in the days of Charles the First, and love, duels, and elopements are more *piquant* in cavaliers than in commercial salesmen or wealthy store-keepers. At all events, we confess that if we were ever tempted to write a drama, we should lay the scene either in the moon, with a romantic earth-light for lover's vows, or select some undiscovered spot in Africa, where our picture of life should be made as unlike any thing ever seen on this side of the Atlantic as possible.

Partridge's *critique* on Garrick's Hamlet is the genuine expression of unsophisticated nature. He very naturally thought little of the finished artist; for he imitated nature so admirably, that the worthy fellow felt he should have *done it just so himself*. But the actor who strutted as the player-king, delighted Partridge amazingly; he was the *beau ideal* of a king, for he bellowed and strutted like a parish beadle multiplied by twenty. This *apparent* nature is the highest triumph of art. It is too common to confound art and artifice, although they differ as much as truth and falsehood. Art is requisite to show nature to her greatest, truest advantage; the other is a substitute for her altogether. The one makes more manifest the presence of nature; the other is an apology for her absence, or the usurpation of her throne. Art is legitimate and pure; artifice is fraudulent and meretricious. One may be compared to taste, which costumes a beautiful woman to the utmost advantage,

the very poetry of truth; artifice, on the other hand, transforms a woman into a living lie, a walking falsehood of *rouge*, false teeth, false tresses, padding, starched petticoats, and the whole *etcetera* of the toilette; a figure of mere millinery and cosmetics. It is true, that it requires nice discrimination to detect where art ends and artifice begins; one leads into the other, just as eloquence may swell into bombast. We all know that truth itself demands a certain degree of exaggeration to produce the required effect upon the hearer's mind; just as the archer is compelled, by the physical laws of the universe, to elevate his arrow above the straight line, if he wishes to hit the bull's-eye of the target. The actress has to *rouge* herself, to destroy the disturbing influence of the gas-light; otherwise, the living, blooming woman presents the appearance of a pallid corpse: she has therefore to *exaggerate*, to preserve the truth. Common conversation demands emphasis and compliment, to preserve fact and courtesy. Literalness destroys the soul of truth. As the Bible says:

"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Shakspeare calls this exactitude or tyranny of words; "as paltering with us in a double sense; keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to our hope." And in another part he says: "A jest's prosperity lives in the ear of the hearer, and not in the lip of the jester." Art, therefore, is the science of natural beauty; artifice is trickery. One is nature, the other affectation; one is the glow of health, the other the paint of the coquette; one is the intuition of Shakspeare, the other the acquirement of Bulwer and Willis. Some authors have a cleverness which comes under neither denomination; an acquired knack, which has the same relation to dramatic genius as the bricklayer has to the architect; a sort of John Smith the builder, in comparison with Michael Angelo.

Mr. Mathews carries his want of *sensuousness* into even the mechanical part of his language: he has no rhythm; one would think he could not scan; most assuredly he has no sense of harmonious numbers. We are aware that he, like many other writers of rugged verse, may appeal to such plays as Henry the Eighth, which have many instances of irregular lines of eight, nine, and eleven syllables; but here they are the excep-

tions, not the rule, and have been introduced with great skill, to give a stronger flavor to the verse; while others are mere corruptions of the text, mere accidental disfigurements, such as the limp of Walter Scott and Byron, the wry neck of the great Julius, the crookedness of Pope, the weak eyes of Virgil, or the asthma of Horace.

In other respects, we are of opinion that the want of encouragement to our authors has nipped in the bud one who might have adorned our dramatic literature; he is, however, still only a middle-aged man. Scott did not write a word of verse or prose till he was forty, and all the best plays of Shakspeare were thrown off after that age. There is plenty of time yet for Mr. Mathews to write good and profitable drama.

Mr. Ware, the author of some minor melodramas, and the comedy of Extremes, merely claims a passing recognition on account of the latter professing to represent American manners; it is, however, too artificial throughout to merit a serious consideration. It is put out of court by the play-bill itself, for the *dramatis personæ* are quite sufficient to convince all of its utter worthlessness. It is a mere flimsy sketch of old stagers pushed into an *outré* position by the mere force of a distorted contrast. It is easy to write upon this plan; it is placing oneself in a go-cart! Mr. Jones, an *extreme* fool; Mr. Smith, an *extreme* politician; Miss Ball, an *extreme* flirt; and so on throughout the whole *gamut* of human absurdity. There is no truth in this; it is a mere outrageous *caricature*. Let Mr. Ware study man, imitate nature, and write simply, and he may yet produce a good play.

Mrs. Oakes Smith has chosen Jacob Leisler for the hero of a tragedy, which is still in manuscript, and is likely to remain so, as publication would hand it over to the tender mercies of the managers. Generally speaking, women are not fitted for dramatists. They are deprived, by their constitution and the usages of society, of either ability or opportunity to gather a knowledge of human character requisite to form a group of human beings giving play to their passions. They excel in a nice discrimination of characters, more particularly feminine, or some nondescript knight, half hero, half milliner, fighting with kid gloves instead of gauntlets. The highest flight the female mind ever made in the dramatic world is that of Joanna

Baillie, who has succeeded in her plays of the Passions in drawing certain forms embodying some particular abstraction, such as De Monfort, and the rest of her heroes and heroines; but they are not founded upon observation of life, nor of an intuitive knowledge of the human heart; they are the offspring of her reading and reflection.

Mrs. Osgood has, in an inferior degree, produced a very pretty dramatic poem, entitled *Elfrida*, which, taking her youth into account, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable productions of the female mind.

Mrs. Mowatt has written a pleasant, lively comedy, called *Fashion*, and a very pretty tragedy, the *Peer and the Peasant*. These display lady-like ability, but they lack the bone and sinew necessary for the wear and tear of a mixed audience; they are calculated rather to interest her personal friends than to hold the attention of an audience. She is, notwithstanding, a most accomplished woman, combining the *three* antipodes of a beauty, an actress, and a poetess; she has, however, not a dramatic mind. Though Madame de Staël defined genius to be of no sex, yet sex evidently modifies it. No woman writes like a man; there is a refinement, a sensuous subtilty, a delicacy of perception in a woman's mind, which reveals itself unmistakably in thoughts and words, as well as her *physique* does in dress and motion. Genius, although the child of Spirit, is the pupil of *Physique*, and becomes educated into a second nature. Mrs. McCord's tragedy of *Caius Gracchus* struck us, in the earlier scenes, as being of a masculine "turn of mind;" but the very lines which first aroused our suspicion, we found, on closer examination, to be mere echoes of other dramatists. In many other points this is a very clever play, some of the dialogue being tersely and characteristically written; still, it has too much the appearance of being a succession of elucidatory conversations, rather than a work of art; a complete world, however small, having its own centre, peopled with human beings more or less bound to the reader by a kindred nature.

We do not consider Roman history as a fortunate mine for the dramatist to work; that celebrated race of barbarians were too cold to move our sympathies; Shakspeare made little out of them in his Roman plays, for, fine as they are as compositions, they are seldom performed.

Americanize their nature as much as we can, the separating gulf is too wide for even a poet's leap. Mr. Pray felt this in his *Poetus Cecinna*, which is a very clever, well-written play, somewhat too *rhetorical*, and smelling too much of the lamp, but the effect is frigid. The persons "come like shadows, and so depart," mere stalking horses for declamation; it sounds more like a series of scenes written by a respectable schoolmaster, than the compact work of a poet.

But what are we to think of the power of mammon, when we read what it has done in the way of song and tragedy? Surely the prize productions of Bayard Taylor and Mr. Bird are sufficient to destroy the *prestige* of the dollar, "for ever and a day."

It is clear that Barnum's two hundred dollars failed in raising the "divine afflatus" sufficient for a song of welcome for the Swedish Nightingale, while Forrest's munificence has been equally thrown away upon his prize tragedies. These spasmodic attempts to benefit literature are mere isolated, precarious efforts, and scarcely deserve to succeed.

With the exception of Mr. Miles's *Mohammed*, not one of the plays produced by Mr. Forrest have the slightest merit. *Mohammed* is a well-written poem, but no more calculated for an acting play than Virgil's *Æneid*; for, although the very finest subject may be rendered ineffective by want of artistic skill, yet there are some which no amount of talent can redeem. We think that *Mohammed* is one of these. In order to interest an audience, a certain sympathy is absolutely indispensable: now there are many reasons why the Arabian Prophet should be morally and religiously distasteful to our people; building up, as it were, at the set-off, a wall for the author to knock his head against. Mr. Miles has increased the difficulty by his very clumsy treatment: indeed, it becomes laughable after the second act; for whenever the scene flags, which is very often, music is heard in the stage-avenue, somewhere on a level with the family circle, and blue lights flash on the side-scenes, whereupon Mohammed looks steadily up on the ceiling, pointing with his finger, while all those on the stage go down on their knees, as the curtain falls, to prevent their *exceunt* kneeling; rather a dangerous experiment, after "the Critic." Mr. Miles occasionally varies these fine dramatic

effects, by adding a chorus of resonant tin tea-boards, well thumped behind the scenes, but producing so equivocal a noise, that no Dennis would be bold enough to claim it "*as his thunder*."

We are compelled by our limited space to omit any further remarks, but we shall return, most probably, to the subject at some future time. We have now merely to state the general impression left upon our minds by a careful perusal of our acted, unacted, and unactable productions.

Their chief defect lies in their want of construction, which, undoubtedly, proceeds from want of practice. Othello is a wonderful advance upon the Two Gentlemen of Verona: indeed, these plays so essentially vary in their internal evidence, as to suggest *two* different authors: Marlowe's Edward the Second and Shakspeare's Richard the Third are not more distinctive.

In proportion to a poet's genius, so will his progress be. Inferior writers never progress: their first production is generally their best, as it frequently embodies their whole stock of ideas. Like a weak woman, their genius dies in giving birth to their first child!

In proportion, also, as a poet is great, so will he be sagacious and profound as a critic, being, of course, the better able to see his own deficiencies: it requires, in like manner, one whose genius almost equals the poet, to thoroughly expound the poetical idea. Such a critic Wordsworth found in Coleridge, and, to a certain extent, Coleridge himself had in De Quincy.

Inspiration is now exploded balderdash. That certain men possess the peculiar temperament of which poets are made, is most evident; but the cant tradition of their immorality, improvidence, and disregard of the proprieties of life, is not the fact. The truth is, men of genius partake of the characteristics of their age *more vividly*, and develop the particular phases of society *more prominently*, than the masses. This is proved by ascertaining the predominant feature of the times, whether it be gallantry, gayety, festivity, puritanism, or respectability. Poets, possessing more energy, impulsiveness, and courage than other men, inheriting, in fact, a fuller nature, become necessarily conspicuous among the crowd, from their very organization. In the Commonwealth, when austerity was the ruling principle, Milton and

Marvel were eminent for severity of manners; when the restoration of Charles the Second commenced a saturnalia, the wits of that time fell into the general corruption. The prevailing fashion in Elizabeth's reign was sumptuous display, and the dramatists became infected with the reckless expense of the age. The miseries of Marlow, Greene, Peele, and other fellows, sprang from their being such "*eminent instances*" of *their times*. Party intrigue was the paramount passion of Queen Anne's court; and Prior, Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke, Swift, and their contemporaries, were poetical exponents of this "*ruling passion*." Without descending to particularize the more intermediate periods, we shall content ourselves by citing the present, which may be called the Age of Respectability; here the literary magnates stand forth notable examples of this characteristic. In the earlier part, Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Rogers, and Crabbe; and at this minute, Tennyson, Browning, Horne, Marsten, Carlyle, Irving, Melville, Mathews, and Boker, are all what the world calls *respectable* men, some few of them carrying their *respectability* into their poetry, where it can be well spared.

Thus we are certain that, although our men of genius have generally, out of the very largeness of their hearts, loved the gay rather than the grave, yet they have never been licentious from depravity of nature, but merely, from their more comprehensive organization, become the prominent exponents of the leading spirit of the age—in a word, prize specimens of their particular era.

In conclusion, we reiterate that America has no just cause to be ashamed of her literature, considering the obstacles systematically placed in the path of its professors; and that the chance of our becoming as eminent in our mental as we are now in our physical achievements depends upon our legislature affording to it that protection which they dare not withhold from a bale of cotton or a pair of shoes.

Till this justice is rendered, we may as reasonably expect our mechanics to continue, blindly and starvingly, to manufacture an article, which, however valuable and necessary, is unsaleable, simply because it is one which it is lawful for any person to steal, or else one whose market is glutted by the smuggler.

In the mean time, we shall be fully satisfied

if our authors progress as they have hitherto done ; for we maintain that a literature which boasts Cooper, Hawthorne, and Mayo, among its novelists ; Poe as a critic ; Halleck, Dana, Bryant, Stoddard, Wallace, and Longfellow, as poets ; Willis, Irving, Melville, and Emerson, as essayists ; Bayard Taylor, Griswold, and Park Godwin, as journalists ; Bancroft, Prescott, and Sparks, as historians ; Boker, Mathews, and Mrs. Mowatt, as dramatists ; Forrest and Neafie, as tragedians ; with Barnum for showman, has more to show for her last thirty years than any other nation whose first century is not yet accomplished.

HISTORICAL TRADITIONS OF TENNESSEE.

THE CAPTIVITY OF JANE BROWN AND HER FAMILY.

UNTIL the year 1700, the territory of North Carolina and Tennessee, and an indefinite region extending south-west and north-west, in the language of the royal British charters, to the *South Seas*, was known as "*our county of Albemarle, in Carolina*." Even as late as 1750, the country lying west of the Apalachian mountains was wholly unknown to the people of the Carolinas and Virginia. When, a few years later, the British army under Braddock crossed the mountains from Maryland and Pennsylvania, and marched to Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburg, that march was described by the writers of the times as an advance into the deep recesses and fastnesses of a savage wilderness. At that time the French owned all the Canadas, the valley of the Ohio and all its tributaries, and claimed the rest of the continent to the confines of Mexico, westward from the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The old French maps of that period, and the journals and letters of French traders and hunters, together with the traditions of the Indians, afford the only reliable information in relation to the then condition of the country now composing Kentucky and Tennessee. In the French maps of those times, the Kentucky, Holston, Tennessee and Ohio are laid down. The Kentucky is called Cataway, the Holston is called the Cherokee ; and the Little Tennessee is called Tanasees. The river, after the junction of the Holston and Tennessee, is called Ho-go-hegee, and the only Indian town marked on its banks is at the mouth of Bear creek, near the north-west corner of Alabama. There were forts (which were little more than trading-posts) at seven

ral points on the Ohio and Mississippi ; Fort Du Quesne, where Pittsburg now stands, and one at the mouth of the Kenhawa river ; another at the mouth of the Kentucky, and Fort Vincennes, near the mouth of the Oubach, or Wabash ; Fort Massac, half way between the mouth of the Ohio and the Tennessee, on the Illinois side, and another on the Tennessee, twelve miles above its mouth. They also had a fort where Memphis now stands, called Prud'homme ; another at the mouth of the Arkansas, called Ackensâ ; another near Natchez, and one at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, called Halabamas. South of these last forts, the Spaniards had possession in Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. A greater part of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Western Virginia, was represented on these maps as wholly uninhabited. Certain it is that, not more than a dozen years afterwards, when the pioneers of Tennessee and Kentucky first explored that region, they found the banks of the Holston, Watauga, Cumberland, and Kentucky, and their tributaries, wholly uninhabited. It was all one vast wilderness, into which hunting-parties of Indians from its distant borders entered and roamed in pursuit of game, but in which they made no permanent lodgment. Numerous warlike nations lived south, west, and north of this wilderness, but it was a "dark and bloody ground," in which they loved not to dwell. And hither it was that the lion-hearted pioneers of the Cumberland and Watauga came, with axe and rifle, to subdue at once the savage and the wilderness.

In 1758, Colonel Bird, of the British army,

established Fort Chissel, in Wyth county, Va., to protect the frontiers of Virginia, and, advancing into what is now Sullivan county, Tenn, built a fort near Long Island, on the Holston or Watauga. There was not then a single white man living in the borders of Tennessee. The year before, Governor Dobbs, of North Carolina, had, at the request of the Cherokee Indians, built Fort Lowdon, and the Indians agreed to make grants of land to all artisans who would settle among them. Fort Lowdon was on the Little Tennessee, near the mouth of Tellico river, in the centre of the Cherokee nation, and about one hundred miles south of the fort at Long Island. Between these forts were the first settlements, which struggled for several years against the fearful ravages of Indian wars, before the beginning of the Revolution. During that period, that region became the refuge of many patriots, who were driven by the British invasion from the Carolinas.

From the year 1780 to 1790, many of the best families of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Virginia, sought homes beyond the mountains. Many of them, patriotic republicans, who had sacrificed every thing for their country in the struggle for independence, and hoped to have found, in the secluded vales and thick forests of the West, that peace and quiet which they had not found amidst the din of civil and foreign war, soon experienced all the horrors of a savage, marauding, guerilla warfare, which swept away their property, and deprived them of their wives and children, either by a barbarous death, or a not less agonizing slavery as captives, dragged into the wild recesses of the Indian borders.

Many fearful tales of these bloody scenes, which would illustrate the early history of Tennessee, are only known to a few, as family traditions, and, even amongst the descendants of the sufferers, are only remembered as stories of the nursery, and not as chapters in the great historic record of the past. "It is not always in the most distinguished achievements that man's virtues or vices may be best discerned; but often an action of small note, or short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or the most important battles."* And so it is, in some sort, with the history of a people or a nation.

* Plutarch's Alexander.

The experiences, the sufferings, and conduct of a single individual of a community, may better illustrate the condition, progress, or character of the people, than whole chapters devoted to the details of a campaign.

In this point of view, the traditional recollections which are detailed in the following sketch of the family of JAMES BROWN, connected, as they were, so intimately with some of the most important political events of that period, cannot fail to throw new light upon the pioneer history of the country, and inspire our hearts with renewed gratitude to those hardy, but wise men and women, who built up so goodly a State, amidst so many troubles, in the dark and bloody valleys of the Shauvanon, Tanasees, and Ho-go-hegee.

The subject of this sketch was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1740. Her father was a pioneer in the settlement of North Carolina. Her family was one of the most respectable as well as the most worthy in the county of Guildford, where they resided during the Revolutionary War. Two of her brothers, Colonel and Major Gillespie, were distinguished for their gallantry and devotion to the cause of liberty, and were honored as brave officers. Herself and most of her family were members of the Rev. David Caldwell's church at Guildford, and ardently espoused both his political and religious principles.

About the year 1761 or 1762, Miss Gillespie became the wife of James Brown, a native of Ireland, whose family settled in Guildford some years before. At the beginning of the Revolution, Mrs. Brown had a large family of small children, but she freely gave up her husband when his country demanded his services. During the masterly retreat of General Greene, in the winter of 1781, on Dan and Deep rivers, Mr. Brown was the pilot and guide of Colonels Lee and Washington, and, by his intimate knowledge of the country, its by-paths and fords, contributed not a little to the successful counter-marches of the American army, by which they were enabled to elude and break the spirit of the army of Lord Cornwallis. When the American army assumed the offensive, and, from a retreating, suddenly became a pursuing army, Brown pressed eagerly into the fight with the bold troopers of Lee and Washington.

Being in moderate circumstances, and

pressed by the cares of a large and increasing family, Brown's ardent temperament was not satisfied with the prospect of a plodding life of toil in Guildford. For his revolutionary services he had received from the State of North Carolina land-warrants, which entitled him to locate a large quantity of lands in the wilderness beyond the mountains. His neighbors had honored him as the sheriff of his county, and as a justice of the County Court, and he was rapidly rising in the estimation of his countrymen, for his patriotism, integrity, and many other virtues of a good citizen. But he readily saw the advantages which he might secure to his rising family by striking out into the deep forests, and securing for them the choicest homes in the Tennessee and Cumberland valleys. He could command only a trifle in money for his land scrip, but, by exposing himself to a few years of hardship and danger, he could secure independent estates for his numerous children. With him, to be convinced was to act: his decision and his action went together. Tearing himself from the bosom of his family, and all the endearments of a happy home circle, he set out on his journey to explore the valley of the Cumberland. The whole of Tennessee was then a wilderness, except a small spot on the Holston and Watauga, on the east, and a small spot around Nashville and Bledsoe's Lick, on the west of the Cumberland Mountains. Taking with him his two eldest sons, William and John, and a few tried friends, he explored the Cumberland valley. He secured lands on the Cumberland river below Nashville, at the place now known as Hyde's Ferry. He also explored the wilderness south, as far as Duck river, and located a large body of land south of Duck river, near Columbia. The whole country was then almost untrod by the foot of the white man. It was the hunting-ground of the Chickasaws, Creeks, and Cherokees, and was full of deer, elk, bears, and buffaloes. The rich uplands, as well as the alluvial bottoms of the rivers, were covered with cane-brakes, which were almost impervious to man. Whoever penetrated these regions, did so with knife and hatchet to cut away the cane, and with rifle to oppose the savage beasts and savage men who swarmed through its deep fastnesses. But Brown's heart was a bold one, and his hopes for the future animated him to perseverance. Having located

by actual survey several fine tracts of land, he determined to return to Guildford, and remove his family to their new home in the West. Leaving William as a deputy surveyor under Colonel Polk, and John to open and cultivate a small field, and build some cabins at the mouth of White's Creek, he returned to North Carolina.

In the winter of 1787-8, Brown and his family, having disposed of their property, found themselves on the banks of the French Broad, in what is now Hawkins county, Tennessee, waiting the opening of the spring, before beginning their journey across the mountains to the Cumberland valley.

In 1785, the treaty of Hopewell had been concluded with the Cherokees, guaranteeing reciprocal friendship between that nation and the Americans. At the time Brown arrived on the banks of the French Broad, there was apparent acquiescence in the terms of this treaty, and the Cherokee and the white man seemed, for a time, to have smoked the pipe of peace, and buried the tomahawk for ever.

There were two routes to the Cumberland valley at this time: the one was by land, the other by water. The land route was a long and tedious one, through the Cumberland Gap, across the head-waters of the Cumberland, Green, and Barren rivers, in Kentucky, to Bledsoe's Lick, or Nashville. The other route was easier of accomplishment, and more desirable; because, being by the descent of the river, it admitted of the transportation of goods and aged persons. Brown, on his recent visit to Cumberland, had heard of Colonel Donelson's voyage down the Tennessee, up the Ohio and Cumberland, to Nashville, and of one or two other parties who had succeeded in making the same voyage. As he had women and small children, and packages of valuable goods, which he was taking to the West, he resolved to hazard the descent of the Tennessee river.

He was not ignorant of the fact that there were many populous Indian towns on the Tennessee river, of both the Cherokee and Chickasaw nations, and that marauding parties of Creeks and Shawanees were often on its shores and towns. He knew the danger of the voyage, on account of the hostile Indians who might be encountered on its waters or its shores; and he also knew its numerous shoals, rapids and eddies, rendered its navigation perilous to such frail open

boats as could then be constructed. But he confided in the honest disposition of the Cherokees to conform to the treaty of Hopewell, and felt that the marauding Creeks and Shawanees would prove less dangerous on the water than on the circuitous land route to the Cumberland. Having been habitually exposed to danger for many years, it is probable he rather sought the most perilous and dangerous route, feeling a sort of manly desire to meet and overcome it.

Having built a boat, after the style of a common flatboat, modeled as much as possible after the style of Noah's ark, (except that it was open at the top,) he prepared to adventure the fearful voyage. About the 1st of May, 1788, having taken on board a large amount of goods suitable for traffic among the Indians and the pioneers in Cumberland, his party embarked upon the bosom of French Broad. The party was a small and weak one, considering the dangers it had to encounter, and the valuable cargo it had to defend. It consisted of Brown, two grown sons, three hired men and a negro man, in all, seven grown men; Mrs. Brown, three small sons and four small daughters; an aged woman, the mother of one of the hired men, and two or three negro women, the property of Brown.

To make up for the weakness of his party, Brown had mounted a small cannon upon the prow of his boat, and no doubt relied as much for his security upon the known terror which such guns inspired in the breasts of the savages, as upon any damage which he expected to inflict upon them with it. Thus appointed and thus equipped, this happy family began its eventful descent of the French Broad and Tennessee.

All was gladness, all was sunshine. The land of their fathers, of their loved friends and pastor, was behind them; beneath their oars flashed the bright waters of a lovely stream, whose winding channel would soon bear them to the enchanted valley of the fairy Cumberland. As they passed rapidly along the current which was to bear them to their new home, the father sat in the midst of his little children, hopefully describing their new home in the deep forests of the West.

They thus descended the French Broad to the Tennessee, and went on merrily down its waters to Chickamanga, a considerable town of Cherokee Indians, situated not

far from the present site of Chattanooga. Here the Indians appeared friendly; the principal chief went on board the boat, and made inquiry for various articles of goods, proposed to trade, and finally took his leave, with many professions of kindness. Our voyagers continued their descent, rejoicing in the happy omen which the friendship of the Chickamanga chieftain opened for their future. The next day, the 9th of May, the solitary perogue or flatboat of the pioneer Brown had passed several Indian villages, and had come in view of the towns of Running Water and Nickajack, the last Cherokee towns where there was any considerable body of Indians. The voyagers began to rejoice in their happy deliverance from the principal dangers which had threatened their journey. They would in a few hours be through the passes of the mountains, on the wide bosom of a noble river, where they would be comparatively free from the ambuscades of lurking Indians.

But suddenly four canoes, with white flags raised, and naked savages kneeling in them as rowers, glide out into the river and rapidly approach; fearing some mischief, Brown immediately turned his cannon upon the approaching canoes, and, with lighted match, bade them keep off at the peril of their lives.

Struck with astonishment at the bold threat, they pause, and pull their frail canoes a little out of the range of the big gun. A man by the name of John Vaun, a well-known half-breed, who spoke good English, was the leader of the party, but he was unknown to Brown. Vaun spoke to Brown, and said that his party came in friendship; that, as an evidence of that, they had raised a white flag; that they came as his friends to trade with him. Brown, who was a bold and fearless man, and dared to face a thousand savages, still kept them off; but at last, confiding in the assurances of Vaun that he was a white man, and that the Indians would respect the persons and property of his party, in an unguarded moment consented that a part of the Indians might come on board. A dozen Indians now came on board, and lashed their canoes to the side of the boat. As they came near the town, hundreds of Indians dashed out into the river in their canoes, and came alongside of the boat. Having thus secured possession of the boat, the leading men,

more especially Vaun, assured Brown that no harm was intended. In the mean time, each Indian seized upon whatever he fancied and threw it into his canoe. In this way several boxes and trunks were instantly rifled. Vaun pretended to order his followers to abstain, but they paid no attention to him. A bold warrior now demanded of Brown the key to a large chest, which contained his most valuable stores, which he refused to give, telling the Indian that Mrs. Brown had it. The Indian now demanded it of Mrs. Brown, but she boldly refused to give it up.

The Indian then split the top of the chest open with his tomahawk, and his example was immediately followed by the other Indians, who broke open and rifled every box and package on the boat. While this was going on, an Indian rudely took hold of Joseph Brown, a lad fifteen years old, and the old man seized the Indian and forced him to let the boy go. An instant after, the Indian seized a sword which was lying on the boat, and while the old man Brown's back was turned to him, struck him on the back of the neck, almost severing his head from his body. Brown turned in the agony of death and seized the Indian, and in the struggle was thrown overboard into the river, where he sank to rise no more. The boat was now turned into the mouth of a little creek, in the town of Nickajack, and the whole party taken on shore, in the midst of several hundred warriors, women and children. In the mean time, Vaun continued to tell the sons of Brown that all this was a violation of the treaty of Hopewell, and that Breath, who was the chief of Nickajack and Running Water, who was expected there that night, would punish the marauders, restore their goods, and send them on their voyage. But at this very moment, several leading warriors of the upper towns had seized upon Brown's negroes as lawful spoil, and had dispatched them in canoes to their several homes. Whatever may have been Vaun's true motives, his interference on this occasion had the effect to place the whole party at the mercy of the Indians, without a particle of resistance. If he acted in good faith, he was shamefully deceived by his followers; but if he only used his address to disarm the voyagers, that they might the more easily fall victims to savage ferocity, his conduct exhibits the climax of perfidy.

A party of Creek braves, who were engaged with the men of Nickajack and Running Water in this outrage, having seized upon their share of the plunder, and having taken possession of Mrs. Brown and her son George, ten years old, and three small daughters, immediately began their march to their own nation. While the Cherokees were deliberating upon the fate of the prisoners and a division of the spoils, they adroitly withdrew from the council, on the plea that this all belonged to the head men of Nickajack. Thus, in one short hour, deprived of husband, sons, friends, liberty, and all, this devoted woman, with her five smallest children, begins her sad journey on foot, along the rugged, flinty trails that lead to the Creek towns on the Tallapoosa river.

At the time of this outrage, there was living at or near Nickajack, a French trader named Thomas Tunbridge, who was married to a white woman, who had been taken prisoner near Mobile, when an infant, and raised by the Indians. After she was grown, she was exchanged, but refused to leave the Indians, distrusting her abilities to adapt her habits to civilized life. She had been married to an Indian brave, by whom she had a son, now twenty-two years old, who was one of the boldest warriors of the Cherokee towns. He had already killed six white men in his forays to the Cumberland settlement. Having all the versatility of his mother's race, as well as the ferocity and courage of his father, he was fast rising into distinction as a warrior, and bade fair to reach the first honors of his nation. His praises for daring and chivalry were in the mouths of all.

His mother was now growing old, and having no young children, her son desired to present to her some bright-eyed boy as a slave; for, according to the savage code of the times, each captive became a slave to his captor. This woman's son, whose name was Kiachatalee, was one of the leaders of the marauding party who had seized upon Brown's boat, and from the first knew the fate of the party. Before the boat landed, he tried to induce Joseph, a boy then fifteen years old, but quite small, to get into his canoe, with the intention of withdrawing him from the general massacre that was soon to take place, but the boy would not go with him. When the boat landed, Kiachatalee took Joseph to his

step-father, Tunbridge, who in good English told the boy that he lived a mile out of the town, and invited him to go and spend the night with him. This the boy did, after asking the consent of his older brothers. Tunbridge seized the boy by the hand and hurried him away. They had scarcely gone out of the town before they heard the rifles of the savage braves, who were murdering his brothers and friends. What were the feelings of this poor boy at this moment? His father slain by an Indian brave; his brothers and friends weltering in their blood, amidst the yells of savage assassins; and his mother, and brother, and sisters borne off, he knew not whither, by a band of lawless Creek marauders! To add to his agony at such a moment, an aged Indian woman, with hair disheveled, and her round, fat face discolored with excitement, followed them to the trader's house, calling upon Tunbridge to produce the white men, exclaiming, with a fiendish air of triumph, "All the rest are killed, and he must die also!"

The trader calmly replied to her, "He's only a little boy. It's a shame to kill children. He shall not be killed."

The old hag was excited, and vowed that the boy should be killed. She said, "He was too large to allow him to live. In two or three years he would be a man; he would learn the country, its towns and its rivers; would make his escape, and come back with an army of white men to destroy us all." She said her son, Cutty-a-toy, was a brave chief, and that he would be there in a few minutes to kill the boy.

In a few minutes, Cutty-a-toy, followed by many armed warriors, rushed upon the trader's house, and demanded the white boy. The chief said the boy was too large, that he would soon be grown, would make his escape, and bring back an army to destroy their town.

The trader stood, with cool courage, in the door of his lodge, and refused to surrender the prisoner, saying it was not right to kill children, and also warning the angry chief that the boy was the prisoner of Kiachatalee, his son, and, if he was injured or slain, Kiachatalee would be revenged for it. As Kiachatalee was only a young warrior, and Cutty-a-toy a chief and a gray-beard, this threat of revenge greatly incensed him. In an instant he raised his tomahawk, and, with the air of a man who intends a deed of mur-

der, demanded of the trader, "And are you the friend of the Virginian?"

Answering the look rather than the words, the trader stepped out of his door, and said to the bloody brave, "Take him."

Cutty-a-toy then rushed into the trader's lodge, seized the boy by the throat, and was about to brain him with his tomahawk, when the wife of Tunbridge interposed, in a tone of supplication which at once succeeded.

"Will the brave chieftain kill the boy in my house? Let not the boy's blood stain my floor."

The appeal of the woman reached the savage's heart. He dropped his weapon, and slowly dragged the boy out of the lodge into the midst of a crowd of savages, who waved their knives and hatchets in the poor boy's face, in order to enjoy his terror.

In the path which led from the house, the boy fell upon his knees while the savages were tearing off his clothes, and asked the trader to request the savages to give him one half hour to pray. The trader roughly replied, "Boy, it's not worth while; they'll kill you." As the boy stood in momentary expectation of his fate, the trader's wife again interposed, and begged the savage chief not to kill the boy in her yard, or in the path along which she had to carry water, but to take him out into the mountains, where the birds and wolves might eat up his flesh, where she could not see his blood!

The appeal of the woman was again heard, and, giving the boy his pantaloons, they held a short talk, and agreed to take the boy down to the Running Water, saying to the trader's wife, "We will not spill this boy's blood near your house; but we will take him to Running Water, where we will have a frolic knocking him in the head."

Having gone about three hundred yards, they halted and formed a circle around the boy, and with their tomahawks seemed to be on the point of killing him. The boy again fell upon his knees, and, with his face upturned towards heaven, and his hands firmly clasped on his breast, remained in prayer, expecting at each moment the fatal blow. At this dreadful moment the boy thought of Stephen, to whose vision the heavens were opened at the moment of his death, and was happy. As the savage braves stood around him, young Brown saw their stern brows of revenge suddenly relax, and a smile of sympathy and pity succeed. They

called the trader, told him to take the boy, that they would not kill him; and Cutty-a-toy said he loved the boy, and would come back in three weeks and make friends with him. It was afterwards ascertained that Cutty-a-toy had taken some of Brown's negroes, and claimed them as his prisoners, and that his fear lest Kiachatalee might retaliate by killing his negro prisoners, was the thought which suddenly turned Cutty-a-toy to mercy and pity. So thought his own followers; for when he said he *loved* the boy, and would not kill him, his savage followers replied:

"No, no, he does not love the boy; it's the boy's negro he loves."

When Cutty-a-toy's mother saw that the boy's life would not be taken, she seemed displeased; went up to the boy and cut off his scalp-lock, and kicked him so rudely in the side as almost to kill him, exclaiming, "I've got the Virginian's scalp."

The Tuskegee chief, Cutty-a-toy, led his party away, leaving the boy in the hands of the trader and his wife. In two or three days, the boy was taken into Nickajack, and the kind old chief, Breath, who greatly regretted what had taken place in his absence, took Joseph by the hand, calmly heard a narrative of his situation from the trader's wife, and then told the boy that he must be adopted into his tribe, and become an Indian, if he would save his life; that there was no other way in which his life could be saved. To that end, the chief adopted him into his own family, and told Joseph that he was his uncle, and that Kiachatalee was his brother. His head was then shaved, leaving only a fillet of hair on the top, in which a bunch of feathers was tied, his ears pierced for rings, and his clothes taken off; the flap substituted for trowsers, and a short shirt substituted for a coat, shirt, and vest, and his nether vestments consisting of a pair of deer-skin moccasins. In this condition he was pronounced an Indian, with the exception of a slit in each ear, which the kindness of the chief deferred making until cold weather.

The trader's wife took him to see his two sisters, Jane, aged ten, and Polly, aged five years, who had just been brought back to Nickajack; a party of Cherokees having pursued the Creek braves, and recaptured from them these two small girls, after they had been taken some distance toward the Creek towns. From his sister Jane, Joseph learned the destination of the party who had carried off

his mother, his brother George, and sister Elizabeth. These children were now in the same town, adopted into different families, and it was a source of consolation to them to be allowed to see each other occasionally. In the various toils which were imposed upon these captive children, such as carrying water and wood, pounding hominy, and working corn in the fields, and, on the part of the boy, in looking after the stock, nearly a year passed off, without many incidents worthy of note. Hostile parties of savages came and went, and tales of barbarous deeds done by them on the distant frontiers were often told in the hearing of these children, but none of them brought deliverance for them. Yet in but few instances did the savage neighbors of these captive children treat them unkindly. Three or four times the boy's life was in danger from lawless braves, whose bloodthirsty natures panted for the blood of the white man. The good old chief Breath, hearing of these things, caused young Brown to be armed, and declared that it should be lawful for him to slay any Indian who should mistreat him.

In a few months Joseph was allowed a rifle and a horse, and permitted to go into the woods to hunt. He might often have availed himself of the kindness of his savage friends, and made his escape to the frontiers, but he loved his little sisters, and his love for them restrained his desire for freedom, lest his escape might add to the rigors of their slavery, or perhaps for ever prevent their deliverance.

In the mean time, an open war had been going on between the Indians and the people of Cumberland and East Tennessee. Two thousand warriors, principally Cherokees, of whom four or five hundred were horsemen, dressed as white men, made an irruption into East Tennessee, killing every thing before them.

During this invasion, the Indians, sending forward their mounted men, dressed as white men, were enabled to surprise many, and thus to make a havoc which they could not have done otherwise. This irruption of the Indians was caused, they alleged, by the murder of Tassel, their chief, when he had gone under a white flag to General Sevier, to hold a talk. In this foray, the Indians took Fort Gillespie, murdered the garrison, and carried off Mrs. Glass, the sister of Captain Gillespie.

The whole country was aroused. General Joseph Martin and General John Sevier headed a large army, marched into the Indian nation, burnt their towns, and carried off their women and children. Amongst other prisoners taken at this time, was the daughter of Turkey, the chief of the Cherokees.

In the spring of 1789, an exchange of prisoners was agreed upon, at a talk held with General Sevier. It was agreed that the Cherokees should make an absolute surrender of all the white prisoners within their borders, and runners were sent to each of the head men, to send their captives to the Little Turkey for an exchange. When these runners came to Nickajack, young Brown was on a trading trip down the river with his Indian brother Kiachatalee, and did not return until Mrs. Glass and all the other prisoners had gone up to Running Water, where the chief was awaiting their arrival.

When young Brown got home, he was sent with one of his sisters to Running Water, in order to be sent up to the treaty grounds to be exchanged. His little sister would not leave her Indian mother, who had ever treated her kindly, but wept and clung to her neck, declaring that it would break her Indian mother's heart if she left her. This tender feeling was a tribute to savage kindness, but young Brown finally took his sister in his arms, and carried her some distance, before he could reconcile her to go with him. His eldest sister belonged to a trader, who said he had bought her with his money, and would not let her go. Young Brown had to leave her behind, being wholly unable to redeem her.

At Running Water, young Brown heard Turkey, the head chief, stating to his chiefs around him the terms of the treaty he had made; and in doing so, his followers upbraided him for agreeing to deliver so many prisoners without any ransom.

To this the chief replied that "Little John (meaning Governor Sevier) would have it so; that he was a very mean man—a dog; but he had my daughter a prisoner, and he knew I would have to agree to any terms, to get her back."

The next morning, when the Indian chief was about to start his prisoners forward, young Brown refused to go, and was taken to the chief to give his reasons. He then stated that one of his sisters was left in Nickajack, and that he never would consent

to be set at liberty without his sister. The savage chief immediately sent for the girl, and after some delay, Colonel Bench, the chief of the mounted regiment of Indians, went himself, and brought the girl to Running Water. Thus, about the first of May, 1789, young Brown and his two sisters were once more restored to liberty. Being reduced to poverty, these now orphan children were sent into South Carolina, to sojourn with some relatives until their elder brother, who was in Cumberland, could go after them, or until their mother should be released from her captivity amongst the Creeks.*

In order to keep up the thread of our narrative, we must now return to the 9th of May, 1788, and continue the narrative of Mrs. Brown's captivity. Having seen her husband fall by the hands of savages, she was hurried away by her captors, and took the road southward, just as she heard the yells and rifles of the cruel savages who also murdered her sons and their companions. What must have been the feelings of horror and agony of this poor woman, herself a prisoner in the hands of she knew not whom, and borne she knew not whither! To add to the horror of her situation, she soon saw two of her sweet little daughters torn from her side by a party of Cherokees, and borne back, she knew not whither, nor for what end!

Driven forward on foot for many days and nights, she continued to bear up under the bodily fatigues and mental anguish by which she was tortured, her feet blistered and swollen, and driven before the pack-horses, along a flinty path, every moment expecting death if she failed, and every moment expecting to fail! She yet accomplishes many days' travel, and finally reaches one of the upper Creek towns on the Tallapoosa, far down in the wilderness, the prisoner and slave of a savage brave. Arrived at the town of her captor, she finds she is a slave, doomed to bear wood and water, and to

* During the Creek war of 1812, Joseph Brown, then a colonel, met a French trader who lived at Nickajack, who told him he had his father's library, taken from his boat on the 9th of May, 1788, which he had bought from the Indians, and generously offered to restore it to Brown at cost. Although the books were valuable, Colonel Brown never succeeded in obtaining them, and they are now in all probability in some Cherokee Library in the West.

pound hominy, and to do all the servile offices of her savage mistress. To add to her distress, her son, nine years old, and her daughter, seven, are taken to different towns, and she is left indeed alone in her sorrow.

At the period of Mrs. Brown's captivity, Alexander M'Gillevray, a half-breed Creek, of Scotch descent, was the head chief of the Muscogee Indians, and actually assumed the high-sounding title of Commander-in-chief of the Upper and Lower Creeks and the Seminoles; being the military as well as the civil governor of all the Indians of Florida, Alabama, and Lower Georgia. He was a man of letters, of keen sagacity, forest-born and forest-bred, combining the shrewdness of the savage with the learning of the civilized man. Fortunately for Mrs. Brown, her cruel captor took her to a town in which lived a sister of M'Gillevray, who was the wife of a French trader by the name of Durant. Her age and dignified bearing under the toils which were imposed upon her, excited the sympathy and compassion of this kind-hearted Indian woman. Several weeks passed before she found an opportunity, but when Mrs. Brown's savage master was absent, the wife of Durant spoke to her kindly, told her that she pitied her for her sorrow, and would, if she could, relieve her. She told that her brother, the chief of the Creeks, did not approve of his people making slaves of the white women; and that he was a liberal, high-minded man, who had a soul of honor, and could never turn away from a helpless woman who flew to him for succor. "Why do you not fly to him?" asked the simple-hearted woman.

Mrs. Brown explained to her her total ignorance of the country, and her inability to reach the residence of Col. McGillevray. The Indian woman listened to her, and then said, "It is true; but if you will, there is my horse, and there is my saddle. You are welcome to them; but you must take them. I cannot give them, but my husband shall never pursue. You can take them without danger." It was arranged. On a certain morning the Indian woman sent an aged Indian to a trader's house, who was to act as the guide of Mrs. Brown that far, and from that point the trader was to procure a guide and a horse.

At the appointed time, Mrs. Brown, mounted upon her friend's horse and saddle, started on in pursuit of her Indian guide, who

traveled on as though he was entirely unconscious of her existence. She arrived in safety at the trader's lodge, and was by him furnished with a guide and horse to the chieftain's residence. Full of gratitude for intended kindness, yet she approached the Creek chieftain with many feelings of doubt and misgiving. He received her kindly, heard her story attentively, and, after considering it well, gave Mrs. Brown a cordial welcome to his house, and bade her stay with his wife, as a member of his family. He explained to her that, according to the usage of his people, she belonged to her captor, and that he had no right to take her from him.

He said, however, that he could no doubt reconcile her master by some presents, when he should follow, as he no doubt would before long. He told her she could make shirts or other garments for the traders, and soon provide herself with every thing necessary for her comfort. In the mean time, he would furnish her with whatever she needed. Mrs. Brown accepted the savage chieftain's proffered protection, and took shelter under his roof.

She had been there but a few days when she was startled by the appearance of her savage master, who had followed her to her place of refuge. Fortunately for her, the chieftain was at home, and himself met her pursuer. The savage gruffly demanded of his chieftain the white woman, his prisoner.

Col. McGillevray at once informed him that she was in his house, and that he had promised to protect her. The savage merely replied, "Well, if you do not give me back my prisoner, I'll kill her." The wily chieftain knew his man, and, humoring his temper, replied, "That is true. She is your prisoner, and you can kill her, if you choose. I know she is a weak woman, and you are a brave warrior. Would you tie the scalp of a squaw about your neck?"

"But she can carry water, and hoe corn, and pound hominy for my wife," said the Creek warrior; "and she's mine; she's my prisoner."

"That's true," said the chieftain; "but if you kill her, will she carry any more water? Can the dead work? If you will consent to leave her with me, so that I can send her back to her people, I will send your wife a new dress, and will give you a rifle, some powder and lead, and some beads and paints;

and when you go back to your wife, she will not see the blood of a woman upon your hands!"

Savage cupidity overcame savage revenge, and Mrs. Brown became the ransomed captive of the brave and generous McGillevray; a noble instance of chivalry on the part of a savage chieftain, which reflects more honor on his name than the glory of a hundred battles fought by his people during his chieftaincy.

For several months Mrs. Brown plied her needle in the chieftain's lodge, and, by her experience in the craft of needle-work, soon rendered herself useful to her savage friends, and by her dignity and energy commanded their respect.

The chieftain, on his next visit to the upper Creek towns, found Mrs. Brown's daughter, Elizabeth, aged about seven years, and generously purchased her from her master, and upon his return home had the pleasure of restoring the sweet child to her distressed mother: a grateful duty, nobly performed! He also informed Mrs. Brown that he had seen her son George, and tried to induce his master to part with him, but that he was so much attached to the boy, he would not part from him on any terms. But he assured her that he would not fail, as soon as possible, to ransom her son, and restore him also to her arms.

In November, 1789, Colonel McGillevray had appointed to meet commissioners, to arrange terms of peace, at Rock Landing, Georgia. On his departure for the treaty grounds, he took Mrs. Brown and her daughter, and there delivered them to her son William, who came from South Carolina, and had gone thither in hopes that he might be enabled to hear something of her and her long-lost children.

Thus, in November, 1789, after eighteen months' captivity, she was at last united with her surviving children. They spent a short time in South Carolina with some relatives, and returned to Guildford, N. C., at last restored to her friends, whom she had left but two short years before. But oh! what a change had taken place in her destiny since she had started westward with her husband and sons and neighbors, so full of life and hope! All her captive children were now restored to her arms, except George, who was still in one of the upper Creek villages, doomed to a still longer captivity.

Mrs. Brown had two sons, who were in the Cumberland Valley on the 9th May, 1788; William, the surveyor, and Daniel, aged twelve years, who went over the land route with some stock, to the Cumberland Valley. During her short stay in Guildford, her benefactor, the Creek chieftain, passed through Guildford C. H., and sent word to Mrs. Brown that he was there. She immediately went with her brother, Colonel Gillespie, Rev. Dr. Caldwell, and her son William, and with them thanked her benefactor.

In addition, her brother offered to pay Colonel McGillevray any sum which he might think proper to demand, as the ransom of Mrs. Brown and her daughter, but the generous Creek refused any compensation whatever. He said he owed it to humanity and honor to do as he had done, and that to receive pay for it would deprive him both of the real pleasure and real honor of such a deed. He assured Mrs. Brown that he would not fail to use his best efforts to restore to her her son, and she might rely upon his finding out some means to accomplish so good an object.

Mrs. Brown, with the remnant of her family, again turned her face westward, seeking the new home which the foresight of her husband had prepared for her and her children, and to which he was so boldly and so nobly conducting them, when he perished, 9th May, 1788. And now at last, in 1791, this devoted woman and all her surviving children but one, find themselves at their new home, at the mouth of White's creek, near Nashville. About this time, her son Joseph, while traveling with a small party of friends, was shot through the arm by a party of savages in ambush; a severe wound, from which he did not recover for some time.

In 1792, a formidable body of Creeks, Cherokees, and Shawnees, invaded Cumberland Valley, attacked Buchanan's Station, and were repulsed with great loss. Young Joseph Brown came the next morning, with a large party of friends, to the assistance of Buchanan, but the Indians had retreated. Upon approaching the scene of action, what was young Brown's astonishment at finding his Indian brother, Kiachatalee, lying cold in death upon the field, near the walls of the fort against which he had so gallantly led the assault! The next year, Joseph

Brown attended a treaty at Tellico, in East Tennessee, where he met a nephew of Kiachatalee, named Charles Butler, with whom he had been well acquainted while a prisoner at Nickajack. Butler gave him the Indian version of the attack on Buchanan's Station, and also the story of Kiachatalee's heroic death. He said the assault was led by Kiachatalee. That he attempted to set fire to the block-house, and was actually blowing it into a flame, when he was mortally wounded. He continued, after receiving his mortal wound, to blow the fire, and to cheer his followers to the assault, calling upon them to fight like brave men, and never give up till they had taken the fort. The incidents connected with the attack on Buchanan's station can be seen in Mrs. Ellet's *Women of the Revolution*, vol. III., Article *Sarah Buchanan*, in which the Shawnee chief is represented as performing the heroic part which Kiachatalee really performed, and not he.

There are many incidents connected with frontier life, such as Mrs. Brown was now living, which are of every-day occurrence, which would be interesting to the present generation, but the length of this sheet will necessarily exclude many of them. On one occasion, her oldest son, William, while in pursuit of a party of Indians near Nashville, was severely wounded in the arm, so that almost every member of her family, herself included, had been captured, wounded, or slain by the hands of the Indians.

These were trials which were hard to bear; yet amidst all her troubles Mrs. Brown bore herself as an humble Christian, devoutly grateful to the Giver of all good, that he had watched over her and guided her footsteps aright, in the midst of so many sorrows.

In the year 1794, such had been the continued outrages of the savages from the lower Cherokee towns, in conjunction with marauding Creeks and Shawnees, upon the Cumberland settlements, that the principal pioneers resolved to fit out an expedition at their own expense, and march to Nickajack and Running Water, and to punish these lawless people with fire and sword. The national administration had, by its commissioners, made treaty after treaty with the Cherokees, but still the people of these lower towns continued their depredations, against the wishes of the upper Cherokees;

but it was impossible to induce the national government to take those decided steps which these bold pioneers knew were absolutely necessary to check the marauding spirit of the lower Cherokee towns. These towns were far down the Tennessee, in the midst of mountain fastnesses, which the foot of hostile white man had never trod. They felt secure from all aggression, and reposed in full confidence that, whoever might suffer on account of their incursions into Cumberland, their towns were unapproachable.

At this time, young Joseph Brown was living near Nashville with his mother, and had recently gone with General Robertson to attend an Indian council at Tellico block-house. The intimate knowledge which young Brown had obtained of these lower towns and their people, by his residence there, enabled him to communicate to this thoughtful old man a good idea of the country and the people from whom the Cumberland settlements had so long suffered. The death of Kiachatalee at Buchanan's Station, on the 30th September, 1792; his warlike character, so well known to Brown, and his leadership as a warrior amongst the men of Nickajack and Running Water, all pointed out these towns as the hives from which came forth such swarms of marauding Indians.

Despairing of succor from the national government, General Robertson wrote to Colonel Whitley, of Kentucky, who was a well-known partisan, to be at Nashville about the 1st September, 1794, with as many trusty riflemen as he could bring with him. About the same time, Colonel Mansco, General Johnson, of Robertson, Colonel Montgomery, of Clarksville, and General Robertson, each quietly raised a few trusty men. Major Ore at that time commanded a squadron of mounted men, who were in the employ of the United States as rangers, to protect the frontiers of Cumberland. At the request of General Robertson, Major Ore arrived at Buchanan's Station just in time to join in the expedition.

In the mean time, boats were made of hides, and tried in the Cumberland river, to ascertain their capability of transporting the troops across the Tennessee. These boats were made each out of two raw hides, as large as could be got, sewed together, and each was found capable of carrying about fifty guns, and one or two men. They were capable of being rolled up and packed on

mules or horses, and could in a few moments be fully equipped and launched.

All the parties being assembled, it was ascertained that there were about six hundred, including Major Ore's Rangers. As all but Ore's command were volunteers, who came out without any authority, it was resolved to give Major Ore the nominal command of the whole party, which would give color of authority to the party to make the campaign, and would save them from the odium of making a lawless invasion of the Indian country. Colonel Whitley and Colonel Mansco were, however, the prime movers of the campaign, and had most of the responsibility of its conduct. But with the troops were more than a dozen leading partisan officers, who had been distinguished in many an Indian battle.

On the 7th September, 1794, this formidable army of invasion set out for Nickajack; and, although the route had been unexplored, and the mountains and the river lay between them and their enemies, they had counted the cost, fitted out their boats, and had resolved to strike a blow that would teach the lawless Indians a severe lesson.

The troops made a forced march, reached the Tennessee river just after dark on the fourth day, and in thirty minutes had their raw-hide boats afloat in the river, ready to bear over the arms. They immediately began to cross the river, landing a short distance below the town of Nickajack. Most of the men swam over in perfect silence, their arms and clothes being conveyed in the boats, and on rafts rudely constructed of bundles of canes. In order to guide the swimmers, a very small fire was kindled at the water's edge, by the party which first crossed. Out of six hundred, only two hundred and thirty could be induced to cross over; some holding back because they could not swim, and others because they were subject to the cramp; and others, no doubt, reflecting upon the number of the enemy, and the difficulty of a retreat when once across so wide a river, did not feel quite willing "to stand the hazard of the die." But, in the face of appalling dangers, some men showed a stout-heartedness which might have done honor to the bravest of the brave. A young man by the name of Joseph B. Porter, who could not swim at all, tied an armful of dry canes together, and, nothing daunted, plunged into the rapid river, and

kicked himself over in safety. Young Brown, although still lame in one arm, from the wound he had received in the Indian ambuscade, plunged into the river, and swam safely over.

At daylight, there were two hundred and thirty on the south bank of the Tennessee, within half a mile of Nickajack, and yet they were undiscovered.

Leaving young Brown, with twenty picked men, to guard the crossing of the creek, at the lower end of the town, with instructions to meet them in the centre of the town as soon as he heard their fire, the main body turned towards the town, and came down upon it from above.

Although Nickajack contained about three hundred warriors, they were so completely surprised that they made but little resistance; but, flying precipitately, took to their canoes, and attempted to cross the river. Some fled to Running Water, and others secreted themselves in the thickets. The whole town ran with blood. About seventy warriors were slain, and a large number of women and children taken prisoners. Young Brown carried the lower end of the town manfully, killing several warriors, and taking some prisoners. In one instance, Brown killed an Indian warrior in a single combat, and carried away his scalp.

As soon as Nickajack was taken, a detachment was sent to destroy Running Water. On the way, the Indians met them, and, after an obstinate resistance, gave way, but not till they had wounded three Americans, one of them, Joshua Thomas, mortally.

Running Water was also taken, and both towns immediately reduced to ashes.

Amongst the dead, Brown recognized the body of Breath, the generous chief who had adopted him into his family when he was a prisoner.

In the towns, many articles of stolen property, which were recognized as belonging to men who had been killed in Cumberland Valley, were found. In addition to these, fresh scalps were found in Nickajack, as well as a number of letters, taken by the Indians from the mail-bags, after having killed the rider. They also found a quantity of powder and lead, recently sent by the Spanish government to these Indians.

Never was a visitation of this kind so justly merited as it was by these towns. They were the principal crossing-places for

the war-parties of Creeks, Shawnees, and Cherokees, who went to harass the Cumberland and Kentucky settlements. But two days before their destruction, a war-dance was held there, at which were several Cherokee chiefs, as well as Creeks, who had resolved to wage a still more relentless war on the frontiers.

While young Brown could not but feel that the hand of Providence had signally punished these towns for their outrage on the 9th of May, 1788, his exultation was prevented by the death of his brother-in-law, Joshua Thomas, a brave soldier, and a kind, generous friend, who was the only one slain by the enemy on this occasion.

The prisoners recognized young Brown, and, alarmed for their safety, pleaded with him to save their lives, saying to him, that his life had once been spared by them. Brown assured them that they were in no danger; that the white people never killed prisoners, women, and children.

This blow was so unexpected and successful, that it inspired the Cherokees with a sincere desire for peace, which they soon after concluded, and never again violated. Soon after this affair, young George Brown was liberated by the Creeks.

Young Brown returned home, and lived some years with his mother. He was devoted to business, and of most exemplary conduct in every relation of life. He soon attached himself to Rev. Thomas B. Craighead's congregation, near Hayesboro, and was made an elder in the church.

For several years, young Brown, his mother, and brothers, memorialized the Congress of the United States to reimburse them for the goods and slaves taken from them on the 9th of May, 1788, in violation of the treaty of Hopewell. But their claims were still unregarded, and still delayed, year after year, and Congress after Congress, and yet no relief.

In the year 1806, a treaty was finally concluded with the Indians, which opened all the lands on Duck river to the occupation of those who had located their warrants there. Thus Mrs. Brown and her children came into possession of a large and splendid tract of land south of Columbia, to which she soon after removed with her son Joseph.

During the Creek war of 1812-13, a large number of Cherokee Indians offered their services to General Jackson against their red

brethren. General Jackson immediately wrote to Joseph Brown, who had lately been elected colonel by his neighbors, requesting him to consent to command a regiment of Cherokee Indians. This Colonel Brown promptly agreed to do, and started to join the army for that purpose. Colonel Brown, however, never took charge of the Indians, but served with the army, as aid to General Robards, as well as interpreter and guide.

Colonel Brown was thus a participant in the battle of Talladega, and had the honor of leading and conducting a charge upon the most hotly contested part of the Indian lines. During this campaign, Colonel Brown again met *Charles Butler*, the nephew of *Kiachatalee*, and learned from him that the old Tuskegee chief, *Cutty-a-toy*, was still alive. Through him, he learned that he was then living on an island in the Tennessee river, near the mouth of Elle river, and that he had with him several negroes, the descendants of the woman taken by him at *Nickajack*, on the 9th of May, 1788.

Colonel Brown had, at that time, a claim before Congress for the value of those negroes, but had always been put off by reason of some defect in the proof as to their value, or some other matter of form. He now determined that, as his negroes were still in the hands of the original wrong-doer, the Tuskegee chief, he would get possession of them, and carry them home.

Colonel Brown stated to General Jackson the facts of the case, and demanded of him, and obtained, an order appointing a mixed commission of American and Cherokee officers, to value the negroes of *Cutty-a-toy*. The Cherokees had long been at peace with the whites, and were now in alliance with them against the Creeks; and under such circumstances there was friendly intercourse between them.

With ten picked men, Brown proceeded to the island, went to the head man's lodge, and exhibited to him General Jackson's order, and demanded that *Cutty-a-toy's* negroes be immediately sent over to Fort Hampton, to be valued, in pursuance of said order. The head man sent for *Cutty-a-toy*, and it was immediately agreed that all would go to the Fort the next morning.

The next morning, the negroes, *Cutty-a-toy* and his wife, and some friends, went with Colonel Brown to the Fort. In cross-

ing the river, Colonel Brown and his men took up the negroes, and Cutty-a-toy's wife behind them, to carry them over the water, while the Indian men crossed on a raft higher up.

When he reached the fort, he directed his men to proceed with the negroes towards Ditto's landing, and he turned into the fort with Cutty-a-toy's wife, to await the arrival of the Indians. He immediately called on the commandant of the fort, Colonel Williams, stated the history of the case, and the order of General Jackson, and the failure of Congress to pay for these negroes, and the fact that the negroes were now in his possession; and frankly asked him what course he would pursue, under the circumstances. "Take the negroes home with you," said the Colonel; "and if you wish to do it, and have not men enough, I will give you more."

Upon the arrival of Cutty-a-toy and his followers, they were invited into the fort, and Colonel Brown made known to him that he had sent the negroes off, but was willing for the commissioners to proceed to value them. The Indian became enraged. At last, in the midst of the garrison, officers and men, and the Indians, Colonel Brown gave a brief narrative of the murder of his father by Cutty-a-toy's party, the murder of his brothers, and the captivity of his mother, small brother and sisters; of the capture of the slaves by Cutty-a-toy, and his attempt on the life of Colonel Brown himself, then a boy at the house of the French trader; and of his being saved by the intercession of the trader's wife, and the Indian's desire to save the life of his captive negro woman. "It is now," said Colonel Brown, "nearly twenty-five years, and yet during all that time you have had the negro and her children as your slaves, and they have worked for you; and yet you got them by the murder of my father and brothers! You made me an orphan and a beggar, when, but for you, I had begun the world with the smiles of a father, and the comfort of a home provided by his care. For this wrong, this crime, Cutty-a-toy, you deserve to die!"

Here Cutty-a-toy hung his head, and said, "It is all true: do with me as you please."

The soldiers who stood around, many of them the neighbors of Colonel Brown, said, "Kill him! he ought to die." But Colonel

Brown was now a Christian, and had long since ceased to cherish feelings of revenge against the savage murderer of his father.

"No, no, Cutty-a-toy," proceeded Colonel Brown; "although you deserve to die, and at my hands, yet I will not kill you. If I did not worship the Great Spirit who rules all things, I would slay you; but vengeance is his, and I will leave you to answer to him for your crimes! But I will not stain my hands with your blood; you are now old, and must soon go down to the grave, and answer to that Great Spirit for the life you have led. Live, and repent."

Here Cutty-a-toy assumed a bolder front, and said, by certain treaties made in 1794, this property was guaranteed to him, and that he would sue Brown in the Federal Courts, as some other Indians named by him had done, in similar cases; but he finally agreed, if Brown would give him a young negro fellow, he might take the rest, including two women and some children, which was generously done.

Thus the fortunes of war, controlled by the steady perseverance of her son, at length restored to Mrs. Brown a part of her long-lost property. Many years afterwards, when General Jackson became President, Colonel Brown finally obtained an allowance from Congress for a part of the property lost by his father in 1788.

In 1810, Colonel Brown became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and in 1823, a regular ordained minister of that Church.

Having lived to the advanced age of ninety, and never having re-married, but always making her home with her son, Colonel Joseph Brown, Mrs. Brown left this world of vexation and sorrow, for such it was to her, at her son's residence in Maury county, Tennessee. Hers was a most eventful life, full of trials, almost beyond human endurance; yet she did not murmur, but tried to see, in all her afflictions, the kind guidance of a wise Providence.

George, soon after his release from captivity, emigrated to the South, and, after nearly fifty years' honorable citizenship near Woodville, Mississippi, died in the bosom of his family.

The captive daughter, Jane, whose release was due to the manly courage of her youthful brother, was married to a Collings-

worth, and became with him a citizen of Texas as early as 1819, where her descendants yet reside.

The history of the events connected with the family of Mrs. Brown possesses all the attractions of a romance; yet it is but a plain, sad story of trials and sufferings incident to the period and the border in which she passed. She lived to an octogenarian age, and yet she often wept, as she told the tale of her captivity and sufferings, and those of her children.

The only survivor of that pioneer family is the Rev. Joseph Brown, of Maury county, Tennessee, better known as Colonel Brown. From notes and memoranda furnished by him, the principal details of this narrative have been written. They cannot fail to be useful to the future historian of Tennessee, yet Heywood, in his history of 500 pages, only contains the following allusion to the facts contained in this narrative. Speaking of the treaty of peace made at Tellico, October 20, 1795, between the people of Tennessee, the Creeks and Cherokees, they, (the

Creeks,) says the historian, "at this time delivered up Brown, son of Mrs. Brown, formerly a prisoner in the Creek nation."—p. 466. Yet how inadequate is such a notice to do justice either to the sufferings of Mrs. Brown and her children, or to the generous protection of the Creek chieftain, to whom they were indebted for their deliverance! For notwithstanding the "obloquy which both history and tradition have thrown upon the characters of the Creek and Cherokee warriors, some bright gleams occasionally break through, which throw a melancholy lustre over their memories."* But a large portion of the pioneer history of Tennessee has never been written. Replete with incidents and heroic deeds which might challenge the admiration of the world, yet all that has been written by Heywood and others would scarcely answer as a thread to guide the future historian through the labyrinth of events which crowded upon the infant colonies of the Cumberland and the Holston.

M. A. H.

Cornersville, Tenn., Dec. 25, 1851.

THE HUMBLE

PETITION AND REMONSTRANCE OF A LIVING AUTHOR TO PRINCE POSTERITY.*

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE reader will discover, we think, some things well remarked in the *Petition and Remonstrance*; but we wish to caution them against any prejudice it may create against our fraternity. The manuscript of the *Posthumous Papers* was introduced by a note from our editor, begging compassion for the memory of the author, who, he intimated, was poor, and had a large "progeny," meaning, we supposed, young children; an accident by no means remarkable, and which, for aught we know, might happen to an author as well as another. As the *Petition and Remonstrance* appears to cast ridicule upon two very respectable classes in society, namely, the Friends of Progress and the Con-

servatives, we should have thought it our duty to have had the offensive portions altered by our "Reader;"† but when that very intelligent person saw it, he said that, as there were no allusions in it to the International Copyright, we might let it pass. He objected very strongly to some alterations and additions which we proposed. One of these was to form authors into a trade or guild, like the printers and masons. The *trade* of an author is regular, though his *habits* are less so; and we find his wages

* Irving.

† A person employed by considerable book publishers to select works for publication, and to examine and pronounce judgment upon manuscripts. The office is a responsible one.—*Ed.*

in this country, taken altogether, nearly equal to those of a good binder or typesetter. Our Reader objected that, if authors combined, they might strike for wages equal with printers, and occasion much trouble. The proposition alluded to by the person who calls himself "Petitioner and Remonstrant," of each man becoming his own author, we do not agree in condemning. It would be an excellent thing for printers, a class of men very important to the community.

Some things said in the Petition and Remonstrance, that were represented to us by our Reader as "points of humor," seemed to us very obscure, and we directed our editor to add notes to explain them. For this, we are sure, the public will thank

Their obedient and humble servants,
THE PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR.

It is our melancholy pleasure to lay before our readers these advanced sheets of the "Posthumous Papers" of our deceased friend, P. Y. More than three years ago we were called to witness his glad and calm departure from a world too hard for authors. Surrounded by an interesting progeny, whom it was his fate to leave portionless and almost friendless—a progeny, good reader, not of the flesh, but of the brain—the unhappy gentleman was giving each, as we entered, a farewell blessing and adieu.

"Adieu," he cried, "my beloved Treatise!" and kissed a pile of dirty papers that served him for a pillow, such was the poverty and tenderness of my friend. "Adieu! I leave thee, my Treatise, my analysis of mind, my mental lever of Archimedes!" Here utterance failed, and tears supplied the place of words.

"Adieu! Prolegomena! Adieu! Historia Universalis! and thou, too, laborious and earnest Philosophy of Folly, into whose composition I threw the best energy of my life. I leave you; I go—

"per iter tenebricosum
Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam."

Overpowered at once with the learning, the labors, and the despair of my friend, I stood silent and astonished.

"Take them," he cried, while the tears rolled down his haggard cheeks. "I shall soon be gone: my death will enable you to

publish these labors, which, while I lived, no bookseller would touch."

I rushed forward and seized him by the hand. "Swear," he said, "swear that you will publish." I swore: after which his cheerfulness returned a little, and we conversed on several topics.

I left him late that night; and the next day, on revisiting the house, I was informed that some charitable persons had taken him away. From that time all trace of him was lost to me. His manuscripts, which I found in very good order for the printer, were lying as I had seen them. The words, "Farewell; remember your oath," were written upon each manuscript; the ink fresh, and in a firm hand, not at all like that of a dying person.

A suspicion has sometimes crossed my mind that P. Y. is not dead. Yes, good reader, there is hope even of that. I observed that, in the last conversation we had together, he said, that if Heaven spared him he would renounce the occupation of a writer, that he would attempt a new method of life. Was it a ruse—a pretended illness—a harmless stratagem to exact an oath from me? Ah! my friend; whether to esteem thee dead and faultless, or alive and erring, I know not. A gaunt figure, with enormous beard, utterly hiding the face; the dress, a vast cloak and a Kossuth hat and feather, regarded me attentively a few evenings since at the opera. The eyes, black and piercing, were his. In what new element art thou floating, my versatile friend? Symbolical in thy least habits, did the cloak (if it was indeed P. Y.) indicate conspiracy, the hat revolution? Mysterious P. Y.!

In this uncertainty, balancing probabilities, we remain, hastening meanwhile to the fulfilment of duty, laboriously annotating and editing the manuscripts of our friend. If he be still among the living, let him take hope from this. The great work is begun. "Prolegomena" shall *not* vanish in curl-papers; the much-loved and labored Treatise, even, fall into the baker's fire.—Ed.

The humble Petition and Remonstrance of P. Y., an "Author of the Present Day," to Prince Posterity.

INFALLIBLE SIR:—In addressing to you this humble petition and remonstrance, I but follow the example of many celebrated

authors, who commonly address your Highness when none else will hear them speak; but as it is the custom of your Highness to hear only those who please you by their address, the right of petition not being found among the laws of your realm, but all left to your good will and pleasure, I rest not upon my merits nor upon your compassion, but solely upon the importance of my representation to yourself.

Permit me also to present your Highness with a petition from that very large and influential body, called "writers of this age." I most humbly beg leave to represent, that the substance of this petition concerns you nearly, and is entitled to your serious consideration.

Being myself a person wholly without learning or depth, but, I trust, tolerably versed in what is called "literature of the day," I am selected by my too indulgent friends as a fit remonstrant and petitioner against the grievances to which I have the honor to call your attention. Nothing could have induced me to step out of my usual character of mere ideotes or "writer of the day," but the flattering persuasion of my friends, who preferred me to this office because of that abounding reverence and veneration for your Highness which they are pleased to ascribe to me.

Your Highness will now, doubtless, think to find at the bottom of this paper a long list of the names of your humble petitioners. I beg to assure you that their non-appearance is well accounted for by their fear of offending, by thrusting even their names upon the notice of Posterity.

A certain venomous writer, named Longinus, one of those envious old gray-beards who continually thrust themselves upon your Highness' notice, to the exclusion of worthier persons, has said, in his fool-hardy way, "that men ought to have the courage to attempt great things, if they wish to appear before Posterity;" whereas, under favor of your Highness' better judgment, I aver that this retiring modesty of ours is more in keeping with sublime virtue than any species or quality of presumption. Our ambition, like charity, begins at home. Happy in mutual esteem and the applauses of our day and of our friends, we presume not too rashly even upon the footstool of Posterity.

Hence it happened, that the most eager

solicitation on my part was insufficient for the obtaining of a single signature. As it ill became me to press forward when so many better men held back, I felt myself necessitated to suppress my name, and appear also anonymously before your Highness. In vain I argued the force of numbers and the power of association. They replied, that as one fool is always more tolerable and of greater consequence and weight than a dozen together, if they should chance (and God only knows what might chance) to appear to you in that capacity, or rather incapacity, the fewer names the better.

The cry of your petitioners is against that bitter and implacable enemy of theirs, your Highness' younger brother, who occupies himself with consuming and burying out of sight every thing they produce. This person, the younger son of your Highness' father, (he of the scythe and hour-glass,) affects to imitate his father in every indiscreet particular, whereas of the paternal virtues he makes light, and very irreverently scoffs at the old gentleman behind his back. I have heard him frequently indulging in unfilial jests, and have several good witnesses ready to swear upon their salvation to many instances of the youngster's impiety. Need I say more than that he threatens openly to depose your preceptor from his office, to take away his scythe and have a new edge set upon it, and to break the hourglass, and substitute for it a modern chronometer, to be the regulator and divider of your Highness' studies and devotions! Even Time himself is not fast nor short enough for the rashness of this forward fellow.

That your Highness may understand the character and designs of the person I allude to, witness the amusements to which he addicts himself, to the grief of his venerable parent, whom he boasts it is his intention to kill.

He dilapidates old cathedrals, and offers to build great lodging-houses on their sites. *And this he does with tears in his eyes.*

In his idle moments, which are not few, he sits in law courts where causes are being tried, kicking his heels, spitting in the bar, laughing at the judges, winking at the witnesses, and passing notes of encouragement to murderers and felons. *And this with tears in his eyes.*

He goes about with a great broad-axe on his shoulder to cut down gallows-trees; and

erects neat and commodious hotels for criminals and wretches, whom he sumptuously entertains, free of charge. *And all this with tears in his eyes.*

If a poor devil falls sick in the street, he kicks him for a fool, and straightway dictates a pathetic speech before committees of hospitals. *And all this with tears in his eyes.*

If a beggar asks him for money, he damns him for a knave, and delivers him over to the magistrate; and the same day builds a house of refuge. *And all this with tears in his eyes.*

If the son kills the father, or the bondsman the master, he gives him counsel and money for his cause; and the next day will have the master torn with scythes who whipped the servant or the son. *And all this with tears in his eyes.*

He breaks into banking-houses, and pours the coin out of the windows, to make money plentiful.

He opens granaries, and throws the grain and flour into the street, against a scarcity.

He opens the cages of wild beasts, and lets cattle run mad through the street, out of compassion.

He commits all manner of excesses and debaucheries, plays away fortunes, fights, drinks like a sot, and contracts foul diseases, to become a philosopher.

He then shuts himself ten years in a study, without light or air, to form a theory of the affections.

He debauches young virgins, through a fondness he has for youth, innocence, and virtue.

He busies himself between wives and their husbands, out of his contempt of prejudice.

He is an author, and has composed a dictionary in which the names of things are changed.

He climbs over garden walls, and takes the fruit, with a great sense of propriety.

He composes new books of science, in which the facts and the principles are equally of his own invention.

He is a noted endower of foundling hospitals, which he takes care no honest labor of his shall leave empty.

We beg your Highness to take notice, that he goes up and down with a great red beard hanging to his breast, and a thick moustache, both which he bought of his

Saxon barber; for he is much too young for such a natural growth.

He swears by his beard, calling it his manhood; but he continually breaks these oaths, as the relic that consecrates them is profane and artificial.

Your Highness will condescend further to notice, that he wears an ill-looking sack-coat, full of secret fobs, in which he carries a set of fine burglars' tools, which he humorously calls "arguments."

He draws after him, as he walks, a train of bad-favored faces, of a sickly and villanous hue, like a set of pickpockets. These, in the same vein, he styles his "Peace Society."

Though he is well known to be the heir of your Highness, or, as he affectedly styles himself, 'The heir of all the future,' he pretends a jealousy of rich men, and declaims against them; and at the same time injuriously advises poor men to become also rich, which we humbly submit is an intolerable contradiction.

He is a great owner of land, and proposes an equal division of it among his friends; but when the day comes for parcelling out, he directs their attention upon the adjacent farms.

But the worst of his behaviour is the continual insult he directs against the memory of your Royal Highness' predecessor, toward whom you yourself direct your most serious attention and respect; one whose works you admire, whose recorded counsel you seek, and whose behaviour it is your continual and assiduous study to understand; in whose keeping were your treasures, your most precious works, your dearest and holiest remembrances. Nor is the memory of Prince Past, I make bold to say, unworthy the pious care of your Highness, since, if what he gave us all were taken away, we should be left, as a certain "poet of the present day" remarks,

"Stark naked on the shore, of Time."

Those meritorious persons who openly attest, with your Highness, their reverence for Prince Past, your Highness's younger brother, he contumeliously attacks and vilifies under the name of Conservatives.

He caricatures them as a set of wry-necked shadow-worshippers, looking one way and going another.

He carries a long whip, wherewithal to

"encourage" the legs of those gentlemen who, in his estimation, use a pace too moderate for the times.

He compares them to undertakers who follow the dead; to the Egyptians, who brought the corpses of their ancestors to the table on solemn feast-days; to rats, who haunt old houses, and nibble the old wood; to epicures, who eat nothing till it stinks; to roots, that still grow downward and backward; to the Jews of London, those who cry and buy "Old clo'," and entertaineth us with a fusty comparison of laws and religions to suits of clothes, and of the present generation to little boys and girls acting farces in the moth-eaten frippery of their grandparents.

But his chiefest injustice is against ourselves, the company of "authors of the present day," whom he abuses and vilifies for the little learning we possess, and forbids, on pain of death, from reading the works of our predecessors, the friends and counsellors of Prince Past and of your Royal Highness.

There follow him, in consequence, a company of inventors, whose business it is to strain out novelties for his daily amusement.

One set of these fellows he employs in revising the statute-book, like a calendar for every day in the year. Another kind make new religions, which they write upon paper kites, and fly with a string on rainy days. Another sort invent new kinds of geometrical circles and triangles, larger and much better than the old ones. Others make poems, in which smoke is substituted for fire. These authors treat their brains in the fashion of those who strove to get sunbeams out of cucumbers. Others invent histories of your Royal Highness, which they call "predictions;" but we know that the history of your Royal Highness is inscrutable. The entire company are sworn, like the rats in Lapland, to eat their way through every thing, and never to look behind them.

No sooner is any work of your petitioners a day old, than their Persecutor affects to despise that one, and demands a new.

The utter ruin and devastation that impends upon the works of your petitioners will be evident to your Highness, if the principles of our Persecutor are suffered to prevail.

It is even come to that pitch with us, that, if our works must perish before the ink be

dry, we shall have produced nothing but *smut*. I do make bold to assure your Highness that such is the result; and that the prevalence of these principles, aided by the despair of authors, has engendered a conspiracy among authors to stuff their pages with violence, scandal, and indecency; to express a proper contempt for a public led by the principles of their Persecutor.

The despair in which we lie will be evident to your Highness upon the least reflection; for, as it is held a thing certain by the followers of our Persecutor that every day doth infinitely excel its predecessor, in genius and in art, the next age shall infinitely excel and utterly obscure the present in every particular that can be named; when it is considered, therefore, in what a total oblivion the best names of by-gone ages have sunk, so that now even to know them is a reproach; when it is seen that, instead of ponderous libraries of classics, "a writer of the present day" may set up in trade with M. Louis Blanc's *Dix Années* and a newspaper, it has come to be a subject of melancholy reflection with us, not only in general when we are drunk, but even when we are sober, that not only our works, but every record of the age, shall perish utterly, and be a blank to your Highness. This consideration is the more painful, when we remember that the fury, the scandal, and the mock heroics of by-gone ages are least likely, of all works, to come under the notice of your Highness; the follies and villanies of each day being esteemed sufficient thereunto; and your Highness' attention fixed only upon the *durable* productions of the wise.

Your Highness will not wonder that the souls of your petitioners are triste and melancholy, when they see the noble paradise of letters put in thistles and cabbage, and themselves turned to graze therein, like a parcel of starveling drudge mules and jacks.

Converted as they are into a company of bill-posters, marching with the news of new inventions, and all the flaming extravagances of their persecutor stuck upon their backs, "the authors of the present day" would present a sorrowful appearance to your Highness, could you behold them as they are.

And because the dignity of trades is as the permanency and importance of the work, the mason and the architect having precedence for that reason; your petitioners, work-

ing only for the day, like bakers, but with less credit and less wages, because their works nourish no one, but only stuff out and inflate at best with innutritious wind ; therefore is the once dignified and noted profession of writer become, in this nation, as in the dark ages, a byword and a disgrace among judicious men ; and those who follow it, looked upon by all as the abject tools of mountebanks and politicians.

As a consolation under these afflictions, our persecutor would have us believe that there will soon be no further occasion for our services, as he contemplates a project by which every person shall become his own writer. We beg leave to protest, and we do here supplicate your Highness hereafter to condemn, in behalf of future times, this horrible innovation, by which the last morsel of bread is to be taken from the mouths of our children. Already, a number of journals are published in this country, called ladies' books and magazines, in which the pieces are published for their authors, and read only by them, the expenses of the work being paid by the sale in them of little pictures for children.

This ruinous and abominable invention of our persecutor is sustained by him on the most frivolous pretenses.

He objects to the old arrangement of one author to many readers, on the ground, first, that it is old ; and second, that it is a monopoly, and a kind of centralization ; while that of each to be his own writer, is both new and progressive.

Hitherto, he will cry, a company of pedantic wiseacres—friends and followers of Prince Past—have busied themselves in checking the freedom of ideas, and keeping up old abuses. Under this new arrangement, on the other hand, every man, in the strictest privacy, may cultivate his own talent.

And as the world has hitherto for some time been governed by print, it is consistent with self-government that each man should in that manner control himself. He even advises that they be lenient with themselves, and not govern themselves with too great harshness, by this new organ ; for, says he, that is the best government which governs least.

Under the pressure of approaching cala-

mity, we have resorted, we humbly assure your Highness, to that last consolation of the afflicted, the sympathy of each other. Against the independent authors who are read and admired only by themselves, we, a strong portion, are united in this : that we are read and admired by each other. We are become a free-masonry, in which every man stands up through thick and thin for his brother. That it avails us little, we are not without a consciousness ; we submit to your Highness, that the force of a cannon-shot is not augmented by its echoes, though there be dignity and comfort in the sound.

Laying at the feet of your generosity the foregoing, it is our humble prayer and petition, that no sooner you are come to majority and to your government, it will please you to order diligent search, by competent and courageous antiquaries, to be made for the works of this age. These will not refrain even from opening the bowels of the earth, dishuming fragments of our "authors of the present day."

The rapid progress of the world renders it, indeed, impossible to offer any thing worth the perusal of your Highness, the succeeding age being about to surpass and quite extinguish the present. But the remains of us that may be turned up by the diligence of antiquaries from the mud of rivers and sewers, the linings of trunks, and the recesses of garrets, will testify that there were authors in those days, a few of whom wrote English correctly ; who were not all, at all times, the driveling hacks of scoundrels and demagogues. A few names may escape ; these to record, sole witnesses of a modern dark age, by the side of mysterious Sansoniathon and Berosus, will be the mystic enjoyment of your Highness' antiquaries, in that happy time when Prince Progress shall have "sown his wild oats"—if we may be allowed the expression in so august a presence—and settled himself, like a good lord, on the noble domains of his venerable father Time, and his august mother the Earth. Then shall the movement of society be no longer a forced march, that leaves every thing solid in the ditches.

Such is the humble prayer of your petitioner and remonstrant, from my garret in — street, in the good city of New-York.

P. Y.

GALLIA CAPTA.

THE nation vexed by more than ancient pains,
In strange submission wastes the fruitless year ;
Her city walls are red with shameful stains,
And men are dumb with fear.

Her long-descended standards, late so proud,
And flaunted gayly out before the world,
Are drooped beneath a black, impervious shroud,
In dust and darkness furled.

The name whose mention sent a sudden shock
Of leaping terror to the farthest lands,
Sublimely potent on the Baltic rock—
Amid the Libyan sands—

Obscures its glories ; he who bears it now,
At once the shame and strength of all his race,
Has girt a purchased crown about his brow,
And wears a two-fold face—

A new-born Janus, armed with horrid frown,
With threats whose consummation follows fast,
With cunning words that keep the people down,
And cheat them to the last ;

Submissive turning to the northern god,
At whose command he plays his coward part ;
With smiling face attentive to the nod
That nerves his fearful heart.

The world is waiting. Justice hides her beam,
And plants her sword within the sluggish ground ;
And human fancies in divided stream
Emit a dubious sound.

Perhaps a passing mist obscures the light
Of that clear star that on the nations burned ;
Perhaps the thick-hung clouds that brought the night
Will soon be backward turned.

Or gloomier terrors may enshroud the land,
From mightier hands the wrathful vials flow,
Till in the silent dark the people stand
Engulfed in hopeless wo.

REINHOLD.

NICARAGUA AND THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL.*

THE Emperor Charles, (says Mr. Squier,) in a letter to the adventurer Cortez, enjoins upon him to search carefully for "the secret of the strait," the shorter passage to the East Indies. In his reply to the letter of the Emperor, Cortez declares that "the discovery would make the King of Spain master of so many kingdoms, he might consider himself lord of the world." Since it became known that the two continents are connected, the grand problem of commerce has been to open a communication by which ships may be transported, with all their merchandize, from one ocean to the other.

1. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in Southern Mexico ;
2. The way by the San Juan and Lake Nicaragua ;
3. The Isthmus of Panama ;
4. The Isthmus of Darien ;
5. The Isthmus between the rivers Choro and Atrato ;

have all been indicated, for the construction either of an interoceanic ship-canal, or of a railroad large enough for the transportation of vessels ; but it is only within the past few years that any systematic efforts have been made toward the construction of either.

In the new work of Mr. E. G. Squier, late Chargé of our government to the state of Nicaragua, we find a very full account of the projects that have been entertained for the construction of an interoceanic ship-canal by the way of the river San Juan, and the lake of Nicaragua in Central America.

This account is, to our view, the most important and the best executed portion of Mr. Squier's work. Very meagre and unconstructive paragraphs upon Nicaragua in the daily papers, sufficiently numerous, but almost useless from want of connection, have excited, but not satisfied the public mind in this country. Violent denunciations of Great Britain and the Nicaragua Canal Company have been numerous and of little effect ; their number and vehemence serving to de-

feat the ends for which they were published. In this account of Nicaragua and the canal project, we have, on the contrary, a complete and well-digested history.

"Nicaragua, its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the proposed Interoceanic Canal, with numerous Original Maps and Illustrations," is the title of the two octavo volumes before us. An introductory chapter on the geography, climate, productions, &c., of Nicaragua, is followed by a personal narrative of the author's travels in that country, excellently written, and presenting clear, vivid, and humorous pictures of the manners and usages of the simple and somewhat antiquated Spanish race of Nicaragua.

The picturesque descriptions in these volumes of scenery, costume, religious ceremonies and festivals, and the more striking adventures of the voyage, are written with remarkable force and talent ; our author, although rather a man of business and research than a *littérateur*, shows, in every thing he touches, that versatility of perception and quick understanding which marks the educated American, improved by travel and acquaintance with the world.

A description of the aborigines of Nicaragua, the monuments and relics of art, and a history of the political parties and revolutions of its civilized inhabitants, carry out the intention of the author, and give the work a completeness which leaves it almost without a rival in its kind. There are probably no two volumes of equal contents in our tongue, containing as complete, as interesting, and as well-arranged a description and history of any civilized country.

The people of America, taken together, may be considered as a business community, bent solely upon useful ends, and interested in no projects but those which promise advantage to the community. An American considers his own advantage and that of the nation as one and the same. He is not so far immersed in his own private affairs as to

* Nicaragua: its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the proposed Interoceanic Canal. By E. G. Squier, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republic of Central America. In 2 vols. Pp. 876. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

have no consideration for those of his neighbors. In a word, he is liberal, and, what is more, adventurous. His imagination is expansive, his calculation by millions, his estimate of space by seas and continents. His mine is California; his tea-garden, China; his trade, the world's commerce; his customer, the want of all nations. He views all sides of the globe at once, and encircles it with his ships.

Hearing England boast largely of her commerce, he orders a census of his own to be taken, and finds himself much wealthier than Great Britain in that respect. He finds that he has a commerce on the ocean alone, of more than three and a half millions of tons; only half a million less than that of Great Britain; while his internal commerce is eight or ten times greater than the elder brother's. Not satisfied, however, with having, in less than a century, become, from almost nothing, the wealthiest and the most formidable power on the globe, he thinks it just and proper that he should be even richer and more powerful than he is, and that speedily.

He dispatches a young and enterprising agent of his, to make inquiry whether, if a ship could be taken bodily across the continent at some narrow and convenient isthmus, and there slid into the Pacific with her cargo, the eight millions of people who inhabit the nether shores of that ocean might not be thereby added to the number of his customers; he believes that by such an arrangement he might in half a century increase eight millions, perhaps, to eighty, counting all these too among his customers; he thinks it possible even to turn the tide of European emigration, and pour a never-ceasing column of Celts and Saxons along all the shores of the Pacific. To these considerations he adds others more imperative. The two wings of his estate, on the Atlantic and Pacific, are divided by a vast desert. Could he but open a free and cheap communication, a well-defended way between his eastern and western territories, would not the gold of the Pacific be more rapidly, securely, and abundantly exchanged for the fabrics of the West? Would not a facility like this to his favorite city, his young princess of trade, his beautiful and well-attired New-York, soon crown her queen of commerce and empress of gold?

It has often troubled him when he reflect-

ed that his elder brother, not by his enterprise nor by the speed of his ships, but by the chance of position, is at present some seventeen hundred miles nearer than himself to the great markets of Asia, where there are not less than 400,000,000 of persons in need of all that he has to offer them. To follow up this vast advantage, he must now *outsail*, by all that distance, the ships and steamers of England. It is almost too much for him—even for him—to do this; but if his intelligent surveyor and agent reports truly, the way across the Isthmus of Nicaragua will bring him not less than 4,500 miles nearer to Asia than he now is, and the swift ship of New-York, outsailing the slow Englishman, would arrive in China by the way of Nicaragua nearly thirty days sooner. Three thousand miles nearer than his rival, with better ships and a fairer trade, bringing back with him to the shores of the Pacific myriads of sober and industrious workmen from the over-populated cities of China—would it not double his income, make him the sovereign of this lower world?

If these thoughts have passed through the mind of the American, reflections much more serious, and even terrible, afflict the Englishman, when he contemplates the effects of changes that impend, after the completion of the grand Isthmus canal. *Were it completed, he would have but little use for it.*

From England to Canton by the Cape of Good Hope is 15,600 miles.

By the way of the Isthmus canal, it would be for England 200 miles *farther* off.

To Calcutta, 3,900 miles *farther*.

To Singapore, 2,300 miles *farther*.

These differences to be increased by the superior sailing of the clipper-ships of New-York. Already, the trade of the world is taking passage in the ships of the American. As things are now, the Englishman is ten days *in advance* of the American in all the markets of the world; and since Napoleon made the gaining of a battle depend on the advantage of fifteen minutes in taking a position, the American, the Napoleon of trade, will gain this mighty victory with twenty days' advance by his interoceanic canal. Time is now *money*; it must be more, it must be—*empire*. Given equal valor, virtue, wealth, the *first there* will conquer. Given greater virtue, valor, wealth, the first there will annihilate his rival in the race.

Ten thousand miles nearer the Sandwich islands than he is at present; 8,100 nearer to Callao; 5,130 nearer to Valparaiso; the American *must* rule those markets, and *colonize* the regions around them.

"The second commercial city in the Union," pouring out, this year alone, a hundred millions of pure gold, has grown up within three years on the Pacific. *The opening of the interoceanic canal will scatter myriads of Americans over the silver-fields of Central America, and raise perhaps, another San Francisco.* Another California, within a week's sail of New-Orleans!!

America, the land of gold, of silver, of industry, freedom, art! The last long and desperate race for the empire of commerce is at hand. "Let us have no interoceanic canals," cried the East India merchant-king, with a shudder; and accordingly he hastened to establish the "Mosquito Protectorate,"—ostensibly, over certain aboriginal claims; *really*, over the commerce, the wealth, and the empire of Great Britain.

The route by the lake of Nicaragua was early fixed upon by the Spaniards as the best. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Emmanuel Godoy, the "Prince of Peace," directed a survey of the land and watercourses. A second examination was made by Antonio de la Cerda, Governor of Nicaragua after the revolution and independence of the Central American States.

In 1824, Messrs. Barclay & Co., of London, thinking to open new facilities for English commerce (!) made propositions to the government of Nicaragua for opening the canal. In 1825, similar propositions were also made by Colonel Charles Bourke and other citizens of the United States.

At that time, the governments of Central America instructed their minister to bring the project of the canal before the government of the United States, on the ground "that its noble conduct had been a model and a protection to all the Americas," and "entitled it to a preference over all nations." He proposed also to "secure its advantages to the two nations." The American chargé d'affaires was also instructed to gather information, but, as usual, none ever reached the government.

Other propositions followed, and, in June of 1825, the National Congress of Central America passed a decree, affixing certain general conditions to the project, and open-

ing the advantages of the projected canal to all nations.

Several parties, in consequence, renewed their proposals, and new projectors entered the field; among others, Mr. Aaron H. Palmer, of New-York, whose proposition, made through his agent, Mr. Beniski, was accepted by the Central American Republic.

Mr. Palmer's contract was dated June 14, 1826. He and others presented a memorial to Congress, which was supported by De Witt Clinton.

Mr. Palmer endeavored to secure the co-operation of British capitalists, and went to London for that purpose. The enterprise was finally abandoned.

In his famous letter of instructions to our minister commissioned to attend the Congress of Panama, Mr. Clay spoke of the project of an interoceanic canal in terms of high commendation, but the country was not ripe for it.

Again, in 1828, '29, and '30, it was agitated by the Netherlands, under the special patronage of the King of Holland. A form of contract was agreed upon by the two countries, when the revolution in Belgium put an end to the negotiations. In December, 1830, Mr. Henry Savage writes to Mr. Van Buren from Guatemala, that now "all parties look to the United States" as the only power able or likely to undertake the project.

Accordingly, in 1835, a resolution passed the Senate of the United States, requesting the President to "consider the expediency," &c., and to open negotiations. A special agent was appointed by General Jackson, who, however, did not reach Nicaragua, and died soon after his return. This gentleman, Mr. Charles Biddles, went first to Panama, and reported against the practicability of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

In 1837, General Morazon interested himself in the work in Central America, hoping to raise a loan in Europe for its accomplishment. His design was defeated by revolution.

In 1838, an effort was made by the two states of Nicaragua and Honduras to have the work executed under French patronage.

In the same year, another effort was made by Mr. Soulé and others, in the United States.

A petition was also sent to Congress from Philadelphia, and favorably reported on.

In 1844, a Belgian company was organized and entered into negotiations, but, as usual, nothing was accomplished.

In 1846, Señor Marcoleta entered into negotiations with Louis Napoleon, then a prisoner at Ham, for the completion of the work. The work was to have been called the "Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua." A pamphlet bearing the initials of Louis Napoleon was published on the subject, and there, as usual, the matter ended.

A new epoch in the history of the interoceanic canal project begins in January, 1848. To this epoch, and to the events which followed it, we request the serious attention of our readers, as they have come, at length, to be of the utmost importance to the political and commercial world.

The prospect of the acquisition of California by the United States, creating a serious necessity for an unobstructed and rapid communication between the Eastern and Western shores of the continent, again directed the attention of commercial nations to this project, and a *British* company again entered into negotiations, and were allowed certain privileges, of which, as in other instances, they made no use. The negotiations in this instance were set on foot by Mr. William Wheelwright, projector of the British line of steamers on the western coast of South America. These propositions were followed by others, from a company in New-York.

The failure of the few and feeble efforts on the part of Americans to interest their own government in support of an interoceanic canal, it is unnecessary to explain to those of our readers who are conversant with the politics of the United States, and the *forces* that have to be applied to secure the aid and favor of the general government. Those persons who opposed the annexation of Texas, and dreaded the augmentation of our territory upon speculation, or, as they were then styled, upon constitutional grounds, would render neither practical nor legislative aid to a project which involves the speedy colonization and annexation of Central America to the United States; regarding all such projects with disfavor, as laying new grounds of quarrel between the North and South. Annexationists, on the other hand, were entirely occupied with the expected conquest of Mexico. At present the good sense of the nation has adopted a middle

line between these two factions, at that time so vindictive; and while we no longer fear for the stability of the Union because of the growth of States and population, we have renounced, on the other hand, the doctrine of conquest, as a tenet incompatible with free institutions. We glory in the *legitimate* growth of the republic, and are ready to annex as many States as may be colonized by our citizens and seek a peaceful and mutually advantageous union with ourselves. Entertaining no longer the wild and wicked project of overrunning and appropriating, by force of arms, the territories of our neighbors, we desire only to see them colonized and improved, with the free consent of their inhabitants, by our industrious and enterprising citizens. All parties are consequently ripe for the project of an interoceanic canal; and whatever administration may come into power, we shall wish them God-speed in their efforts to forward it, and regret and condemn their inattention and neglect, if they overlook it.

A cause of failure on the part of the American projectors, more important perhaps than those that have been mentioned, was the very general belief that this great work would be at length completed by the enterprise of some one of the governments of Europe, especially, perhaps, by that of Great Britain. The attention of the public had been wearied at the same time by a long series of idle negotiations with the Central American powers, ending all alike in confusion and disappointment. It was believed that the work itself would prove advantageous to any European power that might attempt it, but that, after all was done, the principal advantage would accrue to the merchants of the United States; who would thus have a work of vast magnitude and profit made to their hands, and for their own especial benefit, without their risk. While the government of the United States entertained this view of the enterprise, or deemed it a matter of common interest to Great Britain as well as to themselves, it was impossible to secure their active coöperation.

We return now to our "epoch," mentioned above, in the history of the canal project, and shall proceed to show that, at the period named, (1848,) the entire political and commercial bearing of the project either underwent a change, or, if we so choose to phrase

it, dropped its mask, and came before the world with its natural and proper aspect.

In January, 1848, the government of Great Britain, anticipating the large increase of our territory upon the termination of the Mexican war, *instead of opening negotiations* with Nicaragua for the regular completion of the interoceanic canal, took formal possession of San Juan, its terminus on the Atlantic side, in the name of an Indian chief, and from that moment has gradually occupied and defended the entire line of coast between the Isthmus of Panama and the bay of Honduras, until it now claims a third part of Central America, *its new dominions extending inland, with a movable boundary, by stages, year after year.*

Had the active and intelligent agents of Great Britain employed the money and the influence of their government in negotiations and surveys for the interoceanic canal; had the managers of the commerce of the East Indies interested themselves in the work, while, at the same time, they were possessing themselves of every important point upon the coast, or connected with the proposed route; there would then have been evidence of an intention on the part of Great Britain to open the canal, and secure its advantages to herself. We might indeed have gathered from such proceedings a poor opinion of her wisdom and foresight, knowing that, when she had completed the work, she could make no use of it. But to rest upon the folly or want of foresight of such a nation as the English, in an affair of mere calculation, would argue in ourselves a very gross conceit. The seizure of five hundred miles of coast, and of several important military positions on both sides the continent; of the central island of Tigre, in the bay of Fonseca, (the western terminus of the proposed canal,) of that of Roatau, an island admirably situated for naval purposes, on the way between New-York and San Juan, (the eastern terminus;) the employment of steamships on both sides of the continent, for the defense of these acquisitions; the mission of the very able and accomplished Sir Henry Bulwer, employed chiefly in defense and justification to our own government of the Mosquito protectorate over the eastern terminus of the proposed canal; the assertions of the British government to our minister, that it would hold the protectorate conditionally, or while it seemed

necessary; these extensive and well-sustained operations, employing the naval armaments and the best diplomatic talent of England, in Central America and the United States; a diplomacy, in itself a history, and intimately connected with all the revolutions in Central America during the last four years, cannot be regarded as 'a mere chance-medley,' or laid to the folly of an ambitious Premier, who wished merely to have the credit of extending Her Majesty's dominions in the West.

It has been repeatedly asked, with all the emphasis of wonder, why so many European projects for an interoceanic canal, negotiated and favorably concluded, have failed of success? These projects failed regularly, one after another, for *want of capital*, and for no other discoverable reason. The skilful merchants of Belgium, of France, of Holland, and of England, were not ready to embark in an enterprise of which others were to reap the fruit. To have expended many millions sterling on a ship-canal for the vessels of the United States, might be a notable project for the people or government of America, but by no means for those of Europe or of Great Britain; especially, when it came to be considered that these vessels were to be employed in conveying the precious metals and manufactures of the United States to Asia, in rivalry with those of France, of Belgium, and of England. Enthusiastic individuals might busy themselves in such a project, but companies of wary merchants would not. Profits of toll would be a small temptation, and those, too, remote and uncertain.

It may safely be predicted that no European government will in future accord substantial aid to this American project; we may henceforth expect from them the greatest encouragement *in words* for this project, and the most determined opposition in conduct and in influence.

But if the merchants of Great Britain were in no danger from the rivalry of the United States in the markets of Asia, the interoceanic canal would not engage their attention or their capital for the furtherance of Asiatic trade; nor would the outlay of its cost be justified by tolls from the trade of the Western Pacific with Great Britain. The voyage to Asia would be considerably lengthened and retarded by the way of the canal. We are consequently

sure that the merchants of England will not interest themselves in the work. At a much less cost, they are already contemplating the excavation of a canal to connect the river Nile in Egypt with the Red Sea; a work in former days undertaken by the Pharaohs, and which would save them the present immense journey about the continent of Africa. By a ship-canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, London would be within a few days' sail of Bombay, and as near to Canton as New-Orleans would be by the proposed interoceanic canal. The canal of Egypt is the work of Europe; that of Nicaragua is the work of America.

Moreover, until the canal of Egypt shall have been completed, not only indifference to the Nicaragua route, but a powerful opposition to it, in American hands, must be maintained by Great Britain.

"The object of Great Britain," writes Mr. Buchanan, in a letter to Mr. Hise, at that time our chargé to Central America, "is evident from the policy she has uniformly pursued throughout her history, of seizing upon every valuable commercial point in the world." "Her purpose, probably, is to control the route between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans." Our Secretary of State, at that time, understood the policy to be to *control*, but not to close up and obstruct the route. That he was in error, what has been said, and the sequel, will be a proof.

Mr. Hise confined himself to a denial of the protectorate. He had no very definite instructions. On the 4th of April, 1849, Mr. Manning, British Vice-Consul at Nicaragua, wrote to Lord Palmerston as follows: "My opinion is . . . that this country will be overrun by American adventurers, and consequently bring on Her Majesty's government disagreeable communications with that of the United States, which possibly might be avoided by an immediate negotiation with Mr. Castillon for a *protectorate* and transit *favorable* to British interests." "The welfare of my country, and the desire of its *obtaining the control of so desirable a spot in the commercial world*, and free it from the competition of so adventurous a race as the North Americans, induces me, &c." Here is the *line of policy* indicated which has since been pursued with such great activity, and we might add with such talent and audacity, by the government of Great Britain.

Mr. Hise became immediately aware of the intentions of Great Britain, and entered into negotiations with a commissioner of Nicaragua, to secure for his own country a perpetual right of way across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, with the privilege of erecting forts for the defense of its extremities, and of constructing a railroad or a canal, with other large and liberal rights, to be secured to our citizens by the state of Nicaragua.

The election of General Taylor to the Presidency produced a change in the foreign ministers of the United States, and Mr. Squier was appointed in the place of Mr. Hise. No radical change, however, was attempted in the policy of Mr. Hise, which was regarded by General Taylor and Mr. Clayton as, in the main, just and patriotic. Mr. Squier was directed to pursue the work so well begun by his predecessor, with certain modifications. He was directed by our government to represent the work as one of *common interest to all nations*; for the conviction had not yet arisen that the real purpose of Great Britain was not to secure its advantages to herself, but to crush it altogether.

The policy of Mr. Hise having undergone this modification at the hands of Mr. Clayton, then our Secretary of State, from motives purely philanthropical, and calculated, as was then supposed, to give it favor in the eyes of the Nicaraguans; the difficulty of negotiation was greatly increased, Great Britain being thus allowed to consider herself as equally interested in the work, and upon the same footing in regard to it as the United States. Had the policy of Mr. Hise been adhered to, and followed out upon "strict business principles," setting all "world-wide" and "philanthropic" considerations aside, the agents of Great Britain would probably have lost the little influence they possessed, and the people of Nicaragua and the United States have been now drawn closely together by the bonds of interest and friendship. The letters of the Nicaraguan government to the authorities of the United States were indeed taken up and answered in a most friendly spirit by General Taylor's administration, but the necessary *exclusiveness*, so much desired by the people of Nicaragua, was not adhered to. We, the people of the United States, seeking for our merchants the commerce of Asia, and wishing to establish a well-pro-

tected public way for *our own* citizens between the Atlantic and Pacific, were to make a canal or a railroad "for the use of all nations," in which our great commercial rival was to have as large an interest and benefit as ourselves! "Our object," says Mr. Clayton, in his letter of instructions to Mr. Squier, "in giving a solemn pledge of protection" for the work, is "not to acquire for ourselves any exclusive or partial advantages over other nations," &c. Of course, neither the people, the capital, nor the government of the United States can ever be moved by motives so *very* philanthropical, and of so little practical value. The business of our government is clearly not philanthropical, except so far as the interests, *i. e.*, the commerce and predominance of the American people may be *incidentally* advantageous to the world at large, and to our commercial rivals.

On arriving at Nicaragua, Mr. Squier found an agent of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, engaged in negotiating a charter for the construction of an interoceanic canal. Having authority from his government to guarantee any such charter, he became immediately interested in its success, and on the 27th of August, 1849, it was signed.

This charter embraced all the necessary points for the construction and maintenance of the work. It provided for a ship-canal, to admit vessels of the largest size.

The preliminary surveys to be commenced within twelve months; the work to be completed in twelve years.

The Company to pay the State \$10,000, upon the ratification of the contract.

They were to have an *exclusive right* to navigate the interior waters of the State.

The canal to be open to all nations, subject to uniform rates of toll.

The contract to be held *inalienably* by the *individuals* composing the Company, a provision of which Mr. Squier claims the merit, and which removed the whole from the possibility of stock-gambling.

Mr. Squier also procured the insertion of an article which placed all nations "who should enter into the same treaty stipulations with Nicaragua" as those offered by the United States, upon an equal footing with that power, in regard to the proposed work. Great Britain was consequently excluded, her violent occupation of San Juan

de Nicaragua being in violation of the rights of that state.

The same gentleman concluded a treaty of commerce and friendship with Nicaragua, on our part, upon the ratification of which depended also the validity of the canal contract. This treaty was approved by General Taylor, and transmitted to the Senate, but the Slavery agitation prevented immediate attention to it.

The death of General Taylor produced a change, unfavorable to the ratification of the treaty. Sir Henry Bulwer, the active and intelligent envoy of Great Britain at Washington, in repeated communications to our government, cast an air of ridicule upon all serious negotiations with so feeble a state as that of Nicaragua, while at the same time he upheld the eminently ridiculous pretensions of the Mosquito protectorate. Our own government was led finally to conclude a treaty with Great Britain, well known as the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, in which both nations agreed to abstain from all such acts as might impede the construction of the canal. Mr. Clayton, in a dispatch dated May 7th, 1850, writes, that he has concluded a treaty, "the object of which is to secure the protection of the British government to the Nicaraguan Canal." The leading provision of this treaty was, that *neither* nation should occupy or fortify points upon the coast of Nicaragua, (or in any other way aggress,) *to the detriment of the great project.*"

Sir Henry Bulwer very justly argued, of this treaty, that it was concluded in behalf of the canal, and not for any general purpose of excluding England from the North American continent; and notwithstanding all that has been said in regard to supposed British violations of this treaty, it cannot be applied to her aggressions, unless they can be shown at the same time to be an impediment to the work in question.

It is clear, from the language of Mr. Clayton in the dispatch above quoted, that he did not suspect the real designs of Great Britain as an enemy to the work, but understood only that she was resolved that it should not be an American monopoly.

In either view, we regard the policy of Mr. Clayton as exceptionable. For,

1st. We conceive it to be the *eminent* duty of a government to procure advantages *first* for its own people, and for those

of another country only where they are not a direct and dangerous rival.

2d. The Bulwer and Clayton treaty was not needed to secure the "*protection*" of Great Britain, she being the only power *against* whom there was need of protection.

3. There was no fear that the government of the United States would *impede* the construction of a canal, as it was already deeply interested in its completion. To include itself in a treaty of mutual refrainment was, therefore, an *inadvertency* on the part of our government.

4. If England was understood to have occupied Central America temporarily, and as an obstacle to the canal, the treaty should have provided for her *unconditional* withdrawal.

5. If for any other purpose, the occupation was itself a violation of right, which rendered all treaty worthless in the premises.

6. If the treaty allowed the occupation as a hostage to Great Britain, for her equal right in the canal, it was an infringement upon the rights of Nicaragua; that country being alone qualified to give such a hostage.

7. The treaty nullified itself by *tacitly* admitting the right of occupation, except as it impeded the completion of the canal.

Consequently, we cannot found a controversy with England upon the merits of the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, which seems thus far to have answered excellently the purpose of the talented Englishman who procured its ratification.

Great Britain continues to "occupy, fortify," &c., the coasts of Central America, but not in violation of the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, since her occupation cannot be esteemed an impediment to a work not yet so much as surveyed or estimated. "We have agreed," says Sir H. Bulwer, in a letter to Mr. Webster upon this topic, "not to use this protectorate for the obstruction of the canal—nothing more."

Would it not be a highly undignified proceeding for the government of the United States to waste time in a controversy about the meaning of a treaty? If they are simply resolved to carry out the enterprise of the canal, let them proceed with it; and if the protectorate is found to be an obstacle, let them move it out of the way. If it is necessary to appeal to any treaty, they can then refer to Mr. Clayton's, and proceed. If we may venture a prediction,

however, the canal will be obstructed in every imaginable way by Great Britain, who will use her protectorate in such a way as to stop all progress, not only by "occupying and fortifying," but by every means in her power.

The determination of Great Britain to retain her position on the highway of the United States, is expressed in a letter of the British representative to the government of Nicaragua, August, 1850. "Instead of insisting on its supposed rights to the Mosquito shore"—a space now including an entire third of Central America—"Nicaragua would best consult her interests by making good terms with England; for resistance to this matter will be of no avail." "The letter of Viscount Palmerston, of the 15th of April last, declares, in the most clear and direct terms, the utter impossibility of acceding to the pretensions of Nicaragua." "On the other hand, the treaty of Messrs. Clayton and Bulwer expressly recognizes the Mosquito kingdom, and sets aside the rights which you pretend Nicaragua has on that coast." He then advises that the canal project be opened anew in London, (!) as it is "only in London the necessary capital for such an enterprise can be found." In another letter, 5th December, 1850, he moves the boundary of Mosquito inland, so as to include, as above stated, an entire third of Central America; and this without pretending to consult with the powers whose boundary is thus adjusted for them in the true imperial style.*

It is not our purpose to give a history or even a sketch of these usurpations of England over the soil of Central America. Every means has been already taken to inform our government and the people of the United States on that point. The position of the Whigs has been such as to render it

* "The undersigned, Her Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in Central America, with this view, has the honor to declare to the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Supreme Government of Nicaragua, that the general boundary line of the Mosquito territory begins at the northern extremity of the boundary line between the district of Tegueigalpa, in Honduras, and the jurisdiction of New-Segovia; and after following the northern frontiers of New-Segovia, it runs along the southeastern limit of the district of Matagalpa and Chontales, and thence in an eastern course, until it reaches the Machua Rapids, on the river San Juan."

impossible for them to secure the coöperation of an adequate majority in Congress for the support of measures necessary to put a stop to these usurpations.

The interests of Great Britain have consequently triumphed over those of the United States in Central America, as well as at home. The faction of free trade will not call England to account, even if she were to seize upon Mexico itself. The restoration of the friends of Lord Palmerston to power, and perhaps the elevation of his lordship to the Premiership of the British empire, will insure the continuance of the policy, and sustain the opposition to and obstruction of the canal. The present furious outcry of the so-called Democratic, but really "English" party of free trade, will doubtless compel their leaders, in case they ascend to power during the present year, to advise his lordship that the protectorate must be given up; but the slavery of free trade will at length silence all opposition, and England will retain her conquests, and continue to exact toll from Americans passing through Nicaragua, and effectually crush the project of an interoceanic canal. In case the Whigs ascend to power, we hope for better things, as to them a quarrel with England is deprecated only as they would prefer an amicable to a forcible settlement of the controversy.

In our January number, we have declared explicitly the opinion, that the American policy of free trade is the chief reliance of Great Britain for the continuance of the aggressive or Palmerstonian system. The corn and cotton of the United States, converted by English industry into articles of foreign exportation, is forced into every market of the world by the diplomacy and the naval power of Great Britain. If this same corn and cotton was converted by American skill, it would become necessary for the government of the United States to meet England upon equal terms. As things now are, we may dream of interoceanic canals, but England will not suffer us to construct them.

Under the terms of the contract, the charter of the "American, Atlantic, and Pacific Ship Canal Company" is potentially forfeit and annihilated. Those capitalists who engaged in it have not presented evidence of ability to fulfil its conditions. They cannot, consequently, "lay claim to the protection of the two governments, under the terms of the treaty;" nor have they the guaranty of the United States, according to Squier's unrati-

fied treaty of 1849. No mischief has been done, however, by this failure, in consequence of the very judicious provision introduced by Mr. Squier, which made the stock inalienable. In 1850, a corps of engineers began, and have since completed, a very slight survey of the line for this company, with a view, it is supposed, to the opening of a transit road for Americans passing to and from California. A small steamer, called the Director, passed up the San Juan to the lakes; and others, it is said, still smaller, have been sent out for the river. "A road has been cleared from Lake Nicaragua to San Juan del Sud, on the Pacific, and a line of ocean steamers now ply regularly between San Juan and New-York on the Atlantic side, and San Juan del Sud and San Francisco on the Pacific side."

Our author is of opinion that the government of Nicaragua, knowing the great difficulties and obstructions the company have to contend with, may possibly consider the establishment of this transit route by Vanderbilt and Company as at least a substitute for their full engagement, and may consent to a renewal of the contract, supported by the guaranty of the United States. There has been no declaration of forfeiture, nor is it expected. Soon after the difficulties of the summer of 1851 in Nicaragua, a faction of the government established itself at Granada on the lake. The agent of Vanderbilt and Company applied to this faction for a separation in their favor of the exclusive right to the steam navigation of the interior from the other provisions of the contract. The faction of Granada, being in want of many things, it is said, but especially of arms, granted an unconditional monopoly to the Company, against which, the government at Leon, the capital, made a formal protest. In this protest, while they withdraw no favor from the project of the canal, they insist that no modifications shall be introduced in it by any but the regular government in time been of internal peace. If peace has already been restored in Nicaragua, the grant of monopoly has been in all probability withdrawn, leaving the contract for renewal in its original form.

Meanwhile, the service rendered by the company, in the construction of a mere transit road, cannot be too highly estimated. The tide of Californian travel is gradually transferring itself to the route by Nicaragua. The finest portion of Central America, the half-way house between the Eastern and

Western United States, is becoming familiar to our citizens, and a considerable number have already established themselves in the cities of its interior. The mineral wealth of this new California must soon attract thousands of North American adventurers, who will inevitably make it what it ought to be, and already is by nature and situation, a territorial extension of the United States, to become in time a member of the Union.

We have ventured to predict that the commercial policy of England will be sustained by no other but the aggressive, compulsory, or Palmerstonian policy, and that the resignation of his lordship was only a preliminary step to a second advent of himself to power. The humanitarian peace policy of Cobden agrees ill with the necessity he and his friends have imposed upon Great Britain, of *forcing* sales of their manufactures in every market of the world. The navy and diplomacy of England is at the service of her merchants.

In this view, we may rest assured Great Britain will not resign her protectorate in Central America until necessity compels. England buys and seizes military posts, but she does not resign nor sell them. Her present calculation is upon the weakness of our own government, and the influence of the Democratic or free-trade party. Should Nicaragua become an American colony, it cannot even then rely upon the support of a Democratic administration. The Southern free trade party will not move against England, and the Foreign Office of Great Britain has their full confidence upon that point. Nicaragua, already a natural and necessary dependency of the United States, is not likely to become a slave state, and will not consequently excite the kind of interest that was awakened in behalf of Texas.

Are we to have a second "Canadas" at the South, for the convenience of Birmingham and Manchester? The Whigs alone can decide that point.

THE PERMANENCY AND POWER OF WHIG PRINCIPLES.

It is curious to observe how most of our political oracles have been at fault in their prophecies relative to the state of parties for the great conflict of 1852. There are none of our readers who will not recollect the extraordinary amount of vaticination made by politicians during the past year, and the almost unvarying tenor of the whole. That so much prophecy should have been delivered is not singular. In the midst of that agitation by which, during the last twelve months, the most peaceful of our citizens have been distracted, it would have been indeed remarkable if the spirit of augury had not become general, and if the signs of the times had not prompted most observers to predict a forthcoming era of unexampled confusion in our national politics. A long succession of physical storms causes men to despair of fair weather. A year of political disorder has led nine tenths of politicians to despair of unity. Wave has risen upon wave, cloud has succeeded cloud, until he was a bold man who ventured to predict

that the time was near when this tempestuous confusion would cease, and a more harmonious order of things be restored.

Thus, how often, in the year just passed, have our ears been saluted with the intelligence that party lines have been entirely broken up, and that in fact the two great parties of the nation have ceased to exist. How often have we been told that the Democrats have been stifled amid their corruptions, and that the Whigs have gone to the bottom, with the mill-stone of Conservatism about their necks. An innumerable multitude of journals have assured their readers that the only course left for lovers of their country was to rally around the standards of a newer and purer party, about to arise from the ashes of those two antiquated factions, which had so long disturbed the national concord. Another host of newspapers, scarcely less numerous, have been found advocating a disruption of States, as the only practicable method of extricating ourselves from the political entanglements by

which we have been hampered. In the midst of this disorder, the ultra organs of every political offshoot from the two main branches have been noisily and arrogantly busy in extending their influences and disseminating their pernicious doctrines. In the midst of a political chaos, from which it was generally believed that nothing bearing the stamp of the old could extricate itself, it was an easy task for any uprising faction to assert its own claims to attention, and to maintain its right to take the place of what had gone before. Such pretensions we have all seen, and we are thankful that their death has been as sudden as their birth. Their authors have surely cause to be satisfied with the mischief they have done; and any regrets they may feel at their present abasement, ought to be counterbalanced by the reflection that many years will be required to efface the memory of those injuries which the nation owes to their unprincipled ambition.

The decay of factions here and there is the most convincing proof we could wish that the two great parties of the nation have *not* ceased to exist. The extinction of these two parties is an event in whose consummation we have never believed. We have never put faith in those who have seen fit to prophesy it; and in the columns of this journal have uniformly refused to admit the probability of its occurrence. In the month of September last, referring to the action of the Whig Convention of the State of New-York, we used the following words: "Since that time," [the date of the nomination of two distinct committees,] "it has been obvious to all reflecting politicians that the smoke of the conflict has been gradually clearing away, and the landmarks of duty and principle have become more or less distinct to the minds of all but those who are constitutionally incapable of seeing. The steady light of the Constitution—that beacon of all true American statesmen—is again being recognized as the guide through the difficulties that surrounded us."* The result has proved that we were not wrong in this and similar statements. Our anticipations of a time of greater political stability have not been unfounded. And it should be a source of gratification, not less to every Whig than to every well-wisher of

the nation, that those straggling troops of marauders who lately disfigured and darkened our political field have been chased away, that their blatant uproar has been stilled, and that the Whig party have again an opportunity of meeting their ancient enemies in a fair fight. We wish nothing better for ourselves than that this state of things may continue, and we have little fear that it will not. In the merits of our present creed we have full confidence. It is natural for us to believe that the creed of our opponents does not deserve so well of the public as our own. Without asking a solitary voter to take our opinion for authority, we only wish the people to give a fair consideration to what reasons we may urge, from time to time, in our own behalf. Relying, as we do, on the amount of truth we carry with us, it should surely be no common cause of satisfaction to ourselves that we are able to join in fair issue with an opposing party, and extort from them their principles and their reasons, before that great national tribunal to which we are ever willing to make our final appeal.

Let no Whig be persuaded that the principles for which he has all along contended are about to be abandoned by the party during the coming campaign. The destiny of these principles has not yet been completed, and to sacrifice any one of them at the present time, on any pretext, is wilful and suicidal madness. The platform on which we have so long stood is not so infirm that portions of it must be retreated from, nor so disunited that one part can only be occupied at the expense of the other. Nor yet is it so fixed and rigid that it cannot be enlarged or improved, as circumstances shall dictate; for that conservatism which we claim as one of the peculiar distinctions of the Whig party, is inflexible only when our institutions are attacked by the reckless violence of faction, or the short-lived passions of the mob. No one who has watched the course of parties in this country for any length of time, can justly charge either the one or the other with undue conservatism: of all others, it is the last fault into which any political party existing in the United States could fall. The danger lies wholly in another direction. Unless a party be tempered by discretion and honesty, it will foment social disturbances, which it should be the first duty of every

* American Review, September, 1851.

peaceable citizen to quiet. And it is the merit as well as the good fortune of the Whigs, that but a very small portion of our popular excesses, during the past two or three decades, are to be laid to their charge. Upon any thing so obvious as the wisdom of the principle that has led to so happy a result, we need not enlarge. It is sufficient for us to say, that so far as regards the agitation of great popular questions, the course of the Whigs has rarely failed to accord with the sober second-thought of the nation, and that, in this particular, it affords an eminent and gratifying contrast to the practice of their opponents.

None of our readers need to be reminded that a Protective Tariff is one of the most important measures to which the Whig party is pledged, and that it is in no immediate danger of being abandoned. Our enemies throughout the country have committed a great mistake in charging us with a desire to retreat from the grounds we have all along occupied in advocating the protection of American industry. If such a desire has ever arisen in the heart of any Whig—and it could only have been caused by an unthinking depression of spirits at the many years during which we have contended for so important a measure—it cannot fail of being checked by the reflection that every year increases the necessity of such a tariff as we have always advocated, and that the period of its triumph cannot be far distant. When the effects of our profuse national expenditure shall begin to reach the pockets of individuals, we may reasonably expect that its causes will meet with some degree of interested attention. Buying more than we are selling, importing more than we are exporting—when our surplus wealth shall have been exhausted, what will prevent us from suffering the consequences of our spendthrift extravagance? When we have begun to feel the bitterness of national poverty, we shall surely apply for a remedy.

The Hon. Robert J. Walker, in the course of his late tour through the manufacturing districts of England, has been laboring most assiduously to persuade the English nation that the doctrine of protection is, on this side the water, entirely dead. Mr. Walker's speeches have been many and long; the English press has quoted them with approbation, and the Democratic press of this

country has lavished its praises upon them in unmeasured terms; the party of which Mr. Walker is a prominent member appear to be satisfied with his defense of their favorite measure; and we might therefore suppose that his positions are strongly supported, not only by facts, but by the sound deductions of logic.

Not to encumber our pages with quotations, it is enough to say that Mr. Walker proposes to balance our increased imports, and the increased tonnage of our vessels, against the decline of our manufactures, and the deterioration of our soil—a conjunction of misfortunes as ominous as it is inevitable. By showing that we are becoming a nation of buyers and carriers, he introduces his theory, that we are on the high road to unexampled prosperity. Without telling us where or by what way we are to obtain money to pay for that quantity of foreign goods which he assures us it is for our interest to buy, he instances the amount of our purchases, as an evidence of our ability to purchase an indefinitely greater amount, for an indefinite length of time to come. We are buying a great many goods, says Mr. Walker, and we are employing a large force of shipping to transfer them to our ports; we are as yet only moderately in debt for all this, and although we are not selling enough to pay what we owe, our ability to pay will doubtless continue, for surely we cannot go wrong while we buy our goods in the cheapest market. Has it not occurred to Mr. Walker, while uttering his free trade gratulations, and to his admirers while receiving them, that communities, like individuals, are wonderfully addicted to running in debt, and that the nation or the man that overtrades is less a wonder than the nation or the man that does not?

Mr. Walker, like every other enemy of American industry, would like to make us simply a nation of agriculturists. If his theory of free trade holds good at all, it holds good in every particular. If we ought to buy any of our goods in foreign markets, we ought to buy all of them in foreign markets, and manufacture nothing for ourselves. By so doing, we should be producing three great benefits. Firstly, we should benefit ourselves by buying goods cheap; secondly, we should benefit commerce; and thirdly, we should recommend free trade, that "great apostle of civilization," to the universal notice

of the world. Meanwhile, we should rid ourselves of all such encumbrances as manufacturing towns, and of all such aristocratic and anti-republican oppressors as the "mill-lords," and "cotton-princes," against whose machinations we have been so often cautioned. Each one of us might dwell in quiet simplicity upon his own little farm, finding a market for the produce of his acres in his own household, and supplied with every article of wear and consumption excepting food, from the chief bazaars of England. In this enviable situation, the tranquillity of our minds would never have cause to be disturbed by any doubts as to our means of paying for our imported luxuries. The gold of California, passed from its bed in the distant mine, through the port of New-York to the shores of England, becomes by some mysterious means the paymaster of the nation, and relieves us from all apprehensions of public bankruptcy.

Most of our Democratic friends have been in the habit of flattering themselves that we should find a ready market for all our produce in England, so long as we continued to buy her goods. This sort of exchange, although it entails upon us very many heavy charges of transportation, and involves the waste and loss of a noticeable proportion of the produce so exchanged, is the favorite plan of the majority of our Free-traders. England, it is said, can manufacture better and cheaper goods than it is in our power to manufacture, and we can produce a greater amount of grain than can be raised on her soil, besides supplying her with tobacco, cotton, and rice. It is therefore flying in the face of nature, and a violation of the established order of things, when England attempts to raise corn, or when we attempt to manufacture. Let each nation, it is said, confine itself to that branch of industry in which it most excels, and the result must be that both will continually grow richer and richer.

Such, in the briefest words, is the Free-trade argument; and a very beautifully proportioned argument it would be, if it were not based upon the erroneous assumption that England will buy as much of our produce as we may choose to send her, at remunerative prices. England will do no such thing; nor does she intend in any coming year to buy as much from us as she was forced to buy in the one or two years of the

last decade, quoted by the Free-traders as the measure of her prospective purchases. No year passes that does not witness the most strenuous exertions on the part of Great Britain to rid herself of the necessity of buying food from the United States. Her colonies already supply her with sugar. Her demands on the United States for rice are annually decreasing. The East Indies are sending her more and more cotton every year. It is idle to pretend that when the productive resources of her colonies shall have been fairly tried, we can compete with the prices at which their cheap labor and their rich soils, aided by the fostering partiality of the home government, will enable them to sell. When we shall have ceased to sell cotton and rice to England, it may continue to satisfy our Free-traders that our market for cheap tobacco is still open, and that no colonies can interfere with our sales of beef and pork.

Our wheat trade with England is ruinous. The more grain we sell her, the poorer we become. The immense quantities of grain forced upon the English market from the shores of the Baltic and the Black Sea, raised at an insignificant cost of labor and land, and of the most superior quality, reduce prices so low, that no profit can be made upon whatever quantity we may be able to sell. Free trade has thrown the ports of England open to the whole grain-growing world, and the world comes forward with its produce, as if a continent of famine were to be supplied, instead of three small islands, capable at any time of growing enough food for their entire population. Our rich soils have enabled us for a time to sell grain as low as our continental competitors, but we are fast wearing out our soils, and have accumulated no surplus of riches. The land of any nation ought continually to increase in fertility, but that of the United States is worth less than it was twenty or thirty or forty years ago, by many millions of dollars. The Eastern States are now unable to produce wheat, because the materials that enter into the composition of wheat, which once existed in their soil, have been sent abroad and for ever lost. The Atlantic States are in but little better condition. Nor can the unparalleled richness of the West always continue to supply the unremitting demands to which it is subjected, by a growing necessity to sell all that we can

raise into the overstocked market of our creditor.

Could all costs of transportation be obviated, our sales of produce to Great Britain would fail to enrich us, so long as we continued to take our pay in manufactures, and to compete with the agriculturists about the Baltic and the Black Sea, and her own colonists in the East Indies; and could all competition be overridden, the expenses of transportation would effectually consume the profits of our sales, so long as England continued to produce the quantity of grain which she now annually raises. Nothing but the most wilful fatuity encourages us to persevere in a system of trade so unfavorable to our own interests. In all our delusions, Great Britain is only too willing to encourage us, and her patronizing favors will be greater or less, precisely as the market we afford her wares shall increase or diminish. When we shall have become too poor to purchase from her work-shops, she will not be backward in explaining to us the cause of our difficulties.

We had not intended saying as much on the subject of a Protective Tariff as we have already said. Its vital importance to our national prosperity, however, might be sufficient excuse for us in occupying many more pages than we have yet filled, in discussing its relations with every branch of industry, and its intimate connection with that *real* freedom of trade which all sound economists join in advocating. But our present object is simply to assure our readers that the Whig party have no idea of abandoning a measure for which they have contended so long, and without which, our nation is in danger of sinking to the situation of a dependent colony; dependent, because at the mercy of the markets of another country.

The position of the Whigs with reference to other of their leading measures, has already been settled by the various Conventions, called for the purpose of drawing out the sentiment of the party; and by the popular voice, as manifested by all our prominent Whig journals. Upon these various measures it is not now necessary to dwell. Each and all of them will be advocated in due time, as their importance requires. To many of them, that distraction which has been falsely urged against the doctrines of the party, has never, even in appearance, extended. Thus, there are very few who will assert that the Whigs

have ceased to demand from government increasing attention to our rivers and harbors, and to the vigorous prosecution of national internal improvements. We have no fear that the Whigs will lose sight of these and similar measures, in the next campaign.

But the grave charge of immobility, which our opponents are so ready to bring against us, is one that demands some slight share of our attention. The Democratic party, it is well known to our readers, claims to be the only party of progress, and lays upon its political enemies the obnoxious stigma of deliberate and unprofitable stagnation. In its own language, it is the only party that has ever labored to "extend the area of freedom," or to aid struggling republicanism to establish itself against the machinations of its despotic enemies. From reading Democratic journals and from hearing Democratic speeches, one would imagine that the entire Whig party was in league with the worst of monarchs and tyrants against the cause of liberty. Bribery from foreign powers, fear of the monarchical institutions by which we are surrounded, growing affection for despotic authority, and ultimate intentions of converting this republic into something worse than any of the European states; these are among the least of the charges against us, which may at any time be met with in the organs of our political opponents.

The stand taken by the Whig party in opposition to the annexation of Texas, and to the iniquitous war which followed that measure, is quoted by our enemies as the proof of our unwillingness to extend the liberty which we enjoy. Our condemnation, from first to last, of the Cuban invasion; of the principles which its advocates put forward; of the insurrectionary movements, north and south, by which it was accompanied; of the Ryndam meetings in the Park of New-York, and the outrageous violence done to the property of the Spanish Ambassador at New-Orleans, served as an argument, in the hands of our enemies, to array a large class of ignorant minds against us. The Whig party, it was said, uniformly frowned upon the efforts of surrounding nations to assert their freedom. The Whigs had opposed the annexation of Texas, they had opposed the annexation of Cuba, and they would in like manner oppose the annexation of Canada. What was to be looked for

from a party so inimical to the extension of freedom, and so bigotedly attached to the preservation of ancient lines of territory? What hope was there for republicanism with such a party? What security against a lapse into the most rigid and frozen Conservatism? What support, in fine, could such a party expect to receive from the liberty-loving citizens of the United States?

When accusations like these are brought forward, it is criminal for Whigs to remain silent. When the worst passions of the mob are arrayed against us, and when so much depends on our having a fair hearing with all, it is surely time for us to appeal to the justice and to the sense of candid men. We are free to own that our reputation for patriotism has never been staked on the violence of insurrection, nor on the invasion of foreign territory; that we have never sought to enlarge our limits by injustice or fraud; that, as a party, we have always counselled moderation and caution, and that we have uniformly deprecated war, where neither our national honor nor safety were in peril. But it will be no easy matter to prove our hostility to the extension of our free institutions or our territory. The difference between our political opponents and ourselves consists in this: that they are for extension, accompanied with war, and that we are for extension, accompanied by peace.

The annexation of Texas, it was foreseen, could not be accomplished without a war with Mexico. For this reason the Whig party opposed the annexation of that territory, although its value to the United States was not underrated, and although its acquisition at some future time, by more peaceful means, was looked on by the majority of the party as highly desirable. Our readers will recollect the language of Mr. Clay, in a letter written to a political friend during the summer of 1844. His words were as follows: "I have no objections to the annexation of Texas. On the contrary, if it can be effected without *war* and without *expense*, I should be glad to see it." Such was the sentiment of the mass of the Whig party. The grounds of our opposition to annexation consisted in the bloodshed and the expense by which we foresaw it would inevitably be accompanied. No one objected to a peaceful extension of our territory. No one feared any enlargement of the area of freedom, provided such an en-

largement could be made to harmonize with the real interests of liberty. But we had no cause, at that time, to hope for any such concomitants to territorial aggrandizement, and the result justified our worst fears. Congratulating ourselves to the utmost extent on the acquisition of California, and fully realizing the amount of wealth that has flowed thence through our pockets, we cannot but lament the Mexican war, as deeply as amid our indignation at its commencement, and our chagrin at the loss of men and money announced at its close. We cannot but think that any amount of territory would have been dear at such a price. The bargain has proved much more profitable than could have been foreseen. Those who made it, never thought of placing the prime advantage we have thereby gained in the list of benefits to be received. As if to controvert all experience, grapes were produced from thorns, and figs from thistles. But our national good fortune could never again be similarly tempted with such fortunate results. A few more such bargains, and we should be undone.

Within the past year we have witnessed an attempt to "extend republicanism," whose infamous history ought to teach all men a lesson of moderation. The Cuban invasion, planned by a body of unscrupulous annexationists, and committed to the hands of a straggling and undisciplined army, one half of which was composed of dupes, and the other of reckless and knavish adventurers, Spanish and American; led by a man who would have gone down to the next generation as the first coward of his age, had not a public execution afforded him an opportunity of displaying a courage which although not unusual in those who suffer a like fate, never fails to extort our admiration; and ended amid disgrace, defeat, and popular execration; is but an instance of what the defenders of indefinite and indiscriminate annexation would at any time bring about. Is it not true that a daily journal of this city, whose circulation is not surpassed by that of any other sheet in the United States, and which professes to be guided by Democratic and popular opinion, defended the course of Lopez and his companions from first to last, called loudly for war with Spain, when that nation presumed to vindicate her rights, and denounced in unmeasured terms the inefficiency of President

Fillmore and his Cabinet, when the administration refused either to declare war or to countenance any measures set on foot for the violent release of such Americans as had been made prisoners in their illegal expedition? Can we forget the Park meetings; the blusterings of well-known Tammany politicians, men of great mind and power, when processions are to be marched or spirits to be consumed; the inflated appeals of rabid Democratic organs throughout the country; and the denunciations here and there uttered against the friends of law and order? What was there in all this of true Democracy, of statesmanship, of prudence, or even of common sense? When a recklessness like that which displayed itself in the Cuban invasion is arrayed against us, we have no objections to the title of Conservative. If the extension of American republicanism is to be accomplished in no other way than by piracy and deceit, we are willing that our territory should never be enlarged.

But we are mistaken if the Whig party shall ever deny our right to admit, by peaceful means, any neighboring nation into the Union, that shall show itself worthy of such an alliance. The spirit of true republicanism, though greatly scrupulous of violence, is

never exclusive or inhospitable. It requires no prophetic vision to foresee the time when a republicanism like that which we enjoy shall be extended over the entire Western Continent. And no party that stands in the way of such an event can hope to flourish. With like truth it can be said that no party deserves well of the American people that would attempt to bring about, by bloodshed and violence, that consummation which will, in due time, manifest itself without interrupting national faith, or disturbing that peace to which we are indebted for all our present prosperity.

The doctrines of the Whig party are those of equitable and peaceful progress. As such they have always been presented, and such they will continue to remain. Neither by violence nor by stagnation will they ever purpose to succeed; but by a just and steady course, amid every variety of political and social circumstances. When, as a party, we are found untrue to American interests, we shall admit the claims of others to the possession of a purer patriotism. Until then we shall not cease, with all honesty of purpose, to propose for popular acceptance those great measures in defense of which we are now arrayed, and with reference to which we are *not* divided.

EPITAPHS AND EPIGRAMS FROM THE CHOCTAW.

UPON A BLOCKHEAD.

"NATURE abhors a *vacuum*," 'tis said,
Yet Nature gave to Mr. Snooks a *head*.

UPON A BITTER CRITIC.

HERE lies Mr. Tompkins, a venomous elf,
Who *bit* his own tongue, and so *poisoned himself*.

A LUMP FROM THE CALIFORNIA PLACER.

MR. SHELTON'S EXHIBITION—AURIFEROUS QUARTZ—STALACTITE CAVE IN CALAVERAS—
AURIFEROUS CLAY—MARBLE AND GRANITE—COAL—BEARS—CAYOTES AND FOXES—
GIGANTIC VEGETABLES—SOAP PLANT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 31, 1851.

If the reader will step this way, I will take him to the exhibition of Mr. Shelton, and he shall have a better idea of California and its resources than he could obtain by a month's toil in other directions. Let him sit down face to face with some big-headed, bushy-haired, black-bearded mesmerist, who shall look him in the eyes and paw his face, and then let him fall asleep, or fancy himself asleep, and flitting through the air, and landing in the "Verandah" of San Francisco. Now shall the clairvoyant behold California illustrated.

Here are two long tables to begin with, in the centre of the hall, covered with minerals from all parts of the State. This is the auriferous quartz, which has turned men's heads; specimens of all sizes, from a man's head almost to a pin's head. This specimen is labelled "rich." You don't see any gold in it? Your eye is not yet practised, my friend. Behold those shining points sparkling in the flinty nidus: despise not their littleness. As the smallest speck of the virus of small-pox will inoculate the entire man, so can a minute portion of this yellow metal inoculate a nation. Proclaim the discovery of that microscopic atom on the snowy peak of Nevada, and you will call up an army sooner than Pompey by the stamp of his foot. From the little is inferred more. Some one of the crowd may light on a rich strike, and make his fortune in a day.

But here are other and richer specimens. Ah! these are something like. They are real lumps of solid gold, as large as your fist. A single one weighs several pounds, and its value is counted by thousands of dollars. Happy the man who found it! 'Tis a chance if he will ever be so happy again.

You notice all these large specimens are rounded and battered. They were picked

up in the beds of rivers, or in ravines, where for ages they have been worn by watercourses. They are mostly mixed more or less with quartz. It is supposed all the gold found in the country once existed in the quartz veins of the hills and mountains, and that it has been torn from its native bed by floods and torrents, and spread far and wide through the ravines and flats below, and often buried beneath hundreds of feet of earth and sand.

See here! specimens of gold quartz from the summit of the Upper Butte, sixty miles north of Marysville; one of the highest mountains in California. Every day they are finding gold in some new locality. The whole country will be dug up, and cities undermined, by these insatiate gold-hunters. The town of Sonora has shared this fate to some extent. Some fellow discovered gold in the soil, and forthwith the gardens and streets were on the spade. Corn six feet high, and just in tassel; patches of luxuriant cabbages and onions—all disappeared as if swallowed up by an earthquake.

So at Mokelumne Hill. Two negroes opened a hole at the foot of the hill, and just as they reached the gold stratum, they were driven off by men with white faces, who pretended it was their claim. The negroes sought another spot, where no one was working, and there they labored several days, till again they were about reaching the stratum of precious earth. Again they were driven off by the noble race. "Why, master," said the negroes, "Lor bless you, is all the land taken up? Where shall we go?" "Go up on the hill," was the answer. Away they went, and put their spades in the hill, where no one suspected there was a particle of gold. They dug, and dug, and the white men slyly laughed at them as fools. But the sable miners pursued their task without interruption, and, to the astonishment of their perse-

cutors, gathered upwards of fifty thousand dollars in a short time, with which they left this place in the steamer of October 1st. Now, there are thousands of men digging down that hill, and holes have been burrowed into it one hundred and sixty feet in length. Ten thousand dollars have been given for a claim eighteen feet square! At another locality, Murphy's Diggings, a hill has been undermined to the distance of one hundred and seventy feet.

But let us return to the mineral specimens. Here is a collection of stalactites from a limestone cave on the head-waters of the Middle Calaveras, seventy-five miles from Stockton. They are deposited by Dr. Harris, who tells us that the cave is reported to be three miles in extent.

As there were no candles to be had within eight miles, his party used pine-knots, and candles extemporaneously prepared with rags and tallow. They found domes, avenues, chambers of all kinds, and columns and pendants in profusion; in short, all the fanciful and multiform architecture common to subterraneous excavations in limestone strata. Superb crystal springs sent their rippling streamlets across the footway of the explorers. They washed some of the sedimentary earth—*of course* they did—and they found gold, of course, not in large quantities, but in decided traces. Who knows but this cave will occupy a more conspicuous place in history than those of Virginia or Kentucky, or even the grotto of Antiparos? Imagine twenty thousand hungry gold-hunters groping in its dark and deep recesses! Put a few *big lumps* in the newspapers, and so it will be.

See what endless varieties the quartz assumes in different localities. Some of it is perfectly white and pure, with flakes of precious metal and pyrites variously interspersed, the pyrites beautiful as the gold, though composed of iron and sulphur. Here is a homely, rusty mass, cellular and spongy in its texture, and entirely destitute of beauty. But you observe the little cells partly filled with fine gold, which pours out as you turn it. This stone was once pure and white, but it contained much iron, which was decomposed by the action of air and moisture, leaving the cellular structure.

Here, again, is auriferous clay, the quartz completely disintegrated, and forming an iron

ore, or yellow ochre. The gold is obtained from this ore by washing.

Ah! that is truly a splendid specimen—the most so in the whole collection. How chaste and polished are those prismatic crystals, grouped together in the solid mass! But all is not gold that glitters. It is but pyrites after all, from the northern Yuba.

What is this? A cannon-ball, made of stone. Is it the work of art? Or by what freak of nature was the stone worked into a perfect sphere? Read its history. It was found on Bear river, in a hole in the silicious slate forming the river bed, and worn in this form by the attrition with the rock, kept up by a whirlpool. The hole was two feet deep, and eight inches in diameter. But the best is yet to be told. Twenty-one pounds of gold, in fine powder, were taken from the hole! You don't believe it? Here stands one of the party that found it. He is an intelligent miner, and declares positively it is so. And he has no apparent motive for deception. The ball weighs about two pounds, and is a hard sandstone. It is a mathematical globe.

There are several specimens of silver ore, from various localities. As yet, however, no silver mines of much value have been discovered. Cinnabar, the ore of quicksilver, is found in great abundance near San José, and several thousand dollars' worth of the metal is obtained every day. You perceive it is a red stone, and heavier than lead. The quicksilver is procured by the application of heat, which separates it from the sulphur with which it is combined, and drives it off in the form of vapor, when it is readily condensed. This specimen of the ore is from Klamath county, three hundred miles north of the San José mines. There are other localities in the State, which add greatly to its mineral resources.

Here is a piece of marble, pure and white, from near Santa Cruz. Very good marble is found in a number of localities. Limestone veins intersect the rocky hills in the neighborhood of San Francisco, and the stone is burnt for building purposes.

Here is a block of fine granite, resembling the Quincy granite. It is also from near Santa Cruz. There are many excellent building-stones in the State, but, owing to the high price of labor, they are not yet extensively quarried. Much of the stone used here is brought from China. Who

would have thought, in our schoolboy days, of China supplying the United States with granite?

Coal too—genuine cannel coal this, from the vicinity of Benicia. It burns like pitch. The deposit is not extensive, and cannot be worked profitably at this time. It does not appear that our State can supply any great quantities of this invaluable mineral. Oregon, however, has extensive coal-mines.

Here are fine specimens of petrified wood, in the form of agate. California is a petrifying country, and manufactures stone rapidly from wood. In the boiling spring region, at the head of Napa Valley, this process is carried on with wonderful celerity. Not far beneath the surface, a vast furnace is in operation, as appears from the out-pouring of hot water and steam from numerous spiracles. We have other warm springs in the State, and the evidences of igneous action are extensively diffused.

The geology of California is very interesting, though but partially understood. Fossil organic remains are very common. You see these vegetable impressions—fern leaves—in old red sandstone. Fossilized animals are found in great abundance in many localities, apparently in primitive regions. At Mokelumne Hill, a bed of chalk exists.

Here is a beautiful collection of shells and corals from the Sandwich Islands. Bows and arrows and war-clubs from the islands of the South Sea are strewed about the walls and ceiling in great profusion. China also furnishes garments of bird-skins, and other curious articles. This model of a canoe made by the Humboldt Indians is nearly an exact model of the Challenge and other clipper-ships.

Now let us peep at the illustrations of the animal kingdom. This stuffed monster is a Polar bear, with the little taper head and huge gaunt body of that animal. Mounted on his back is a living cayote, whose lower jaw projects two inches before the upper. It is a natural deformity. He is a surly animal, but cannot bite, though he seems to have the will to do so. Here are two silver-gray foxes, beautiful, docile, and playful. This is the head of a monstrous grizzly bear, with a stick at its side, showing what the animal can do with his teeth, in gnawing off trees to obtain the nuts. That monkey-looking creature, perched on the head, is a young grizzly, not larger than a

well-grown kitten. Down stairs are several large and living bears of the same species. The animal is common throughout the State, and though not scrupulous when hungry in regard to stealing pigs or sheep, it seldom commits serious depredations, and very rarely attacks a man unless provoked.

A flying-fish is this? No, surely, for it belongs to another family. It is a Saurian reptile, a genuine flying-dragon a foot in length. And here is a living specimen of the horned toad—no toad either, but a lizard. A living armadillo, too, from the Sandwich Islands.

What gigantic vegetables! You can't believe what Mr. Williams tells you in his address? Well, suppose he is mistaken, there can be no mistake in what you see round you. Look at these cabbages, a dozen in number, averaging forty-five pounds each, and this pile of onions, each weighing from one to two pounds and a quarter. That beet from San José, weighing forty-seven pounds, you see; and these, eight pounds each, grown in San Francisco. Some pumpkins of one hundred pounds each are before you. And look at those potatoes! There's a whopper—put him in the scale—just three pounds! There can be no mistake in that, whether it be true or not true that a dozen men at Stockton feasted on one potato and ate but the half of it.

Not good, those overgrown vegetables? My dear friend, that's all you know about it. The beets are sometimes tough and stringy, but with this exception, all those gigantic productions are of the first quality. It is worthy of remark that the large potatoes are never hollow and defective at the core. I say *never*, because I have neither seen nor heard of a single exception. And the onions are remarkably mild; you can eat them raw without burning your mouth. On the coast of the Pacific, from Chili to Oregon, the onion grows most luxuriantly, and far superior in mildness to the onions of the Atlantic States. Some ascribe the difference to the Spanish seed, but the climate and soil furnish a better explanation. So with the tomato. It is not so acid, nor so full of juice and seeds, but more pulpy and solid.

That stalk of oats measures eleven and a half feet, yourself being judge, and it has lost the top. And there is a stalk of timothy ten feet high. You see this barley in the

grain, said to weigh sixty-six pounds to the bushel. It is a Russian variety, and the grain is of extraordinary magnitude.

The soap plant is a singular production. The root is bulbous, and as large as a goose egg, and the leaf is long like that of the lily. Rub a fragment of the root between your thumb and finger. What a perfect lather! It grows in damp places, and on the margin of lakes and ponds, and is much used as a substitute for soap. When the top dies and withers, it forms a tolerable shaving-brush, with the root for a handle!

Having said thus much of the articles exhibited by Mr. Shelton, I will refer the

reader to the address of Mr. Williams for further information on the resources of California. It is possible that some of his statements, not made on his own authority, will bear a small reduction. But that they are in the main literally correct, there can be no reasonable doubt. One year ago, men were just beginning to believe that California might possibly, in the course of time, raise her own vegetables and breadstuffs. With the exception of the vast and unbroken agricultural region in the Mississippi valley, there is probably no tract of country within the limits of the Union, capable of raising an equal amount and variety of agricultural produce. SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

FRANCE.—A decree has been issued, confiscating the estates of the Orleans family. The extreme severity of this measure has caused the resignation of two of Louis Napoleon's ministers, MM. de Morney and Fould. Their place has been filled by Persigny and Abbaticcia. M. Dupin, the Procureur-General to the Court of Cassation, has likewise resigned in consequence of this decree, "which," he says, "violates, in its essence, the very principle of property." The King of the Belgians, as the husband of the daughter of Louis Philippe, has protested against the decree, and it is thought that similar protests will be made by Spain, Naples, the Brazils, and Saxe-Cobourg.

The electoral law has been published. The suffrage is direct and universal. Frenchmen aged twenty-one, possessed of civil and political rights, are electors. All electors twenty-five years old are eligible. The number of deputies is to be two hundred and sixty-one. Algiers and the colonies are not to have deputies. Each department is to have a deputy for every thirty-five thousand electors.

It is announced in the *London Times*, that Louis Napoleon is about to strengthen his position by a matrimonial alliance with a princess of Sweden, a daughter of Oscar, and granddaughter, on the mother's side, of Eugene Beauharnais. She is said to be in her twenty-second year, and may be considered French in her descent from both father and mother.

In execution of the decree for the dissolution of the National Guard, a quantity of arms was taken

to the different Maires and given up to the authorities. They were afterwards taken thence in large quantities to the Tuileries for safe-keeping.

It is said that a second, if not a third attempt on the President's life had been made. An officer is reported to have snapped his pistol at him, as his carriage was coming out of the Carrousel. A rumor was also rife in Paris, with all its details, that the wife of an ex-prefect had tried to poignard him.

The property of insurgents who have taken flight has been sequestered.

The new constitution has appeared, and contains, as was to be expected, no guaranty of liberty to the nation; and in reality assumes to be nothing more than the means by which the Prince-President intends to govern his subjects. Its main provisions are as follows:—

The President can always appeal to the people. He commands the land and sea forces, declares war, makes treaties of peace, alliance, and commerce, appoints to all offices, and makes all the decrees necessary for the execution of the laws. Justice is rendered in his name. *He alone can propose laws.* Every body in office, except the President, is to swear fidelity to the constitution. The President has the right to designate, upon a secret record, the citizen whom he recommends to the confidence of the people, as his successor, in case of his death.

The Senate, which may consist of one hundred and fifty members, but for the first year will con-

tain only eighty, is composed of the cardinals, the admirals, the marshals, and of such citizens as the President thinks proper to elevate to the dignity of senator. The senators receive no salary, and are immovable. *Their sessions will not be public.* No law can be passed without their coöperation.

The Legislative Body is to be elected by universal suffrage, and by the secret vote. There will be one deputy for every 35,000 voters, (about 250 in all.) They are elected for six years, and receive no salary. Their sessions are public, but may become private on the demand of five of the members. They can entertain no petitions from the people, which are to be addressed to the Senate only. The President convokes, adjourns, prorogues, and dissolves the Legislative Body at his pleasure.

The Council of State consists of from forty to fifty members, appointed by the President, and revocable by him. Their sessions are presided over by him. They prepare the laws, *under his direction*, and support them before the Senate and Legislative Body, in the name of the government. The Ministers belong *ex officio* to the Council of State. The constitution will enter into force and vigor on the day when the various bodies created by it hold their first session.

ENGLAND.—Parliament was opened on the 8d of February. In the Commons, Sir Benjamin Hall asked for an explanation of the causes of Lord Palmerston's resignation, which the Premier immediately gave, asserting that Lord Palmerston was refractory—treated the Queen's interrogations with contemptuous silence—acted independently of his colleagues—and unreservedly approved the recent illegal *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. To this Palmerston replied at some length, and, though damaging his late colleagues, he did not improve his position. In the course of his speech, he paid a willing and merited eulogium on the character of the American Minister at London.

Nothing of moment had taken place in the House of Lords.

The Earl of Derby, in his speech on the address, implied his approbation of Louis Napoleon, condemned Ministers for not putting the Ecclesiastical Bill in force, and once more demanded protection for the agricultural portion of the community, and the abolition of the income tax. On the 6th, the Solicitor-General moved for leave to bring in a bill for chancery reform.

Great alarm is felt throughout Great Britain at the chance of a French invasion. The London journals abound in editorials and communications relating to the matter, and it is reported that the Duke of Wellington had been in conference on the subject with other leading military men.

With the facilities that railroads and telegraphs give for concentrating, at short notice, the immense standing army of France upon the coast at Boulogne, few can doubt that the position of England is one of imminent peril; and the danger is increased by the fact that Louis Napoleon's power depends on the bayonets of his troops, and to keep his army in good humor, he cannot allow them to remain in inaction. The English seem to be thoroughly awaked to the danger.

A private expedition, under Captain Beatson, is to go off shortly to look for Sir John Franklin. It is sent out under the conviction that Sir John has advanced through the Wellington Channel into a high latitude, far to westward, probably as far as the meridian of Behring's Straits. Lady Franklin contributes £500, and Captain Beatson has purchased a vessel of 200 tons, which he intends fitting with three separate engines, of eight horsepower each, with separate boilers. He will likewise take with him a steam-launch, of eight horsepower. Her crew will consist of fifteen picked men.

SPAIN.—Accounts from Spain state that an attempt had been made on the life of the Queen. On the 2d of February she took her first airing since her confinement, and was on her way to the church of De Allocha, to be churched, when an assassin fired a pistol at her, the ball from which struck the Queen's shoulder. He was arrested. The last accounts state that the Queen was progressing favorably.

There have been several executions of military officers at Madrid, and tranquillity is undisturbed. Stringent measures are to be enforced to destroy the little liberty of the press which the Spanish people enjoy.

DENMARK.—*Difficulty with Denmark settled.*—The affair between Germany and Denmark is terminated, although the treaty between Denmark and the great German powers had not been signed. In consequence of this arrangement, the German troops will evacuate Holstein in the course of a month; but a body of Austrians will remain provisionally at Hamburg, and in the neighborhood. This measure will have the effect to secure the conditions imposed on Denmark; among which the convocation of the provincial states of Schleswig and Holstein is the most important.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

In the Senate, January 19th, Mr. Clark introduced a joint resolution, declaring non-intervention and avoidance of all entangling alliances to be the settled policy of the United States, and that this country has solemnly adopted, and will pertinaciously adhere to, as a principle of international policy, the advice given by Washington, in his Farewell Address, that we should not permit ourselves to be led, by sympathy with a favorite nation, to entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, or interest. Mr. Clark's resolution declared further, that while we adhere to these essential principles of non-intervention, as forming the lasting foundation of our happiness, yet, whenever a provident foresight should warn us that our own liberty and institutions are threatened, then a just regard to our own safety will require us to advance to the conflict, rather than to await the approach of the foes of constitutional freedom and of human liberty.

The subsequent day, Mr. Seward presented an amendment, protesting against the Russian intervention in Hungary, and pledging the United

States to interfere to prevent it, in case it should be repeated.

Mr. Cass then laid on the table the following resolution:

“Resolved, That while the people of the United States sympathize with all nations who are striving to establish free governments, yet they recognize the great principle of the law of nations, which assures to each of them the right to manage its own internal affairs in its own way, and to establish, alter, or abolish its government at pleasure, without the interference of any other power; and they have not seen, nor could they again see, without deep concern, the violation of this principle of national independence.”

On January 21st, the correspondence between the American Minister at Paris and the Secretary of State was laid before the Senate. After giving a statement of the late violent change in the government of France, Mr. Rives mentions that he has since then abstained from appearing at the usual weekly receptions of the President, although the rest of the diplomatic corps, with the exception, at first, of the representative of Switzerland, had followed a different course. Latterly, the representative of Switzerland has followed the example of the other legations, in accordance with the instructions of his government, and Mr. Rives is left the only foreign diplomatic agent who has not yet attended the receptions of President Bonaparte. Mr. Rives says that he has followed this course, in the absence of instructions; since, if intrusted to act and speak in the name of a great constitutional and republican government, it would shame the cause he represented, were he to come forward with any appearance of indecent haste, to salute a dictatorial power which had risen on the ruins of a written republican constitution, however defective. Moreover, the French President having appealed to the nation to ratify his illegal acts, he could have no just cause of complaint, if the representative of a foreign power thinks proper to await the decision of the only rightful tribunal whose judgment has thus been formally invoked.

The following is Mr. Webster's answer:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1852. }

SIR:—Your dispatches have been regularly received up to the 21st of last month. The movement made by the republic of France on the 2d ult. created surprise here, as well as with you, not only by the boldness and extent of its purpose, but also by the secrecy with which preparation for it had been made, the suddenness of its execution, and the success which appeared to have attended it. It was quite natural that you should be in no haste to appear at the public reception of the President, after the overthrow of the written republican constitution of France, and you sympathize, in that respect, with the great body of your countrymen. If that overthrow had become necessary, its necessity is deeply to be deplored, because, however imperfect its structure, it was the only great republican government in Europe, and all Americans wished it success. We feel as if the catastrophe which has befallen it may weaken the faith of

mankind in the permanency and solidity of popular institutions: nevertheless, and although our own government is now the only republic ranking among countries of the first class, we cling to its principles with increased affection. Long experience has convinced us of its practicability to do good, and its power to maintain liberty and order. We know that it has conferred the greatest blessings on the country, and raised her to eminence and distinction among the nations; and if we are destined to stand the only great republican nation, so we shall still stand.

Before this reaches you, the election will be over; and if, as is probable, a decided majority of the people should be found to support the President, the course of duty for you will become plain. From Washington's time down to the present day, it has been a principle always acknowledged by the United States, that any nation possesses a right to govern itself according to its own will, to change its institutions at discretion, and to transact its business through whatever agents it may think proper to employ. This cardinal point in our policy has been strongly illustrated, by recognizing the many forms of political power which have been successfully adopted in France, in the scenes of the revolutions with which that country has been visited. Throughout all these changes, the government of the United States has conducted itself in strict conformity to the original principles adopted by Washington, and made known to the different agents abroad, and to the different nations of the world, by Mr. Jefferson's letter to Governor Morris, of the 12th of March, 1793; and if the French people have now substantially made another change, we have no choice but to acknowledge that also; and as the diplomatic representative of your country in France, you will act as your predecessors have acted, and conform to what appears to be settled national authority. And while we deeply regret the destruction of popular institutions, yet our ancient ally has still our good wishes for her prosperity and happiness; and we are bound to leave her to the choice of means for the promotion of those ends.

I am, Sir, respectfully,

Your obedient serv't,

(Signed)

DAN'L WEBSTER.

In the Senate, January 26th, the bill granting land to Iowa, to aid in the construction of a railroad in that State, was taken up. Mr. Underwood spoke in opposition to the bill, as unjust to the other States, and moved to amend, by adding provisions, granting to Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, an aggregate of 14,390,680 acres of public land, to be distributed according to their federal population, and to be located upon any of the public lands not exempted by existing laws, and the proceeds to be applied by said States to purposes of education or internal improvement. He examined all grants of land made by the United States to the new States, and contended that this amendment was nothing more than equal justice.

The following day, Mr. Sumner supported the bill, on the grounds of justice and right. The United States stood, with respect to the newer States and the Territories, in the position of a non-resident land-owner. In the early days, it was provided that lands owned by the United States should not be taxed. This was founded on the old feudal principle, that what belonged to the crown could not be taxed. These lands were not necessary instruments or means. Still, by compact, they were exempt from taxation. In consequence of this prohibition to tax the public lands, the States in which they lie became equitably and justly entitled to relief from the general government, out of these public lands. He read numerous tables, showing the immense value to the United States of the immunity from taxation. Prior to January, 1849, 289,000,000 of acres had been proclaimed for sale; 100,000,000 had been sold. The United States has held this vast amount of land free from taxation, an average of twenty-five years. He fixed the annual average tax at one cent per acre, and found that the annual tax which the United States ought to pay amounts to more than \$2,500,000. Calculating the same tax for a period of twenty-five years, and the United States was indebted to the land States in the sum of \$72,490,000; but if the tax was two cents an acre, as it ought to be, then the United States held the enormous sum of over \$140,000,000 in trust for the States in which the lands were situated. During the same period, grants for internal improvements had been made to those States of the probable value of only \$10,000,000, leaving a balance of \$160,000,000 equitably due to the land States by the United States, and upon which those States had just and equitable right to call for aid for purposes of internal improvement. He then turned to the advantages and benefits which would result to all the States on the Atlantic and elsewhere, from the extension of railroads, and the consequent advancement of education, civilization and religion, and the extension of the power and glory of the Union.

On January 28th, Mr. Cass spoke in favor of interposition with the government of Great Britain for the release of the Irish state prisoners, now in the English colonies in the Southern Ocean. Mr. Butler supported these views, but urged that the means should be by an appeal to the clemency of the British crown, and not by inconsiderate reproaches cast upon the British government for acts of tyranny and oppression.

In accordance with the more discreet course recommended by the senator from South Carolina, Mr. Shields, the subsequent morning, presented a resolution as follows:

Resolved, That while we disclaim all intention of interfering in any way in the internal affairs of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, we deem it our duty to express, in a respectful manner, our firm conviction that it would be highly gratifying to the people of the United States—many of whom are natives of Ireland, and connected by blood with the inhabitants of that country—to see Smith O'Brien and his associates restored to liberty, and permitted, if so disposed, to emigrate to this country. We would regard this act of clemency as a new proof of the

friendly disposition of the British government toward our republic, and as calculated to strengthen the bonds of affection now happily existing between the people of the United States and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

In the House of Representatives, January 29th, a bill was passed, appropriating six thousand dollars for the relief and passage home from Spain of the pardoned Lopez prisoners, with the proviso that nothing in the act shall be construed into an approbation of any interference in the affairs of Cuba by any of the citizens of the United States.

In the House, February 6th, the bill rendering land warrants assignable was passed in the following form:

"That all warrants for military bounty land, which have been or may hereafter be issued, under any law of the United States, and all valid locations of the same which have been or which may hereafter be made, are declared to be assignable by deed or instrument of writing, made and executed after the taking effect of this act, according to such form, and pursuant to such regulations as may be prescribed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, so as to vest the assignee with all the rights of the original owners of the warrant or location: *provided*, that any person entitled to preëemption right to any land shall be entitled to use any such land warrant in payment of the same, at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, for the quantity of lands therein specified.

Provided, also, that the warrants which have been, or may hereafter be issued in pursuance of the said act may be located upon any lands of the United States, subject to private entry at the time of such location, at the minimum price.

Provided, further, that when the said warrant shall be located on lands which are subject to entry of a greater minimum than one dollar and twenty-five cents, the locator of the said warrant shall pay to the United States, in cash, the difference between the value of such warrant at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre and the tract of land located on."

In the Senate, February 4th, was passed the bill to enforce discipline and promote good conduct in the Navy. The bill provides in substance as follows:

That the commander of any vessel afloat in the Navy, or of any shore station, shall have authority to punish offenses committed by petty officers and persons of inferior ratings, by any one or more of the following punishments: By diminishing their rations, by restricting their diet to bread and water, by imposing extra police, and other duties; and in case of theft, in addition to any of the foregoing, by making good from the wages of the offender the value of the article stolen, and obliging the offender to wear for ten days a badge with the word "*Thief*" thereon; by discharge from service, with bad conduct marked on their discharge; by solitary confinement in irons, single or double, on bread and water; by solitary confinement in irons not over thirty days; by solitary confinement; by confinement not exceeding two months; reduction to inferior rating; by ball and chain, but not to be worn

at sea; by deprivation of liberty on shore, and by loss of pay not exceeding three months.

Sec. 2 provides, that no sentence for solitary confinement shall be put in execution until the surgeon shall certify that it can be done without injury to his health. In case the medical officer decides it would be injurious, the commander can substitute other punishments.

Sec. 3 provides, that on every vessel a record shall be kept, in which the good and bad conduct of the men shall be noted, and on their discharges shall be marked good or bad discharges, as the case may be.

Sec. 4 provides, that any one discharged with good conduct discharge, after a service of two years, shall have the preference, on reëntering the service.

Sec. 5 provides, that any one having good conduct discharges who shall reënter the service within three months, shall be entitled to a credit of three months' wages, and after twenty years' service, with good conduct discharges, shall be entitled to admission to a provision in the Naval Asylum for life, with half-pay.

Sec. 6 gives to courts-martial the power to impose any of the punishments mentioned in the bill.

The following is the bill reported by Mr. Seward, from the Committee on Commerce, for the employment of one or two small vessels, with competent officers, to explore the China Seas in the line of our own commerce and navigation with that country. The committee report:

"That in the summer of 1848, Captain Roys, of the whale-ship *Superior*, penetrated the Arctic Ocean, through Behring Strait, and encountered all the dangers of a polar sea unexplored; but that his enterprise was richly rewarded, and that, since that time, a large and profitable fishery has been created in the regions thus explored. That in this trade, during the last two years, there have been employed two hundred and ninety-nine ships, eight thousand nine hundred and seventy seamen; and that the value of the ships and cargoes was seventeen and a half millions of dollars, and of the oil and whalebone obtained, about nine millions; but that the disasters attending the trade had been unusually calamitous. Seven vessels were wrecked within the last year, and there are painful reports of others.

"There is no chart of these seas; and it is so manifestly the interest and duty of the United States to protect and foster so great a commercial enterprise, that the Committee do not think it necessary to enlarge upon this subject.

"The trade with China and other oriental states has received a new impulse from the colonization of California by the United States, under circumstances singularly propitious, and steam navigation is already opening, with certain prospects of a great and enduring enlargement.

"But it is known to all persons engaged in that commerce, that the seas traversed are full of perils, of which there is no sufficient warning in existing charts or in the experience of navigators. Every consideration of commercial interest, of naval competition, and of humanity, enjoins upon the government an exploration and reconnoissance of these

seas also. A large island has been recently discovered (called Ousinia) in the way to Japan and Northern China. It is supposed to be very fertile and densely inhabited, but no vessel has gone around the island, and none has touched its shores. It would be of incalculable benefit to the American trade, if this island should be found to contain a good harbor and a hospitable people.

On February 9th, Mr. Clarke, the senator from Rhode Island, spoke in support of his resolutions of non-intervention. He had delayed, he said, these resolutions, out of courtesy to the man who came here, without ostentation, and by our invitation; and yet his purpose was to ask of the Senate a cool and dispassionate vote upon the great principles embodied in them. He reprobated demagoguism, and refused to minister to any unjust delusion or excitement in the public mind. In the sere and yellow leaf of age, he could have no motive but to perpetuate the liberty of his country. Aspiring politicians, who seek to catch the influence of an un-Americanized population; who influence the public pulse, not that it may beat healthfully, but that its pulsations may promote their own political elevation, find their own hopes of success grounded upon the undue agitation of public sympathy. These resolutions, said the senator, affirm the true doctrines of self-government, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence; make the Farewell Address of Washington our chart, and reiterate the wise declarations of Jefferson, whose precepts are oftener on the lips than in the hearts of those claiming to be his peculiar disciples.

On February 11th, the correspondence between our minister in London and the British government with respect to the affair of the *Prometheus*, was laid before Congress. After receiving the report from their admiral in the West Indies, Lord Granville stated that her Majesty's government entirely disavowed the act of violence committed by the commander of the *Express*, and felt no hesitation in offering an ample apology for what they considered to have been an infraction of treaty engagements. Lord Granville stated that her Majesty's ministers considered it unworthy of the government of a great nation to hesitate about making reparation, when the acts of their subordinate authorities have been such as not to admit of justification; and furthermore, that they feel confidence that the government of the United States is actuated by a similar feeling, and that both nations will be induced, in all cases of such disputes, and until due time has elapsed for the necessary explanations to be received, to defer taking any steps which might lead to collisions, and thus aggravate the original difficulty.

On the same day, the resolution of intercession for the Irish exiles came up; Mr. Seward spoke in its support, Messrs. Badger and Mason in opposition.

It is declared, said Mr. Badger, that this intercession is not interference; but it is interference. It is not offensive, it is true, but still it is interference. He who intercedes between convicted subjects and the sovereign, does interfere in affairs of that sovereign; and interference was not always intercession. The senator alluded to the Chris-

tiana rioters, and asked, in case those people had been convicted of treason, would not the precedent now sought to be established afford to active sympathizers on the other side of the ocean a case for a corresponding act of clemency on the part of the United States? And if it is said that in the offense of the Irish patriots there was no moral guilt, neither would the foreign sympathizer consider that there was any turpitude in the Christiana outrage, but would attribute it to the higher law of philanthropy, and to the exalted and generous sympathies of human nature. Mr. Badger considered that the establishment of such a precedent by ourselves would place us in an awkward position, if sympathizers abroad should make similar application to us. We interfere in this case because it is proper to do so. They would not interfere except in cases where they thought the party deserving. How can we resist them?

He was for doing to others as he wished others to do unto him. The senator from New-York spoke of not being afraid of England. He was willing to admit he was afraid of war; it was an evil at the best, and to be avoided if possible: it was very brave in persons here who were too old to be called on to do fighting, to talk of not being afraid of war.

He was unwilling to go to war; but, more than any thing, he was unwilling to go to war except when in the right. He would be sorry if the British government should set these men free at our request; it would place us under an obligation, and England could then come to us with a claim on our kindness, and seek to interfere in our affairs.

Mr. Mason said he was opposed to the resolution. It was a step never before taken, and was a departure from our foreign policy; it was direct interference with affairs of foreign powers. Notwithstanding the sympathy of the American people for these justly styled patriots, he could not consent, as a senator, to any step which would be a departure from our long-settled policy. It was a movement of the same character as one lately started in this country.

A short time ago, a man came here, a self-accredited representative, who had openly avowed his object to be to involve us in a war. He was listened to, notwithstanding he declared that Washington was mistaken, and that Washington's advice should be disregarded.

That man also had told the people that the government of the United States was opposed to him; but he would appeal to the people to force the government. The present was a kindred measure of interference, and Congress should pause. It ought not to be voted on till after the debate and action on the non-intervention resolutions.

In the Senate, February 17th, Mr. Hunter, while speaking in opposition to the Iowa land bill, denounced the rapidly increasing applications and schemes set on foot by individuals, to carry out which, grants of public land were demanded. He opposed the system of granting bounties of public land to emigrants. He looked upon emigration as healthful and beneficial to our people, if received in quantity not too large for assimila-

tion; but if let in in quantities so great as to destroy in any section the identity of the American people, its effect was injurious. He would do nothing to retard or give undue excitement to emigration. He thought the too rapid emigration to particular sections, caused by bounties of public land, was prejudicial to States where these bodies of emigrants settled.

On February 10th, advices were received at the State Department, announcing the release of Mr. Thrasher by the Spanish government.

It is announced officially by the *The National Intelligencer* that John F. Crampton has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Great Britain, in place of Sir H. L. Bulwer. Mr. Crampton is an Irishman.

In the private interview between Mr. Clay and Kossuth, Mr. Clay commenced his remarks by declaring that he entertained the liveliest sympathies for the struggle for liberty in Hungary and in every country, and in this he believed he expressed the universal sentiment of his countrymen. But, for the sake of his country, he must be allowed to protest against the policy now proposed to her. Waiving the grave and momentous question of the right of one nation to assume the executive power among nations for the enforcement of international law, or of the right of the United States to dictate to Russia the character of her relations with the nations around her, he would come at once to the practical consideration of the matter.

"You tell us yourself," said the senator, "with great truth and propriety, that mere sympathy, or the expression of sympathy, cannot advance your purposes. You require 'material aid.' And indeed it is manifest that the mere declarations of the sympathy of Congress, or of the President, or of the public, would be of little avail, unless we were prepared to enforce those declarations by a resort to arms, and unless other nations could see that preparation and determination upon our part.

"Well, sir, suppose that war should be the issue of the course you propose to us. Could we then effect any thing for you, ourselves, or the cause of liberty? To transport men and arms across the ocean in sufficient numbers and quantities to be effective against Russia and Austria would be impossible. It is a fact which perhaps may not be generally known, that the most imperative reason with Great Britain for the close of her last war with us, was the immense cost of the transportation and maintenance of forces and munitions of war in such a distant theatre, and yet she had not perhaps more than 80,000 men upon this continent at any time. Upon land, Russia is invulnerable to us, as we are to her. Upon the ocean, a war between Russia and this country would result in the mutual annoyance to commerce, but probably in little else. I learn recently that her war marine is superior to that of any nation in Europe, except perhaps Great Britain. Her ports are few, her commerce limited, while we, on our part, would offer as a prey to her cruisers a rich and extensive commerce.

"Thus, sir, after effecting nothing in such a war, after abandoning our ancient policy of amity and

non-intervention in the affairs of other nations, and thus justifying them in abandoning the terms of forbearance and non-interference which they have hitherto preserved towards us; after the downfall, perhaps, of the friends of liberal institutions in Europe, her despots, imitating and provoked by our fatal example, may turn upon us in the hour of our weakness and exhaustion, and with an almost equally irresistible force of reason and of arms they may say to us: You have set us the example. You have quit your own to stand on foreign ground; you have abandoned the policy you professed in the day of your weakness, to interfere in the affairs of the people upon this continent, in behalf of those principles, the supremacy of which you say is necessary to your prosperity, to your existence. We, in our own turn, believing that your anarchical doctrines are destructive of, and that monarchical principles are essential to, the peace, security, and happiness of our subjects, will obliterate the bed which has nourished such noxious weeds; we will crush you as the propagandists of doctrines so destructive of the peace and good order of the world.

"The indomitable spirit of our people might, and would, be equal to the emergency, and we might remain unsubdued even by so tremendous a combination; but the consequences to us would be terrible enough. You must allow me, sir, to speak this freely, as I feel deeply, though my opinion may be of but little import—as the expression of a dying man. Sir, the recent melancholy subversion of the republican government of France,

and that enlightened nation voluntarily placing its neck under the yoke of despotism, teach us to despair of any present success for liberal institutions in Europe. It gives us an impressive warning not to rely upon others for the vindication of our principles, but to look to ourselves, and to cherish with more care than ever the security of our institutions and the preservation of our policy and principles.

"By the policy to which we have adhered since the days of Washington, we have prospered beyond precedent; we have done more for the cause of liberty in the world than arms could effect. We have shown to other nations the way to greatness and happiness, and if we but continue united as one people, and persevere in the policy which our experience has so clearly and triumphantly vindicated, we may in another quarter of a century furnish an example which the reason of the world cannot resist. But if we should involve ourselves in the tangled web of European politics, in a war in which we could effect nothing; and if, in that struggle, Hungary should go down, and we should go down with her, where then would be the last hope of the friends of freedom throughout the world? Far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and for the cause of liberty, that, adhering to our wise pacific system, and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this western shore, as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction, amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England. No. 3 of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library for Travelers and the Fireside. New-York. G. P. Putnam.

We have spoken before in commendation of this cheap serial library which Mr. Putnam is now issuing, and the present volume bears us out in all that we have said touching the taste and enterprise of our eminent publisher.

England is really a delightful country in which to travel, and a book written by one who has traveled with his eyes open, and who holds himself free to receive natural and unprejudiced impressions, cannot fail of being interesting. The author of this little volume has been more than ordinarily minute in his observations, and has given us much that is amusing, and much also that will be found instructive.

Mr. Olmsted's style is easy and finished, and as he has already appeared in our columns in an article entitled "A Voice from the Sea," published in the December number of this Review for 1851, our readers will require no inducements to buy and read his book.

A Faggot of French Sticks ; or, Paris in 1851. By Sir FRANCIS HEAD. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

Notwithstanding the tedious minuteness of this book, it is highly amusing and graphic. We by no means agree with the witticism which several critics seem to have invented at the same time about it, to wit, that its name is highly appropriate, the book being admirably adapted to the fire. On the contrary, the old garrulous gentleman is one of the best chaperons by whom we have ever been shown over the gay metropolis of France. He makes you realize and see every thing, and details with minuteness all that is worth your consideration, and much that is not. The old man is a model of an observer, and we would recommend all who do not expect to visit Paris, to use him as a substitute, and those who do, to glance over this book, in order to see how much can be done in the way of sight-seeing in the shortest space of time.

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems. By WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTOUN, Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, &c. New-York: Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1852.

Mr. Aytoun's book contains a good deal of pleasant poetry, with a fair proportion of manly sentiment; his versification is correct, and his style is dignified

and reliant; but we do not think that he contemplates taking a position by the side of Scott or of Burns; and if any thing but a desire to collect a few fragments of miscellaneous poetry, for current reading, has tempted him to the publication of this volume, he may be justly charged with presumptuous vanity.

Mr. Aytoun, as the editor of Blackwood, has not forgotten to incorporate his Tory opinions into his verses; and those who take any interest in the historic transactions of Argyle and King James, may find it worth while to follow Mr. Aytoun's mingled poetical and prose disquisitions.

Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, from the most Authentic Sources. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M. A. F. S. A., &c., &c. New-York: Redfield, Clinton Hall.

This is a remarkable collection of many of the strangest delusions, hallucinations, and deceptions, that have prevailed among mankind during and since the dark ages. It is of course an intensely interesting volume, and furnishes matter for profound reflection upon the constitution of the human mind.

The work exhibits much research in this dark though interesting field of historical inquiry, and we need not say will well repay perusal. Even in this boasted age of enlightenment we have hallucinations as superstitious as they are fraudulent, which although sometimes cloaking themselves in the garb of science, it will not be uninteresting to compare with the "witchcraft" and the "magic" of our ancestors.

Life and Services of General Winfield Scott. By EDWARD D. MANSFIELD, Esq., Author of the History of the Mexican War. With engravings. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

A really well-written and interesting biography, although evidently intended as a glorification of the subject, and for political purposes.

General Scott is undoubtedly one of the most uniformly successful commanders of the age, and his services to the country are of the very highest order. As a soldier, he has the universal confidence of the country. His political principles are sound, but we much question his qualifications and capacity for the station to which some of his admirers would elevate him.

The desperate and disgraceful attempt made by the "democratic" administration of Mr. Polk to embarrass and even supersede both him and General Taylor, so well set forth by Mr. Mansfield in

this book, certainly deserves the political retribution partly executed in the case of General Taylor, and which might possibly be entirely fulfilled by General Scott, if the exigences of the times did not require abler hands and wider views.

Women of Christianity, exemplary for Piety and Charity. By JULIA KAVANAGH. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

The truly divine power of Christianity has probably been best exhibited through the medium of the female sex. In this admirable work the authoress has, with a zeal worthy of her design, presented the most striking examples from the earliest period to the present time. She has laboriously consulted the best authorities for her materials; and, in a style remarkable for purity and force, presents the characters and incidents in the lives of her Christian heroines, in a manner which cannot fail of interesting and instructing, whilst it elevates our conceptions of her sex and of our holy religion.

Memories of the Great Metropolis; or, London from the Tower to the Crystal Palace. By F. SAUNDERS. New-York: George P. Putnam. 1852.

Mr. Saunders has taken great pains to make a guide-book through the great metropolis, that will not only be a guide and companion to the actual visitor, but which will also convey to the stayer at home a very complete idea of the giant city.

It is illustrated with admirable cuts of the principal buildings and localities, and beautifully printed, as is the case with every work of Mr. Putnam.

Reviews and Essays. By E. G. HOLLAND. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849.

We have been favored by the author with a copy of this book. The principal essays are upon Confucius and Channing, men living widely asunder in time and space, but forcibly illustrating the words of St. Paul: "He hath made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." It will indicate the character of Mr. Holland's mind, to say that these great moralists excite his enthusiasm, and give dignity to his thought and language. We learn that the author intends shortly to publish another volume.

Homœopathy. An Examination of its Doctrines and of its Evidences. By NORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D. New-York: Charles Scribner.

We earnestly recommend this little work, which is a prize essay upon the subject, to all who are desirous of coming to a rational decision, in their own minds, upon the singular system of medicine of which it treats. The subject has strangely enough become a very prominent and important

one, and any thing on either side, from competent sources, deserves serious attention.

Utterance; or, Private Voices to the Public Heart. A Collection of Poems. By CAROLINE A. BRIGGS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1852.

We confess that it requires no little courage to cross the threshold of a book with such a title as this; but we can assure the public that they may pass in without meeting the affectation and sentimentality that might have been expected. True, there is some of it; but, as a whole, these poems are simple and pure. We must allow the fair authoress a place among the genuine singers of her sex that adorn our land.

Five Years in an English University. By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

Although disfigured with a great deal of vanity and egotism, this is a decidedly clever book. It gives the most perfect insight into English University life, both mental and physical, that we have yet had, and is valuable as illustrating the deficiencies of our own collegiate system. We refrain from more extended comment at present, as it is our intention to lay before our readers a general review of the subject, in many respects so ably set forth by Mr. Bristed. There are not a few who will read the book with great interest.

Bubbles of Fiction. By GEORGE BARRELL, JR. New-York: Dewitt and Davenport. 1852.

Decidedly the most airy and insubstantial title with which we have lately become acquainted. Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles of the Brunnen" is nothing to it. We trust, for the sake of the author, that the reputation of his work may not be as ephemeral as its name might indicate.

Whimsicalities. By THOMAS HOOD. Putnam's Semi-monthly Library.

We have here some of the choice specimens of the humor of the greatest of modern wits—cuts and all—handsomely printed for 25 cents.

A Dictionary of the German and English Languages, abridged from the Author's larger work, for the use of learners. By J. G. ADLER, A. M., Professor of the German Language in the University of the City of New-York. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

An examination of this work will, we are sure, convince that it is the best adapted to its purpose of any work of its class now before the public. Students and travelers will find it just what they

— — — — — We only know that it is very

Alex^r H. H. Stuart -

THE AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXVIII.

FOR APRIL, 1852.

THE ADMINISTRATION: THE PARTY.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE, AND WHAT IS TO BE DONE.

A PRESIDENTIAL election has usually been deemed the most violent and trying movement of our civil system. Its original regulation received the especial care of the framers of our Constitution, and its subsequent working has centred the attention of all who have watched our great republican experiment. It is the most formidable of our organic operations, because it is the least frequent, and, unlike every other, is not local in its scope, but simultaneously agitates every portion of the national fabric; because it brings most momentous political principles into direct collision, and kindles most ardent popular passions; and because it is the least reducible to the laws and calculations of political science, and has been the least satisfactorily tested in the history of nations. It is an inability to sustain this same trial that makes a French republic so perfectly impracticable, and a consciousness of this inability that is now constraining France to bend passively under the most oppressive usurpation. Our own civil organization has never yet been seriously endangered, or impaired by this *experimentum crucis*, and in no way have its excellence and durability been more auspiciously determined. But our Presidential elections, though they have not produced or been near producing convulsions or shocks, have almost uniformly been attended with powerful perturbations. They have stimulated improper executive interference; have sus-

pending useful legislation; have given wide play to chicanery and intrigue; have interrupted the natural flow of business; have stringently and hurtfully compressed party bonds; have troubled social relations; have wrought up State and sectional animosities; and, for months, have filled the whole country with political commotion. Invaluable to Americans as has been their enjoyed right of electing their Chief Magistrate, its exercise—though now acknowledged by all the world to be without danger—has not been free from many admitted evils.

The present Presidential canvass remarkably differs from its predecessors in its composed and comparatively innoxious character. It has, of course, set professional politicians all agog, but has as yet produced little or no excitement among the people. The executive and administrative functions of the government go on as equably as ever. No where would a stranger in our midst see any thing that indicates the recurrence of an event which has so often shaken the nation from centre to circumference. How is this unwonted calm to be accounted for? The reason is obvious and unmistakable; it lies in the general popular contentment with the present administration. The calm is but the quiet of perfect satisfaction. The great stimulus to political as well as to every other action, is avoidance of evil; but in this case there is no stimulus, because there is no evil, either real or fancied. There

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A PRESIDENTIAL election has usually been deemed the most violent and trying movement of our civil system. Its original regulation received the especial care of the framers of our Constitution, and its subsequent working has centred the attention of all who have watched our great republican experiment. It is the most formidable of our organic operations, because it is the least frequent, and, unlike every other, is not local in its scope, but simultaneously agitates every portion of the national fabric; because it brings most momentous political principles into direct collision, and kindles most ardent popular passions; and because it is the least reducible to the laws and calculations of political science, and has been the least satisfactorily tested in the history of nations. It is an inability to sustain this same trial that makes a French republic so perfectly impracticable, and a consciousness of this inability that is now constraining France to bend passively under the most oppressive usurpation. Our own civil organization has never yet been seriously endangered, or impaired by this *experimentum crucis*, and in no way have its excellence and durability been more auspiciously determined. But our Presidential elections, though they have not produced or been near producing convulsions or shocks, have almost uniformly been attended with powerful perturbations. They have stimulated improper executive interference; have sus-

pending useful legislation; have given wide play to chicanery and intrigue; have interrupted the natural flow of business; have stringently and hurtfully compressed party bonds; have troubled social relations; have wrought up State and sectional animosities; and, for months, have filled the whole country with political commotion. Invaluable to Americans as has been their enjoyed right of electing their Chief Magistrate, its exercise—though now acknowledged by all the world to be without danger—has not been free from many admitted evils.

The present Presidential canvass remarkably differs from its predecessors in its composed and comparatively innoxious character. It has, of course, set professional politicians all agog, but has as yet produced little or no excitement among the people. The executive and administrative functions of the government go on as equably as ever. No where would a stranger in our midst see any thing that indicates the recurrence of an event which has so often shaken the nation from centre to circumference. How is this unwonted calm to be accounted for? The reason is obvious and unmistakable; it lies in the general popular contentment with the present administration. The calm is but the quiet of perfect satisfaction. The great stimulus to political as well as to every other action, is avoidance of evil; but in this case there is no stimulus, because there is no evil, either real or fancied. There

is no agitation, because the silent, peaceful power of attraction is every where predominant. There is no movement, because there is no motive for a change.

The present administration went into power at the most critical juncture our country has ever experienced; and, though it has not had the advantage of a party majority in either branch of Congress, it has carried itself through its difficult term of office, thus far, with a sagacity and a success that have silenced complaint and challenged universal admiration. It has had to meet the most momentous foreign and domestic questions—questions, upon the decision of which depended peace or war abroad; and other questions, which involved the issues of life or death at home—but it has favorably settled them all, and has done it too without the sacrifice of a single legal sanction, a single moral principle, or a single honorable sentiment. Its strength and patriotic courage have never failed it an instant under any pressure of circumstances, and have throughout kept it true to the only safe path. It may now justly be said, that at no period since the foundation of our government have our national affairs, both internal and external, been in a more secure or a more honorable position than at the present time. The administration has been thoroughly Washingtonian in principle and in spirit, and has been conducted with a wise, comprehensive, unselfish, liberal, conciliatory policy, every way worthy of the earlier days of the republic. Other administrations may have done more to startle or to dazzle, but not one, it is certain, has been more substantially useful.

The condition of our country at the time of General Taylor's death, and President Fillmore's accession to office in July, 1850, was one of unprecedented danger. The anti-slavery movement, which was commenced fifteen years before, had been continually gathering power and boldness. Artfully stimulated and directed by demagogues, it had become a controlling political power, and had effected the most wonderful party changes. The admission or the exclusion of slavery from California, Utah, and New-Mexico, became the all-exciting question of the day, and brought the North and the South face to face in stern hostility. The opening of the thirty-first Congress was the signal for commencing the decisive battle.

The House of Representatives at once became a scene of the fiercest turmoil. Sixty-two ballotings were had, in vain, for Speaker, and every balloting was made fighting-ground. Ambition, pride, selfishness, jealousy, passion, hate, fanaticism, in short, every feeling that can stimulate energy, were enlisted in the hot encounter. It was not until the twentieth day, and the sixty-third trial, that the Speaker was chosen, and then by an expedient totally unprecedented. A fortnight longer was consumed in completing the organization of the House, and the whole proceeding, instead of settling any thing, left the sectional parties more implacably hostile than ever. In the Senate, too, the conflict soon commenced in earnest, and was carried on for six months, up to the time of General Taylor's death, with constantly increasing vehemence. Reconciliation became every week more difficult. Two plans of settlement were introduced, the one by the Executive, partial and temporary, the other by a special committee of the Senate, complete and permanent; but neither would yield to the other, and both were opposed by a common enemy. But, mean time, the necessity for action was every day becoming more urgent. The excitement at the South was fearfully increasing, and threats of secession were freely proclaimed. The press was using the boldest and most inflammatory language. State Conventions were summoned to provide for an emergency, and a general convention of the Southern States was held at Nashville, preliminary to the formation of a Southern Confederacy if the Missouri line of compromise were not accepted as an ultimatum. Even the most moderate of the Slave States were forming a settled purpose to resist the application of the Wilmot Proviso, to the last extremity. Moreover, the civil condition of the territory in question required immediate legislation. California was in the most anomalous position, being virtually a State, and yet not a member of the Federal Union. Utah had no government at all, and New-Mexico nothing but military rule. A boundary dispute between New-Mexico and Texas was fast growing into bloody civil war. The Legislature of Texas, convened in extra session, resolved to maintain jurisdiction by force, if necessary, over the disputed region against New-Mexico or the United States. Appropriations were made, volunteer companies

were raised, aid was proffered by General Quitman and other Southern Governors, manifestoes were put forth by Southern members of Congress, of a determination to make common cause with Texas, and a violent collision appeared almost inevitable.

Such was the crisis when Millard Fillmore became President, on the 10th of July, 1850; a crisis which every way justified the solemn declaration of Mr. Webster, three days afterwards, in the Senate: "There has not been, in my acquaintance with the people of this country, a moment in which so much alarm, so much sinking of the heart, has been felt at the state of public affairs, in a time of peace, as is now experienced." The death of General Taylor had greatly darkened the prospect. His Southern birth, his vast personal popularity, his devoted patriotism, calm temper, and equable judgment, had, it seemed, preëminently qualified him to be the pacificator of his country. The nation mourned his loss in gratitude for the past, but more in bitterness for the future.

Mr. Fillmore took the charge of affairs under great disadvantages. A Northern man, known to be adverse to slavery on principle, and on that ground strenuously opposed by the South when a candidate; with no uncommon endowments, or marked antecedents, or distinguished reputation; without the natural prestige and influence that belongs to a President by popular election; and with the prejudice which a humiliating example had attached to the name of President by accident, he seemed, most unfortunately, ill-adapted to the emergency. But he showed no sign of faltering. With firmness and discernment he took the bearings of his position, and quickly decided his course. A new administration was formed, whose ability and all-comprehensive patriotism commanded general confidence. The master intellect of the age was its chief counsellor. With one accord, casting aside all personal considerations, and local ties, and sectional influences, the President and his Cabinet cut free from the plan of their predecessors, and threw their whole influence in favor of the Compromise Bill, which, to all appearance, was already doomed in the Senate. The action of the administration admirably combined promptness with wisdom, and firmness with conciliation. A message was transmitted to Congress, calling attention to the threatening attitude of

Texas, declaring a determination to maintain the supremacy of the Federal authority over entire New-Mexico, and yet recommending that the doubtful claim of Texas be settled by a liberal indemnity. A strong and yet pacific letter was sent to the Governor of Texas, explaining the action of the previous administration, and removing all ground for anger or jealousy; and yet, to be prepared for every contingency, military reinforcements were dispatched without delay to New-Mexico. After a contest, such as had never before been waged in an American hall of legislation, the Compromise was prostrated in the Senate, but only for a moment; with new form and fresh strength it rose again, and prevailed. In the House it had to pass through another violent but shorter struggle, and, after repeated narrow escapes, was finally successful.

Legislation upon this fearful subject was now terminated, but the end was not yet. It is often far easier to pass laws than to make them respected. The province of the administration had thus far been to advise; it was now its duty to execute. Majorities in both sections of the country were profoundly dissatisfied with the adjustment, each because it believed that too much had been yielded to the other. At the South, the admission of California as a free State, and the surrender of slave territory to New-Mexico, were denounced with extreme bitterness, and resistance was invoked at all hazards. At the North, the Fugitive Slave Law was inveighed against and opposed with unexampled vehemence. But, from the outset, the administration did its duty. It appointed the most trustworthy commissioners; gave all its agents the most ample powers and instructions, both in regard to preventing resistance to the law and punishing it when it occurred; issued proclamations, and took advantage of every proper occasion, by speech or letter, to inculcate respect for the legislation of the country, and infuse the spirit of compromise. Every where, throughout the whole land, the Federal authority was maintained with fidelity and vigor, and yet not the slightest cause for just offense was given either to the North or the South. With all these favorable influences, the popular excitement, in both sections of the country, gradually subsided, and patriotism and prudence regained their equilibrium. The result is, that there has not been a period for

the last twenty years in which so little sectional animosity and such general security and confidence existed, as at the present time.

For this happy issue from fearful danger, we would accord every meed of praise to Henry Clay, and all those other illustrious men who have done such gallant battle for the Union. But especial honor, we believe, is due to the administration, for, without its influence, the Compromise could not have been passed, and without its whole-souled patriotism, its fearless determination, and its sound discretion, could not have been successfully executed. If this country has been saved from ruin, to whom can more of the glory of it belong than to President Fillmore and his faithful counsellors?

If the administration had done nothing but contribute so effectually to the permanent settlement of these fearfully dangerous sectional controversies, it would have earned a place among the most beneficial in American history. But, in its management of domestic affairs, it has done much else, and whatever it has failed to do has been from no lack of honest endeavor on its part. It has performed its administrative functions in its own sphere with perfect fidelity, and with no less faithfulness has discharged its duty of invoking the attention of Congress to every subject which seriously called for legislation. It has urged the amendment of the tariff so as to destroy present abuses of false invoicing and undervaluation, and by discriminating specific duties afford better protection to the industry of the country; it has forcibly presented the justice and necessity of liberal appropriations for facilitating commerce by the improvement of the harbors of our great lakes and sea-coasts, the removal of obstructions in the navigation of our principal rivers, and the construction of a direct line of communication between the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific; it has planned and most successfully carried out a system of low postage, which has been every where hailed as a popular blessing; it has managed the financial concerns of the country with great prudence and economy; it has earnestly recommended the formation of an Agricultural Bureau, the reorganization of the Naval establishment, the revision of the naval code, the appointment of a tribunal for the adjudication of private claims against the government; it has made great progress towards settling the involved land

titles in California, and has adjudged more than one hundred thousand applications for land bounties on account of service in the Mexican War; it has organized Territories, run boundary lines, quelled Indian disturbances; it has exercised its removing power sparingly, and its appointing power judiciously; has totally refrained from employing the much-abused veto prerogative; has not in the least infringed upon the province of either of the other coördinate branches of government, nor in any improper way sought to influence popular elections; and on all occasions, in every path of action, has made the spirit of our fathers its monitor, and the Constitution of the country its guide. It has been preëminently liberal and tolerant and national in its character, and yet has never forgotten its party origin. Though opposed by political majorities in both branches of Congress, it has been true to its Whig principles. If it has been unable to consummate many Whig measures, it has still done noble Whig work; for, by its auspicious influence, it has caused the genuine conservative Whig sentiment to prevail in our halls of legislation, and pervade the whole length and breadth of the Union.

But it is chiefly in the sphere of foreign relations that an American administration has to be skilful and vigorous, for here it is invested with the widest discretion, and subjected to the heaviest responsibilities. The home action of government is circumscribed by the Constitution and the laws, and, in a great measure, depends upon the course of legislation; but its foreign action, in order that it may be well directed and efficient, and adequate to all emergencies, must have the largest range and the freest play. It is by virtue of this fact that in every great government the direct management of foreign affairs is so generally confided to the strongest man in the administration. At no period have these duties been more momentous than in this day of revolution and change.

In the conduct of our foreign interests, President Fillmore's administration has won signal distinction. It has here manifested a power and secured a respect, such as has never before been known in the history of our government. Its first marked step in a foreign direction, was the communication sent in reply to the supercilious and impertinent protest of Chevalier Hulsemann

against the action of the former administration in reference to Hungary. That communication, for dignity, perspicuity, and force, has few equals in the annals of diplomacy. It gained the applause of the listening Senate; filled the whole people with proud patriotic elation, and was felt through royal circles and through popular ranks, from one extremity of Europe to the other. We had before, in our own domestic papers of state, spoken freely enough of our character, our mission, and our destiny; but this was the first *direct confrontation* of ourselves with the absolute powers of Europe. It was the first immediate assurance to them that, though seated in the New World, we do not consider ourselves isolated among the nations; and that, so far as all legitimate influence can avail, that influence should always be exerted on the side of a people struggling for freedom and independence. So far as moral action goes, it was in effect entering the very lists of despotism, and throwing down the gage of eternal hostility. It was pitting, in the eyes of all the world, the principles of the American Declaration of Independence against the principles of the Layback circular of the Holy Alliance.

Mr. Webster's "expression of the general sentiments of the government of the United States," as with simple dignity he styles it, had the stronger import in being given without having been directly called for. The Austrian *Chargé* had no business to take official cognizance of a message sent by the President to one of the branches of Congress, for such a message is an entirely domestic communication. But, for the benefit of the absolute powers of Europe, no advantage was taken of the irregularity, and the opportunity was laid hold of to define our relative position to them, with a plainness that could admit of no doubt, and a force that would forbid all protest. The letter of Mr. Webster was, for the most part, gratuitous, but nothing could have been more timely. Had he foreseen the unexampled and totally unexpected circumstances affecting our foreign policy which a single twelvemonth was to bring about, he could not have done any thing more appropriate or more serviceable. He luminously exposed to foreign view the mutual bearings of our sympathetic encouragement with our neutral policy, and forestalled every question respecting the intervention doctrine.

The United States, he said, being the especial representative of purely popular principles of government, cannot fail to feel a warm sympathy for, and wish success to, all nations struggling for institutions like its own, and yet has no disposition to depart from that neutrality towards foreign powers, which is among the deepest principles and the most cherished traditions of the political history of the Union. As if in actual anticipation of the great question, which has since acquired such an importance, how far Russian interference with Hungary should effect American action, he declared that "the fact that Austria, in her contest with Hungary, had an intimate and faithful ally in Russia, cannot alter the real nature of the question between Austria and Hungary, nor in any way affect the neutral rights and duties of the government of the United States, or the justifiable sympathies of the American people."

But in the strange vicissitudes of these days, the time soon came when the administration which had put forth these principles in a calm, was to be tried by them in a tempest. Two months after the letter to Mr. Hulsemann, a missive was dispatched by the Secretary of State to our Minister at Constantinople, instructing him to use his best endeavors to obtain from the Sublime Porte the liberation of M. Kossuth and his companions, in order that they might find a home in the United States; and, at the suggestion of government, a vessel of war was detailed by Congress to complete the object, should those endeavors prove successful. Kossuth was conveyed to our shores; he burst upon us as the Peter the Hermit of a new crusade. He was received with open arms as the guest of the nation; and ere the first shout of welcome had died away, he proclaimed that he had a mission to fulfil, not an asylum to accept. With words as direct as his motives were earnest, he at once demanded "your operative sympathy, and your financial, material, and political aid for my country's freedom and independence."

It was a most critical juncture. There were many circumstances which went to arm Kossuth's suit with extraordinary power. He was a glorified patriot, who had stood at the head of his nation through a struggle whose heroism had thrilled the world with astonishment. He was a proscribed exile,

whose misfortunes were those "misfortunes which, like death, canonize and sanctify a great character," and appeal directly to the noblest impulses and most generous sentiments of man's nature. He was an invited guest of the nation, and, as such, had a peculiar claim upon the respectful consideration and generous favor of every true-hearted American. But, more than all this, he was a man whose personal attributes wonderfully empowered him to captivate admiration and command confidence: he was one of the most splendidly marked men of the age; of unquenchable ardor, of untiring energy, of unwavering constancy; gifted with superb endowments; of unbounded versatility, of consummate address; master of an eloquence that could play at will upon the strongest and upon the finest chords of the human bosom; of an impassioned temperament, yet of a spiritual imagination; and of a faith and a hope that knew no bar, and an enthusiasm that burned without restraint, and enveloped every soul it touched with a kindred flame. He had the generous, spirited, American nature to work upon—
 ✓ quick to feel, strong to will, and straight to execute. He had the advantage, too, of being countenanced and supported by almost all of the four millions of our adopted countrymen, who, in Continental Europe, had once themselves bent beneath the same galling yoke he was now laboring to destroy; and he had the benefit of all our hereditary instincts and sympathies in favor of national
 ✓ freedom and independence, and of all our fresh indignation against the infernal perfidy of rulers who, three years ago, swore before God and man that they would limit their power to constitutional law, and share it with the people's representatives, and yet have made use of their regained security to sweep away constitutions, destroy representative bodies in every thing but the name, shackle the press, throw into dungeons men whose only crime was patriotism, crush almost every civil right, and grind into the dust nearly every vestige of genuine liberty. All these qualities, and circumstances, and influences, combining, secured for Kossuth a triumphant personal reception, totally without a parallel in the history of the country, and, at the very start, gave to his project of revolutionizing our foreign policy an impulse which seemed for the moment almost irresistible.

As far as mere legality is concerned, Kossuth perhaps solicited nothing contrary to the law of nations; at all events, there are innumerable precedents in history which would have justified compliance with his demands. But, though international law might not forbid it, settled American policy certainly did. The principle of non-inter-
 ✓ ✓ vention is essentially and peculiarly an American principle. It was established by Washington at the very outset of our government, and has been strictly conformed to by every subsequent administration. It is a policy which is natural to our geographical position, and is indispensable to the permanent security of our liberties at home, and the effectual exercise of that benign moral influence abroad, which is infinitely more potent than any other agency to generate and sustain the spirit of rational freedom. This policy, consecrated by the memory of our fathers, and made doubly precious by long and glorious experience of its benefits, Kossuth applied himself to destroy, both by direct assault and by skilful undermining.

Success seemed to await him; so far as outward demonstrations went, the people were in his favor. Hurrahs and cheers, bravos and salvos, assurances and promises, laudations and ovations saluted him wherever he turned. Brighter visions of his country's redemption quickened his energies. He every day grew stronger and bolder. Clear-eyed, calm-hearted men, whose first, last, best love was for their own fatherland, looked on, and were fearful.

The time demanded from the administration great firmness of principle and prudence of action. All honor was to be extended to the recognized guest of the nation, and yet
 ✓ ✓ no concession be made to his importunate solicitations. It was a most delicate, and yet most responsible part; but it was performed wisely and well. Kossuth was given to understand that, however much he had the sympathy of the government in his misfortunes, he could not have its concurrence in his plans. At the President's official interview with Kossuth in Washington, he addressed him in warm language of admiration for his achievements, sorrow for his reverses, welcome to our happy land, and invocation of God's blessing; but yet, with dignity and impressiveness, reminded him of that foreign policy which
 ✓ "has been uniform from the commencement

of our government." The Secretary of State, at the Congressional Banquet to Kosuth, spoke in the noblest terms of the rights of oppressed nationalities, and the justice of the Hungarian cause; but, instead of giving countenance to the doctrine of intervention, exclaimed, "What I said of Greece, twenty-five years ago, I repeat to night, *verbum post verbum*;" a reference that instantly recalled the sublimest of all vindications of the superiority of moral influence over physical force, in which superiority lies the primary wisdom of the American international principle. The entire administration held aloof from the popular current, and stood firm by the ancient landmarks. Through all the gaudy mists of rhetorical enchantment, it saw full well that our neutral policy was not one of those policies which can shift with circumstances; that if maintained at all, it must be maintained inviolate, and if abandoned once, it is lost for ever; that without it we should no where have a barrier to our foreign action, but should be continually at the mercy of every impulse of popular passion, and every enticement of popular delusion; and that, in this particular instance, we could not connect ourselves in any political way with struggling Hungary, without serious risk of being in the end drawn into the fearful whirl of European revolution. Thanks to the steadfastness of its especial guardians, the ancient policy remains secure. Adverse influences have ceased their pressure, and the danger has passed. Had the administration transformed themselves from statesmen for all time into demagogues for the hour, and flung themselves with their official trusts into the high tide of popular excitement, they might have gained for themselves louder shouts, but would have put the nation into an exigent position, from which there could have been no escape without humiliating dishonor or immeasurable injury. Faithfulness or unfaithfulness, in circumstances like these, is the best of all tests of public virtue. It is just such a test as Washington himself had in mind, when he declared that "the councils of *nations* are superior to the passions which drive *individuals*: permanent good being the polar star of the former, they will often have to encounter the impetuosity of the latter, who substitute feelings for sound policy."

But the administration has had to deal

with a still bolder form of intervention—one that, excited by a yet wilder spirit of propagandism, set our laws and our treaties at defiance. Yet here, too, the administration has been faithful to its duty. The President, at the very first indication of unjustifiable designs upon Cuba, issued a proclamation, more cogent in its appeals and more impressive in its warnings than any other in the history of our government. And it was no *brutum fulmen*. The strongest orders were given to collectors, marshals, military and naval commanders, and other federal officers, to arrest every illegal expedition from the United States. A vessel fitted out for such an expedition was seized in the harbor of New-York, and the parties, believed to be concerned in it, were bound over for trial. Two steam-frigates were dispatched to the Gulf of Mexico to capture every American vessel engaged in unlawful proceedings against Cuba. It is true that an illegal expedition left New-Orleans stealthily and without a clearance; but this resulted solely from official delinquency, and on the first receipt of the intelligence at Washington, the guilty party was promptly dismissed from the post to which he had proved unfaithful. This expedition escaped the vigilance of all government vessels, and reached Cuba; but all attempts to reinforce it were frustrated. Its handful of men landed, expecting to be welcomed by a people in armed rebellion, too late discovered their mistake, and were all either slaughtered or thrown into prison. But, guilty and deluded as they were known to be, they were American citizens, and our government could not be indifferent to their fate. Inquiry was at once officially made whether they had legally incurred their extreme punishment; and to the survivors every kind office was extended that sympathy for their families or compassion for themselves could prompt, and the national justice and dignity allow.

But in connection with this affair there were other more active and more responsible duties to be performed.

An explanation was demanded of the stopping and boarding, in Spanish waters, of the American steamer Falcon by the Spanish steam-frigate Isabella; and the inquiry was closely followed up until it was clearly shown that circumstances warranted the act.

Cuban sympathizers in New-Orleans, exas-

perated by the bloody executions at Havana, had, besides committing many other outrages upon Spanish residents in the city, violated the domicile of the Spanish Consul, destroyed the sign, the national flag, and the archives of the Consulate, and would doubtless have laid hands upon the Consul himself, had he not sought safety in flight. This was a most aggravated outrage, and called for ample reparation. But an offense of this kind upon Spanish dignity it was not so easy to settle. That dignity is of the old Castilian stamp, and is as much the more capacious and exacting, as it has the fewer resources and the less strength. Undue demands, in the way of atonement, were made of our government. An answer was returned, such as befitted a great and just nation to render to one proud and yet powerless; the deepest regret was expressed for the occurrence, and a reparation the most liberal, though it fell short of what was asked, was tendered. But Spain insisted upon her unreasonable claim. Our government could consent to nothing disparaging, and remained firm; yet its language was so frank, and convincing, and conciliatory, that the Spaniard soon ceased to play the cavalier, and expressed himself satisfied. An open rupture, which, however much Spain might have suffered from it, would have occasioned great injury to our commerce, was averted only by the magnanimity and the great prudence of our administration. Other benefits flowed from the noble manner with which this difficulty was adjusted. The full esteem and entire confidence of Spain was regained, and the intercessions of our government in favor of the American prisoners in Spain were responded to by the prompt and unconditional release of all. Thus, by the wisdom of our administration, the Cuban difficulty, with all its attendant embarrassments, has been brought to a happy and honorable issue, and in a way which, it is to be trusted, will permanently prevent the recurrence of such a case in future.

There were other nations indirectly affected by this affair. England and France issued orders to their naval commanders to intercept all vessels proceeding with a hostile intent to Cuba. The jealousies of the administration for the maritime and other rights of the nation were instantly aroused; and the two Powers were at once informed

that the United States could not look with unconcern upon any attempt to carry these orders into effect; that its government was determined to execute its laws, and in the performance of this duty could neither ask nor receive foreign aid; and that it will maintain, under all circumstances and at all hazards, its long-established principle that, in every regularly documented merchant vessel, the crew who navigate and all on board of it will find their protection in the flag that is over them. Answers were quickly received that dispelled all apprehension.

The energies of the administration in vindication of the honor of the country were soon reinvoked by a new transaction. The English brig-of-war *Express*, in neutral waters, on the coast of Central America, by twice firing round shot, and by threats and preparations to discharge with deadly effect grape, cannister, and bomb-shells, forced the American steamship *Prometheus* to come to anchor and to extinguish its fires. Immediately upon the receipt of this intelligence, a naval armament was dispatched to the scene of difficulty, and most urgent instructions were transmitted to the American Minister in London to demand instant explanation from the British government. Certain bearings which this affair had upon the vexed Nicaragua question, left some doubt among our people whether satisfaction would be rendered. But the English Cabinet, upon learning the facts, at once made reparation by recalling the captain of the *Express*, and communicating an ample apology. This is the more note-worthy, as being only the second direct apology that England, in all her long and complicated diplomatic intercourse with other nations, has ever rendered. The first, too, was obtained by our own government, and by the same head of our Foreign Affairs, in reference to the destruction of the steamer *Caroline*.

Other foreign questions of less magnitude have been acted upon by the present administration, and all with the same uniform promptness, firmness, dignity, and success. Seldom has such a variety of events and influences, affecting our national honor, rights and interests, arisen as within the last two years, and yet never have our foreign relations in every respect been more satisfactory than at the present time. If the Mosquito difficulty, which is now on the eve of adjustment, has not been sooner settled, it has

been owing to circumstances entirely beyond the control of the administration. Throughout the whole range of our foreign action, intercourse, and policy, not one thing that should have been done, and could have been done, has been misdone, or left undone; and both the means employed and the ends secured have been such as to command the respect of the world, and make every American prouder of his country. Is there need of other encomium?

But the worth of an administration is not to be estimated by positive deeds alone; it is the spirit that forms the real character. Apart from any political act, or any *ensemble* of political acts, authority exerts a moral power, which has much to do with the highest interests of the nation. In all forms of government there is an influence which, like an emanation, goes forth from high places, and, though impalpable, is sure to produce an effect for good or for ill. Rulers may manifest a civic virtue, which shall be, to every citizen in the land, an ever-active monitor of public duty, and which shall tend directly to sustain, foster, and invigorate all those inbred sentiments that go to make up a pure patriotism and a lofty public spirit; or they may be actuated by such motives as shall debase men's ideas of political greatness, lower the received standard of public duty into a sordid measure of private advantage, destroy all reverence for public authority, by taking away all confidence in its disinterestedness, and insensibly produce that civil demoralization which, if unchecked, is sure to end in national corruption and death. The land of Washington, within the memory of its youngest voter, has more than once, and more than twice, seen a set of rulers who have exercised this latter influence, and thereby inflicted an injury which, under the most favorable auspices, it will take years to repair. But no such reproach lies against the present administration. In word and in attitude, in spirit and in principle, in act and in abstinence, it has been an example which every lover of his country may contemplate with complacency. Its cabinet councils have never taken the shape of cabal intrigues, but have ever been inspired and guided by high and solemn convictions of public duty. Its public messages, unlike many others that could easily be specified, have been free from every sentiment which the future historian will wish

to blot. It has never done any thing to kindle passion, to favor discord, to stir up faction, to excite class against class, interest against interest, or section against section. It has never sought to discredit or to injure the capital or the industry of the country; has never cast reproach upon any of its inherited systems or institutions; has done no violence to any of its cherished sentiments, nor trifled with any of its inborn instincts. It has not sought to gain popularity by soft blandishments or magnificent promises. It has not given up to party what was meant for the country; but in seasons of public danger, knowing no sinister or narrow feeling, it gave its confidence to and gladly coöperated with all men who were earnest in striving for the Constitution and the Union. It has limited its ambition to its simple duty, and has practised no assumptions, tried no "experiments," issued no fiats, put forth no pretensions. It has inculcated respect for the laws by steadily respecting the laws itself, and has inspired nationality of feeling by itself making the whole country the object of its supreme regard. It has reënimated the belief in public virtue, by rising above all personal considerations, and risking self-sacrifice for the public good. Its whole influence has been harmonizing, elevating, and redeeming; just such an influence as good Whigs have always expected from a good Whig administration.

The success of the administration has put the Democratic party literally *hors du combat*. It has stripped them of nearly every thing but the spell that lies in old associations and a common name. They find no governmental abuses they are able to fall upon, no set of counter-principles they dare rally upon. As yet there is no one upon the field of action but their leaders, and *they*, divided into all kinds of squads, under all sorts of flags, are preparing, not for a great popular contest, but for a dirty scramble after the spoils of office. They themselves do not attempt to hide their forlorn condition. Says Buchanan, one of their oldest and foremost chiefs: "If I rightly read" the signs of the times, "there has seldom been a period when the Democratic party of the country was in greater danger of suffering defeat than at the present moment." And this cry of alarm has been echoed by the *Union*, the *Democratic Review*, and other organs of the party.

It is true that many Democrats have been raised to high office within the last two years; but in very few instances has it been done by mere party strength. Most of the elections have been controlled by either the Compromise measures of the last Congress, or by local questions. In most of the Southern States, party issues were waived, and party distinctions dropped. The Compromise was the great subject of controversy; and if either party is specially entitled to the glory of its triumph, it is the Whig, for from Whig ranks came the great mass of its supporters. In the principal Northern States, the Democratic candidates succeeded, so far as they did succeed, by extraneous aid. In New-York, the Canal Enlargement and Anti-rent questions, and other merely local matters, decided the last State contest. In Pennsylvania, the position of Governor Johnson towards the Compromise secured for his opponent thousands of votes, which otherwise he could not have obtained. In Ohio, the popular opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law was artfully turned by Senator Chase and his Free-soil compeers, so as to bring about the success of the Democratic Free-soil nominees. In fact, in these latter days, one hardly knows where to find or how to recognize a regular old-fashioned Democratic victory.

Modern Locofocoism is a creature of adventure, and, like a soldier of fortune, prospers best in confusion. It follows no uniform path, for it has no settled aim. Self-interest inspires it, circumstances govern it, and artifice is its main helper. It does not plant itself fast by any firmly set, well-defined, anti-Whig principle, and stake its fortunes upon maintaining it. Its only faith is in majorities, and its chief concern is to gain those majorities any how, and to carry them along any whither. Like most other powers of mischief, it has an ill-gotten spell, better than itself, with which to conjure; that spell is the word Democracy. Like most other powers of mischief, it has, too, the faculty of transformation, and can take a hundred Protean shapes, with which to make itself seemly in every latitude and meridian. Its freshest, and, just now, most common form, is that of a fast young man, just out of Jericho, bristling all over with fight, and panting to hew his way to the relief of all sorts of oppressed nationalities. Through its liege trumpeter, the *Democratic Review*, it

proclaims its mission to the world in such flourishes as these: "We must transfer the field of war to the soil of Europe, and change the issue from a contest whether monarchs shall beard us here, to a contest whether they and their impious practices shall for an hour longer be tolerated there."

"The Democratic party must go forward to a great work—the vindication before the world of the principles out of which the Declaration of American Independence was made; those principles by which the nation has steadily moved onward, till its majestic momentum, resounding over the ocean, has shaken European dynasty to its centre; and now, beneath all the iron tyranny and barbed tortures of that trembling coward, European Imperialism, still inspires the European republic to desperate and—not fruitless effort!" Verily, Young America is abroad, and with a vengeance!

The Democratic party naturally has less faith in moral than in physical causes, and has always been the innovating party of the country; but still hereditary associations and a variety of other influences have kept it in considerable restraint. Now, however, the "young anarchic forces" of the party are getting the predominance, and are hurrying it away from every ancient landmark. They have suddenly discovered that the Past was an old fool when living, and that it is now dead, and only fit food for worms. They sneer at all regard for the precepts of our fathers as ridiculous Old Foggyism, and fling the Farewell Address and all such old trumpery to the moles and the bats. They are the *illuminati* of the times, the new lights of the age, the mighty risen generation, and are first stripping to the work of renovating this crazy old hulk of a world. Were it not for the mischief in their eye, fain would we banter them after the manner of old Francis Rabelais, who died three hundred years ago:

"Pray why is it that people say that men are not such fools now-a-days as they were in the days of yore? I would fain know whether you would have us understand by this same saying, as indeed you logically may, that formerly men were fools, and in this generation are grown wise? How many and what dispositions made them fools? How many and what dispositions were wanting to make 'em wise? Why were those fools? How should these be wise? Pray, how came you to know that men were formerly fools? How did you find that you are now wise? Who made them fools? Who in Heaven's name made you wise? Who

d'ye think are most, those that loved mankind foolish, or those that love it wise? How long has it been wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing folly? Whence the following wisdom? Why did the old folly end now, and no later? Why did the modern wisdom begin now, and no sooner? What were the worse for the former folly? What the better for the succeeding wisdom? How should the ancient folly have come to nothing? How should this same new wisdom be started up and established? Now answer me, an't please you!"

But this new-born presumption bodes no good to our national progress. It is unchecked and giving free way to the only fatal tendencies of popular institutions. "It is the right, and it will prove, I think, the particular characteristic of our time," says Guizot, in the closing paragraph of his *History of Civilization*, "to recognize that all power, be it material or intellectual, be it of the government or of the people, of philosophers or of ministers, whether it has its being from one cause or another—to recognize that all human power, I repeat, carries in itself a natural evil, an inherent principle of feebleness and abuse, which must assign to it of necessity a limit and determination." In monarchies, this inherent principle of abuse works tyranny, and has overturned a thousand thrones; in democracies, it works license, and has undermined a thousand liberties. Kingdoms which rely upon physical force may give way to these tendencies for a time with impunity; but republics, which have no vitality but the popular will, and no strength but the popular arm, cannot safely yield themselves to them for a moment. Therefore the conservative policy is now and ever will be the only safe policy of this country; and the present administration, in so faithfully conforming to it, has entitled itself to unqualified commendation.

The Whig party is the really conservative party of the country. It intelligently prefers the tried to the untried, the certain to the uncertain, the safe to the hazardous, the substantial to the visionary. While ardently sympathizing with every thing that can benefit humanity, it has little of that humanitarian philosophy which believes in social perfectibility, and little of that morbidly discontented spirit that regards nothing gained so long as any thing remains ungained. "People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors." The Whig party hopes in the future, and therefore reverts to the past. It recognizes

that every thing which is most permanent and valuable is the slow growth of time, and that the energies of men are far better employed in making the best use of what they have, than in impotently struggling for what they have not. It believes that our fathers bequeathed to us the best system of government the world has ever seen—a system which, by its regular operation, is capable of every political benefit, and equal to every national emergency—a system which, by combining social order and individual freedom, gives every facility to the steady and sure workings of truth upon the human soul, and enables society to develop itself by the laws of moral life, and get rid of its evils by a process silent, gradual, and resistless. Its lively faith is, that the great cardinal principles and solid rules of our government are not the mere make-shifts of temporary expediency, but that they rest on permanent moral grounds, which are independent of change or circumstance; and its solemn task is to guard the practical working of our government, and confine it to its own inherent, regular, and harmonious laws of action. It cannot prove unfaithful to the Union, for the Union is the ark of its safety, the shrine of its hopes, the altar of its vows. No seer is needed to pre-
 sage that when the spirit of the Whig party dies out of this land, the days of the decline and fall of our glorious republic will begin to be registered.

How the administration has succeeded, we have said; how it shall be succeeded—of this we have little to say. Looking with such proud satisfaction upon the present, we can but cherish high hopes for the future. The country has been shown what a Whig administration practically is, and this in itself gives us a vantage-ground that half secures the victory. The wise, strong, and pure patriotism of Whig national rulers has now been most rigidly tested; suspicion is baffled, and calumny silenced. Political tricksters, sordid and shameless as they are, venture no longer to ply their wretched arts against it. It is unassailed, because it is unassailable. We have not such an opinion of American degeneracy as to believe that public service of this stamp—the genuine Washingtonian stamp—will be speedily discarded. It is relied upon now; and either it must change or the American people must change, if it is not relied upon hereafter.

Whig principles have lost none of their consequence ; on the contrary, they are daily becoming more and more important to the prosperity and welfare of the country. In internal affairs, the interests of the republic will continue to demand an economical administration of the government ; a strict accountability of public officers, and a rigid adherence, on their part, to the limitations of authority prescribed by the laws, a supreme regard for the entire Constitution of the country ; a liberal construction of its provisions, so as to give both force to its letter and efficacy to its spirit, and yet an implicit acceptance of its true meaning as declared by its highest judicial expositor ; the inviolable sanctity of all State rights, and both abstinence from and condemnation of any attempt by the citizen of one State to interfere politically with the municipal or social institutions of another ; the absolute enforcement of and implicit submission to the laws of Congress, until they have been authoritatively pronounced unconstitutional ; hearty coöperation in every effort to develop, by legitimate means, the immense material resources of the country—particularly by the improvement of its important rivers and harbors, so as to render them navigable and accessible—and by such a discrimination in the duties necessarily laid upon imports for the support of government, as shall secure to the industry of our countrymen a just remuneration, shall stimulate mechanical and manufacturing enterprise, and shall promote that healthy interchange among ourselves of the fruits of our own skill and labor, which is so well calculated to interlock our domestic interests, cement our union, and foster the spirit as well as facilitate the attainment of complete national independence. These, and all the other incidental measures and subsidiary influences of the Whig party, will increase in importance in the same ratio as the nation's wonderful advance in population and potential energies for good or for evil.

In our external affairs, too, the established Whig policy can lose none of its vast moment. We were distinguished for our national faith before we became distinguished for our national strength, and now that we have the latter, we must guard the former with redoubled vigilance ; for a State's real greatness lies in its moral power, and when that is lost, all is lost. The true Whig sentiment, then, of "sacred honor," inspiring and

sustaining, as it has done under the present administration, the honest and faithful performance of all obligations made with foreign Powers, with a scrupulous regard for *their* rights, and a firm and steady defense of *our* own, must still continue to be the supreme regulator of our foreign relations. The policy of neutrality, restraining us from joining in the quarrels of other nations—though, until lately, on account of the absence of all counter-inducement, of little concern and quite a thing of course—has suddenly become one of the most serious and most arduous responsibilities of the government, and so it must long remain. In all likelihood, its severest trial is yet to come. Unless every future calculation is delusive, the people of Europe will again, sooner or later, rise in rebellion. Whether we hail or deprecate, whether we aid or withhold, the conflict will come. The popular struggle will again commence, and, in all probability, we shall be most importunately urged either to give direct aid to it, or debar intervention against it. Neither can be done without fearful danger of involving the nation in a war, the magnitude, and duration, and consequences of which, cannot be foreseen ; and the only security against this peril is the rigid maintenance of the policy of the present administration — a policy which fulfils duty to the country by carrying out the precepts of our fathers against contracting any foreign alliance whatever, and which, at the same time, fulfils duty to humanity by lending our moral power and natural sympathy to a people struggling for freedom.

The American people have, then, in every respect, whether concerning them at home or abroad, a most momentous interest in prolonging the ascendancy of Whig principles ; and we have little fear that they will not testify their appreciation of that interest when they shall be again called upon to consign their highest official trusts to a representative of those principles. Which of the three persons now in the public mind shall finally be presented for the suffrages of the country as that representative, is a matter of comparatively little importance. Each of them has been an illustrious public benefactor ; each of them is, in doctrine and in spirit, a true and unchangeable Whig ; and each of them would be equal to every requisition, and faithful to every responsibility. The

three—he of giant intellect, whose fame has extended over the civilized world and commands the homage of even the despots he has rebuked, and whose whole long public service has been one continued and matchless championship of the Constitution and the Union; he who, in thorough science, powerful conception, steady judgment, sure calculation, calm courage, and all those other high qualities that go to make up the great warrior, is emphatically the soldier of the age, and who, on the field of arms, has rendered his country more solid and glorious service than any other, save Washington himself; and he who is now the chief magistrate of the Republic, and who, by his prudence, firmness, and patriotism, has rescued the Union from unexampled danger, and approved himself to the commendation and gratitude of all future generations—with what ineffable superiority does each of them tower above that motley herd of Democratic aspirants, who are so impatiently hustling together for the precedence, though of most of them it may with too much truth be said that, “far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, they are hardly fit to turn a wheel in the machine.”

We look forward with implicit trust to a well-advised selection by the National Convention of one of these three men as the regular Whig Presidential candidate—a selection made upon the largest scale of information, and with a regard to the highest honor and best interests of the country and the party. That action, whatever it may be, if the party is in earnest, must have the loyal acceptance and efficient support of every real Whig in the land. There may be personal preferences; we would not complain of these, for such partialities are inseparable from our

very nature. They have been very powerfully manifested in all Whig conventions hitherto, but have ever been readily and cheerfully sacrificed for the common weal. The successful application of a good political principle is of infinitely more consequence to the country than the particular instrumentality by which that application is effected. That either of the three eminent Whigs under consideration, might and would, if nominated and elected make such an application of Whig principles, so far as his official power could allow, no intelligent Whig, we believe, can doubt for a moment. If this be so, a non-concurrence in the final nomination could be nothing else but wanton, inexcusable factiousness, infinitely more becoming to Democratic spoil-hunters than to Whig patriots. Such an event cannot be anticipated, for the whole history and character of the Whig party forbid even the very supposition. It is well to discuss the personal merits of our different candidates, if it be done calmly and frankly; but let it be ever borne in mind, that there neither are nor can be any actual personal issues. There are no Whig issues but issues of Whig principle, and on the acceptance or rejection of these issues by the people turn the most momentous fortunes of the country. Let all true Whigs, then, as they value the importance of these issues, as they estimate the sublime worth of their cause, now, in the day of examination, keep these minor differences down to their proper level, and hereafter, in the day of action, bury them deep from their sight. United by the same changeless devotion to their country, inspirited with new hopes, constrained by yet stronger motives and more solemn responsibilities, let them again stand together for a common struggle and a common victory.

JOURNALISM AND JOURNALISTS IN PARIS.

[CONCLUDED.]

From this sketch, for whose accuracy we vouch, having had the opportunity to be acquainted with contributors and the arcana of the *Débats*, it may be easily conceived how acceptable to that paper was the revolution of February, and its sequel, the democratic republic. It was at first terrified and almost thunderstruck; it seemed for a time to resign itself to fate. Yet, after recovering, it exhaled now and then, though cautiously, its sorrow and its regrets for that constitutional monarchy which it should have boldly and wisely forewarned. But regrets were unavailing during the months of exasperation, of bloody scenes, and of distraction, which followed. Its conduct in reference to General Cavaignac was fair and patriotic; it gave to the gallant general an independent and disinterested support. Even in the struggle for the presidency, the *Débats*, notwithstanding the promptings of the *Constitutionnel* and other journals, held itself aloof in a position of dignified neutrality, yet leaning to the noble-minded general.

Since the early days of 1849, and more especially since the period when the majority in the Legislative Assembly began to organize itself, the *Débats* has shown itself more and more opposed to the republican system that has prevailed, but it has opposed it with intelligent moderation, dignified tone, and exerted itself to pacify and reconcile conflicting passions. It has contributed efficiently to propagate sound doctrines and support law.

The *Débats* is chiefly read by the wealthy landed proprietors, public functionaries, the higher classes of the magistracy, the higher classes of merchants and manufacturers, by the *agents de change*, barristers, notaries, and country gentlemen. Its circulation has been influenced by the stormy vicissitudes of the times. Under the Empire, it reached 40,000; under the Restoration, it rather diminished, because of new competitors, especially the *Constitutionnel*, then the leader

of the Opposition; in 1846 it was about 13,000, in 1850 about 12,000; but we think it certainly must have considerably risen since 1849.

We conclude with a short sketch of the editorial corps. The chief editor, Armand Bertin, was brought up in the school of his father, and is now about fifty years of age. M. Bertin is a man of wit and literary tastes, with the habits, feelings, and demeanor of a well-bred gentleman. Though a man of elegant and epicurean tastes, he does not allow his luxurious inclinations to interfere with business. He reads with his own editorial eyes all the voluminous correspondence of the office, on his return from the *salons* in which he has been spending the evening. If in the forenoon there is any thing of importance to learn in any quarter of Paris, M. Bertin is on the scent, and seldom fails to run down his game. At a certain hour in the day he appears at his office, and there assigns to his co-laborers their daily task. It is asserted by M. Texier that before the law whose provisions require that to each article a signature should be signed in full, M. Bertin never wrote in his own journal, but contented himself with giving to the products of so many pens the necessary homogeneousness. We admit that usually he did so, and gave hints and information to the proper writers, but that he never wrote, we do not admit. Be this as it may, he has taken, since the law of July, 1850, the summary of foreign politics as his special province, and generally signs articles relating to it. Under the monarchy of Louis Philippe, the influence of M. Bertin was very considerable; yet he only used this influence to obtain orders and decorations for his contributors. All the writers in the *Débats* have obtained at different times the cross of the Legion of Honor, except the proprietor of the paper, who did not avail himself of eighteen years of royal favor to put a bit of red ribbon to his own button-

hole. At the Italian Opera, or the *Variétés*, sometimes at the *Café de Paris*, the *Maison Dorée*, or the restaurant of *Trois Frères*, M. Bertin may be seen enjoying the music, and his dinner and wine; but never was he a servile courtier or trencher-follower of the *Tuilleries*. It is after these enjoyments, or after *un petit souper* with a friend, that he proceeds for the last time in the day, or rather the night, to the office of the paper. There shutting himself up in his *cabinet*, he calls for proofs, reads them, and, when he has seen every thing corrected carefully, gives the final order to go to press, and towards two o'clock in the morning turns his steps homeward.

Though we may apply to the succession of able and brilliant writers in the *Débats*, for the past half century, the passage where Virgil, speaking of the Golden Palm, says, *uno avulso non deficit alter*, yet we ought to own that the former contributors, such as Fontanes, Chateaubriand, Villemain, Geoffroy, Feletz, Dussault, and Hoffman, have not been fully equaled by their successors, however talented and learned they may be. Yet the present contributors are still the most distinguished writers for the press. All of them, and many in the highest degree, possess scholarship, fine accomplishments, and sound criticism, with a good deal of wit and genius in writing. Among them, we must especially mention Messrs. de Sacy, St. Marc Girardin, Michel Chevalier, Philarète Chasles, Cuvillier-Fleury, and Jules Janin.

M. de Sacy is a lawyer by profession, and pleaded, in his youth, some causes with considerable success. At a very early period of his career, he connected himself with the *Débats*. His articles are distinguished by ease and flow, yet by a certain gravity and weight, which is divested, however, of any pedantic tone. They are read with pleasure by political men of the old school, and most foreigners may read them with profit and instruction. M. de Sacy is a simple, modest, and retiring gentleman, of great learning, and of uncommon taste and tact. Though he has, for twenty years past, had access to men in the very highest positions—to ministers, ambassadors, to the sons of a king, and even to the late king himself—he pushed not his ambition higher than the red riband and a modest place, worth twelve hundred dollars a year, as *Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Mazarine*. Such is the *genius* of many literary gentlemen in Paris!

In respect to M. St. Marc Girardin, next to de Sacy, the most distinguished writer of the *Débats*, Frazer's Magazine gives us the following tale: "He was originally," says he, "a *maître d'étude* at the College Henri IV., and sent one fine morning an article to the *Débats*, which produced a wonderful sensation. No name, no address to the article! But old Bertin so relished and appreciated it, that he busied himself to find out the writer. He even inserted an advertisement! Girardin called, was instantly attached to the journal, and left at liberty to leave his miserable *métier de maître d'étude*." It is a great honor, we know, to rise by talent from an humble situation to eminence and reputation; but is it proper to illustrate this principle by repeating stupidly false gossip? Things are managed in other ways in Paris. The plain truth is, that M. Girardin, after a course of classical studies, began his career as professor of the grammar class at the College Henri IV.; that, a few years after, having shown brilliant intellect and learning in a public examination for new degrees (*concours*) before the professors of the Sorbonne, he was promoted, and won a certain celebrity as *littérateur* and writer, and that he was introduced to the *Débats* under the best auspices, the recommendation of Villemain. Once connected, he rose rapidly to reputation; under Louis Philippe, he became successively professor at the Faculty of Letters, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and of the French Academy—highest honors in the literary career. His articles are remarkable for pungent and vivacious wit, imaginative spirit, learning, and a refined elegance of style. As we before said, the brilliant articles written in 1834 against the Emperor of Russia and the Russian system were from his pen.

Michel Chevalier is a pupil of the Polytechnic School, and early, under the impulse of visionary ideas, connected himself with the St. Simonians. When that coterie bought the *Globe*, to make it their mouth-piece, he became one of the writers. But their theories growing every week wilder and bolder, the paper was arraigned, and the responsible editor, being then Chevalier, was condemned to six months' imprisonment for teaching dangerous doctrines. At the expiration of the sentence, his friends interfered, and, in order thoroughly to wipe out the past, procured him from the govern-

ment a traveling mission to America. Then he addressed to the *Débats* a series of letters, which met with the most brilliant success. Returned to Paris, after a few years of travel, he was admitted to the paper as a regular contributor, and very soon was appointed Professor of Political Economy at the College of France. Michel Chevalier is not only a good and able writer, but thoroughly conversant with political and economic matters. He is considered, and with reason, as a high authority in his various disquisitions. The letters upon the United States have gone through many editions; they are comparatively defective at the present time. If he would visit again our country, what improvements, what progress, what wonders would strike his eyes, which have been accomplished in the short space of fifteen years!

Philarète Charles is intrusted with the department of foreign literature. An excellent classical scholar, he is moreover the best acquainted with England and English writers. He is indebted for this excellence to the misfortunes of his father, who was proscribed in 1845, and sought refuge in England, where he spent many years, and the son received a half-English education. His articles are distinguished by large views, vivacity, wit, and original elegance of style.

The most lively and witty writer, next to him, is Cuvillier-Fleury, formerly professor at the college Ste. Barbe, for many years tutor of the Duke d'Aumale, and afterwards occupying the position of *secrétaire des Commandements* in the household of the young prince. Whatever subject he sketches or discusses, you are sure to meet with taste, talent, and sprightliness.

Who is not acquainted with the widely celebrated name of Jules Janin, the *feuilletoniste* of the *Débats*, and the much dreaded critic, and almost sovereign, of the theatrical world? The former critic, Geoffroy, was not as much propitiated, coaxed, and fawned upon as Janin has been for twenty years, by people eager after public favor—we mean dramatic authors, actors, and actresses. But be it said to his credit, that he has generally maintained the integrity of the press in his criticisms, and preserved an independent spirit. Very many of his theatrical articles have been greatly relished, but many others are disfigured by affectation, fanciful oddities, and the *marivaudage* of style. Never-

theless, Janin has wit, talent, and, what is not generally known, extensive scholarship. He has tried writing novels, but we think him deficient in that line. Sparkling pages, now and then, are gems in a novel; but to realize an excellent one, higher qualifications are requisite.

The other contributors, who, from time to time, have given remarkable articles, are Delecluze, in the fine arts, Berlioz, the celebrated composer, in music, and John Lemoine, Xavier Raymond, Louis Allory, Alexander Thomas, in general literature and history.

To sum up: the *Débats*—thanks to the wise and liberal policy of the proprietors, who have been on the constant look-out to find and enlist the most promising or talented writers and scholars of the University and elsewhere—has always had, and still possesses, probably, the best editorial corps in Paris.

THE CONSTITUTIONNEL.

Since Dr. Véron, the chief proprietor and editor of this paper, has changed his flag, and declared himself the admirer and warm supporter of the *Elysée*, it has increased in importance and notoriety. But to properly expose and characterize its present standing and spirit, a brief retrospective review is necessary.

Three phases, each with strong characteristics, are found in the history of the *Constitutionnel*; 1st, from 1815 to 1830; 2d, from 1830 to 1848; 3d, from 1848 to 1852.

This journal was established in 1815, after the final overthrow of Napoleon. It was from its origin a liberal or opposition paper. Most of the shares were awarded to, or bought by, the writers who enlisted to become regular editors. Among them we must mention Etienne, Jay, Tissot, Aignan, and Norvins, more or less distinguished by talent, political knowledge, and wit, but experienced writers, and strongly united in opinion. The paper rose rapidly in favor and circulation. It was eminently *Voltaire*; but this spirit was congenial to the times, and became a powerful engine in arousing opposition.

Every morning it poured forth vehement denunciations against the *Parti-Prêtre*, the Jesuits, and the intrigues or encroachments of the emigrants and royalist party. All that

time, journals were bought or patronized, not for their news, but for their polemics. A leading article, a *premier Paris*, was expected with a feverish impatience, and exerted a strong influence upon popular feelings. The names of the writers were not then affixed to every speculation; but it was enough that such an opinion emanated from the *Constitutionnel*, considered as the steady defender and champion of liberty, to make it most acceptable and influential throughout Paris and France.

Etienne, the principal of the editors, was *par excellence* a man of wit and talent, a brilliant and lively writer on any subject. Under the Empire, his comedies of the *Deux Gendres*, the *Intrigante*, *Brueys et Palaprat*, had won him literary fame and renown. He infused into his polemical articles the genius and elegance which had made him popular. His reputation and influence increased to a high degree, when he began to appear in the *Minerve Française*—a weekly periodical established about 1818 by many editors of the *Constitutionnel*—and gave the bold and sparkling *Lettres de Paris*, in which blunders of ministers, retrograde laws, speeches in the parliament, were scanned, discussed, and criticised, with the vigor and merciless satire of Junius, and always, with an incomparable flow of wit and humor, and the utmost elegance of style.

Towards 1824, two young men, then poor and obscure, but full of talent and ambition, entered into the office of the *Constitutionnel* as regular editors. They proved powerful allies. The one was the sharp and clever Thiers, the other, the better read, the better informed, and the more judicious Mignet. It was during the Villèle administration that the paper attained the very highest acme of its fame. It was then said to have had thirty thousand subscribers at about sixteen dollars (eighty francs) a year. Its influence and prosperity were overflowing. A single share in the property was a fortune. During these palmy days, the *Constitutionnel* had no *Roman-feuilleton*. It depended then on its leading articles, and its immense popularity with the friends of the *Charte*, the Bonapartists, the adversaries of the clergy, and the discontented of every kind and degree. It never lost an opportunity, by insinuation and inuendo, now and then by warm eulogies, to glorify the

deeds and principles of the Revolution, to recall the illustrious achievements of the Empire and its great genius. The old soldiers, the *grognards*, the *vieux de la vieille*, the dismissed officers and generals, only spoke of the *Constitutionnel* with adoration!

In 1830, its fortunes had reached the culminating point. It fought with a fiery spirit during the few months which preceded and foreboded the revolution of July, and had great influence on the victory of the Three Days. After the victory, came the *partage* of spoils. The *Constitutionnel* obtained a fine share of them. Its leading writers became prefects, councillors of state, deputies, or were favored with lucrative places in the ministerial departments. The editorial corps was almost entirely renewed, and new aspirants to fame introduced. The former editors, when leaving, did not bequeath their talents and experience to their successors. Besides, the principles of liberty, so ardently advocated for fifteen years, seemed to have ascended the throne with the Citizen-King; there was no more right, or at least strong cause to continue opposition; and opposition was the proper element of the *Constitutionnel*, and had been throughout the main spring of its popularity and success. In the heat of the revolution, many journals were started, aspiring to influence and money, vigorous with young blood and health, and immediately began warfare against the old gentleman, (*le vieux bonhomme*), as the *Constitutionnel* was called in derision. Hence a progressive decline in its subscription-books.

Foremost and the liveliest among the belligerents was the *Charivari*, the French Punch. Every morning, its ever-fertile genius served to readers at large an exuberant breakfast of jokes, drolleries, squibs, and facetiousness, all seasoned with the richest sauce of fun and humor, and usually *embellished*, by way of illustration, with a capital *caricature*. Sometimes it was a procession of angry subscribers, hurrying to the office of the paper, singing out in chorus, Stop my paper! Sometimes, an old, corpulent, and decrepit gentleman, with the phiz of the late editor, was represented in his arm-chair, as it were *in articulo mortis*, and whispering: Now it is all over! The next number was depicting his obsequies, attended by half a dozen subscribers,

as his last friends and sole mourners. With a people so keenly sensitive to ridicule, lovers of fun and laughter, as the French, every mockery hit home, every shaft was a wound. The *Constitutionnel* might have successfully withstood all this grape-shot, if, taking its ground upon enlightened liberty and progressive reform, it had exerted itself to excel in political and literary writings. But the old talents and old spirit had departed together; therefore its circulation declined more and more, until, in 1843, it was only about three thousand five hundred, when the proprietors, on account of the competition and cheapness of other papers, (the *Presse* and the *Siècle*), determined to reduce the price by one half. They then, too, adopted the *Roman-feuilleton* to attract and amuse people at large, and applied to *spirited* writers. They gave as much as one hundred dollars (five hundred francs) for an article of this kind to A. Dumas or Sue. Able contributors for leading articles were secured at a fair compensation; and from 1845 to 1848, Thiers, Rémusat, and Duvergier de Hauranne constantly wrote for its columns. The circulation of the journal was then said to amount to twenty-four thousand. During the past years, it has supported or opposed, according to its interest, the ministers who have appeared on the stage; but in 1848 it was an opposition paper.

When Doctor Véron, its present proprietor, bought the *Constitutionnel*, it was said to be reduced to three thousand subscribers. Yet, if we recollect right, he paid for the property twenty-five thousand dollars. He was induced by a two-fold motive—to avail himself of a good bargain, and to become a political man and a deputy to the Chamber. But who is Doctor Véron, of whom lately we have heard so much, and now the dear friend of the ministers, the admirer and bosom-friend of the President, the pet confidant of the secrets of the *Elysée*? This is a material point in such a review; and candidly, as we have seen nothing but stale tales, false anecdotes, or broad caricatures in the English, American, and even French newspapers, before and after 1848, we will try, being well acquainted with his general history, to delineate here a true portrait. It comes from an independent looker-on.

First, Dr. Véron is a "smart" man, a clever and capital fellow, as the cant phrase goes, and, in addition, the most jolly fellow

in the world. He is past fifty-five, and he has seen a good deal of life in his active and checkered career. As he tells us himself, he has been behind the scenes of the scientific, the literary, the theatrical, the financial, and the political world. He made his début as a son of Esculapius, or rather an *amateur*. Seeing that patients were very slow to call, he enlisted when young with the writers of the *Quotidienne*, a highly pious and royalist paper of the time, and hence was admitted to royal and court society of "*Bonnes Lettres*," established to react against the liberal spirit of the times, and of which were members many noblemen of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, courtiers, officers, and aspiring *littérateurs* and *hommes de lettres*. It was a means of being introduced to fame, to royal favors, and especially to people of high life and refined society. Our Doctor understood and calculated so, and he did not miscalculate. Thanks to royalist patronage, he was named Physician-in-Chief to the Royal Museums. What! to attend to and to doctor any of the groups in the pictures of Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Teniers, Albano, or Poussin, or the antique statues of Greek and Roman heroes! No, no, gentlemen, not for these dumb and yet not inexpressive personages. The situation was merely a *sinecure*, a situation without any trouble, but with a fair salary, to enable the lucky occupant (lucky fellow, as you see, was our Doctor!) to live with ease and in full enjoyment, and to pursue, without any uneasiness about patients and patronage, his profound medical studies.

It was pretty comfortable to live in such a way, and move in high and fashionable society; but the Doctor had a wide-awake and far-seeing eye on the future. An old pharmacoplist, named Regnault, had composed a *pâte pectorale*, which was said to be a radical cure for colds and sore throats. Despite its marvelous virtues, the stuff was then without celebrity, and going off very slowly. Therefore meagre was the income. The quick genius of the junior Doctor saw what might be done. He proposed to buy the property. It was sold at a bargain. All at once he took a partner to attend to the details of the business, while he deeply immersed himself in the cogitations and speculations of genius. At that time, the art of advertising was in its infancy in Paris, its power little understood and

almost unknown on a wide sphere. The Doctor exerted himself, and succeeded in procuring splendid reports and certificates from all scientific societies, down to the Royal Academy of Medicine. Then he opened a wonderful fire of advertisements, encomiums, and high recommendations, in the newspapers of Paris, of the provinces, and of foreign countries. He gave them an incessant and prodigious circulation. Every where, at hotels, at drug-stores, in town, in traveling, you met the *pâte pectorale*, and of course splendid puffs in connection. O Barnum! A wonderful sale kept pace with the celebrity, and so much so, that in ten years our fortunate Doctor cleared about two hundred thousand dollars, and became a wealthy and a very considerable man. How, it may be asked, do you know all this? We know all this from his partner, an industrious and excellent man, with whom we have been acquainted, and who secured also the same snug sum. "There is no occasion to wonder at such a rapid fortune," will perhaps say somebody; "that is pretty common in our country, and we have often seen better." True, certainly! But we speak of France, where acquiring a fortune so fast is a very uncommon event. Therefore we must credit the Doctor with a splendid achievement. Meanwhile, the *pâte pectorale* has become celebrated all over Europe. It has crossed the ocean, and we have found it in most of the towns of the United States. America, therefore, has been unconsciously, and is still, a tributary to Dr. Véron! But for us, that important fact would have still remained in the dark.

Money-making was flourishing. He began to cherish higher aspirations. He wanted the prestige of literary fame, of a kind of Mæcenas. He next established the *Review of Paris*, a weekly periodical, and he resolved to make it from its début an exceedingly lively, pretty, fashionable, and acceptable review. To this end he enlisted, at very high compensations, the most elegant and brilliant writers of Paris. He knew that if he could beguile the *salons* and the fair sex, he would win over all the hearts and heads of graver people. He knew that munificence to superior talents is good policy and a profitable investment. An article of sixteen pages octavo sometimes cost one hundred dollars; if signed with a widely celebrated name, two hundred dollars! Thus

the Parisian *Review* was started, and really for a time it ran a successful course. The Doctor accomplished his purpose; he secured a literary prestige, and became a great favorite, not only with the fashionable world, but with the writing people, and this without writing an article.

Next, he became the director or manager of the opera! The Revolution of July, 1830, had greatly embarrassed and impaired the prosperity of the concern. The old nobility were pouting and living at their *chateaux*; the bankers and financiers of the day had suffered severe losses; there was no new and splendid piece to attract and enrapture the wealthy and fashionable. Moreover, the numerous foreigners had fled from Paris, because of daily riots and disturbances. Gloomy indeed was the prospect of the opera, and the managers were on the brink of ruin. Doctor Véron resolved and offered to become the saviour of the opera and all operatic people. And he did so! And by his dexterous management; by attractions, allurements, and contrivances of every kind; by his unrivaled genius for puffing, and the most extensive use of puffery of various sorts, so learnedly explained by Mr. Puff in the *Critic of Sheridan*—though we wonder if our Doctor ever read *Sheridan*—he succeeded in bringing back to the opera the fashionable and wealthy people, and in making money. But it is not true, as *Frazer's Magazine* asserts, that he found there the principal source of his fortune; his fortune was already made. "How much have you cleared in your management?" said a friend to him, when he retired. "Oh! almost nothing—a trifle—about two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and with much trouble, I assure you!" We would wager that Maretzek, our favorite *impresario*, and a great man in his line, would not be displeased with such a trifle, even after many years of hard management; and, *en passant*, we would advise him, if ever in a predicament, to apply to our Doctor for a memoir upon his management of the opera. No man could supply more crafty and more profound counsels than this great man. No theatrical purveyor was ever more ingenious in shifting the pieces to suit changing markets and varying appetites. It was he who brought out *Robert le Diable*, and with a splendor of decorations and scenery which is still dazzling before

our eyes, which eclipsed all past efforts, and enraptured all Paris, all the provinces, all the foreign and fashionable world.

Tired of the opera, the Doctor bought the *Constitutionnel*, to prepare the way to political aspirations. He was anxious to shine in the Chamber of Deputies. After a time, he presented himself as candidate of the Dynastic Opposition at Brest. This was the "artful dodge" before the Revolution of February; but though an artful manager, and confident from past triumphs, he failed, to his no slight mortification; and instead of being a deputy, he remained the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*. Such was his position in February, 1848. Profound perturbation every where predominated! A change again came over the spirit of the journal—a very remarkable change! The *Constitutionnel* had been formerly a rabid opponent of priests and Jesuits; it has now become their friend and organ. An unflinching, and often a fierce opponent of the executive, it has now become the apologist and warm supporter of the executive in the person of Louis Napoleon. "Every body knows," says M. Texier, with abundant malice prepense, "that, since December, 1848, Doctor Véron has declared that France may henceforth place her head on the pillow and go quietly to sleep, for he confidently answers for the good faith and wisdom of the President." A more grave authority, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, says also: "That journal availed itself dexterously of circumstances. The privilege, so much courted, of being the favorite organ of the executive, has fallen to it. Will the chief editor use the privilege with the tact of which the *Débats* has given an example? Will he have sufficient command of himself to resist the temptation of playing the man of importance? It is a matter of discernment, *et si l'on devient quelquefois financier, on nait homme de goût.*" What nicety of language to hint that which our republican freedom and manners would say plainly: to wit, that Doctor Véron is somewhat proud and flushed with his own importance and statesmanship, since he has become the confident of the *Elysée*.

The *Patrie*, evening paper, of the same complexion as the *Constitutionnel*, is edited by very zealous men, now partisans of the *Elysée*, young fellows aspiring to outshine

the elder journal in devotion to and eulogies upon the present system, and who, in consequence, are favored with a fair share of secrets and rewards. They seem to care very little for consistency and moral character.

THE NATIONAL.

At the beginning of 1829, Thiers and Mignet parted with the *Constitutionnel*, and, with their friend Carrel, founded a new opposition paper, which they called the *National*. The title alone foreboded a more energetic spirit; it was ominous. In effect, the journal set out with the special purpose of a desperate war against the old dynasty, and of promoting the interests of the younger and liberal branch of Orleans. It was agreed among the partners that each one should take the place of *redacteur en chef* (chief editor) for a year. Thiers, as the oldest and most experienced, entered first into the duties, and conducted the paper with a vivacious and daring spirit. It was from its office that was early started the proposition which hastened the crisis—namely, the refusal to pay taxes and to contribute to a budget.

The Revolution of 1830 broke out. It was at the office of the *National* that the famous protest, proclaiming the right of resistance, was composed and signed by Thiers, Cauchois-Lemaire and others. On the following day the office of the journal was forcibly invaded by the police and armed soldiers, when the presses were broken. Against this illegal violence the undaunted editors again protested, and the day after the resistance, the Revolution was triumphant! Thiers and Mignet were promoted to higher situations, and were no longer regular contributors. Carrel, either by love of independence or secret dissatisfaction, remained to assume the conduct of the paper. From that time, he became the firmest as well as the ablest organ of democracy. He was a man of brilliant talents, a nervous writer, and always ready, through a too chivalric spirit, to fight for, and support with arms, the bold opinions he advocated in the journal. A miserable quarrel arose in 1836 with Emile Girardin, editor of the *Presse*, and Carrel was shot. On his death, the shareholders named as successor Trélat, a staunch republican, and then in prison. Bastide and Littré, principal contributors, filled the editorial chair. On the release of Trélat, it was soon discovered

that he had not the special talent necessary. Then, Bastide and Marrast jointly became chief editors. The latter had been a political prisoner and a refugee in England, and had returned to France through the amnesty granted on the marriage of the Duke of Orleans. He was a remarkable writer, full of vigor and brilliancy, but bitterly hostile to the Orleans dynasty, and ardently anxious to realize the long-cherished idea of a republic. The insurrection of February broke out. The day after, it was a revolution, and the provisional government was concocted and carried out in the office of the *National*. The triumphant editors, Bastide, Trélat, Marrast, Charras, etc., became ministers, statesmen, or representatives in the Assembly—delusive greatness of a day! The triumph of the republic was not very profitable to the interests of the journal. It was involved in the unpopularity of its former editors, and preserved only a circulation of seven thousand, while others of more advanced opinion, as the *Siècle* and the *Republique*, had, the one thirty thousand, and the other twelve thousand. Once more in the opposition, the *National* manfully strove to advocate the principles of the constitution, and its working in a liberal spirit; it often displayed much ability in its disquisitions and polemic warfare, till the *coup d'état*, by which both the journal was crushed, and many of its editors proscribed or thrown into exile.

THE SIÈCLE.

The *Siècle* and the *Presse*, both established about 1835, have been the great innovators of the age respecting cheapness (*rabais*) and the introduction of the *roman-feuilleton*. They have been, too, spirited and constant rivals for popularity; but both owed their patronage and celebrity less to their politics than to the attraction of their literary or romantic matters. They addressed themselves to, and they represented, the fanatics of the *roman-feuilleton*, and the immense legion, every where thriving, of always hungry devourers of novels or fanciful and fantastic tales. And here we may mention, *en passant*, the success of a former and clever editor of a French newspaper in this city, who practised the same policy. By his ingenuity to flatter the public taste, but especially, and above all, by his regular and nicely sagacious importation of the romantic

goods from the always richly stocked firms and shops of the *Siècle* and *Presse*, he succeeded to a wonder, and in eight years cleared the snug capital of sixty thousand dollars, which he is enjoying now in the delightful atmosphere of Paris. This indeed must be regarded as a brilliant achievement; yet we think that the clever editor is bound by conscience to a profound and everlasting gratitude to the respectable firms just mentioned.

Since February, 1848, the *Siècle* has been the organ of moderate republicanism. It is eminently city-like, and devoted to the interests of the *bourgeoisie* or middle class. Its success is chiefly due to this spirit, and to the eminently fair, practical, and business-like manner in which it has been conducted. A curious fact is, that the *Siècle*, though representing, since 1848, a section of the Radical party in France, has been preserved on the official list of admission into Russia, while the *National* has been excluded, and the *Presse* itself, which formerly supported the cause of Russia, was no more admitted. Perrée, the late editor and manager of the journal, who died at the early age of thirty-four, highly respected and regretted by the public at large, was member for the Manche to the National Assembly. The other writers are Louis Jourdan, formerly a St. Simonian; Pierre Bernard, who was secretary to Armand Carrel; Hippolite Lamarche, an ex-cavalry captain, who wrote the leading articles on foreign countries with high intelligence; and Auguste Jullien, son of Jullien de Paris, once director of the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

THE PRESSE.

This far-famed paper was founded in 1835 by Emile de Girardin, a son of General de Girardin, it is said, by an English mother. The new editor was the incarnated genius of innovation. Like the *Siècle*, he started by reducing the subscription from eighty to forty francs per annum. This, no doubt, was a great advantage to the million, and it induced thousands to subscribe for and read a newspaper, more especially in manufacturing towns and in the country, who never thought of reading a newspaper before. The example was followed by many other journals; and this general diffusion of newspapers by propagating in politics bold and venturesome ideas, in morals, love of ex-

itement and inordinate passions, no doubt contributed, and powerfully, to foster the Socialist doctrines, to precipitate the events which are before the world.

When the *Presse* was not a year old, it had fifteen thousand subscribers; ten years after, the number was treble, and the product alone of its advertisements amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year, (thirty thousand dollars,) by special contract. Thus the *Presse* reveled in luxury and prosperity; but it was, too, a liberal paymaster to its contributors, and especially its *feuilletonistes*. For many years, Dumas, Balzac, Theophile Gauthier, and Jules Sandeau, received between forty and sixty dollars for a single contribution.

Under Louis Philippe, Girardin became member of the Chamber of Deputies, but upon this stage, his rôle was neither shining nor influential. Though a brilliant writer, he is not gifted with oratory, and he rarely spoke. Since February, 1848, he has written a great deal in his journal, and labored hard to sustain its character. He became a fervent Republican, a professed Socialist, a great promoter of Socialism, and, despite his exertions, the number of Subscribers sensibly declined.

During this period, the *Presse* has been less the collective reason of a set of writers laboring to a common intent, than the expression of the individual activity, energy, and wonderful mobility of Girardin himself. The *Presse* is Emile de Girardin, with his boldness, inexhaustible fecundity, dialectical skill, and indisputable talent; but also with his adventurous, wave-like, and ever-innovating spirit. No writer is more sharp, pointed, and brilliant; and though he boasts of being essentially a practical man, there is no one less to be relied upon. Every thing he writes must be read with the sober second-thought. He has been by turns the supporter of and the opponent to Louis Napoleon, yet never fierce in his opposition, for he cherished hopes that, one day or other, he should be promoted, by the influence of his own talents, to a high station, perhaps to the Ministry. Since the *coup d'état*, he has taken refuge at Bruxelles, where, according to the last intelligence, he lives in seclusion. But we are inclined to think it is a sham exile, and that he will reappear on the horizon, political or literary. He will have a difficult part to play, to ap-

pear consistent, as difficult as dancing on the tight-rope.

After noticing at length the leading papers, it will be enough to review briefly the others of less celebrity or influence.

The *Assemblée Nationale* was established by wealthy bankers, the day after the Revolution of February. From the beginning it made spirited opposition to the new order of things, with tact and ability. Its success at first was great; it is asserted that of some of the earlier numbers as many as 100,000 copies were sold. It has been throughout a journal of resistance, advocating a strong and energetic government. Last year, its political tendencies strikingly leaned towards a fusion of the parties of Henri V. and the Princes of Orleans. The chief editor is M. Adrien de Lavalette, assisted by M. Capefigue, an old stager of the press, and the prolific parent of numerous and gossiping books of history: "*Histoire de la Restauration*," "*Diplomates Européens*," "*Histoire de l'Europe sous Louis Philippe*," etc.

The *Ordre* was founded three years ago by Chambolle, as the organ of Odillon Barrot, and men of moderate, though liberal opinion. The chief editor is a writer of large experience and highly respected character. The journal had partly the complexion of the *Débats*, and spoke with a tone of wisdom and moderation. It has been crushed by the late *coup d'état*. One of the writers, best known to fame, is Eugène Guinot, who, for the past twenty years, has written in the *Revue de Paris* and *Siècle* smart and lively sketches of Parisian life, savouring too much, it must be said, of gossip and mawkish affectation, yet accepted in our country as faithful pictures.

The *Pays* was founded by Lamartine to promote and spread his peculiar views of liberty and civilization. The leaders were splendid, for Lamartine is, on any subject, a splendid writer. But what has become of his cherished dreams? After the *coup d'état*, the editor retired, and the journal is now a zealous supporter of the Prince-President.

The *République*, an organ of temperate socialism, born with February, had secured a large circulation among the working classes; but its articles, by their tone and style, too often betrayed young and inexperienced writers. We may say the same of the

Événement, founded under the auspices of Victor Hugo, and in which two of his sons were regular contributors. During 1848 it was somewhat conservative; for the two following years it made a fierce democratic opposition, and incurred heavy penalties. The two papers have not survived the *coup d'état*.

The *Quotidienne*, which, under the Restoration, was the favorite organ of the old nobles of the court and country, was dying of decrepitude, for the age had progressed very fast. In order to rejuvenate itself, it dropped its former name and became the *Union*, with young writers to promote its doctrines. It is a legitimist paper, and is still read with delight in the *châteaux* of remote provinces.

The *Gazette de France* is, to use the words of M. Texier, the *doyenne* of journalism. It has been throughout the Restoration a steady champion of the ultra royalists, and, after 1830, of the exiled Bourbons. Under the ministry of Villele and Peyronnet, it was a special organ of the Jesuit party, and drew its resources from the treasury. Under Louis Philippe, the *Gazette de France* was identified with the name of M. Genoude, who, having been a married man, on the death of his wife became an abbé and a priest. The editor never spoke so much and so fervently of liberty and reform as during the reign of a prince whom the party regarded as usurper. His special tactics were manfully and incessantly advocating an appeal to the people, who were, in their sovereign capacity, to decide between the conflicting rights of the two branches of the Bourbons. At the death of Abbé de Genoude, M. Lourdoueix, who had been attached to the literary staff of the journal for a quarter of a century before, became proprietor and chief editor of it. He was *censeur* to the press during a part of the Restoration, and largely paid for his services. M. Lourdoueix is, perhaps, the oldest man now connected with the Parisian press, being in his sixty-eighth year, and closely follows the policy of his predecessor.

The *Univers Religieux* was founded in 1833 by the Abbé Migne. This paper has always perseveringly advocated what it calls the liberty of the Church. If you are to believe the *Univers*, that which it chiefly aspires to is, that the Church should be free and independent in the sphere of its teach-

ing, its discipline, and its government. It is said that in 1840 the influence of M. de Montalembert, then peer of France, was all-controlling at the office of that journal. We think that it has ceased since February, 1848. The *Univers* has been throughout the declared and blindly passionate adversary of the University.

Finally, there are in Paris two small satirical papers, after the fashion of Mr. Punch, that well-known gentleman. The *Corsaire* was established under Charles X., of course to sustain in its line smart opposition. For a time, it spoke in a very rough and sailor-like manner, without any peculiar wit; but it improved when its sprightly and widely circulating rival, the *Miroir*, died, we do not recollect from what accident. It became more refined, when celebrated writers, as Alphonse Karr, Leon Gozlan, Méry, Reybaud, &c., contributed to its pages. A change came over its spirit after February: the paper was bought by M. de Coëtlogon, who, being of a legitimist family, made it the organ of this opinion. Unlike its satirical brother, it has no engravings or woodcuts, and exerts itself to be as witty as possible without them.

We come at last to that capital and rascally fellow, the *Charivari*, the spirited competitor of its respectable brother, Mr. Punch. The *Charivari* was established in 1831 by Charles Philippon, and it now belongs to a body of shareholders. For twenty years it laughed at every thing under the sun, and especially at the successive ministers of Louis Philippe, daily treating them to a sharp flogging, and profusion of ridicule on acts of government. The naughty boy! But we suspect it is now penitent and contrite for its past sins, since, on the 2d of December, its voice was instantaneously stifled by an iron hand. Its principal artists are Daumier, the author of the famous lithographic gallery of *Robert Macaire*, and Cham, (Ham,) who is no less than a son of M. de Noé, (Noah,) an ex-peer of France. The son, called to art by an irresistible vocation, took, of course, a fictitious name, and judiciously thought he had a lawful right to the name of Cham, (Ham,) Esq. The contributors have been many, but the best known are Altaroche, Taxile Delord, and Louis Huart, the prolific parent of the little books called "*Physiologies*," meaning characteristics; as "*Physiologie de l'homme de Loi*," (The Lawyer.) "*De*

la Grisette," "*De la Lorette*," &c. At one time the circulation of the *Charivari* was very large and very profitable; but now, the old joker and sinner, being scared into prudence, will need a good deal of wit and genuine fun to remain readable, and sustain the concern. *Sir Charivari*, the greatest respect and regard, if you please, for the *mouchards*, (spies,) the *gend'armes*, the Senate, the Legislative Body, the Ministers, and—any thing else, if you have not a fancy to the *official hints* from the Minister of Police!

IV.—GENERAL VIEW. (MARCH 12TH.)

The last steamer from England brought us, with other news, the decree, misnamed law, of Louis Napoleon on the press. By the new decree, the liberty of the press exists no more! We must conclude with a few general remarks.

The freedom of the press has existed in France nearly thirty-seven years, from 1814 to 1851. Though assailed at different times, and with violent abuse, by the conservatives of every shade; by many, for the promotion of their own selfish interests; by others, out of legitimate uneasiness, or even irritation at its licentiousness, the principle still stood, and its practice was ever in force. A great deal may be said, we admit, about the former excesses of the press, and the injury they have done to the liberty it advocated. These are evils inseparable from all human institutions. No free constitution can exist without a free press; liberty must be admitted with all its consequences. But, at the same time, it must be acknowledged that for this period the freedom of the press has been a great benefit to the country at large, for promoting political education of different classes, propagating practical ideas, learning, science, and better comprehension of the past and of the present. Without the freedom of the press, these blessings would not have been realized.

There was a faint hope among the literary class that the President would grant the press a regulated liberty. It was, and it could be, only a dream!

Here are its principal provisions:

No paper may be established without government authority.

Political newspapers, published in foreign countries, will not be allowed to circulate in France without government authority.

Persons introducing or distributing a fo-

reign paper, without such authority, are to be punished with imprisonment varying from one month to one year, and a fine of from 100 francs to 5000.

The caution-money of a paper appearing more than three times a week, to be 50,000 francs, (\$10,000.)

All publication of a paper without authority, or without lodging the caution-money, is to be punished with a fine of from 100 to 2000 francs for each number, and imprisonment of from one month to two years.

The stamp-duties imposed on newspapers are also applicable to foreign newspapers, unless they are exempted under a diplomatic convention.

A journal may be suppressed without previous condemnation, by decree of the executive.

It is forbidden to publish reports of trials for press offenses. The courts may prohibit publication of other trials.

The prefect designates the journal in which judicial advertisements must be inserted.

The law must have come into operation on the 1st of March.

Such are the principal provisions of the decree on the press. We have given them because facts are facts, and the best arguments by which to judge. The only modification that has been made, on the application of the society of literary men to the Minister of the Interior, is the abolition of the stamp of one centime (the fifth of a cent) on the *feuilleton*, or tales and romances which appear at the foot of the page in all French journals.

Now the spirit and consequences of the decree may be easily judged; its intention is unquestionably to destroy every thing like independence in journalism. It revives the worst laws of the first Restoration, long since repealed. The offenses of the press are multiplied with perverse ingenuity, and punished with Draconian severity. They are no more to be tried by a judge and a jury, but by the correctional police, as common theft and assaults against persons. It betrays not only distrust, but bitter hatred against the press. Hostile, nay, even critical opinion to executive power is deemed an insult, a crime to be directly checked and punished by most severe penalties, fine or ruin. Therefore the new law has thrown journal-

ists into consternation. We learn that one or more of the largest newspaper establishments mean promptly to wind up and retire from the field, satisfied that, under the Prince-President, the press cannot be but a danger, and journalism too hazardous an enterprise to be a source of either emolument, honor, or fame to any one who is not devoted, heart, hand, and soul, to the support and glorification of the powers that be.

The optimists, of course, will be inclined to look at the bright side. The correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* says: "It places periodical journalism completely within the command and grasp of the executive authorities. The conditions of mere existence for the press are exceedingly onerous. Nevertheless, the decree will not be unpopular. The substantial and orderly classes detest the political press; the orators of all the conservative parties in the Legislative Assembly anathematized it; the tribunals and juries rejoiced in every opportunity of inflicting penalties." M. Gaillardet, correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, says: "Though severe, the law is better than the *censure*. It will silence only abusive and outrageous pens. There are means for men of tact and talent to say any thing legally; and in this art the French writers, so versatile and ingenious, excel."

Though there may be some particles of truth in these observations, we cannot altogether assent to them. No, it is not possible that a law so injurious, so pernicious to the very numerous class of literary, political, and substantial men in France, should ever be popular. France has acquired not only the habit, but the taste and need of freedom in the parliament and press. Bitterness, rancor, hostility, in the recesses of the public heart, may be for a time silent; yet they will live, they will ferment and stir, till a proper opportunity offers to boil over. No; whatever be the talent and ingenuity of writers, they know very well that, under its present control, the press has only to approve, to flatter, to lie, or be silent. And how could it be otherwise? The *censure* was but limited in its effects, in comparison with that decree; instead of its shears clipping or cutting out here or there, the journalists have now a sword suspended over their heads, if they dare express opinions not exclusively in favor of the government; and the sword is held by what is still less to

be depended on than a single thread—the capricious and arbitrary will of transient ministers. No leniency in execution can restore to journalism its freedom and elasticity, while the letter of the law remains what it is. Eloquence in legislative assemblies, political journalism, these two splendid and powerful royalties of modern times, have been hurled down by the same stroke, and have to submit to the humiliation of military despotism! But we do think and hope that the future is theirs.

It has been remarked that for the last four years the press had been impaired, and was not, in respect of ability, learning, polemical eloquence, or literary skill, and, especially, dignified tone and temper, what it was before the Revolution. A class of writers inferior in attainments, in scholarship, and in general ability, had somewhat invaded the newspapers. They mistook loud and violent talk for eloquence and reason; they thought that he who talked loudest, reasoned best. This led to the decline of its excellence, and was, no doubt, one of the causes which determined the late fatal blow, and its acceptance by many, or the submission to it by the people at large. What now have journalists to do, in order that the press may regain its ground, and win back the social, political, and literary consideration and influence of former and better days? Their first thought and motto should be, that, to be respected, the press must be respectable; therefore, leaving to a few hired newspapers, to a few sycophants, unworthy of the name of journalists, and a disgrace to the press, the monopoly of servile eulogy for any thing, or shameful adulation for every person in high office, they must study, they must exert themselves to be always temperate with firmness; spirited with decorum; powerful in argument, without bombast and railing; correct and upright in their assertions, and courteous and dignified in tone and temper. This is not a new code which we pretend to have invented; these ideas have been expressed and known long since; but they are worth repeating, because, in the heat of human passions and interests, they are often forgotten or trampled upon by blackguard adventurers of the press, and unfortunately, those blackguards are found every where. We find so fine an illustration of this doctrine in the memoirs of a French writer and journalist,

Mallet-Dupan, who lived fifty years ago, that we will give the translation of the extract. Mallet-Dupan had conceived an exalted idea of the dignity of the political writer, and of the duties imposed upon him. Speaking of the inefficacy of laws repressive of the press, he says :

"The best safeguard of the liberty of the press, the best preservative against its misgovernment, is to be found in the morality of writers ; not the spoken and printed morality, but that which is practised ; namely, the religious regard to truth, the honor, the habit of decency, and the *efficient dread* with which an honest man should be impressed, when his pen is about to set up an accusation or propagate a system."

Being upright and truthful, journalists will be trusted ; but another duty is, to be attractive, and in the proper way : they must be in constant search of matter to interest readers, apart from politics. Have they not a wide and ever-fruitful field—news from foreign countries ; the exposition of their resources, and description of their manners ; the biography of their great men ; enlightened criticisms upon their literature—all subjects of which France is sadly ignorant ; internal and external commerce, political economy, public lectures and belles lettres, fine arts and theatres, various branches of science, &c. ? All these topics, with able writers, can be revived, made attractive and flourishing. A new spirit must be infused into the newspapers. A very severe blow has fallen upon the press ; misfortune is a harsh, but should be a useful, lesson to amend and to improve. It is useless and foolish to chafe under restraint. We have met with a political letter of M. Texier, whose clever book has supplied us with much information, where he says : "The press is dead and buried ! We have been for thirty-five years the most loquacious and *journalistic* people in Europe ; henceforth we shall be as mute as the slaves of the seraglio. Such is the law of indefinite progress !" We do not like this discouraging spirit ; harsh treatment should not dishearten ; you must cheer up, rouse yourself, and struggle without ceasing.

We will go farther : in our opinion, the present régime can stand but a few years.

A profound politician has said : "Crime is not always visited with due punishment in this world ; but faults are always !" Since the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, his seizure and his tenure of power have been such, that he could not grant the press a regulated liberty, which, however faint, must have ultimately undermined or overthrown his rule. This was to be expected in the logical application of the present system ; but truth cannot be repressed except for a brief and feverish period. Despotism is a most dangerous game in such a country as France, where the elements of revolution are ever beneath the surface, and ready to explode at an unexpected moment, by accident or otherwise. *Fata viam invenient !* neither the Prince-President, nor his ministers of the day and for a day, are incarnated wisdom, or the perfection of statesmanship. Already they have made mistakes, even blunders ; they will be under the necessity of deciding, of acting every day, and they will necessarily commit other faults. The great Emperor himself never was in so critical a situation ; yet he had genius equal to all emergencies. A great and generous nation will be ashamed, at some time or other, of the degradation into which it has fallen, of having relapsed into military despotism to escape from anarchy ; it will be ashamed of the universal suffrage, which is a universal sham ; of a Senate where shine parasites, and not great names or talents ; of a mute Legislative Body ; of a Council of State composed of tools and mutes ; of a tyranny made more tyrannous by the form of a mock liberty ! Foreign powers, who applauded at first, under the terrors of 1848, will grow more and more cool, for the Prince-President is the representative of the revolutionary principle, and their diplomacy is already at work to prepare the return of Henry V. or the Orleans family, or of both reunited and reconciled.

J. C.

P.S.—We may in a future number throw a glance upon the numerous literary or scientific weeklies, magazines, and reviews of France, and especially give a critical examination of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which has many subscribers in our country.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

"**YOUNG AMERICA**" has finally committed itself. That large and influential portion of our fellow-citizens who fancy that by the adoption of this talismanic appellation they are cutting loose from all antiquated follies, whether abstract or personified, have spoken their minds freely and fully. We do not care to name the various journals, daily, weekly, or monthly, which have been honored in being chosen as the medium through which the doctrines of "Young America" are being disseminated. Perhaps they are too numerous to be included in our confined limits; perhaps they are not sufficiently known to make their mention a matter of interest; or perhaps a portion of the Democratic party, whose feelings have been sorely wounded by the rampant demonstrations of Democratic "Young America," by its flings at "Old Foggism," and its praises of "new men," will sincerely thank us for keeping the names of these journals to ourselves. We prefer to do so; and if we can thus confer a favor on the veterans of the opposition, and manifest the tender and respectful sympathy which we feel for them, we shall consider ourselves truly fortunate in finding so easy a method of benevolence.

The Young Democracy evince a decided inclination to cut off their "respectable" old men—those who have reared them with so much difficulty, and trained them with so much self-denial, but, as the event proves, with such small success—and to precipitate themselves into the war they are about to wage for "liberal principles," under the captaincy of certain selections from their own number. The programme of their operations is laid out. The "Brutus of years" stands, beckoning them, with dagger in hand, to the assassination of a brood of Cæsars. Great events are to be suddenly consummated. Centuries are to be packed into a Presidential term. Governmental and social evils are to be instantaneously done away with. The world is to become an aggregation of happy republics, before the departing mantle of '52 shall have swept from

the stage. The elder members of the Democracy profess themselves unable to accomplish all this in the short time allotted for its performance, but the Young Democracy are bolder, and think they can do it.

For this reason they propose to remove the stumbling blocks, the "beaten horses;" the "old fogies;" the conservative obstacles to freedom. And although in this family council-quarrel we have little wish to interfere, our interposition in some slight degree is necessary. We are about to present a list of distinguished Democrats, lest we should share with the Young Democracy the blame of having forgotten them, and shall include one or two whom the Young Democracy have remembered. We shall do this with all possible brevity, and to obviate any inference drawn from the precedence in which the different names might be placed, and wishing to exhibit a conscientious impartiality, we shall arrange them in alphabetical order.

1st. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, accordingly heads the list, a name of mark in our political history. Till his recent retirement from the Senate of the United States, Colonel Benton was the father of that body, as he was among the most distinguished members for talent and political experience. It is said that Colonel Benton is preparing for the press the journal of his public life. If a work of that kind should ever see the light, it will be a full political history of the country for nearly forty years, from one who has played an important part in many of its most stirring scenes. Colonel Benton was a firm supporter of the administration of General Jackson, and at that time his eventual accession to the Presidential chair was as certain as any similar future event. The grand programme, as it then shadowed itself forth, assigned eight years, from 1837, (when General Jackson's second term ended,) to Mr. Van Buren; and the succeeding two terms, from 1845 to 1853, to Colonel Benton. These arrangements, however, were soon disturbed by events partly known to the

public, and which it would take too much space to set forth here in detail. They resulted in entirely changing the order of succession, and have left Colonel Benton for the present in a minority in his own State. He is supposed to be pointed at in a late article in a journal of the kind above referred to, in which it is said, with rather more keenness than courtesy, that "age is to be honored, but senility is pitiable, especially when it leads a Democrat of formerly commendable repute to expect the friendship of the South, and at the same time hope to conceal his delinquencies with the Van Burenites." It is, however, so little the practice of Colonel Benton to conceal his views on any subject, that we somewhat hesitate in regarding him as the individual here alluded to.

2d. James Buchanan is the second on the list. He is usually designated as the "favorite son of Pennsylvania," and under that appellation has been alluded to as one of the "wire-pullers and local politicians" who "are endeavoring to make it appear that each State in the Union is working with tremendous vigor for some imaginary 'favorite son,' to whom, by thus exciting State pride, that State may be induced to fix itself, and thus increase the influence for evil, and the purchasable value of the local politician aforesaid." If Mr. Buchanan is one of the persons here hinted at, we must say that some injustice is done him; he is not a *mere* local politician. He has served the country with credit to himself in both houses of Congress; he has represented her honorably at a foreign Court; and he filled the first place in the administration of Mr. Polk, which, according to Democratic statement, "was brilliant and successful without parallel."

That Mr. Buchanan's friends may with some reason claim for him the name of the "favorite son" of Pennsylvania, is sufficiently apparent from the fact of his recent designation at a Democratic convention as a candidate; and this by the large majority of 97 to 35. It will be difficult to gain the vote of the Keystone State for any other Democratic candidate. We hope, however, to win it for a staunch Whig.

Mr. Buchanan has lately addressed a letter to a Baltimore committee, which may be looked upon as his programme for the canvass. He represents the Whigs as thoroughly beaten on the recent party issues.

Among these he mentions the Bank of the United States. But in representing the support of this institution as a Whig measure, Mr. Buchanan forgot that Pennsylvania was unanimous in its favor. We believe there are resolutions on file at Washington, praying for the re-charter of the Bank, which passed the Legislature at Harrisburg without a dissenting vote; and if we are not greatly mistaken, Mr. Buchanan's own name may be found on record to the same effect.

We are quite aware that the Democratic party claims to be the hard money party, *par excellence*. But the question of the Bank of the United States was not an alternative between that institution and hard money. It was a question between a national institution, having a salutary control over the local institutions, or leaving those institutions without control. The removal of the public moneys from the Bank of the United States caused a vast increase of State bank paper.

Mr. Buchanan, who was originally a warm Federalist, is in favor of going back to the old issues of 1798. We rather think he will find it impossible to roll back the wheels of time for half a century. Language like that will do for the marines, but will hardly satisfy the sailors. He says nothing in his late letter of the tariff. He recorded his name in favor of the tariff of 1842.

3d. General Butler, of Kentucky, has lately attracted considerable notice as a candidate for the Presidency. He was first prominently brought forward in political life by being nominated at the Baltimore Convention of 1848 as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, in connection with General Cass; a sufficient voucher, we should hope, for his Democracy. A contemporary journal, the *Democratic Review*, however, has called it in question, and has, in other respects, treated the General with a good deal of harshness. Having in the January number protested against bringing forward a "beaten horse, whether he ran for a previous Presidential cup as first or second," this disparaging designation was pretty generally applied in the Democratic world to General Cass. We were also under that impression ourselves. In the February number of the *Democratic Review* this interpretation is substantially disclaimed, and it is said that "General Butler is the *mere* beaten horse."

Although General Butler has not been much before the public as a politician, and cannot claim large experience as a statesman, his friends will not, we imagine, allow him to be winked out of sight. The elaborate article in the *Democratic Review* for February, the greater part of which is a studied attack on the General, denying him almost all the respectable qualities of a public man, will not greatly injure him. It has already called forth, in the House of Representatives at Washington, a very eloquent and telling defense from Mr. Breckenridge. The friendship of another respected contemporary, the New-York *Evening Post* will hurt General Butler more than the hostility of the *Democratic Review*. Whether the General, however, will continue to enjoy that friendship, remains to be seen. At this present writing, (9th March,) we are uninformed as to the light in which the *Evening Post* and our friends the Barnburners will relish General Butler's endorsement of the compromise measures, as contained in his letter to Mr. Blair of the 27th of January, which was read by Mr. Breckenridge in his rather remarkable speech. We are disposed, upon the whole, to recommend to Young Democracy to treat General Butler with greater tenderness. This is due to his private virtues and his public services.

4. We come now to General Cass, certainly a name of some distinction. General Cass has been frequently called the head of the Democratic party. Perhaps there is no individual at present better entitled to the name. The fact that he has been run for the Presidency, on the nomination of a Baltimore Democratic Convention, establishes him in that capacity. General Cass was an efficient member of the Jackson administration; he represented the country for many years at the Court of Louis Philippe, whose personal friendship he was understood to possess; and since his return to this country, in 1841, he has, for the greater part of the time, occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States. The General has talent, political experience, and, first and last, has seen a great deal of service. He is a neat, perspicuous, and correct writer, though not a brilliant one.

The events connected with the nomination of Mr. Polk, in 1844, laid the foundation of a bitter quarrel between the friends of General Cass and the New-York Barnburners.

We never could exactly see the justice of this. Mr. Van Buren lost the nomination in 1844, but we do not know that he lost it particularly by the fault of General Cass's friends; and inasmuch as the Barnburners, in 1844, gave in their adhesion to Mr. Polk, we think it was hardly fair, in 1848, to visit the retribution of that offense on General Cass. Of course, as Whigs, we did not break our hearts at General Cass's defeat; but we thought he might with reason have said to some of those who contributed to it, "*Tu quoque Brute.*"

The *Democratic Review* of January bears hard on General Cass, though not by name. He is pointed at by unmistakable indications, and, after excluding him under more than one category, it expressly states that the Democratic party expects from the Baltimore Convention a NEW MAN. That settles the point. Whether or not he was alluded to as "a beaten horse," he is certainly not "a new man."

General Cass is too strong a man to be killed off by a paragraph tossed into a slashing article by the friend of another candidate. At the same time, it must be confessed that the chances for him are not as good as they were in the winter of 1848. He has gained nothing since the last election with the Barnburners, and Judge Douglass has made a great hole in the Hunkers. Then, too, there is Governor Marcy. And Pennsylvania will go for her "favorite son," if she gives a majority for any Democrat, which we hope to prevent. The South does not place full reliance on the General, even in reference to slavery, and the intervention flurry has weakened him still further. In a word, we think it doubtful whether he can get the nomination.

5. There has been a time when Mr. Dallas probably looked with some confidence to the presidency, and when he might have contested with Mr. Buchanan the honor of being the "favorite son" of Pennsylvania. The Vice-President under Mr. Polk might, without arrogance, cherish higher aspirations. His popularity, however, received a severe shock in the chair of the Senate. The popular cry in Pennsylvania, in 1844, was "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of 1842." One of the first measures of the administration which came into office under that cry, was to break down the law of 1842, and place the entire manufacturing interests of the country at the feet

of the Southern Extremists. It is probable that Mr. Dallas would of himself have preferred a more moderate course; but, unhappily, in the equal division of the Senate, he was obliged to decide the question by his casting vote, which was given in favor of the repeal of the law of 1842.

Some demonstrations have lately been made, indicating a wish to revive Mr. Dallas's name as a candidate. A letter has been addressed to him from Texas, to which he has replied, with a statement of his impressions on the subject of the compromise. This letter was a very *high* bid for the presidency. We have heard nothing from it however among our Democratic friends, since paying our respects to it in our December number.

6. Mr. Dickinson, of New-York, must be classed in the same category. A senator of the great State of New-York, standing well with the Democracy at large, and kindly regarded by the South, is always a considerable person. Mr. Dickinson's name is seldom omitted among those who deserved well of their country in the *annus terribilis* of 1850. A letter addressed by him to the Unionists of Mississippi is going the round of the Southern papers; but his position can hardly be regarded as one of sufficient mark to entitle him to be thought of as a candidate.

7. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, has rapidly loomed up as a candidate with, as we think, somewhat insufficient reason. We think the Judge's friends mistake in bringing him forward so early. They commit the same error which Mr. Calhoun's friends did in 1822. His is too young. Nothing but very brilliant military achievements, or civil service taking strong hold of the imagination, can carry any man to the presidential chair before he is forty years of age.

The friends of Judge Douglas mean well, but they are not good advisers. The *Democratic Review*, in its January and February numbers, has, probably with the best intentions in the world, seriously injured him. His friends have been obliged to disavow it; and when it was stated on the floor of Congress that the Judge had signed a recommendation of the *Democratic Review*, it was promptly replied, "That was before the appearance of the January number." *It would certainly not have been very modest to have done so afterwards.*

The Judge has been a little persecuted for being out of his place when the vote was

taken on the Fugitive Slave Law. His plan of disposing of the newly acquired Mexican provinces was to admit the whole region as one territory; certainly not a very practical or statesmanlike course. A notion so crude as this shows the young man. It must, however, be owned that the questions before Congress in 1849-50 were enough to task the strength of our maturest statesmen, our Clays and our Websters. We again express the opinion that Judge Douglas had better wait.

8. General Samuel Houston has been nominated by Texas, and with good reason. He is surely the *Pater Patriæ* of the State of the lone star. General Houston was a protégé of General Jackson, and certainly, as a military man, has done no discredit to his training. The battle of San Jacinto was not merely a brilliant exploit, but a great era in history. Future republics will date from it.

General Houston conducted the affair of annexation with great skill. Serious difficulties were to be overcome. It was opposed not merely by almost the whole Whig party, but for a long time the Democratic party were afraid of it. Jackson, Van Buren, Forsyth, foresaw that it would prove a source of trouble, and came slowly into the measure. General Houston waited till the pear was quite ripe, when it dropped plump into his hands.

In the recent agitations, the General has taken strong Union ground. He has boldly combated *secession*, not shrinking from the encounter with its ablest champions. He has gained some local popularity as a lecturer on temperance. We doubt if the General is helped by the temperance movement. In fact, we do not pretend to say that he is in favor of the ultra measures now contemplated. The General has some eccentricities of dress and manner. He has sometimes sported the costume of the frontier in the Senate Chamber, and is often seen with a jack-knife in his hand, whittling with great zeal. These, although harmless peculiarities, might as well be dropped. A somewhat singular intrigue was started last summer in connection with General Houston's name as a candidate; and letters were drawn from a good many prominent men in different parts of the Union. The General has disavowed any connection with it, and it is already forgotten. He will not be the feeblest candidate before the Convention at Baltimore.

9. General Lane has been nominated by the State of Indiana, where, no doubt, he is regarded as a "favorite son." We do not know the combinations which his friends expect to command, in order to carry him into the presidency. Whether that result is seriously contemplated, or whether he is brought forward by a State nomination merely to increase the "purchasable value of the local politicians," we do not presume to say. We do not think he will get the Baltimore nominations.

10. William L. Marcy is regarded by our Democratic friends as a very staunch and reliable politician. We so consider him ourselves, differing from him, of course, as to all party questions. He is a Massachusetts man; but, by long residence, identified with New-York. While the Albany regency ruled, Governor Marcy bid as fair as any one to succeed Mr. Van Buren as the head of the Democratic party in that State. He was somewhat jostled from this position for a while by Silas Wright.

Mr. Marcy is entitled to a good share of so much of the credit of the success of the Mexican War as belongs to the administration. The great chieftains, Taylor and Scott, were Whigs, but Governor Marcy filled the important office of Secretary of War. It was by his advice that the command of the army sent against the city of Mexico was given to Scott. President Polk, it is well known, had a different plan, which he was persuaded, with great difficulty, to abandon. An unpleasant controversy arose between the successful General and the Secretary, into the merits of which we are not prepared to enter. Our opinion, however, is, that the Secretary aimed to discharge his duty in good faith to the expedition, and did all that could be done at Washington to promote its success. The illustrious General at the time thought otherwise, and gave utterance to his susceptibility. But an honorable reconciliation, greatly to the credit of both, took place between them a year since.

Governor Marcy, we believe, is the enunciator of the maxim, that "to the victors belong the spoils." It is due to the influence of the Governor to say, that his party seem always fully disposed to act out his maxim.

11. The next candidate presents himself from a very different career; we allude to Commodore Stockton, unless we ought to

call him by the title, which he has jocosely assumed, of General. Commodore Stockton is the only naval officer of high rank in this country who has entered Congress. He has done so with considerable *éclat*. If there were not so many candidates, his prospect for the nomination would be better.

Commodore Stockton rendered important service in the conquest of California; and there is so little practical knowledge of naval affairs in Congress, that he is capable of making himself extremely useful in his present situation. He has already spoken with fervor against the use of the cat in the navy. We believe it was not entirely dispensed with on board his own ship; but if it shall be found practicable to reconcile its disuse with the preservation of discipline, humanity will have gained a great victory.

12. We hardly know whether Mr. Van Buren is still to be classed with the candidates. The course to be pursued by the Free-soilers as a separate organization, has not been as yet indicated. The Barnburners of this State (New-York) have seemed disposed to take up General Butler. There is in most of the States a pretty strong disposition, on the part of the third party, to fall in with the Democratic nomination. In this case, there is no longer any hope for Mr. Van Buren. We should think he would hardly wish it. He has filled the highest office in his own State and in the federal government. He has possessed, in no common degree, the confidence of his party; and his relations with political opponents have been as liberal as the nature of things admits.

Mr. Van Buren lost the nomination in 1844 very unfairly; that is to say, there was nothing in his Texas letter that ought to have lost him the support of the South. He went no farther against annexation than Mr. Forsyth, or General Jackson. But, for the same reason, there was as little ground in that letter for a Free-soil nomination; and, in accepting it, Mr. Van Buren committed a great error of judgment, and one from which it is probable he will never recover.

13. Mr. R. J. Walker has been nominated in England by Lord Dudley Stuart and Kossuth, and has been alluded to at public banquets as a Presidential candidate, in his own presence. He is well known as a great supporter of the extremest doctrines of free trade. Latterly, and in England, he

has appeared as a champion of an Anglo-American Alliance. He was among those who united in the enthusiastic welcome extended to Kossuth in England.

We hardly think that Mr. Walker's pretensions will be urged before the Baltimore Convention. Although, at present, we are sorry to say that what is delusively called *free trade* is popular with the majority of our Democratic friends, yet Pennsylvania is too powerful a section of the party to be overlooked. She will not, at any rate, desert a "favorite son" for the author of the tariff of 1846. Ohio is pledged. New-York's democracy will go for Cass, Marcy, or Douglas, in the first instance; and we do not perceive where Mr. Walker is to find a *point d'appui*. We doubt even whether the South will be greatly enamored with his Anglo-American Alliance.

14. General Wool is the last on the somewhat long list. He possesses an unblemished reputation as an officer and a gentleman. He is also a son of New-York; and whether he may be what is technically called a "favorite son," or not, he is a citizen of whom any State may be proud. The General reaped laurels in the war of 1812; and as Inspector-General during the long peace, he rendered good service in keeping up the discipline in the army. In the late war with Mexico, he conducted an independent corps through the enemy's country; and, after his junction with General Taylor, contributed his full share to the brilliant success of the campaign.

General Wool, we suppose, wishes to be considered as a Democrat; and our Democratic friends may well desire to number him in their ranks. We wish he were a Whig; in fact, he is one in all the higher principles of a truly patriotic American po-

licy which unite true and good men of all parties. The General, we believe, has taken little or no part in politics, in the common acceptation of the word. Some movements here and there have lately taken place, indicating a purpose, on the part of his friends, to present his name as a candidate. A letter (a private one) written by the General to a friend in Maryland, has lately been published on the Kossuth excitement. Nothing more sensible, to our notion, has appeared. These old soldiers, who have seen service, and know what war is, are much less disposed to plunge into it than fire-eating civilians, especially those of recent importation. It does not strike us, in the present state of parties, that General Wool stands much chance of getting the nomination as the Democratic candidate. As Whigs, we cannot wish it, for there is no one scarcely whom we had not rather oppose.

We have thus gone through the list, and endeavored to do justice to all the names borne upon it. We cannot, of course, be expected to speak of any of them with the fervor of a partisan. We trust the friends of all will see that we do not approve the policy of Democratic Young America, so often referred to, of stripping "a candidate to the buff;" a process which is as little to our taste, in reference to the Democrats, as to the Whigs, who are held up in that manner. We have no more wish to see General Butler than General Scott treated with harshness or contempt. Nor do we think that an ambitious portion or offshoot of a party benefits itself, or recommends its cause, by disingenuous insinuations, or more open abuse, against any respected and prominent members of that party in whose principles it professes to believe.

THE CENTRAL NATION.*

THE unwillingness of a nation to be known does not diminish our anxiety to know her, as a studied concealment only awakens and concentrates the closer scrutiny. The unsocial position of China to the rest of mankind, the consciousness of self-perfection in which she separates herself from the world, are, indeed, long-standing and extraordinary traits; styling her Emperor "The Son of Heaven," and herself "The Flowery Central Nation," "The Celestial Empire," she sincerely imagines that whatever is great and good in human history have arrived at their highest possible summits in the past developments of China; and in the feeling common to perhaps the larger share of prosperous nations, if not to the larger divisions of men every where, she looks down upon all other portions of the human family with a self-satisfying contempt, honestly enough regarding them as barbarians. A gentleman in China loses caste somewhat by traveling into foreign lands, as this seems silently to imply an insufficiency in the excellence of the Celestial Empire.

This national egotism is not uncommon in history, and in the observation of the extensive traveler, but not in the same excess; for the nations who frequently are obliged to measure themselves against their equals and superiors in policy, enterprise, and physical vigor, must arrive at a more correct estimate of their powers than a people so isolated as the Chinese. It is as true of nations as of individuals, that the proper self-estimate is never made until their respective forces are antagonistically measured by the forces of others with whom they are to be compared. The Chinese standard of comparison being wholly within themselves,

they are, from position, doomed to be the nation of egotism.

The oldest nation now living is the Chinese. With a civilization as old as Egypt, and perhaps older; with a literature as early as Greece in its primitive blossoms; with a form of government the most ancient, founded on the patriarchal idea of ruling society, it now stands an unbroken, united, massive structure, defying time, as if its basis and structure were each of solid granite. Nor can it be doubted that the thoroughly Conservative character of this people, which forbids innovation, and which retires from intercourse with the modes of thought and action adopted in other parts of the world, has powerfully assisted in retaining through so many ages the unity of this colossal empire. From the common susceptibility of man to be influenced by his neighbor, it is safe to say that the action of the ideas of enterprising nations, under a free and unrestrained intercourse, would have proved too strong for the deep originality of this unique people to have resisted. They could never have kept the same ideas in the perpetual ascendant, whilst the winds of thought from different parts of the world were bravely stirring. Their reserved isolation has therefore assisted to strengthen their union, and to perpetuate their nationality; an isolation growing out of egotism, assisted by the consciousness that every physical want common to man may be supplied in the resources of their productive art and soil.

Of late years, China has been the centre of new interest from abroad. The mystery which hangs over its internal affairs, the great antiquity of its origin, the commercial importance it sustains in the traffic

* *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine, pendant les Années 1844, 1845 et 1846.* Par M. Huc, Prêtre Missionnaire de la Congregation de St. Lazare. 2 vols. Paris: 1850.

On the Kawi Language in the Island of Java: with an Introduction on the Difference of Structure observable in the Languages of Mankind, and its Influence on the Intellectual Development of the Human Race. By William Von Humboldt. 3 vols. Berlin: 1836.

A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern. By Rev. Charles Gutzlaff. 2 vols.

The Middle Kingdom. A Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Arts, Religion, &c., of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants. By S. W. Williams. 2 vols.

China and the English. By J. Abbott. New-York: William Holdredge. 1852.

of nations, the many fine thoughts its ethical literature has already given, the renown of the national sage, Confucius, who, in the firmament of superior genius, shines a light of first magnitude, have combined to inspire the world of civilization and of letters with a fresh interest in every additional manifestation of intelligence concerning this secluded race. The United States, which has heretofore sustained the second greatest commercial relation with China, must very soon hold the first, as a glance at the position of San Francisco on the map of the world, and the rapidly increasing population of California, clearly indicate. The Chinese are one third part of the human race. Every way is this vast pyramid of empire, whose top and base are white with antiquity, well worthy of thoughtful examination.

Situated on the far limits of Eastern Asia, it lay safely beyond the circles of Greek and Roman conquests. In the remotest time, the same unambitious trait not to be known abroad, by conquest or other means, belonged to them; for in ancient literature there are but a few obscure hints that may be referred to them. The Greeks and Romans wore their beautiful silks, long before they knew of the country whence they came, receiving them at first from Western Asia; and the failure of Marcus Antoninus in 161, and also that of the other Roman embassy in 284, to establish with them direct commercial relations, prove that their disrelish of intimate connections with the rest of mankind is of long standing. Indeed, what people ever so faithfully, so perseveringly obeyed the rough maxim of "Mind your own business," as this nation of Odd Fellows, the Chinese? None other, we think. How they dispose of the question of human brotherhood, and how they speculate on the unity of our race, we know not; but nothing is more certain than that they would wish for ever to remain a sort of Masonic lodge in the world's centre, without intermission or adjournment.

China Proper, situated mostly in the temperate zone, with its southern extremity resting on the tropic of Cancer, has great variety of climate and temperature. The culture of the Old World is eastern and western, China and Japan being the highest at the former, and Europe at the latter extremity. The scenery of this country is exceedingly various; and, though inac-

cessible to travelers, its geography is as exact as that of any country. Its area of 1,297,000 square miles is rich in the scenery of noble rivers and of mountain ranges. Within its confines are four principal ranges, some of which rise to lofty elevations, usually, however, falling below the limit of perpetual snow.

The first summits of the Altai range, which takes several names during its long course of two thousand miles, forms the northern limit of the table-land of Central Asia, as well as the boundary between China and Russia. The Belur-tag mountains, (Tsung-ling,) which lie in the southwest of Songaria, and separate it from Badakshan, commence in latitude 50 deg. N., nearly at right angles with the Celestial Mountains, and, extending in a southerly direction, rise to a great height. The Celestial Mountains, Tien-Shan, begin at the northern extremity of the Belur-tag, in 40 deg. N., which, extending from west to east, between longitudes 76 and 90 deg. east, and generally along the 22d deg. of northern latitude, divides Ili into Songaria and Turkestan. A high glacier above the snow line projects its summit, in longitude 79 deg. east, to the east of which rise the highest peaks of Central Asia, called Bogd-ula, traces of volcanic action appearing at the eastern end. Between the glacier and the Bogdo-ula, is the Pi-Shan, the only active volcano known in Continental China. Indeed, the extensive mountain scenery of this empire forbids that I should speak of all its larger details. The Himalaya range, one of whose peaks surpasses all other colossal elevations of the earth, bounds Thibet on the south, whilst the Kwanlun defines it on the north.

The Chinese are justly proud of their noble rivers, which, for natural facilities of inland navigation, eclipse the glory of all other countries. The four largest are the Yellow river, the Yangtsz'-kiang, the Amour, and the Tarim. The largest and most useful is the Yangtsz'-kiang. The Yellow river is the most celebrated. Along the course of these magnificent streams appears elegant scenery, amid the most beautiful of which it is said the Chinese poets have chosen their residence.

The entire surface of China naturally divides itself into two parts, which are the great plain, and the mountainous coun-

try, the latter comprising more than half of the whole; and the former, lying in the north-east, forming the richest part of the empire, supports by its productions a greater mass of human beings than are sustained on the same area of surface any where else on the globe.

But, dismissing for the present the physical aspects of China, let us inquire into what is of far more importance in the history of any country, namely, the character of its people, its men, women, literature, religion, customs.

Unlike the civilization of Greece, and of Europe generally, it bears every mark of originality, borrowing nothing, as it would seem, from other renowned nations; its literature, arts, and customs, having been, more than those of any other distinguished people, a self-development. What nation have they imitated in language or in law? Owing no debt to Egypt, India, Palestine, or the renowned culture of our classical antiquity, the Chinese structure of government stands in its own time-worn and original wisdom; and, though egotism and contempt of others are not the proof of the highest power, they are likewise never the attributes of utter weakness, as the individual or the nation that always relies on its own sufficiency, asking no foreign counsel or help, is far from being imbecile.

The Chinese, first of all, are a conservative race. They have a grand paradise in the past; and to its imagined brightness they turn as benighted travelers to the Eastern sun. Confucius himself, the moral colossus of the empire, took his stand in the past, through whose sages and rulers he instructed and reprov'd his own age, and also future ages. The religious sentiment, every where mighty and eternal, universally looks to the past in the worship of ancestors. Firmness is implied in the very fixedness and permanence of their institutions. I should say they are not a skeptical race, but a people of reverence. Hence the general loyalty to the ruling sceptre. The emperor is revered as the paternal sovereign. All his messages are received with prostration, and three times does the loyal auditor bow himself before his majestic presence, as a reverential honor becoming his personal presentation.* Though

masses of citizens are capable of temporary, violent outbreaks, they are incapable of any revolution which may radically change the ideas and frame-work of the government. This conclusion fairly springs, not only from the uninterrupted sameness of the governmental machinery, but from the fact that the thorough conquest of the Tartars, which, though it brought a new race to the throne of the Perpetual Empire, did not in any degree change the theory of government or the long-established social usages of the country.

The absence of the military skill and energy common to Europe and America, if chosen as the measure of their civilization, will doubtless leave them at a very inferior point of observation. That they should have greater skill in the making of silk than in the conducting of war, may, after all, result more from circumstances than from natural incapacity. Any people who care not to be glorious, except in their own eyes, and who decide that they will work out the problems of life by peaceful industry on that area of territory which Providence has assigned as their fatherland, cannot be expected to carry the science of war any farther than is supposed to be necessary for self-defense; and, in forming an idea of the extent of this necessity, the warlike ability of surrounding powers, and not of the more distant and superior nations, would, of course, be the measure of their aspiration. The ambition of conquest, and of glory in the eyes of the world, are a needed stimulus to the development of military genius in a people. That individual men may have greatness and energy, without being able to fight much with club or rapier, I suppose may be conceded; and to such as may have leisure to think upon it, I could offer the problem, whether the same may not be true of a nation. But evident injustice is done to this peace-loving race, should we omit to state that their history, here and there, is dotted with some noble victories; as, for instance, in the time of Vespasian and Domitian, a great Chinese expedition was headed by the general Pantschab, under the Emperor Mingti, of the dynasty of Han, which subdued the Hiungnu, levied tribute from the territory of Khotan and Kaschgar, and carried its conquering arms as far as the eastern shores of the Caspian; and, according to the Chinese writers, the expedition would have attacked the Roman empire but for the admonitory

* The Dutch Ambassador was required to perform this ceremony nine times whenever food was sent him from the imperial table, because he was a barbarian envoy.

counsel they received from the Persians. But, with its nominal army of more than a million of soldiers, which seeks to inspire the necessary awe in all the barbarian states around them, as well as to promote the subordination of the citizens generally; with the word *valor* painted (so significantly) on the *back of their jackets*, as is usual in several corps; with an arrangement of officers not unlike those adopted by Western tactics; with their bows, arrows, and clumsy matchlocks; and with their navy of a thousand sail, small and large included, we are obliged to regard them as mere effigies of power, when thought of in comparison with the military genius of England, America, or France.

It is the industry, the useful arts, and, above all, the ethical literature of the Chinese we are to regard, if we would see them in their principal worth. If we may judge of them from their literature, we should say that their moral ideas were their noblest wealth. It is not the intellectuality of the Chinese that mostly distinguishes them, for their intellect does not appear to rise expansively and vigorously into the form of reason. They have perception, far more than reason; and, in our estimation, the Chinese nature is in no direction so rich as in its affections and moral feeling. This fact constantly unfolds itself in Confucius, in Mencius, and in all their proverbial philosophy.

The very framework of their government bears testimony to this view. Loyalty there is filial. The emperor is viewed as the sovereign father of his people. Each ruler in the kingdom is supposed to bear the paternal relation of sympathy and care to those he governs. Throughout the whole of Chinese politics, the idea of domestic relation, of a happily constituted family, is the favorite symbol for good government, which is applied to all departments of ruling, from the ordinary magistrate to the august emperor himself. It is indeed remarkable that ideas and words most sacred to the affections should be thus expanded into all the massive forms of empire!

In the same direction of thought, the worship of ancestors, so general in China, leads us. Why worship departed fathers? Why offer incense upon their graves? Conceding the great distance from the highest truth, which these acts of homage imply, the inference cannot be suppressed that the cause of this wide-spread devotion takes deep root

in the social affections. They love their homes. And in the literature of what country, let me ask, is the moral sentiment more centrally enthroned than in China? Where else is the precedence of right in all things more frequently and decidedly expressed? He who has read their classical books, or perused any of the collected sayings of their kings and sages, cannot have failed to notice the constant predominance of the ethical over every other element. That some credit is now generally, and justly conceded to the larger principles of phrenology, will not be denied; and in unison with the conclusion drawn from their literature, is the fact, that the moral brain of the Chinese is far more full and prominent than the intellectual. It is to be regretted that a people so decidedly ethical should be circumstanced under such an overpowering sway of absolutistical opinions and forms, as not to possess more individual independence and energy of character. Mildness and politeness are the natural qualities of the Chinese. It is to be doubted whether a true view of their character is to be derived from the hasty opinions formed on their manners, as seen at the outposts of trade, especially since their education causes them to look upon barbarians with so much contempt. In the new and heterogeneous population which the golden mines of California drew together, under circumstances where the accustomed restraints of older society were freely thrown off, we were not surprised to hear of the sobriety, honesty, and marked uprightness of the Chinese. Marvelousness and imitation belong to them in considerable fulness; and in the sphere of their artistic genius, they are very dexterous and ingenious.

But the credit of some large discoveries of science is due the Chinese intellect. They closely observed the operations of the heavenly bodies; and, in point of accuracy and richness, their observations of nature are of more worth than those made by the Greeks and Romans. Even at this late day of victorious science, the most enlightened naturalists find their astronomical tables of value to them. "While the so-called classical nations of the West," says A. Van Humboldt, "the Greeks and Romans, although they may occasionally have indicated the position in which a comet first appeared, never afford any information regarding its apparent path; the copious literature of the

Chinese, who observed nature carefully, and recorded with accuracy what they saw, contains circumstantial notices of the constellations through which each comet was observed to pass. These notices go back to more than five hundred years before the Christian era, and many of them are still found to be of value in astronomical observations.*

Fracastoro and Peter Apian first made it generally known in Europe during the sixteenth century, that the tails of comets are always turned away from the sun, so that their line of prolongation passes through its centre, whilst the same fact was observed by the Chinese astronomers as early as 837. Their annals record great falls of shooting stars, dating earlier than the second Messenian war; two streams of these they describe as belonging to the month of March, one of which is 687 years before the Christian era. Out of fifty-two phenomena which M. Biot collected out of those annals, those of most frequent recurrence, he observed, were recorded at periods corresponding to the 20th and 22d of July, O. S., and might therefore be identical with the stream of St. Lawrence's day, not omitting to notice that it has advanced since the epochs alluded to. In 134 B.C., the Chinese records of Matuanlin record the appearance of a new star in Scorpio, which Sir John Herschel supposes may have been the new star of Hipparchus, which, according to the statement of Pliny, induced him to commence his catalogue of the stars. The new star which appeared in A.D. 123, in Ophiuchus; the singular large star that appeared in Centaurus in 173; that in Sagittarius in 389; that of 393 in Scorpio; that of 1203, which, as the record alleges, was "of a bluish-white color, without luminous vapor, and resembled Saturn;" the one of 1230 in Ophiuchus; that of 1578; that in July of 1584 in Scorpio, with many others, are so accurately described, and agree so well with other observations, that the care and accuracy of Chinese observation seem to be illustrated before us. Nor is it any ordinary praise to Chinese invention, that, more than one thousand years before our era, they had in active use magnetic carriages, on which the movable arm of the figure of a man continually pointed to the south, and served as their guide

in conducting them across the immense grass plains of Tartary; nor should it be forgotten that, in the third century of our era, which is 700 years earlier than the use of the mariner's compass in European seas, the Chinese* vessels navigated the Indian Ocean, under the guidance of magnetic needles that pointed to the South, which indeed was the direction of navigation mostly at those early times. The Greeks and Romans, less intelligent of the uses of the magnetic needle, never knew the true direction of the Apennines and the Pyrenees.

The government of China is wonderfully systematic, and in its parts most closely linked. Its chief idea has been already expressed. The doctrines of Confucius, which refer so constantly to the state, exalting virtue above all things, as being the greatest of national glories, do very much toward securing the good order they commonly enjoy; for upon his teachings the government may be said to rest, since the thorough study of his writings is required of all persons who expect to be honored with office. Yan and Shun, the two most celebrated kings of the remote antiquity, are the most glorious samples of perfection; on them Confucius himself lavished extraordinary praise. Though an hereditary and absolute sovereign, there are censors appointed over his conduct, with a view of curbing somewhat his immense authority; and it is expected of him, when a law is once established, that he will be governed by it in the administration of justice. But one dash of his red pencil may, at any time, degrade the loftiest stations under him. Yearly confessions, supplications, and offerings to Heaven he makes for his people, the state religion which he wields on such occasions being not a doctrine, but a sacred ritual. His dress is plain, and the general appearances by which he surrounds himself are quite free from the gorgeousness of many oriental princes. He is regarded as the vicegerent of Heaven. His laws are often severe, having penalties beyond the intent of justice, thereby furnishing opportunity on the part of his Majesty to exhibit mercy. The officers who administrate are frequently false and cruel, whilst hundreds of them aim at justice and the happiness of the country. Somewhat touching are the lines

* *Cosmos*, vol. i., p. 99.

* Humboldt, *Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie*, t. iii., p. 38.

of Chu, the very popular and aged officer, addressed to the people on resigning his charge :

"Untalented, unworthy, I withdraw,
Bidding farewell to this windy, dusty world ;
Upwards I look to the supremely good—
The Emperor—to choose a virtuous man
To follow me. Henceforth it will be well ;
The measures and the merits passing mine.
But I shall silent stand and see his grace
Diffusing blessings like the genial springs."

The history of the Chinese extends back into a night of wonder and of fable. They imagine the universe sprang from the masculine and feminine principles Yang and Ying. "Heaven was formless, an utter chaos," says one of their authors, "and the whole mass was nothing but confusion. Order was first produced in pure ether, and out of it the universe came forth; the universe produced air, and the air the milky-way." Another author said, "Reason produced one, one produced two, two produced three, three produced all things." Pwanku is the Chinese Adam, who, however, instead of finding a beautiful nature, and a paradise to receive him, was obliged to react upon the chaos that gave him birth, and to chisel out the earth to his liking. The Rationalists picture him with chisel and mallet in hand, splitting and shaping the vast masses of granite floating through space, whilst behind the openings made by his powerful efforts, the sun, moon and stars gleam forth, the brilliant monuments of his order-causing labors; and on his right stand the significant emblems of the animal kingdom, the dragon, the phoenix, and the tortoise. At last Pwanku died, and mountains arose from his head, winds and clouds from his breath, thunder from his voice, the four poles from his limbs, the rivers from his veins, the undulations of the earth from his sinews, the fruitful fields from his flesh, the stars from his beard, the metals and rocks from his bones; his falling sweat became rain, and the insects of his body became people! Beneath this myth of several nations, that nature is formed of the man-giant, is there not a meaning concealed? It is this: that nature every where is a symbol of humanity. It is through the beauty, order, virtue, joy of the mind that the creation is beautiful, orderly, innocent and joyous. The three celestial, terrestrial, and

human sovereigns that succeeded Pwanku, one of whom brought down fire from heaven, thereby becoming the first Prometheus, held a reign of eighteen thousand years, it is said, in which sleep was invented, and many useful arts established.

Though much cloudiness rests on the extreme horizon of Chinese history, which they themselves regard as mythology, there is a real period, commencing with Fuhhi, five hundred and eight years before the deluge. Chronology at best is a dim shadow from the past; and in the present state of our acquaintance with Chinese history, and the paucity of our means to compare its dates with other national histories, we should not deride its ancient pretensions, nor blindly extol, as the French may have done, its remote chronology. We are satisfied in the belief that no civilization can claim an earlier date; not even that of Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Iran, or Cashmir.

Education in China was carefully inculcated in the early ages; and now Mr. Davis affirms that among her millions comparatively few can be found unable to read and to write.* "Bend the mulberry tree while it is young!" is a maxim of the state; and the universal habit of calling the educated to posts of public responsibility, of requiring that all persons who are to be crowned with official honors shall be versed in the classics, books in which the ethics and the wisdom of ruling are fully unfolded; their careful public examinations of all aspirants with reference to mental qualification, tend to exalt culture, and to make education an important object. Before the voice of Confucius was heard in the empire, the necessity of public schools was taught. I quote from the Book of Rites: "For the purpose of education among the ancients, villages had their schools, districts their colleges, and principalities their universities." And I am happy to learn from Mr. Davis, that in the government of schools, great reliance is placed upon persuasion, and that corporal punishment is but seldom inflicted.†

The language of the Chinese is purely original, and as unique in the languages of the earth as they who speak it are among

* Mr. Williams supposes a large number unable to read.

† Mr. Williams gives a contrary opinion.

its nations.* It is a language of monosyllables. Only four hundred and fifty distinct sounds are found in the language, which, by the additions of tones and accents, are multiplied to a little more than twelve hundred; so that this number of sounds, not admitting of combination, as in compound words, (these not being in the Chinese united in sound,) limits the spoken language of China to about the number of words just stated. This would seem insufficient for free oral expression, were it not for the ample service rendered to the meaning by gesticulation, repetition, and the like. In written language, they increase the means of complicated and complete expression by adding to the original sound-signs other conventional signs,† which, though not expressive of sound, are suggestive of particular meaning. Relation is expressed not by particles, but by the *positions* of the words employed. It is a language wholly without inflexions, bearing evidence of having originated in a sort of picture-writing. What a word means, depends very much on its place in the sentence. The high degree of excellence belonging to the language, the consistency of its structure, the copiousness of its expression, and the complete success it achieves in designating different formal relations without the use of significant sounds, are freely admitted by those who have thoroughly learned it. Yet how unlike the languages of India and of Europe! The scholars, in various styles, write it elegantly. An original language, well studied, must reveal the soul of a people; for how can the life, the genius of a nation remain unexpressed in the methods it creates for a free self-utterance?

The national literature of China is mostly pure, a better moral element prevailing in it than existed in Greek and Roman poets, and probably far better than circulates in the most popular reading of our own country and time. The Chinese are a reading people, and had in use, much earlier than other Asiatic nations, the art of printing. Prominent in their literature are the Four Books and the Five Classics, which, containing the ideas of their sublime Confucius, and of many other renowned authors, and being studied for public reasons, have an unequalled influence over the people of China. Elsewhere,

literature far superior in genius, and in enlivening variety, may easily be found; but where can a national literature be found, whose higher forms are more free from every taint of moral impurity, both in thought and expression; and where can a living literature be pointed out, whose active hold on the reverence and moral practice of millions is so deep and efficient as theirs? It fades before the self-luminous orbs of ancient Greece, so far as the mental excellences are concerned; but in chastity of utterance, the Chinese classics, and, indeed, all their highly prized works, put the best classical teachers of Europe to the blush; nor is it with any partial bias that we hazard the opinion, that no literature on earth is so practically efficient as the Chinese, notwithstanding original writers are not the common fruits of their peculiar culture.

Poetry, drama, and romance, of their kind, exist in massive abundance. Myriads of novels and tales have been sent forth, which are there, as elsewhere, the most popular books, since no door to the human mind is so free, easy, and happy of entrance as the imagination. Though demoralizing tendencies may be traced in many works of fiction, many also are written in the purest style. Of the drama, and of theatrical exhibition, the Chinese are exceedingly fond, and, under the control and direction of the priests, they depend wholly on voluntary contributions for support. The bewitching power of acted drama is particularly observable over the villagers, to whom the more stirring amusements are seldom known. Tragedy and comedy are variously mixed; unity of time and place is but carelessly regarded; and the scenery is very simple, never subserving the ideas intended, by lending a rich and yielding variousness of appearance to the senses, though the costume of the actors is splendidly fine.* In strong confirmation of the view I have taken of the striking ethical richness of the Chinese literature over the intellectual, I would urge the fact, that while the deficiencies of scenery, plot, and management, are to European intellect often conspicuous, the tendency of the plays is strongly on the side of virtue and morality.

Players there, as elsewhere, are an itine-

* North British Review, Nov., 1851, p. 119.

† Of these there are about 50,000.

* So testifies a Russian Ambassador, as early as 1692.

rant band, and the audiences are usually quiet and orderly. The Orphan of Chau, as translated by Primère, is the groundwork of one of Voltaire's best tragedies, *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, which rests upon an event a century previous to the birth of Confucius. The Heir of Old Age, and the Chalk Circle, are celebrated pieces of mental China-ware. Bazin names five hundred and sixty-four plays, all belonging to the Mongol dynasty. The East India Company have two hundred volumes of plays, in one work, spread out into forty volumes. Their literature is like their wall, a huge pile of ancient, massive labor; and whatever it may be in worth, *it is their own*, woven, like spider's webs, from interior resource.

Poetry is a pastime of the Chinese scholar: a piece is always handed in at public examinations. A few translations have come to us. Of course they have neither a Homer nor a Shakspeare. But two sons of song, brighter, greater than all others, they celebrate, in the poems of Li Taipeh and Su Tungpo; poets, these, combining the three traits of the bard—love of flowers, wine, and song. The former, from the precocious development of his tenth year, was styled the "Exiled Immortal," but, from another taste in himself, he assumes to be known as the "Retired Scholar of the Blue Lotus." But, after a stormy and eventful life, he is said to have sought an escape from the plots of his enemies by death in drowning, exclaiming, as he leaped into the water, "I am going to catch the moon in the midst of the sea!"

On education, we offer these lines:

"Men at their birth are radically good;
In this, all approximate, but in practice widely diverge.
If not educated, the natural character is changed;
A course of education is made valuable by close attention.
To bring up and not educate, is a father's error;
To educate without rigor, shows a teacher's indolence.
Gems, unwrought, can nothing useful form;
So men, untaught, can never know the proprieties."*

Anatomy, as yet, is unknown to Chinese physicians. Their theory of medicine, therefore, so far as it has value, must be founded mostly on experience. Their practice it is

said outstrips their theory. Valuable books are spoken of, but the truly skilful practitioners are far the fewer number. It is certain that medicine, with them, can never be a science until the human organism, in its many parts and functions, is clearly understood. They even make no distinction between venous and arterial blood, and apply the same word to tendons and to nerves.

The legal profession there, alone and by itself, cannot secure a livelihood. Whether this historical fact should be taken as a hint in favor of general order and social soundness, I pause not to inquire.

Chemistry, as a science, is but very imperfectly known. A complete course of mathematics is contained in the *Fang Sho Hioh*, 36 vols., 8vo. But the Chinese mind is not mathematical, like the European, the science not being usually regarded beyond the business demands of their vocations. In astronomy, higher claims are made; but how these claims should be settled, as yet, does not in all respects appear. The fact that astronomy is connected with astrology and divination, even at the Imperial College of Pe King, shows that the profound laws of the science are uncomprehended, however accurate they may be in their observation of the course of planets, and the appearance of new stars and of comets. They need a *Novum Organon* to clear away their superstitions, and to teach them the reign of law in the depths of immensity. We know the Chinese have carried a few arts to great perfection; but we believe that they lack the power to arrive at great scientific generalizations.

But let us come to their Ethics, which is the great wealth of this people. This is not to be judged of by their daily lives, though in this respect it will not be denied that they have more virtues than most pagan nations, probably more than any other. Indeed, what man, what country has a daily practice that fulfils its best ideas? Some few most flagrant vices, that are too often intruded upon the social peace of families under our western civilization, are seldom known in China; and no where are life and property more strongly protected, and industry more justly rewarded, than among the millions of the "Celestial Empire."

Confucius is the summit of Chinese morality, though Mencius and other writers abound

* Middle Kingdom, vol. i., p. 428.

in great truths. He has no idiosyncrasy, but is China in colossal representation. The moral element in his character and teaching absorbs every other. Born 550* years before the dawn of the Christian era, he shed his light on this vast portion of the race not far from the time that Pythagoras kindled such ennobling fires of light in Athens, and Zoroaster in Persia. Three self-luminous suns! And whatever superiority, in purely intellectual power, may be accorded to the glorious Hellenic sage, Confucius is first of the three in effective moral splendor, for his influences have gone farther, and awakened more virtue in all classes, than may be claimed for the works of both his illustrious rivals.

Confucius did not announce himself in dogmas. Hence no narrowing creed belongs to his thoughts, and none, through any subsequent folly of his disciples, has yet sprung out of his writings. He was the grand expounder of duty, of the eternal ethics sown in the soul, and every where somewhat developed. He claimed no inspiration; yet there is a steady moral brilliancy constantly falling upon his theme. He claimed no originality, but professedly drew from the remote wisdom of an ancient paradise of rulers, sages, and people. But there was central light in him; he was the man of fine nature and culture. His sentiments are now styled Joo-kiau, the religion of scholars. Though in a nation of local tendency and prejudice, he taught universal doctrines. Many were the disciples that attended him when living, but the chief power he has wielded has been through his written words, as set in order by his learners. How true is this latter fact of the world's most immortal teachers! Jesus, Socrates, Confucius are of this number.

This teacher put mighty stress upon sincerity, as being the very "origin and consummation" of things, as that without which nothing could exist. He says that, but for sincerity, the universe would be empty nothingness! And why not? It is real, and exists for truth; all its purposes are earnest; and what less than the heart of the creation is lost in the total absence of sincerity? "One sincere wish," affirms the Confucian wisdom, "would move heaven and earth." Heaven is only thus moved.

He builds upon the filial relation, carries a deep reverence into every family, unites brother and brother, parent and child, in loving, reverential concord. Finally, the state is a family, and all mankind are brothers. Deeply has this nation drunk of the reverence which elsewhere said, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." And have not their days been long? For a nation, I say, wonderfully long. Do we feel the width and the ethical greatness of this relation? Nature and education have much to say of it, through the constitutional indebtedness of soul, body, condition, and culture of all persons to their paternal sources. Wise government is necessarily paternal. The earth is our mother, and heaven our father, in the use of appropriate symbols. The universe is a revelation of masculine force and feminine loveliness, and these unite in the blessing of all spirits. What is religion in its last and finest expression? It is reverence to the infinite Father; the homeward movement of heart-sick prodigals. Then had not the sage some eternal rock to stand on, when unfolding his truth and duty under this social symbol? Evidently he stood on a God-appointed and an eternity-enduring basis.

What is most beautifully worthy in these ethics is the reverence that pervades them; and without reverence there is no profound beauty of character, no sacredness, no deep worth. It is right to honor the superior, and it is wrong to withhold the deference. The superior man, in the eye of Confucius, has sincerity and benevolence; he practises his words before he speaks them! Asked once if any *one word* could express what is most fitting a whole life, he answered, "Will not the word *shu* serve?" which he explains by saying, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you."* Some have said Confucius only announced this grand law of true religion in its negative forms, merely prohibiting the doing of that to others which we would not wish that others should do to us. Be it even so: the negative precept implies the perception of the positive law. This is a great truth; and many have seen and felt it originally, and from within. The very relations of life impose

* Socrates was nine years of age when Confucius died, which was 479 B. C.

* Middle Kingdom, vol. 1., p. 519-20. Also Mr. Davis.

the thought upon us; and it bottoms the complaints even which men bring against each other. "You would not wish me to have dealt with you thus:" how often is this said! and what bases the plea! In substance, the golden rule. Attraction as a law rests in nature, not in Newton. So this princely truth of ethics depends not on personal authorities, nor can it lose in force because several may have, either intuitively or logically, discovered its being and its beauty.

"The perfect man," said the sage, "loves all men; he is not governed by private affection or interest, but only regards the public good or right reason." Retribution is certain. "How can a man be concealed?" We say, how can he? The deepest secret shall see the light. "The perfect man is never satisfied with himself." "Knowledge produces pleasure clear as water." "Complete virtue brings happiness solid as a mountain." "Without virtue, both riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud." As a whole, he is elaborate, and his high ideals of character are beautifully wrought. He had a noble public zeal, though conscious of the derision and ingratitude that came to reward his large solicitude. In some of his life-jeopardies he compared himself to a dog driven from his home. "I have the fidelity of that animal, and I am treated like it; but what matters the ingratitude of men? They cannot hinder me from doing all the good that has been appointed me." The same nation now chants the following pæan:

"Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius! Before Confucius there never was a Confucius! Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius! Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!"

There can be no doubt that the moral ideal of perfection in China is far higher than the practical realizations of that country or of this. The fact, however, in one regard is highly joyous, as it attests the moral wealth of human nature to arrive at much light, to receive by intuition, by reason, great truths. The social nature must develop itself in social forms; the intellectual nature in intellectual forms; and the moral nature must also yield its ideas in moral forms. The soul cannot be hid. But Confucius dwelt almost wholly on the moral;

he did not reach after the invisible, did not awaken that feeling that yearns after the infinite, that rushes upward to the embrace of Deity. Hence, and for other reasons, the voice of Christianity must yet give them life. Confucius is rightly to them the First Saint, and Mencius the *A-Shing*, or Second Saint. There is reason in the pride felt by the people of Shantung, that the tomb of the glorious man is with them, whose majestic monument, in the midst of forest oaks and gloomy shades, rears high a reverential symbol of his moral greatness.

Buddhism, transplanted from India, flourishes in China. The Rationalists, or sect of Tau, are quite numerous. No religious caste, however, has ever arisen to political power, so as to engraft itself on the state, and China has never had an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Nor are they intolerant, since many Catholics are still in the empire; Mohammedans, half a million,* who make a Sabbath of Thursday, and some of whom hold important offices in the government; and Jews, who refuse to marry with the natives, who worship no idols, take no oaths in heathen temples, honor Confucius, like the Chinese, and, in their synagogue worship, translate Adonai by Tien. These incarnate permanences still pray westward towards Jerusalem.

But this entire nation needs, most of all things, to be stirred up by the activity of western intellect. That this isolation is eternal, cannot for one moment be believed. Antiquity, however incarnated, cannot remain forever on its own strength, with a sea of mental progress dashing against its walls. The merchants of China, even now, desire free intercourse with the world. A part of the world cannot successfully isolate itself from the whole. Isolation is against the dependency and unity of parts, observable in both the physical and the moral universe. Somehow, in the commerce and conflicts of nations, this eastern extremity of civilization in the old world will one day freely answer back to the western; and the unity of the human race, which has been so slow in its dawn upon human conviction, will be seen and felt in China, to the overthrow of its powerfully cemented exclusiveness.

* The computation of the early part of the last century.

MORMONISM IN ILLINOIS.

No. II.

THE Mormons in the full tide of prosperity, rejoicing in their political triumph, vaunting themselves on the completeness of their organization, and the vigorous and efficient rule of their chief, failed to profit by the severe lessons of adversity which they had but lately experienced. Regardless of the waning popularity of their leader, and the rumblings of dissatisfaction and hostility which were continually borne to their ears from the surrounding neighborhood, they still persisted in their wayward and exceptional policy, and still further aroused the prejudice and hatred of their enemies by their arrogant and absurd pretensions. They laughed at the high-toned denunciations of their enemies, and treated with hardy contempt the numerous gatherings and consultations of the Gentiles. The Prophet declared that when divine interposition should become necessary, the Lord would commission his destroying angels to scatter and destroy the boasted strength of the Anti-Mormons, in the same manner as the Assyrian host had been annihilated by the supernatural visitation of the destroyer, ages before, for the vindication and protection of the Jews. Smith was too dignified, and withal too powerful, to concede any thing to allay the prejudices of his neighbors. He had forgotten that only a few years since, those who now denounced him so heartily had provided for his necessities, and sympathized with his alleged wrongs, with sincere and unostentatious generosity. He would concede nothing to the outraged feelings of those who had but lately been his benefactors, but, on the contrary, with base ingratitude, and trusting in his increasing strength, when admonished of the irritation and excitement occasioned by the impolicy of his course, he scornfully pointed them to the superior discipline of his military, the completeness of their equipments, and the strength of their unwavering devotion to his person and his cause.

In the mean time, the Missourians had not yet abandoned their quarrel with the Mormons; nor had they forgotten that their vengeance had been baffled by the escape of Smith, whilst an indictment was pending against him for treason. They were determined that he should yet be arrested and compelled to answer for his numerous crimes. To this end a requisition was granted under the seal of the State of Missouri, requiring the executive of Illinois to deliver up to a commission appointed for that purpose the body of Joseph Smith, a "fugitive from justice." Upon the service of this requisition, the Governor of Illinois, in obedience to its requirements, issued a warrant for the arrest of Smith, and placed it in the hands of an officer for execution. It is hardly probable that any officer would have possessed sufficient hardihood to have attempted the arrest of the Prophet in his own city. It would have been impracticable, even if no resistance should be made; as a thousand cunning expedients would have been resorted to by the Mormons to conceal the Prophet and defeat the ends of justice.

Fortunately, however, it was discovered that Smith was absent from Nauvoo on a "mission of love" in the northern portion of the State. The officer charged with the execution of the writ having ascertained Smith's absence from Nauvoo, proceeded in pursuit of him, and, without difficulty or opposition of any kind, secured his arrest at a small village on Rock river. Being in this manner deprived of the support of his friends, the Prophet had no choice left him but submission. He accordingly prepared to accompany the officer with the utmost apparent cheerfulness, and the most jovial good feeling towards his captors, not, however, until he had contrived secretly to send an embassy with intelligence of his arrest to his friends at Nauvoo. This embassy traveled with the greatest possible speed; whilst the Missourians, having in custody the captured

Prophet, seeing no possible chance for his escape or rescue, proceeded at a more leisurely pace in the same direction. They did not, however, think it prudent to risk the prisoner among his friends in Nauvoo; as sufficient was known of the character of the Mormons for cunning and duplicity to render the escape of Smith absolutely certain. They accordingly determined to cross the Mississippi river at Fort Madison, ten miles above Nauvoo. Whilst the Missourians were quietly progressing across the State, well satisfied with themselves and the result of their expedition, with chivalrous generosity endeavoring to cultivate the acquaintance of their prisoner, and tendering to him their good offices, the Mormon emissary which Smith had dispatched with the intelligence of his arrest, arrived at Nauvoo and communicated to the High Council the perilous situation of the Prophet. On the reception of this intelligence, the Mormons lost no time in fruitless lamentations. To allow the Missourians to take the Prophet into their own State would be in fact signing his death-warrant, or consenting to his murder, as all the fierce and relentless and undying hate of which human nature is susceptible had been aroused in the breast of the Missourian in his recent contest with the Prophet. Even should he have been acquitted by the court in which his cause was impending, the determination was general that the fanatic impostor escaping from legal justice should die by the hands of violence.

It was uncertain to the Mormons what route would be taken by the captors of the Prophet; and to make assurance doubly sure—to guard against the possibility of escape, a steamboat owned by the Mormons was called into requisition, and was immediately dispatched by way of the Mississippi to Beardstown on the Illinois, whence they had reason to believe the Missourians would proceed by steamboat to St. Louis. At the same time they dispatched a strong detachment of the Nauvoo Legion north on the direct route to the point where Smith had been arrested. This last expedition had traveled about thirty miles when they fell in with the Missourians, and immediately surrounded them. The odds in numbers and equipments was so manifestly in favor of the Mormons, that resistance was out of the question. The Mis-

sourians vainly urged that they acted under legal authority and by the warrant of the Governor; that by virtue of this unquestioned authority they had made the arrest, and that duty required that they should make legal return of their prisoner to the proper authority of Missouri. The Prophet admitted the unquestioned validity of their process; nor had he any disposition to resist an authority which all good citizens were bound to respect; nor would he suffer his people—who, notwithstanding the contrary opinions expressed of them by their enemies, were distinguished for their orderly submission to the law—to rescue him from their custody, which, if illegal and wrongful, could be redressed without any appeal to violence. But, whilst he submitted implicitly to the supremacy of the law, he claimed, in common with every American citizen, its protection. Whilst he respected the authority under which he had been arrested, he claimed the right, under a writ of *habeas corpus*, to inquire into the legality of his detention. And should it be found, upon a full, impartial, and satisfactory investigation, that there was sufficient cause to restrain him of his liberty, trusting in the purity of his past life and the righteousness of his past actions, he would cheerfully accompany them and confront his accusers in their own courts, where he hoped triumphantly to vindicate his innocence. To avail himself of his legal remedy, it was necessary for them to visit Nauvoo, where he assured the Missourians a hospitable reception awaited them, and where the grievance of which he complained could be inquired into by the municipal court of that city, which had full authority to try writs of *habeas corpus*; and he hoped there would be no doubt entertained of its impartiality.

However much the Missourians may have doubted the pledge of hospitality given by the Prophet, or whatever faith they may have placed in the impartiality of the tribunal to which the Prophet intended to appeal, prudence influenced them to accept the proposition made to them, and visit Nauvoo.

Immediately after their arrival, the Prophet procured the issuing of his writ of *habeas corpus* from the municipal court of Nauvoo. This judiciary had been organized under the provisions of the charter, and surrounded with circumstances of great dignity. It con-

sisted of a presiding judge and eight associates. Smith himself had been chosen Chief Justice, and now his case was to be determined by his eight associates, whom he claimed to be impartial, even when their chief was a party.

At this time the congressional election was pending, and the candidates were then engaged canvassing the district with the most commendable zeal and industry. The Whig candidate, a lawyer of great experience and some eminence in his profession, was at Nauvoo, engaged in the laudable enterprise of "making his election sure," when Smith and the Missourians returned to Nauvoo. It was thought by the Prophet that the presence of this gentleman on the trial of his "*habeas corpus*" would be of the utmost service to him, in attaching weight and dignity to the decision of his court. Should this tribunal be afterwards charged with stretching its jurisdiction beyond its statutory limits, he could refer to Cyrus Walker, the most thorough of jurists, who advised and insisted on the very decision to which the objection was raised. And if the learned, astute, and practical lawyer, of forty years' experience, honestly erred in his opinion, was it not possible that the men who constituted the court, unacquainted with legal principles or the complicated forms of the law, might commit the same error, without being amenable to the charge of corruption? Walker hailed the misfortune of the Prophet, and the necessity of his presence as his counsel, as the brightest omen of the success of his somewhat doubtful political campaign. This congressional district, prior to the emigration of the Mormons, was about equally balanced between the political parties; and the Mormon vote at this time invariably decided the contest by its influence and number. The candidate very plausibly argued, that if he, by his professional learning, should give dignity and respectability to the Mormon tribunal, it was due to him that the Mormons should reciprocate his kindness and remunerate his labors, by granting to him their undivided support at the approaching election.

After the preliminary arrangements were made, Smith, without further delay, was brought before the court over which he ordinarily presided. The only question which appeared necessary to decide was one of jurisdiction. It was contended by the Mis-

sourians that the Legislature never intended to grant to the municipality of Nauvoo any authority to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, excepting in cases where the cause of detention originated under the laws or ordinances passed by the city council; that in the case under advisement, the cause of detention arose under State and national laws, and could not be investigated by the tribunal before which it was pending. This view of the case was combated by Mr. Walker with admirable adroitness and plausibility. He had the confidence and sympathy of the court; and it was not wonderful that it should decide with the most harmonious unanimity in favor of its own jurisdiction. It would hardly be supposed that this preliminary decision would have disposed of the merits of the case. That because the court had jurisdiction of the matter in question, that therefore the prisoner should be discharged, without any inquiry into the legality of his detention, would scarcely be considered a legitimate conclusion by any court in America. Yet such was the decision of the Mormon tribunal in the present case. The court, without any reference to the Governor's warrant under which the defendants justified, declared their opinion to be, "that General Joseph Smith be, and is hereby, legally and honorably discharged."

To procure the discharge of his client under such circumstances, reflected but little credit on the professional skill of the counsel. But the Missourians were resolved not to be baffled by the chicanery of the Mormons, and still determined to bring their fanatical leader to justice. For the accomplishment of this purpose, they immediately departed to Springfield, the seat of government, to procure, if possible, another warrant from the executive for the arrest of the Prophet. It now depended on Walker to counteract any statement made by the Missourians, and, if possible, prevent the Governor from granting any further process in the case. For this purpose he was sent to Springfield by Smith. In this mission Walker was completely successful. The Governor, on his representations, refused to grant a new warrant, and the Missourians, wearied and disappointed by the superior address and cunning of the Mormons, returned home from their fruitless expedition. This was an important triumph for the Prophet. He had thwarted the vengeance of his enemies without any appeal

to violence. He had achieved his discharge from arrest "by due course of law." To render his triumph more complete, he obtained his discharge from imprisonment under the operation of a law passed by his own city council, and his freedom was pronounced by a court under his own control. In his contest with the people of Missouri, he had fought against the legally constituted authority of the State, and was denounced as the leader of a revolutionary and disorganizing mob; but now, by a masterly stroke of statesmanship, he had changed his policy, and, by submission to the laws, had become the founder of the "law and order party" of the county of Hancock. In his "Missouri War," where force opposed force, the Prophet had been sadly the loser. But in his late contest, where cunning and chicanery were the weapons of his warfare, the most complete success was the result of his policy. Through the influence and operation of the late decision of the Nauvoo court, assuming jurisdiction of writs of *habeas corpus*, the city became a place of refuge for every fugitive from justice. The outlawed felon, escaping from the vengeance of the law, hurried to the City of the Saints, and found a safe asylum and ample protection from the Prophet, who received him with kindness, and granted to him his countenance and support.

The Prophet had read and admired the history of David, the founder of the Jewish dynasty, who, prior to his elevation to the throne, when banished by the jealous displeasure of the reigning sovereign, collected around him in the wilderness every one who who was oppressed with debt, and every one who was dissatisfied with the existing rule of his nation, until a formidable and desperate army acknowledged his leadership.

He had, perhaps, heard that the barbarian founder of imperial Rome, which afterwards civilized the world, and controlled its destinies, had clustered around him a band of outlawed felons, who had been driven from society on account of the ferocity of their nature and the desperateness of their crimes. He had heard, too, that from this robber band had descended a race of soldiers that conquered the world. And if fierce outlaws were valuable, because of their desperate qualities, to David and the old Roman, who founded each of them a brilliant and power-

ful dynasty, why should they not be useful to him for the same reason? Why should they not infuse vitality and energy into the villanous compound of fanaticism and wickedness over which he presided at Nauvoo? Viewing these accessions to his strength in this favorable light, the Prophet extended the hand of fellowship to the most vile and abandoned who sought his protection, and welcomed them with the utmost consideration and courtesy into the society of the saints.

Protected by the operation of their judiciary, the Mormons still further extended their authority, and became still more daring in their usurpations. The common council of the city, in its legislative capacity, emulated the judicial in its innovations. Paper money was voted a nuisance by this saintly assemblage of lawgivers, and the culprit who dared to circulate the interdicted commodity, subjected himself to heavy penalties in punishment of his temerity. The Prophet and his confederate council hated a paper currency with as much intensity and malignity as did the dignified "conscript father" from Missouri; and persecuted bank-bills of the denomination of one dollar, with the same settled and determined hostility which characterized the warfare of the distinguished senator against the monster bank; and, like that astute politician, the Prophet contemplated supplying his adherents with a hard money currency in exchange for the bank paper, which he had driven as a corrupt thing out of the precincts of the holy city. In this design he was more successful than the great Missourian; for, although gold and silver did not flow up the Mississippi to supply the vacuum, yet copper, tin, Britannia and German silver did; and out of these comparatively valueless materials a compound was ingeniously manufactured, out of which was struck, with wonderful facility, Mexican and American coin, by the aid of an extempore mint, termed, by Western science, a Bogus press. This spurious currency, thanks to the skill and experience of the proselytes, who had lately sheltered themselves under the Prophet's wing, was well executed, and circulated in a thousand channels over a wide extent of country. So well did this ingenious fraud succeed, and so large was the return of the profits on the investment, that numbers of the saints embarked at once in the enterprise of coining,

with the most religious enthusiasm and zeal. And it is said that the Prophet, with all his wisdom, was meek enough to submit to the teachings of his hopeful converts, and learn of them the process of transmuting the most common metal into the similitude of gold. The fact of the manufacture, and the criminal vending of this spurious coin by the Mormons, is well established by conclusive testimony. After the saints, by the force of public opinion, were compelled to dispose of their property in every quarter of the city, ingenious contrivances were found in secret cellars, which had been invented and used for the production of counterfeit coin. Although efforts were made by the malicious and dissatisfied Gentiles to bring the offenders to justice, Mormon duplicity and deception were generally sufficient to baffle the exertions of the most vigilant officers; and if an arrest were made in despite of the exertions used to prevent it, the culprit, if he chose, could appeal to the court over which his Prophet presided, and secure his discharge. Should he, on the contrary, waive his privilege of discharge under a writ of *habeas corpus*, and permit a jury empanelled by a Gentile court to determine his guilt or innocence, he could safely count upon any number of his brethren to establish his innocence by the most heaven-daring perjury. It was a part of Smith's theology, that he had a moral and religious right to do evil that good might come. He repeatedly expressed the opinion, that it was a Christian duty to lie and to swear to it, for the protection of the saints against the malice of the Gentiles; and, like the arch-enemy of the human race, he could quote Scripture in support of this absurd and wicked position. He contended, if the Lord once placed a lying spirit in the mouth of an ancient prophet, he might and would do the same thing by a modern one; that when it became his duty to lie, he would do so in the name of the Lord; and it must be observed that this part of his religious duty Smith observed with most scrupulous fidelity.

Religious impostors generally find it necessary to enforce their teachings by a hypocritical adherence to the strict forms of morality. In addition to a life of sanctity and pretended devotion, the impostor endeavors to conciliate the progressive spirit of the age by some new development of "the

law of love." But Smith manifested no such amiable weakness. He sighed for the return of that iron age in which physical force organized society, and hewed out man's destiny; when intellect slumbered, and passion ruled with despotic sway. He wished for a period when vengeance should be undisguised and unmitigated; when a man could rise upon his enemy and slay him; when the captive should be slain by the edge of the sword, or hewn to pieces at the bidding of his captor. He emulated more the vengeance tolerated and suffered to exist by divine wisdom in the Jewish polity, than the meekness, humility, and benevolence, inculcated by the Saviour of the world. He imitated more the sensuality encouraged by the teachings of the Moslem prophet, than the self-denial and temperance enjoined upon his followers by "him who taught as never man taught." The Prophet understood that David, whom he considered in sort a typical shadow of what he was to be, practised polygamy; that he even had resorted to base and murderous plots, to increase the number of his wives and grace his court with beauty. Solomon, the Augustus of the Jews, distinguished for the unexampled prosperity and matchless splendor of his reign, and famed amongst his barbarian neighbors for the excellence of his wisdom, boasted a harem as large and well-selected as that of the Grand Turk of modern times. Smith determined to emulate the example of these illustrious orientals in their vices only. Their great virtues were kept out of view in the picture which Smith drew of their characters. Although the restriction of the penal code for a time prevented the publicity of this new and startling vice, yet strange whispers began to be breathed over the country, charging the prophet with an attempt to establish, under a new guise, a system of polygamy in defiance of reason, morals, and law, and enforce it as a religious observance amongst his infatuated followers. It was as impossible to reach this as other crimes practised by the obnoxious sect; and even from the pulpit this odious practice, which Christianity centuries ago abolished, and which the civilized world has uniformly discarded and punished, was publicly advocated by Smith, who claimed for its practice the sanction of revelation. The Scriptures of divine truth were misrepresented and tortured to establish the truth of this demoral-

izing tenet of the new faith, and enforce the obedience of the refractory to its requirements.

Notwithstanding the great influence of the Prophet, and the superstitious veneration with which his teachings were generally received, yet were they not all sufficiently infatuated to violate the sanctity of their marriage vows. Many of them began to fancy that the light of the divine countenance had been withdrawn from their leader; that his heart, like that of Solomon, whose example he professed to follow, had become estranged from God; and that his pretended revelation was nothing more than an emanation from a corrupt and brutalized nature.

Mormonism, until now, although fiercely opposed and persecuted by the surrounding Gentiles, enjoyed quietness, peace, and unity amongst its own devotees; but now it was its bad fortune to be assaulted by some of its first adherents and most successful advocates. John C. Bennett, the cherished friend of the Prophet, the superior general of his legion, the accomplished tutor in his college, now disavowed his allegiance to the Prophet, and launched his thunders at his head, with all his energy and his eloquence; he labored to stir up a spirit of seditious hostility to the pretensions of Smith, amongst the saints in Nauvoo; but he was soon compelled to abandon this enterprise as hopeless, and to

fly from the city, pursued by the hearty curses of all true friends of the Prophet. Driven from the city, he continued an incessant clamor against the Mormons, and denounced without stint their fallen, degraded, and sensual leader, who had failed to keep "his garments white and unspotted from the world."

At the same time that Bennett was laboring to arouse the people of the adjacent country by his startling disclosures of the enormities of Mormonism, a conspiracy was formed at Nauvoo for the purpose of leading away all the saints who adhered to the first platform of the Prophet, and refused to lend their influence to the adulterous project which had lately been developed. This schism was led by one Hinkle, a man of but little influence or talent. His object was to establish a colony in the unsettled portion of Iowa, over which he intended to preside in the prophetic character; for he, as well as Smith, held communication with the world of spirits. But few of the saints, however, could be induced to acknowledge his leadership, and his enterprise consequently proved a failure. A few of his friends deserted Nauvoo under his direction, but his influence was not sufficient to concentrate this slight force, and Hinkleism has perished from the face of the earth. R. W. M.

Nauvoo, Ill.

LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

PART FOUR.

EARLY in the spring following, having declined the offer from Adams of the department he had so long presided over, Crawford set out from Washington on his return to Georgia. Political life had no longer any charms for his ambition, and his whole family seemed to rejoice that its idolized head was at last cut loose, even though abruptly and mortifyingly, from the restraints and the miseries of a public career. The state of Crawford's health was too feeble and precarious to withstand the rapidity and discomforts of a public conveyance, and it was decided that they should travel in his private carriage, and pursue their route by easy stages. They were accompanied by his friend, Mr. Cobb, whose devotion to the fallen statesman was never bounded by the measure of prosperity or success, but clung faithfully in the hour of misfortune and failure. His aspirations for political greatness seem to have expired with the close of the day which had witnessed Crawford's final overthrow for the presidency: it was but little more than two years afterwards that he threw up his commission as senator, the victim of severe domestic afflictions; which, added to his keen mortification at Crawford's defeat, fixed his determination to leave the theatre of public life.

The people of Georgia met Crawford at every county-town through which he passed on his return, with all the evidences of affection and respect. A few miles from Lexington, the court-house site of his own county, the citizens of Oglethorpe, headed by his ancient and unwavering friend, Judge John Moore, were gathered in considerable numbers to receive and escort to his home their illustrious but afflicted friend and fellow-countryman. After greeting the old statesman with a warmth that indicated the deepest sincerity of attachment and admiration, and with an enthusiasm none the less ardent that he had been overthrown by the nation, they formed in procession, and con-

ducted him to the town amidst demonstrations rather of triumph than of mortification. He was here quartered in the hospitable mansion of Judge Moore, and the day was devoted to the reception of his earliest and fastest friends, many of them descendants of those who, twenty years before, had first called him into political life. They viewed the friend of their youth with mingled feelings of curiosity, veneration, and sorrow; many years had passed since he had been in Georgia; a great many of those present knew him only by report. Their fathers had told them of his greatness, and had encouraged their youthful exertions by pointing his career to them as a proud example of industry and application. But he was not now the Crawford of his prime; disease had robbed him of that fine appearance and majestic carriage which had so impressed all who knew him in the zenith of his career. The commanding intellect which had won the reverence of a nation no longer shone with original splendor; he was, in fact, the mere shadow or wreck of what he had been. Some who went in with beaming eyes came away saddened and downcast, when they called to mind the vast difference between the Crawford of 1812 and the Crawford of 1825. All had heard of his sickness, and they expected to find him somewhat altered, but none were prepared for the awful change which met their vision. He could scarcely see; he spoke with great difficulty, and even with apparent pain; his walk was almost a hobble, and his whole frame evidenced, on the least motion, that its power and vigor had been seriously assaulted. Those now living who met Crawford on that occasion, mention the interview as being one of the most melancholy of their lives.

Three miles distant from Lexington was Woodlawn, Crawford's private residence; this was now his next and last stage; and the family entered within its grounds with

feelings more akin to those of exiles returning from a painful banishment, than such as might be supposed to oppress those whose ambitious aims have just been disappointed. It is a retired, peculiarly rural spot, unadorned with costly or imposing edifices, and boasts of no artificial embellishments of taste; every thing around partakes of the simplicity and unostentatious habits of its illustrious owner. It was fronted with a magnificent forest of oaks, through which the mansion was approached from the main road, along a romantic and winding avenue, just wide enough for vehicles to pass with convenience. In the rear opened an extensive clearing which formed the plantation, dotted here and there with peach and apple orchards, and affording an agreeable prospect of hill and meadow; around and through these meandered a clear little brook, which found its source in a delightful spring, only a few yards distant from the mansion, and which lent a charmingly pastoral appearance to the whole scene. The garden bloomed with an abundance of shrubbery, and of choice, tender fruit trees, which were planted and tended by Crawford and his elder children alone, and smiled in the luxuriance and gayety of its numerous flower-beds. A rich carpet of blue grass covered the lawn in front; and here, of a calm summer evening, beneath the shade of a venerable oak, might be seen frequently gathered the entire family, the retired statesman himself being always in the midst, and ever the happiest and liveliest of the group. The memories of the past, laden alike with greatness and with gloom, seemed now to have faded to mere secondary and subordinate importance. The quiet joys of domestic life, unmixed with aught that could mar their loveliness, spread content through the familiar circle, and enlivened his secluded homestead with a warmth of affection and harmony too pure and too substantial to be compared with the fleeting pleasures and ephemeral honors of the political world.

The derangement of private business consequent on such long absences from home, and the very depressed state of Crawford's finances, drove him to embark, even in his enfeebled health, once again in professional life, with the hope of restoring his pecuniary affairs. His sons were yet under age; and it was not until four years later that he gave the hand of his eldest daughter to Mr. Dud-

ley, that daughter who had been so long his most trusted and confidential friend, whose delicate hand had drawn or arranged many of his most important official papers during the progress of his malady, and whose qualities of heart and of mind distinguished her as well in the fashionable as in the political and social circles which centred at her father's residence in Washington. While yet he was determining the mode of his return to professional life, it so happened, however, that the bench of the circuit in which he lived was made vacant by the death of its incumbent, the celebrated cynic and wit, James Dooley. Governor Troup immediately appointed Crawford to fill the vacancy, and this timely compliment secured for him at once an honorable official station, and an annual salary of three thousand dollars. He was elected to the same office the year following without opposition; but, as a singular and striking illustration of the instability of political fame, when the subject of his reelection came again before the legislature, three years afterwards, the pitiful majority of only three votes decided a contest between a man of less than ordinary ability, and of scarcely second-rate standing as a lawyer, and a man of preëminent talents and position, who had filled the enlightened world with his reputation.

We must now turn reluctantly from these pictures of domestic felicity and quiet professional duties, and, as a candid and impartial reviewer, give our serious and close attention to a subject far different in character, which brought in its train much that was unpleasant and mortifying in Crawford's latter life. The calm and content of Woodlawn were but of short existence: he who had been so long associated with the strifes, the struggles, and the malignities of the political arena, could not be expected or suffered to close these connections by retiring suddenly from their perplexities. Others were still struggling whose interests had been involved with his own, and who would not surrender him to private life while a hope of their own promotion, either by his influence or his *instrumentality*, glimmered in the political horizon.

The conflict for the presidency betwixt the friends of the administration and the party of General Jackson had waxed violent and warm early in 1827. Calhoun was

again the candidate for Vice-President on the Jackson ticket, and was understood to be high in the esteem and confidence of that chieftain. Most, if not all, of the old Crawford party had taken sides in the same cause; and the combined forces of all these ancient and still unreconciled foes were turned into a common crusade against the coalition of Adams and Clay, which had wrested from their respective favorites the crown of success in the late election. The cry of the "bargain and intrigue" was the theme of every Jackson editor throughout the Union, and, as remarked by Hamilton of South Carolina, formed the sole "electioneering staple" of the Jackson party. The contest was one of desperation on the part of the coalition which held the reins of government; Clay mingled personally in the strife, and struggled with a gallantry that has never been equaled in the history of partisan warfare. He met his accusers with a proud defiance, and went even to the head-quarters of one of the opposing factions to gather testimony in his favor. He obtained from Crawford the letter to which allusion has been already made, and published it in Washington. The effect was universal surprise and consternation in the hostile camp. This letter showed that Crawford did not share the general belief of the party with which his friends were acting, and, in fact, directly acquitted Clay of any improper act or motive, so far as the opinion of its writer was concerned. Crawford evidently bore no personal ill-will to Clay; if he had, Clay never would have obtained from him aught else than sheer justice might have demanded from a fair and honorable enemy. He went farther, however, and expressly endorsed the choice of Clay as between Adams and Jackson; and yet, as if to afford but the melancholy evidence of decayed faculties by exhibiting the most remarkable of inconsistencies, a few months later we find Crawford busily corresponding to secure the election of Jackson over Adams in 1828. His letter to Clay, approving the choice of the latter in preferring Adams to Jackson in 1825, is dated in February of 1827. In the April following he authorized his opinions in favor of Jackson's pretensions, as he declares in a letter to one Alfred Balch. This letter, first made public in the great quarrel between Calhoun, Crawford, and Jackson, bears date in December of the same year; in which, while decidedly advocating the claims of Jackson, he denounces Calhoun as being inimical to the General, and urges that his name on the Jackson ticket will create difficulty in the State of Georgia. His dislike of Calhoun outweighed his preference for Jackson; and as he could not, without separating from his friends, support Adams, this fact had well nigh fixed him in a state of neutrality, so fearful was he that Jackson's election "might benefit Calhoun." He even wished to stipulate with Jackson that such benefit should not follow on his election, and urges Balch, who was a near neighbor and friend of Jackson, "to ascertain" if such cannot be distinctly understood. He and Calhoun had been enemies for many long years, and the events of 1824 had produced an open personal rupture between them; their intercourse had been confined to the mere ordinary civilities of life, and retirement did not bring any abatement of Crawford's animosity. He was as little prone to forgiveness as Jackson himself, where his dislikes had taken firm root; he believed that Calhoun was an unreliable and a deceitful man, and, being now favorable to Jackson's election himself, he could not bear "to see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate." In other words, he believed that Calhoun was too bad a man to stand in such intimate relations with a President of the United States, or to be quietly allowed thus to ride into power on Jackson's popularity. It is clear that this intolerance did not proceed from envy, or ambition, or that meaner feeling which craves company in disappointment. Crawford no longer aspired to office, and thought as little of ever being made President as of succeeding the Great Mogul; but it is beyond doubt, in our mind, that his subsequent unfortunate agency in bringing about the celebrated controversy which drove Calhoun from power and place, was owing alone to the depth and earnestness of this long-cherished enmity. The connection of Crawford with this memorable quarrel between the two first officers of government, is too well known, and has been too much censured, to be passed over without a most rigorous and impartial investigation at our hands; and as our judgment has led us to conclusions quite variant with the common impressions

in regard to his conduct, we shall proceed candidly to set forth the reasons which have induced such conclusions.

Crawford's opposition to Calhoun was deep-rooted and interminable; and to effect his defeat he began, early in the fall and during the winter of 1827, to correspond extensively with his friends in the Western States, denouncing the candidate for Vice-President as unworthy of the support of Jackson's friends. Among these letters was one written to Alfred Balch, of Nashville, in which, after acknowledging the receipt of one from his correspondent, Crawford goes on to deprecate being made prominent in the approaching contest for President, declares with great candor his preference for private life, but says, nevertheless, that he had already authorized Van Buren and Cambreleng, *who had visited him the previous April*, to make known his opinions. These opinions were favorable to the election of Jackson; but Crawford continues by asserting that there is some difficulty in consequence of Jackson's association with Calhoun. Then follows a series of accusations against Calhoun, fixing upon him the charges of duplicity, inconsistency, and enmity to Jackson. The letter, on the whole, though eminently illustrative of the candor and honesty which had ever characterized Crawford's intercourse with his fellows, is a wretched and most incoherent specimen of composition, showing much more of determined prejudice than of care or taste. It bears not the slightest resemblance to the finished compositions which had emanated from its author in the days of his prime; his speeches in the Senate, his reports as Secretary of War and of the Treasury, and his diplomatic papers while Minister to France. It is so awkwardly expressed in some parts, and the commixture of personal pronouns so incongruously strung together, as to require every auxiliary of emphasis, parenthesis, and all kindred resorts, to point and explain his meaning. True, there are to be found unmistakable traces of the author's mind, though not the mind of 1811; the polished style and classic elegance which distinguished the productions of his zenith are, however, nowhere to be discerned in this series of letters. This fact, of itself, must be held to demonstrate what has been already assumed in this review, that the intellect of Crawford had been seriously im-

paired by the attack with which he was visited in 1824.

This and other letters were shown to Jackson, but they produced no visible change in his feelings for Calhoun, nor did they, as expected and hoped, influence the result, so far as Calhoun was concerned, in the popular elections. He was elected Vice-President by a decisive majority, on the Jackson ticket; but the electoral colleges for President and Vice-President yet held the final determination. These have always been held with peculiar sacredness in our system of government: the electors are the trustees of the high sovereign power of the people of the States, as it relates to the choice of the two first officers under the Constitution. The degree of fidelity with which this trust is thus discharged, controls in a great measure the operation of our governmental system. Still obstinately bent on effecting the political ruin of one he held to be so unworthy of confidence as Calhoun, Crawford did not now hesitate even to strike at him through the electoral colleges; he wrote certainly to two of his friends, and urged them "to use their influence" to secure his enemy's defeat in the colleges, when they should respectively convene. We are obliged to say, that while this, strictly speaking, was a legal, and perhaps an honest course of political opposition, it was not fair or unexceptionable. The colleges are not *specifically* instructed, but the received opinion is, that they are bound to carry out the popular preference as evidenced by a majority of the votes cast in the respective States which they represent. Every body knows that these votes are cast with reference to the known views of the different candidates for electors who are before the people. The successful ticket is, therefore, the sure index of popular preference as to the candidates for President and Vice-President. At the same time, then, that we insist on upholding Crawford's character for integrity and candor, we most decidedly condemn, in view of the grounds here taken, any attempt to influence an electoral college contrary to the evidences of popular preference. Jackson and Calhoun were recognized as running on the same ticket in the state of Tennessee, the first for President, and the last for Vice-President of the United States. This had been proclaimed by the electoral candidates, and the people had voted accordingly; we therefore enter protest

against the propriety of Crawford's course, when he undertakes, in a letter of a date subsequent to the popular elections of that State, to persuade his friend Campbell, one of the successful presidential electors, to endeavor to cut off Calhoun from the vote of Tennessee as Vice-President. Nothing could be more hurtful to the integrity of our political system than to adopt his course on this occasion as a legitimate precedent. That will be the saddest day in the history of this republic, when an attempt to counter-vail and nullify the popular decisions shall succeed through the medium of extraneous influences brought to bear upon the electoral colleges. There is not a more delicate feature belonging to the Federal Constitution than the mode of making a President, and its very delicacy argues its wisdom. The trust is one entirely of honor, and dreadful is the responsibility of accounting to the people for the forfeiture of such confidence; the very absence of all prescribed safeguards to enforce compliance with their decision, makes dereliction the more terrible to be encountered. If there was a legal penalty involved, a legal and full defense would be necessarily allowed. Both are precluded, and the safety of our government lies in the strict observance of the sacred obligation imposed on the electoral colleges.

The fact that Crawford wrote letters both to General Campbell and Colonel Barry, urging them to use their influence to defeat Calhoun before the colleges, is unquestionably true; the political world was made acquainted with the fact more than twenty years since. That he intended mischief to the Constitution, no one can or will say, not even his fiercest enemies; but that his advice involved mischief, is clear and undeniable. That advice was melancholy evidence of his waning faculties of mind, which were now too far impaired to comprehend prudential political considerations, where no direct invasion of the Constitution or the law was intended, and where the aim was to defeat a man whom he honestly thought to be unprincipled and dangerous.

This project failed signally; Calhoun went into the office of Vice-President by a triumphant majority, was considered first in the confidence of the President, and was generally regarded as the most prominent aspirant for the succession. Together, he

and Jackson were duly installed on the fourth day of March, 1829. Every thing went on prosperously and swimmingly with the party in power; the administration at once attained to a popularity that seems, at this distance of time, to have been nearer akin to blind idolatry than rational approbation. The country went mad with admiration of Jackson, and his favorites and ministers were so far lifted along on this scale of popularity as to be thought incapable of doing wrong; and among these, Calhoun stood confessedly highest. Having failed to effect his overthrow, Crawford had now retired from the contest, apparently reconciled to the inevitable course of events. But new actors now suddenly appear on the stage. A conspiracy—for it can be called by no other name, in our judgment—was hatched and perpetrated, of which Crawford was made the unconscious instrument, of which Jackson himself was the dupe, and of which Calhoun was the victim. This was to drive Calhoun from power and popularity by destroying him in the confidence of the now all-powerful President. The same motive which actuated Crawford's efforts in the late election, here again prompted him to pursue Calhoun: inveterate personal enmity, which aimed at nothing short of the disgrace of one alike distrusted and hated. When we say that Crawford was the unconscious instrument, we do not mean to say that he was unconscious of attempting to ruin Calhoun; we think it is quite clear that he was expressly aiming to effect that end, by making public certain transactions of Monroe's Cabinet, which had been discussed in 1818.

On a sudden, the nation was astounded with the news that an irreconcilable feud had sprung up between the President and Vice-President. This was in the spring of 1830, but little more than twelve months since the inauguration. A copy of a letter had been placed in Jackson's hands, which excited on the instant the whole ferocity of his nature, and made him the mortal foe of Calhoun. This letter made known that, at a meeting of Monroe's Cabinet in the summer of 1818, called to deliberate on the events of the Seminole war, Calhoun had distinctly proposed that the commanding general, Jackson, "should be reprehended in some form, or punished in some form," for alleged unauthorized and illegal conduct in

the prosecution of said war. The writer of this letter was William H. Crawford, and it was directed to John Forsyth, one of the senators from the State of Georgia. How or for what reason such a letter was wrung from Crawford at such a time, is, to some extent, a matter of conjecture to this day; though no one who is informed of all the facts, doubts that the design was to effect a personal breach between Jackson and Calhoun, and thereby to destroy the political consequence of the latter. Crawford had authorized Forsyth to show his letter to Calhoun; this is proof that he believed what he said, and that he desired no concealment. Forsyth, for some reason, did not comply; he sent the letter immediately to Jackson, and Calhoun never saw it. A copy was given to him, but it was not a complete copy; important and significant names were left in blank, which the author would have scorned to conceal. He was playing, if not a magnanimous, at least an open game. Crawford was the last man on earth who would condescend to palpable meanness, or to disguise; he was both too independent and too fearless to resort to either. If he was guilty of improprieties, they were improprieties consequent on a failing and an erring judgment, not the offspring of a bad heart or of wilful wrong. But others were neither so nice nor so frank. We are wholly unable to find an excuse for Forsyth, much less for the contrivers of the plot; we think that Forsyth was bound to show the original letter of Crawford to Calhoun, as directed, before he gave it into the hands of Jackson. There was no injunction laid on him by the writer to show it to Jackson at all, though few will doubt that such was intended. But there is a two-fold reason why Crawford must have desired and why he directed that the letter should be shown to Calhoun in the original. In the first place, it was due to candor and fairness of dealing; and in the next place, Crawford evidently desired that his enemy might have the chance of attempting a correction, if he had inadvertently erred in the statement of facts. Had his directions been followed, the main correspondence would then have occurred between himself and Calhoun, instead of between Calhoun and Jackson. Besides, in such event, much injury might have been averted from Calhoun, as he would then have possessed the full

means of unraveling the plot—the suppressed names in the copy being undoubtedly the index. Much mortification might also have been spared to Crawford. After the correspondence had been opened with Jackson, in consequence of Forsyth's omission to obey his friend's injunction, Calhoun peremptorily and quite haughtily refused to recognize Crawford as a principal in the controversy, returned his letters with a most insulting reply, and declined all correspondence except through the President. We must say that, on the whole, we think Forsyth occupied quite a remarkable, not to say unenviable position in connection with this affair; and we are at a loss to reconcile Calhoun's ready admission that he did not allude to Forsyth as being concerned in the efforts which were being made to cause a rupture between Jackson and himself. No matter what may have been Forsyth's motives, (and these we shall not impeach,) it is clear that the breach was effected through his immediate instrumentality. At the request of one Hamilton, of New-York, a friend and political ally of Van Buren, Forsyth writes to Crawford, asking a statement of the Cabinet transactions of 1818, relative to Jackson's conduct in the Seminole war. Hamilton asked this of Forsyth at the request of Jackson, who states that he was induced to make the request from what had been told a friend of his by the Marshal of Columbia District. This certainly looks quite mysterious, especially in view of Hamilton's connections. *Who* was the friend that had thus informed Jackson of the Marshal's statement, and of Hamilton's knowledge of the same fact: viz., that Calhoun had moved to punish Jackson at the Cabinet meeting alluded to? This personage has never been positively known, though conjecture (and circumstances were pointed to which were held to authorize such conjecture) has settled the identity on Martin Van Buren. This we shall not attempt to confirm or to confute; but it is clear that Forsyth's interference at this period of the plot directly caused the rupture between the President and Vice-President; and his omission to comply with Crawford's directions to show the letter to Calhoun, would seem to imply, on his part, at least a very questionable indifference as to the results that were sure to follow.

During the progress of the controversy, several questions of veracity arose between

Crawford and Calhoun, which were never definitely settled, so far as history is concerned. The first of these was in relation to a letter from Jackson to President Monroe, dated previous to the invasion of the Spanish territories, which Crawford asserts to have been produced at the Cabinet meeting in question. This Calhoun denies positively, and brings to his aid, as proof of the denial, a long array of letters from various heads of departments, all of whom profess to recollect nothing about such a letter as Crawford had designated. The last was the alleged change of opinion on Crawford's part, regarding the conduct of Jackson on the same occasion. Calhoun again brings in letters from McDuffie and others to substantiate the charge. We shall not attempt to pass judgment on so delicate a point; we may believe that Crawford was liable to err, and, from a treacherous memory, probably to mistake facts, inadvertently, as most men may do. But no testimony could induce us to entertain for one moment the charge that he was ever guilty of deliberate falsehood. We have ever held an equally high estimate of Calhoun's integrity, and thus feel restrained from dwelling further upon so unpleasant a matter. In long years after, when the immediate families and friends of each party shall have been gathered to their fathers, and when feelings induced by the controversy shall no longer glow within living bosoms, then the impartial reviewer may enter with propriety on the discus-

sion, and thus eviscerate the truth of history.

The quarrel between Calhoun and Jackson was permanent and irreconcilable, and it was most probably intended by those who had fomented it, that *no reconciliation should take place*. The object was evidently much more allied with motives of political advancement and degradation, than with private enmities and preferences. Calhoun was driven from power, and his national popularity sank beneath the irresistible fiat of his more admired, though less gifted rival. He never afterwards regained his former hold on the affections and confidence of the American people, and it is seriously denied by his friends that he ever made any attempt which looked to such object. He quitted the post of Vice-President, and obeyed the voice of his beloved State, which had called him to the United States Senate, to there expound and advocate, with his great powers of mind and of debate, the unfortunate doctrine of nullification. He devoted the balance of his life to the promulgation and defense of this and kindred doctrines, and became wholly sectionalized in feeling and in conduct, although the whole country acknowledged, to his dying-day, the powerful influence of that splendid, commanding intellect, which had made him a giant of his time, and had sustained him in all his parliamentary conflicts with the combined forces of our greatest statesmen.

Longwood, Miss.

J. B. C.

NOTE.—The concluding number of this series will be given mainly to a review of the opinion delivered by Crawford, in the Judicial Convention of Georgia, on the celebrated case of the State against George Tassels, the Indian murderer; as also to an examination of his opinions in regard to the *modern* theories of State Rights, State Interposition, Secession, and Nullification.

A PIONEER OF THE NORTH-WEST.*

REBECCA HEALD.

It was the lot of this "pioneer mother" to have the story of her life associated with one of the most remarkable and melancholy events recorded in the annals of border warfare. She was the wife of Capt. Heald, who commanded the troops in the United States service, the day of the massacre at Chicago, August 15th, 1812; and her part was a conspicuous one in the scenes that preceded and attended that memorable occurrence. A brief notice of her early life will be an appropriate introduction to the account we are enabled to lay before the reader.

Rebecca Wells was the daughter of Colonel Wells, of Kentucky. Her uncle, with whom she resided, was Captain William Wells, who when a child had been taken prisoner by Indians of the Miami tribe, and when old enough to do service had been compelled to go forth with them against General St. Clair, in the battle made famous by his defeat. The captive embraced the first opportunity to escape; and, having returned to his own people, joined the forces of General Wayne. Under his command he did good service as a captain of spies, in consideration of which he was appointed Indian agent at Fort Wayne. At this post he continued until the war of 1812; soon after the outbreak of which he departed for the purpose of accompanying the troops from Chicago to Fort Wayne.

The gentleman* to whom I am indebted for much of the information contained in this sketch, visited Captain Wells at Fort Wayne in 1809, and there formed an acquaintance with his niece. One of his juvenile amusements was setting up a target for her to shoot at with a rifle. She and Captain Heald were accustomed to go out

with their rifles to shoot at the bung-hole of a barrel, at a distance of one hundred yards; and from continual practice, Miss Wells had become extremely expert in that soldierlike exercise. The captain was at that time evidently a candidate for the favor of the fair markswoman, and took great pleasure in instructing her in every species of military accomplishment which she took a fancy to learn. Shortly after this period they were married, and in 1812, Captain Heald was in command of the garrison at Chicago. This, it will be remembered, was at that time a remote outpost of the American frontier, scarcely to be called a settlement, as the only inhabitants without the garrison were a few Canadians and the family of a gentleman engaged in the fur-trade, who had removed from St. Joseph's in 1804. He was a great favorite among the Indians, who called him by a name signifying "the silver-man," from the circumstance of his furnishing them with rings, brooches, and other ornaments of that metal. His influence with the tribes among which his trading-posts were dispersed, made him an object of suspicion to the British, and being at length taken prisoner, he was detained in captivity till the close of the war.

The peninsula of Michigan was then a wilderness, peopled only by savages; and intercourse between the posts of Fort Wayne, Detroit, and Chicago was carried on by such hardy travelers as ventured occasionally to encounter the perils and fatigues of the journey, guided by a devious Indian trail, encamping at night beside a stream, or seeking shelter in some hospitable wigwam, or even lodging among the branches of the trees. The fort at Chicago was constructed with two block-houses on the southern side, and a sallyport or subterranean passage from the parade-ground to

* General John E. Hunt, of Maumee City, Ohio.

* The following sketch is somewhat abridged from a Memoir of Mrs. Heald, prepared for Mrs. Ellet's forthcoming volume of "Pioneer Women of the West."

the river, designed either to facilitate an escape, or as a means of supplying the garrison with water during a siege. His chief officers at this time, besides Captain Heald, were very young men; the command numbered about seventy-five men, not all of whom were able to do service. The garrison had maintained a constant and friendly intercourse with the neighboring Indians, and as the principal chiefs of all the bands in the vicinity seemed to be on the most amicable terms with the Americans, no interruption of their harmony was anticipated.

The first alarm was given on the evening of the 7th of April, when the family of the gentleman who owned the trading establishment was startled by the news that a party of hostile Indians were assembled at a place about four miles up the river, plundering, killing, and making prisoners. All was consternation; the members of the family were hurried into two old *pirogues* moored near the house, and paddled across the river to take refuge in the fort, whither soon came others from the neighborhood—one mother with her infant not more than a day old, being taken on her bed to the boat, and conveyed to the fort by a small party of soldiers sent to rescue her. A cannon was fired to give the alarm to half a dozen soldiers and a corporal who had gone up the river on a fishing excursion. Knowing what the signal meant, they extinguished their torches and came silently down with the current, and, stopping at a house near the bank to warn the inmates, found the dead body of a man who had been scalped. The unsettled state of the country since the battle of Tippecanoe the preceding November, had kept every man on the alert, and measures were immediately taken to discover and repulse their enemies. The report of the cannon, however, had been sufficient to frighten the savages—a party of Winnebagoes—from their purpose, which had been, as was afterwards ascertained from traders in the Indian country, to kill every white man without the walls of the garrison.

An order was now issued, forbidding any soldier or citizen to leave the vicinity of the fort without a guard. Other encounters took place between the soldiers and marauding savages, enough to keep the inmates of the fort in a state of apprehension;

but they experienced no further disturbance for several weeks. On the afternoon of August 7th, a Pottawatomie chief arrived at the post, bearing dispatches from General Hull, which announced the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain; also that the island of Mackinac had fallen into the hands of the British, and that General Hull, at the head of the north-western army, was on his way from Fort Wayne to Detroit. The orders to the commanding officer were "to evacuate the post if practicable; and in that event, to distribute all the United States property contained in the fort and the United States factory or agency, among the Indians in the neighborhood." The chief, who was acquainted with the purport of the dispatches he bore, most earnestly advised that the post should not be evacuated, the garrison being well supplied with ammunition and provision for six months. This counsel was seconded by the officers; but Captain Heald insisted on obeying the orders he had received, blind to the inexpediency and danger of this course, for it was highly improbable that the command would be permitted to pass in safety to Fort Wayne by the savages, whose thirst for slaughter could hardly be controlled by the few individuals who were supposed to have friendly feelings towards the Americans. Great dissatisfaction prevailed among the soldiers at his determination, and the Indians became every day more unruly. Entering the fort in defiance of the sentinels, they frequently made their way without ceremony to the officers' quarters; and on one occasion a savage took up a rifle, and fired it in Mrs. Heald's parlor. Nevertheless, the Captain continued to feel confidence in the amicable disposition of the Indians, and, having assembled them from the neighboring villages, held a council with them on the 12th, he alone appearing on the part of the military, and informed them of his intention to distribute among them, the next day, the goods lodged in the factory, and the ammunition and provisions with which the garrison was supplied. He requested of the Pottawatomies an escort to Fort Wayne, promising them a liberal reward upon their arrival there. The savages, with many professions of friendship, promised all he required.

The remonstrance of one of his friends

who was well acquainted with the Indian character, and with their present state of feeling, convinced Captain Heald of the impolicy of furnishing the savages with arms against himself; and the next evening, after the goods, consisting of blankets, broadcloths, calicoes, paints, &c., had been distributed, a large part of the ammunition and liquor was carried, by his order, into the sallyport and thrown into a well; the remainder being transported as secretly as possible through the northern gate, the heads of the barrels knocked in, and the contents poured into the river. A large quantity of alcohol belonging to the trader before mentioned was disposed of in the same way. All the muskets not necessary for the march were broken up and thrown into the well, with the bags of shot, flints, gun-screws, &c.

On the 14th arrived the uncle of Mrs. Heald, Captain Wells, with a small party of friendly Miamis. He had heard of the order for evacuating the fort, and, knowing the hostile feelings of the Pottawatomies, he had made a rapid march for the purpose of preventing the exposure of his relative and the troops to almost certain destruction. His warning, however, came too late; the ammunition was destroyed, and the provisions were given to the Indians: there was no alternative, and the troops prepared for their march on the following morning.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken, the Indians were informed of the destruction of the ammunition and liquor; the noise of knocking in the barrel-heads had been heard the night before, and so great was the quantity of liquor thrown into the river, that the water tasted, as a savage expressed it, "strong grog." Murmurs and threats were heard, and it was evident that the hostile feeling would be manifested as soon as the troops should be exposed to it.

On the morning of the 15th, the troops left the fort, taking their route along the lake shore, in military array. When they reached a point where commenced a range of sand-hills intervening between the beach and the prairie, the escort of Pottawatomies, about five hundred in number, kept the level of the prairie, instead of continuing along the beach with the soldiers. These had marched about a mile and a half farther, when Captain Wells, who, with his Miamis, was somewhat in advance, rode furiously back, exclaiming that the treacherous In-

dians were about to attack them, and bidding them form instantly and charge upon the enemy. At the same moment a volley was showered from among the sand-hills, and the troops formed in line hastily, and charged up the bank. At the commencement of the action, Captain Wells had been riding by the side of his niece. He said to her as they parted that they should meet no more in this world; that he was satisfied there was no chance for his life. When the troops, followed by the women who accompanied their march, had left the bank and gained the prairie, the action became general. The Miamis, having uttered threats of future vengeance, were soon seen scouring across the prairies in flight; but the soldiers behaved gallantly, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. One matron, who was present and gives an account of the scene, drew back and gazed upon her husband and father, feeling that all were doomed to destruction. The surgeon, who had been wounded, asked her if they could not purchase their lives by promising a large reward, and expressed great fear of death; she replied that there was no hope, and pointed to a young officer who, though mortally wounded, and sunk on one knee, was still fighting desperately. At this moment a young Indian assailed the brave woman (she was an officer's wife, but her name has not been ascertained) with his tomahawk; she sprang aside, and the blow alighted on her shoulder; she then seized him round the neck, and while struggling to get possession of his scalping-knife, she was dragged from his grasp by an older Indian. He bore her, struggling and resisting, to the lake, plunged her into the water, and held her down with a strong hand. She now perceived that the object of her captor was not to drown her, as he held her in such a position as to place her head above water; and looking in his face, disguised with paint, she recognized a friendly chief, "the Black Partridge." When the firing had subsided, he led her up the sand-bank to the prairie, where she met her father, who assured her of her husband's safety. She was then conducted towards the Chicago river, and, supported partly by her preserver, and partly by another Indian, who held dangling in his hand the scalp of Captain Wells, dragged her fainting steps to one of the wigwams near the Pottawatomie encampment.

The charge of the troops drove back the Indians a considerable distance into the prairie, where Captain Heald ordered his men, diminished by more than two thirds of their number, to halt; and, after a parley with the savages, agreed to surrender, stipulating that their lives should be spared, and that they should be delivered at one of the British posts, unless ransomed by traders in the Indian country. It appeared afterwards that the Indians did not consider the wounded prisoners included in the stipulation, from the horrible cruelties practised on them, in revenge for their own loss. One infuriate old squaw, excited by the sanguinary scenes around her, seized a stable-fork, and assaulted a victim who lay groaning in the anguish of his wounds. An Indian chief stretched a mat across two poles, to hide this dreadful scene from the sight of a female prisoner. Several of the wounded were tomahawked the next night. One of the soldiers' wives, who had expressed a determination never to fall into the hands of the savages, fought desperately with those who attempted to capture her, and literally suffered herself to be cut to pieces, rather than surrender.

The horse Mrs. Heald rode was a noble animal, and, desirous of obtaining such a prize, the Indians aimed their shots so as to disable the rider only. She was rescued from the hands of her captor, who was about to scalp her, by a half-breed from St. Joseph's, named Chandonnai, who offered for her ransom a mule he had just taken, and the promise of ten bottles of whisky; engaging to pay the latter, even if the captive should die of her numerous wounds. She was placed in a boat with another woman and her children, covered with a buffalo robe, and bid to keep silence, that the savages, who were continually coming to the

boat in search of prisoners, might not suspect she was there. The boat was at length permitted to return to the house of the trader, whither Mrs. Heald was removed that her wounds might be dressed. Captain Heald was taken prisoner by an Indian from the Kankakee, who was friendly towards him, and, when he saw the enfeebled condition of Mrs. Heald, released the captain, that he might accompany his wife to St. Joseph's. The generous Indian returned to his village on the Kankakee, where his band manifested so much dissatisfaction at his conduct, that he determined to return to St. Joseph's and reclaim his prisoner. The chiefs who had the captives in charge, after holding a private council with Chandonnai and the principal men of the settlement, resolved to save Captain and Mrs. Heald from separation by sending them to the island of Mackinac and delivering them to the British. They were accordingly put in a bark canoe and paddled by the chief of the Pottawatomies and his wife three hundred miles along the coast of Lake Michigan. They were here surrendered as prisoners of war to the commanding officer at Mackinac.

General Hunt says that, some months after the massacre at Chicago, he met Captain and Mrs. Heald walking in the street in Detroit. They had just been brought from Mackinac in a vessel, and were much pleased to see their old friend. Mrs. Heald had recovered from her wounds, and appeared to be as well as she had ever been. It is probable that after the termination of the war her life was one of quiet usefulness, like that of her sister pioneers; the occurrences in which she had borne so prominent a part serving to relate—as truth is more strange than fiction—to those whose fortune had led them into less stirring and exciting scenes.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HON. N. K. HALL,

POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

IN our February number we presented to our readers an engraved portrait of the Hon. Nathan K. Hall, Postmaster-General, with the notice that a biographical sketch of that gentleman would follow its publication.

In fulfilling that intention, our thoughts are turned, as they have often been before, to the peculiarity and importance of the particular class of biography to which this sketch belongs.

It is peculiar, because among the nations of the earth our own country alone can furnish materials for it; and important, for it is full of motive and encouragement to every deserving youth in the land whose laudable ambition is depressed, and whose hopes of the future are chilled in view of adverse circumstances surrounding him, such as elsewhere and under all other existing political institutions would shut him out from the paths leading to honorable distinction. Let such a young man, when despondency gathers over his thoughts, turn them to the most eminent places in the government of his country, and, tracing back the history of the men to whom its highest administrative powers are intrusted, ask himself what advantages of birth, of social position, or of education *they* possessed over *his own*.

The biographies of such men as Millard Fillmore and Nathan K. Hall—one filling with eminent ability and wisdom the most exalted position that human ambition can aspire to; the other chosen, from intimate knowledge of his judgment, ability and worth, to conduct the business of an important department of the government, and to sit in high council upon matters of the gravest importance to his country, often, perhaps, affecting the peace and welfare of the civilized world—are indeed full of encouragement and promise to that large class of young men who are thrown upon the world to shape their own destiny by the force of their own unaided exertions.

The history of men who have thus risen

without patronage or adventitious aid, through an early training of homely labor, by dint of steady, self-denying application and perseverance, comes to the young aspirant for usefulness and distinction like the sound of a trumpet to arouse and inspire him; calling upon him to gird up his loins for the battle of life, and to contend hopefully and manfully with the adverse circumstances which have surrounded and perhaps disheartened him. Though his position in life may afford no flattering prospect of advancement; though his friends may be few, and neither wealthy nor powerful, and even his means of education scanty; and though conscious of no superior intellectual endowments above his fellows, or of that brilliant native genius stirring within him, which gives promise of eminence, and by force of which, in a few rare instances, the conventional barriers of *caste* and position have been broken down, even under the despotic systems of Europe, and its possessors promoted to places among the high-born and powerful, he has yet the inestimable consolation of reflecting that, under the glorious institutions of his country,

“A man’s a man for a’ that,
For a’ that and a’ that;”

and may of right enter the lists of honor and renown with the most fortunate?

Calling to mind the instances of success which we have cited, and others found shining out from almost every page of our brief history, he follows cheerfully and resolutely his allotted path of life, proudly conscious that the highest honors of his country lie before him, and that he may reach them as others have reached them, through the practice of the same virtues which lead to success and eminence in the ordinary pursuits of life.

The paternal ancestors of Nathan K. Hall, the subject of this notice, had been long settled in Meriden, Connecticut, where they were known as respectable physicians, father

and son, for several generations; when near the close of the last century, Doctor Jonathan Hall, grandfather of N. K. Hall, followed the tide of emigration then setting from his native State, to Oneida county, New-York, and after living a few years in that county, removed with his family to the present town of Skaneateles, in Onondaga county, where he practised his profession. His son, Ira Hall, after his marriage, settled in the same town as a farmer, and his son, Nathan Kelsey Hall, was born there on the 28th of March, 1810.

Ira Hall removed from Onondaga to Erie county about the year 1819, but left his son Nathan with his friend Nathan Kelsey, whose name he bears, and with whom he remained for several years. It is no doubt true that in many important traits of character "the boy is often father to the man," and some of the leading characteristics of the present Postmaster-General may probably be traced to his connection with Mr. Kelsey, and to the circumstances in which he was placed while he lived on that gentleman's farm, and witnessed the remarkable energy, self-reliance, and unbending integrity of its owner.

He remained with Mr. Kelsey, attending the district school, and at intervals laboring on the farm, until 1826, when he followed his father to the West, and on the first day of May in that year commenced the study of law in the office and under the direction of Millard Fillmore, then a practising lawyer in the town of Aurora, in Erie county, N. Y. When it is remembered that the only advantages of education which our young aspirant for legal honors had enjoyed up to this time, were those derived from attendance at a district school of the period, and reading the few books that were within his reach, some idea may be formed of the difficulties which lay before him. These, however, do not appear at all to have daunted him, for before he had been long engaged in his legal studies, we find him *teaching* school during the winter. Having acquired the art of land-surveying, he also occasionally found in that new country employment for a day or two in its practice, and from these two sources of revenue he defrayed the expenses of his education for the bar.

In the spring of 1830, the field of young Hall's exertions and usefulness was somewhat enlarged. Mr. Fillmore then removed

to Buffalo, already a thrifty town, and Hall accompanied him.

In 1831, Mr. Hall became a clerk in the Holland Land Company's office at Buffalo. He did not, however, remit his legal studies, or his efforts to repair the defects of his early education, but continued them with unflagging zeal, in the hours not devoted to office business, and which many young men would have considered fairly assignable to relaxation and pleasure. In 1832 he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court and Court of Chancery, and was thus enabled to reap the first-fruits of his perseverance under difficulties, in the line of life he had chosen. In the same year he entered into copartnership with Mr. Fillmore in the practice of law, and laid the foundation of his professional character. The rank which he soon took in his profession was precisely that at which he seems to have aimed from the beginning; and the clear, sound judgment by which he became distinguished among his contemporaries at the bar, was manifested in his appreciation of himself. Although quick in his perceptions and in the power of combining facts, with comprehensive mental powers, always prompt and active, producing that rare readiness of judgment which, apparently overleaping the connecting links of an argument, reaches the truth at the end of the chain as if by intuition, he nevertheless was not a ready debater, and never aimed at forensic display.

In 1836, S. G. Haven, now a member of Congress from the Buffalo district, was received into the firm of Fillmore & Hall; and we have been informed by one who was then their neighbor, that from that period Mr. Hall more frequently argued cases in Chancery, and later in his professional career was occasionally engaged in trials before a jury; but this line of business was not his *forte*. His powers of imagination and fancy bore no proportion to his reasoning powers, and he was much better fitted for the laborious preparation of his cases, the orderly arrangement of his authorities, and the severe logical deductions by which enlightened courts are to be convinced, than for those passionate appeals and rhetorical pictures by which juries are sometimes swayed. His business connection with Messrs. Fillmore and Haven ceased in 1839. Upon the dissolution of the partnership, he continued in his own name an extensive and successful

practice. In 1841, he was appointed first Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

His judicial career extended over the next four years nearly, and was distinguished by the further development on the bench of those qualities which had most strongly marked his character at the bar.

With capacity for physical endurance adapted to the activity and energy of his mind, he devoted himself to the important duties of the bench in his own court, and, at the same time, continued the practice of his profession, principally in the Court of Chancery. All observing persons must have remarked, that among professional men who have had every possible advantage of early education, these advantages are often lost through the mistaken assumption that, when the actual business of life begins, the work of education is ended; and thus their acquirements, from long disuse in the early years of sluggish professional life common to most men, become rusty, and unfit for use when actually wanted.

Not so with Judge Hall; the chain of his professional life had been kept bright with use; and as, with his progressive success, he had enlarged his library without stint, he was found, when he came to the bench, to have available learning at his command adequate to his position, enabling him to discharge his duties promptly, and to command by his decisions the respect of the bar, while he conciliated their esteem by his amenity and kindness.

The qualities to which we have adverted, as having given to Judge Hall the rank and consideration which he had attained in his profession, were not without their influence upon his fellow-citizens of Buffalo. He had, from time to time, been charged with various public trusts unconnected with his profession, and, having resigned his seat on the bench, was, in 1845, elected a representative of the people of Buffalo in the Legislature of the State.

Preserving the consistency of his character, Mr. Hall applied himself at once to the useful rather than the showy duties of legislation. It happened that an unusually large number of local matters, involving the rights and interests of his immediate constituents, required legislative action at that time, many of which were committed to his special charge. In presenting these in a just light to the committees and the House,

and conducting them successfully through the mazes of legislation, he acquitted himself in a manner highly gratifying to the people of his county, and justified their confidence in his prudence and ability.

In matters of general interest also, his practical good sense and discriminating judgment were manifested in originating some measures, and in the advocacy of others, which have proved very beneficial in their operation; and though some of them failed at the time to receive the support of a majority, their subsequent adoption has vindicated the wisdom and forecast in which they originated. It is not within the scope of our design in this sketch, to enter minutely into the history of Mr. Hall's brief service in the Legislature of New-York. It is sufficient for our purpose to say, that he labored to secure for the State, by wise legislation, that eminent prosperity to which she seems destined, and that his constituents were so fully satisfied with the manner in which he fulfilled the trust then reposed in him, that they took the earliest occasion to manifest more signally their confidence in his integrity and ability to serve them.

In 1846, he was elected to Congress, and took his seat in the House of Representatives in December, 1847.

In connection with his service in Congress, it is proper to advert to the domestic relations of Judge Hall, which, as our principal object has been to portray his public life, have not been noticed in their natural order, and can only be glanced at in this sketch.

In 1832 he married Miss Emily Paine, of Aurora, in Erie county. Those who have made the acquaintance of this lady in Washington, and had opportunity to observe the influence of the womanly graces that adorn her unpretending character, will readily suppose that this connection, formed in his earliest manhood, was an auspicious one, well calculated to inspire ambition, and incite him to do his best in the career of life which was just opening to him.

Mrs. Hall accompanied her husband to Washington when he entered Congress, and later in the session they were joined by their children. His course in that body, and the rank he took in it, were such as to fulfil the expectations of his friends. He carried to the Hall of Representatives and committee-rooms of Congress the same habits of industry, the same investigating mind and keen

perception of the right which had distinguished him in the earlier stages of his progress. As he had been esteemed a laborious and safe lawyer and judge, so he became soon known as an industrious and reliable member of the House. Frank and guileless in the expression of his opinions, earnest in the support of them, indefatigable and thorough in his search after truth in the various investigations referred to him, he did not fail to acquire among those who best knew him that consideration and influence which uniformly attach to these qualities in that House; the real business of which is forwarded in the committee-rooms, without ostentatious display.

But, during that congressional term, Mr. Hall's family was visited with a calamity which determined the period of his congressional life. Two of his children sickened, and one of them, said to have been of surpassing loveliness, died after a very brief illness.

The mother, wearied with watching and anxiety, and almost heart-broken with grief, became also seriously ill, and, upon returning home after the mournful event, earnestly desired her husband to relinquish all thought of remaining in Congress.

Mr. Hall resolutely declined to become a candidate for the nomination which would otherwise have been offered him. No doubt was entertained as to his reelection; for in respect to his immediate constituents, his services in Congress had been eminently satisfactory. Representing, as he did, a large commercial city, important local interests were, in a great degree, dependent upon his industry and ability to promote and protect them. Over these interests, which no man better understood, he had exercised a careful guardianship, and his devotion to them was properly appreciated by his fellow-citizens. But though his prospects of success in Congress were such as to satisfy a reasonable ambition, the attractions of public life appear not to have been strong enough in his case to overcome that restraining motive—solicitude for the welfare of his family—which originally determined him to decline a renomination.

It may be fairly supposed that, when his congressional term had expired, and when declining to pursue farther that path of public life which seemed open to him, he resumed his profession; it was with little

thought of again relinquishing it, unless, in the progress of events, he should be called to return to the bench; but "the hand of God was on the curtain." The lamented death of General Taylor, whose active frame and well-preserved health had, but a few days before, presented reasonable assurance to his country of long life, produced everywhere a shock which will long be remembered.

This event gave to the light new and untried scenes in the life of Mr. Fillmore, and more remotely effected a sudden change in all the circumstances surrounding the subject of this notice.

By the provisions of the Constitution, Mr. Fillmore was suddenly clothed with the authority, and subjected to the responsibility of the presidential office, at a period of agitation and wide-spread alarm for the safety of our institutions.

Calmly and wisely he made the dispositions which the crisis demanded. The members of the Cabinet having resigned, eminent and experienced statesmen were selected to fill several of their vacant places. In completing the new Cabinet, one man was summoned to Washington to fill a place in it, who was far less known to the country than any of those to whom we have referred. Nathan K. Hall, whose previous life is here briefly sketched, was appointed to the important office of Postmaster-General. He was known to the country at large only as an undistinguished member of Congress for one term, but, as the reader has seen, he had been known to the President through years of trial, as he resolutely toiled up the hill of life. Reared under Mr. Fillmore's own eye, and partly under his own teaching; for many years his partner in the active business of life, and subsequently his well-trying and familiar friend, the appointment was but a manifestation on the part of the President of confidence in his ability and integrity, and of that reliance on his judgment which he was known to entertain; and it surprised nobody that knew the previous history and relations of the two men.

Of the several departments of the government, the Post Office is proverbially the most laborious, and few men have the physical ability to meet the demands upon its chief, if he aims at more than a very general supervision of its diversified duties.

The writer of this article has been told by one long connected with the department, that when the present Postmaster-General entered upon his duties, and, beginning with the simplest movements of the great machine, went on day after day and night after night to inspect each wheel and spring which govern its complicated movements, a smile was raised at the idea of his making himself master of all those details which had usually been left to the control of subordinates. This, however, was accomplished; and it was not long before each man of the large force employed in the department, as he held communication with its head, became satisfied that the particular duties of his desk were well understood and appreciated by the new Postmaster-General.

By his unblemished integrity, his general activity of mind, quickness of perception, and, above all, by his indomitable energy and capacity for labor, the Postmaster-General is eminently fitted for the trust committed to him. He inspires those around him with his own spirit, less by precept than example, and the dispatch of business is secured by being kept constantly in progress.

Though thus immersed in the laborious responsibilities of his station, the Postmaster-General does not seclude himself. Always accessible, his office and attention are open to all comers. Occupied as his mind must constantly be, and impatient of mere forms, his manner is sometimes more *brusque* and abrupt than fastidious taste might approve, and its directness may sometimes be mistaken by the over-sensitive. But no man is less tainted with the insolence of office,

or has greater contempt for the meanness of spirit which it implies.

When engaged in business, all his thoughts seem to be concentrated on the matter in hand, leaving none to watch over and guard the impression made by his manner on others; but in the few hours given to relaxation he is frank and genial, and dispenses the liberal hospitality of his house with unsurpassed cordiality and heartiness.

The ordinary growth of the Post Office establishment, and the rapid extension of mail facilities over this continent and over the world, are constantly demanding from the Postmaster-General new provisions and arrangements for mail transportation, and for the safety of the mails. To superintend the business of the department with tolerable success requires a high grade of administrative ability: but to perform this service thoroughly and well, requires the application of powers at the same time comprehensive and capable of appreciating the most minute details. These powers are rarely found united in the same individual in a higher degree than in the present Postmaster-General. Among the large number of persons who are connected more or less directly with the business of the Post Office department, his reputation stands at least as high as that of any man who has administered its affairs in modern times.

Looking back to the beginning of his career, and then at his present position, we think that his case illustrates remarkably the spirit and influence of our political institutions, and that the history of such a man cannot fail to be read with interest.

STYLES, AMERICAN AND FOREIGN.

CARLYLE AND HIS IMITATORS.

SINCE the days when Addison, with Pope and Swift, established a triumvirate of criticism over the writers of their time, there has been no one acknowledged tribunal, either of sentiment or style, in English literature, to which all were ready to appeal. Those writers alone had that art of simplicity which united musical elegance in the modulation of periods, with the lucidity, the adaptiveness, and the terseness of talk. The "nature" they studied was the conversation of gentlemen who were also scholars—the best minds of England at that period; the "art" they used, a criticism refined by ceaseless study of the classics. Aiming at influence and reputation among the educated orders, they employed their talent in the reformation of manners, which they endeavored to chasten by ridicule, and to elevate by the example of a superior sentiment. In their hands, the satire they used was like the rapier of a gentleman, not the mercenary broad-sword of a trooper. They wrote for power, seldom for profit, never for hire.

Instead of "aiming at a style," they subordinated language to expression, and made it the mere vehicle of their subject; not allowing themselves to be ruled by, but rather ruling, its accidental properties. They adopted in writing the maxims of polished manners, to avoid harshness and eccentricity, as well as monotony and tameness. Their familiarity was seldom coarse, never relaxed or common; their dignified periods removed from pomposity and swell. They employed ornament as it grew out of the subject, and sought only for wit in illustration. To be witty they thought necessary, but it was to set forth intelligence and wisdom, not to take the place of it.

This period of social and literary criticism, while it condensed our language and gave it force, left an idiom and vocabulary unequal to the eloquence and science of

succeeding times; although the freedom, openness, and harmony of Bolingbroke had even then given a great example to the parliamentary orators who have since ruled the style of serious writing in English.

The great masters of politics and oratory, Lord Chatham, Patrick Henry, Sheridan; Jefferson, whose style is Aristotelian in its firmness and purity; Burke, whose rhetorical expansion and formality cools the ardor of his readers, even at the moment of highest admiration; Johnson, who infused the spirit of oratory into essay, and overwhelmed it with a lugubrious pathos; these and their imitators, aided by the savans and historians, while they added a great body of classical expressions and rhetorical forms, and made English equal to all the uses of philosophy and politics, impoverished it by their fastidious rejection of common words and idiomatic expressions. They separated speech from composition, and made two languages of English, the vernacular and the written. The language became declamatory and epigrammatic.

Meanwhile, the French and Germans had begun to read and admire the writers of our tongue; and taking them indiscriminately, without question of their age or style, translated Shakspeare and Addison together, and found them both English. The philosophy, as yet mere skepticism, the constitutional freedom, the individualism, the jealous morality, the mere melancholy and spleen of our literature, reappeared with ideas of revolution, in almost all the authors of the continent. Washington and Jefferson, Shakspeare, the British essayists, Burke, Milton, and Hume, exercised a divided empire over the cultivated mind of Europe, and fostered there, simultaneously, schools of revolution and of reaction. The science of Cambridge and the philosophy of Edinburgh gave a new shape to thought in Paris and in northern Germany at the same instant. The writers of the age of Louis XIV., who had given

English criticism its form and elegance, were now neglected; Great Britain became the teacher of two nations who had shaped, the one her manners, and the other her religion; while in state affairs, the brilliant oratory, the wisdom and heroism of her revolted colonies, roused all Europe to admire and surpass them. The influence of the four nations who speak English—America, Scotland, Ireland, and England—alternately disturbed and quieted the thoughts of men, stimulating the two parties of revolution and conservation.

The writers of the revolutionary epoch of Paris and of Germany, whose radical or whose conservative passions found a vent in essay, in poetry, and in fiction, exhausted their ability in searching up and exterminating, or in the endeavor to purify and re-establish the fundamental notions of the Church and monarchy. Like the writers whom they took for guides, they occupied themselves with political, ethical, and social criticism; like these, too, they expanded and modulated their styles. The two languages of France and Germany became now equal to all expression.

A flood of passion and discontent flowed from these urns over all the world. The four nations who speak the English language felt a new tide setting in upon them from the Continent. A new race of poets arose in England, whose merit it was, in despite of criticism, to modulate their private griefs and sensations, as if those were proper to the age. These either lamented, with Wordsworth and Scott, the ruin and desolation of the past, or cursed, with Byron and Shelley, the baseness and corruption of the present; the one sort reverential and inflated, the others mystical and Sybaritic. The harmony of English made great advances, and became equal, perhaps, to the Greek. Prose and verse, more soft and musical than had ever been thought possible, and teeming with luxurious sensualism, became at length so common as no longer to excite surprise or admiration. Philosophical English assumed a splendor and abundance truly Hellenic. Coleridge, De Quincey, Macintosh, and a host of admirable prose writers, appeared—in reviews and philosophical essays—to have united the depth of German with the lucidity and harmony of English expression. Robert Hall now carried to its height the eloquence of ethics and of piety. Of him it was said,

that he united "the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the subtlety of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint." Such are the features of his truly wonderful style.

The great writers and speakers of this age were accompanied by a corps of critics, who revived, after the example of Germany, a philosophical and appreciative criticism. In the Edinburgh and other English Reviews, and in the magazines, Scottish and Irish writers of the order of Jeffrey, Maginn, and Wilson, raised the common standard of sentiment, humor, and judgment, to the aristocratic level of genius, and touched men and topics with an audacity and force which liberated all intellects and republicanized the common letters. Their criticism, alternating at first between merciless severity and extravagant eulogy, came at length to be discriminative and profound; so equal were the merits of their friends and enemies.

Among the crowd of admirable authors, who seemed to have exhausted sentiment and language, both in poetry and prose, arose, some fifteen or twenty years since, a critic, as it appeared, of moderate ability, who, in a life of Schiller, displayed a good knowledge of German literature, and a delicate appreciation of his author. His style was disfigured by a few sentimental eccentricities, but did not otherwise excite attention. The featureless brilliancy, the morbid delicacy, and feeble classicism of the poet whom he eulogized, seemed to oppress him, and his memoir had the temper of an uncongenial work. Soon after this, however, the name of Thomas Carlyle, the author of this very meek memoir, became a note of wonder in the critical world. He revenged upon his native language a long and debasing enslavement to the egotism and mysticism of Germany, and crawled away from the feet of Goethe, to stand erect and insolent in the presence of English criticism.

A prodigy at once of intellectual servility and arrogance, he covered those extreme passions with a new and singular style, constructed at random of antique English and modern German idioms, cultivating the excesses of both, adopting violent figures of rhetoric, repetition, deliberate gaucheries, commonplace forced into uncommon connections, the harshest and tenderest thrown together, in the face of every pure or classic model. In a series of Review articles and

essays, biographical and critical, he handled revolutionary and literary celebrities with a freedom that amazed, and compelled attention.

We may liken this writer to a powerful dwarf, whose back is broken and hunched, and its lower limbs withered and useless, but whose strength has consequently passed entire into his arms and voice. Unable of himself to move, he climbs upon the shoulders of a giant. Whither his sustainer for the time—his Goethe, his Cromwell, or his Mirabeau—may choose to move, he goes; and from such altitude strikes at, defies, and makes a mock of all the world. Devoid of motion himself, he worships it as a god in those who carry him, and derides it in others. A true Scotsman, great and parasitic, he insults by praise, condemns by pity—lifts up only to cast down. At times, mounting the shoulders of some Argive less than Agamemnon, he rides him a while in biography, and then, like the Old Man of the Sea, chokes him in a fit of ennui.

To those who are not familiar with his most noticeable writings—the *Sartor Resartus*; the reviews of Richter, Novalis, and Goethe; the translations from German fiction; the *Lives of Mirabeau and Cromwell*, of Monk Samson, in the “*Past and Present*,” and of some of less note, in minor articles; the “*Latter-Day Pamphlets*,” the chapter on West Indian Emancipation, in *Frazer*—any description of his style will be of little service. Always suggestive, if not instructive, he is the favorite author of indolent and discontented intellects, who find stimulus in his vehemence and harshness.

Not strength itself, but the worship of it, is the secret of this author. Let us adhere to our comparison of a distorted dwarf, mounted on the shoulders of a giant. Powerful only in his arms and voice, he is at the mercy of his bearer. Goethe, the Hyperion of the Magazines, may go here or there, he bears Carlyle with him. Hyperion revels with the gods, and commits jovial sins. “If I desert him, I am nothing,” says the dwarf; “let him play the Jove: we shall turn it all to our advantage.”

Cromwell, in cold blood, committed massacres in Ireland. Our dwarf, riding this time upon the crupper, admires much, shudders a little, and finds it sublime. Mirabeau, a man nursed in calumny, hardened in sensuality, was nevertheless by nature powerful

and eloquent. By birth a nobleman, by poverty and obloquy sunk among the rabble, a shameless lecher, a writer of the most attractive obscenities, an exaggerator, a user of men, blotched and defiled with every fault and every vice, at bottom an enormous sensualist; he started the avalanche of revolution, and then held it scotched with his powerful shoulder, while the terrified court feasted his vanity and surfeited his sensual appetite. Dying of a debauch, the ruin he had stayed sped over his body. Mirabeau is the man of Carlyle.

Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay, a prince after the letter of Machiavel, at first moral, just, inflexible, then aspiring, intriguing; and, after seizing the supreme power, a wretched tyrant, hideously cruel, who broke the neck of his people, isolated them, and governed them with the knife at the throat; this moral wretch, this decent Cæsar Borgia, (we have read only the account of him by Carlyle,) is another among his heroes, on whose dreadful biography he dwells with a peculiar pleasure.

Force is the idol of this writer, or rather, force aided by cunning. To achieve, to overcome, to rise by impetuosity, and hold, by terror and fraud, the two-edged weapon of the Francias and Napoleons of all ages; to surpass, tread under, and chain down a multitude; to be an Attila, a Cæsar, (*shall we say a Louis Napoleon?*) with “beneficent bayonet” to pacify and suppress; these are the merits lauded by our modern Machiavelli, with grander models than a Cæsar Borgia or a Castracani.

His god is the god of fire, Siva, the consuming flame; his heroes pass through flame to Moloch, through debauchery or through crime to a power maintained by massacre. They must have the strength, the patience, the coolness, and the pride of fiends; demoniacal powers, inspiring the bodies of men.

The style of Machiavelli, undisguised and pure, like the polish on the axe of a guillotine, dazzles while it strikes with horror; but in the grotesquely wrought phrase of the modern Machiavelli, only the judicious can discern, though all must feel, the edge.

We estimate a matured man by his manners, a skilful writer by his style. The writer gives a picture of those passions that are the springs of manners. Nature has given to us all a talent of physiognomy; to

some a penetration rarely deceived, that forms a full judgment at a glance; but the writer of genius makes a picture of himself in his style, in which the true critic may read the inmost workings of his soul. Even by what is avoided, he will judge his weakness and his strength.

The critic, on the other hand, is himself a writer, but he is more and less; more, in the exercise of a two-fold power of judgment and genius; less, in the exercise of genius in a less degree. Versed in art, he cannot be deceived, nor led away by enticement or sophistry, yet he is not, as some have vainly imagined, a dissector of beauty, an analyzer of sublimity; these appear to him as to others, in their simplicity. It is the inconsistent, the oblique, the partial, the false, and the feeble, that he detects, and by the excess of one passion, the weakness of another. Under the idea of style, the critic includes not only the choice of words and division of sentences, but the manner as well; grotesque or pure, condensed or inflated; the mode of approaching and rising toward a great, or descending toward a little subject; the passions raised, or intended to be raised, by the musical movement, or studied roughness and horror of the expression. The unskilful reader, like one ignorant of music, receives only a confused idea; the critic, a complex, in which the parts are separately felt and valued. He considers that a great artist, though he may describe at different times the mirthful and the serious, the beautiful and the sublime, will have in each a style which will represent always the form of his intelligence, and by which he may be truly judged. The artist is not a mime, to catch and reflect the imperfections of others. However we may estimate him, he is at least always himself, and not a vulgar imitator.

The critic will see those ideas that prevail most in his author, as of epicurean repose, of piety, or of jollity, by the characters and subjects toward which he turns in moments of sincere expression; more especially if he inclines to the delineation of celebrated men; a field of observation towards which he will be led by the excess of that instinctive reverence implanted in us as a spring of obedience. In this field, the author will lay open to the critic the most secret passions of his nature. If characters like those of Cataline, of Caesar Borgia, of Castracani,

Mirabeau, Francia of Paraguay, or the new Dictator of France, elicit his admiration and respect; if the critic finds that he attributes a superior and almost divine force to such persons, that he engages powerfully and warmly in setting forth all that is singular and excellent in them, he cannot fail to find in him the existence of a congenial roughness, domination, and ferocity, by whatever arts or education it may be concealed.

If, with Carlyle, he prophesies at the same time the coming of democracy and of popular revolutions, anticipating with evident delight the ruin of forms and usages, without distinction, in state and in religion, we shall still find in him traces of the same ferocity, and shall add, that to him democracy appears excellent, not as a form of peaceful existence and activity for any people, but only as a violent preparation for the rise of a severe and irresponsible despotism. Can we refrain, when we find an author predicting with enthusiasm and vehemence the reënslavement of the emancipated negro, (Carlyle in *Fraser*,) from classing him not so much with reactionists against modern freedom, as with those who radically detest freedom, and in their hearts admire and worship power, even the most despotic? If he directs the whole force of a powerful and merciless satire against our reverence for the externals of propriety and decency, and himself, in his peculiar province as a writer, is at pains to create a style utterly at variance with pure and classic forms; if he predicts, in almost every breath, the futility and folly of ceremony and usage, of mode, of customary belief and of written constitution; and if it is found that he does this, not so much through hatred of a formal, as through love for an active, simple, and visible despotism; as mutineers curse the rule, but admire the whip; the critic will find him, by these signs, a bitter foe to liberty, the prophet and evangelist of tyrants, the imperialist, the deceiver and despiser of the people. He will be thankful that a writer of so evil influence has obscured his genius under a style as atrocious and unpopular as his sentiments.

The critic will not stop here. He will pursue his author, even to his youth, and discover who were his preceptors in ethics, in sentiment, and in style; and, finding him paying open and constant devotions at the shrine of Göethe, he will be confirmed, by

the simple and irresistible conclusions of effect and cause, in the former estimate of his author's character and disposition. Observing the cool self-confidence and inaccessible repose of the literary autocrat, he will comprehend better the desperate harshness of his worshipper. Finding Goëthe the tyrant of authors and Magnus Apollo of dilettanti, a *savan* of so cold an ambition that he could follow the camp of his prince, a privy councillor, dissecting the bodies of the slain; he will regard that mind as essentially servile and unmanly, that can prostrate itself before this bloodless demigod, this decoyer of women, whose way it was to study, artist-like, the writhings and contortions of a passion he dared not satisfy; a despot of letters, whose style, after rioting in sentimentalism, took its death in icy imitations of the classics. The critic will not readily ascribe republican enthusiasm to an author who called upon the Saxon intellect to "close its Byron, and open its Goëthe;" to fly from a Vesuvius of vanity to a polar hell of pride; to the feet of one cursed by his nation for want of heart, in whose all-devouring egotism the literary freedom of Germany sank and was absorbed, as the free opinion of France perished in the pride of her First Consul.

A deifier of Titans; a *vilaine* mangler of sentences; a moralizer before whom the caution of wisdom is cowardice, and decency of expression a deceit; an utterer of apocryphal screams; an inventor of a new and portentous style of *cant*—the *cant* against "shams," a modern shape of Scottish Covenanter *cant* against forms; this literary monster and oddity will not be offered by the critic to young writers of the coming age as a model or example; not even when it is shown, that in the deification of his ferocious heroes, he often touches grandly and feelingly their virtues and their strength; that in aiming his satirical bludgeon at the selfishness of his own countrymen, he sometimes administers a blow well deserved; that in his attacks upon "respectability," he now and then exposes and crushes the skulking thief and hypocrite; that his ululations are *truly* prophetic of the advent of universal European despotism, preceded and introduced by the utter overthrow and ruin of those "shams" called laws and constitutions; and that his "cant" against shams has, like every

species of "cant," a certain meaning and a certain use.

Is it a vulgar error to suppose that rudeness and harshness are incompatible with servility: they are often its most ingenious disguise. It is only the upper servants and high minions of the tyrant Pride who imitate his firm and haughty style; other measures suit the bloodhounds who bark at his feet. Cassagnac, writing from the inner salon of Louis Napoleon, indites to a horror-stricken world an easy and polished account of the *coup d'état* of his master;* the seizure and imprisonment of the statesmen and great lawyers of France, the sole obstacles in the way of despotism, the only voices and arms able to disturb and disconcert it, supplies a fund of racy matter for the ironical pen of Cassagnac, but is greeted with a howl of triumph by the party of the Guillotine, who raise a death-dance about the prisons of men whose great talents and capacity made them indispensable to France under every government except that of a Napoleon Second. Those ancient enemies, the dogs, the robber and the wolves, lay on either side; the robber slew the dogs, and the wolves howled for joy.

The style of despotism in power is positive and simple, requiring neither eloquence nor arguments to recommend it. It has cannon and bayonets for tropes and enthymemes. Its coarser minions, on the other hand, the lower barbarians, indulge in horrid jests, and a vivacity like that of surgical operators, or policemen nabbing a felon. Strength and Opportunity attract their worship, and *coups d'état* are the grand festivals of their religion.

Unable to depict the tyrannous enthusiasm that darkens and agitates his mind, in colors of smooth and settled English—the colors of security, urbanity, and manly freedom—our painter of despotic passion, Thomas Carlyle, selects fiery tints, and adopts cutting contrasts; his lights are conflagrations of falling cities, his reflections from off the blood-pool of massacre. Into scenes like these the soft touches of affection rarely come, but when seen, their effect is magically sweet; nor in that record of intellectual

* French pamphlet—A full and authentic History of the Events of December 1, 1851. By A. Granier de Cassagnac. Paris.

horrors—the life of a mystic and Goethe-worshipper—called Sartor Resartus, are there wanting traces of exquisite tenderness, the deep yearnings of a heart torn by diseased intellection from the gentle influence of women, and the comforts of mild and modest sociality.

It has been a fashion of insincere critics of all ages to make polite distinctions between the man and his works. After a furious and virulent attack upon a book, it is their way to insult both reader and author by assuring the one that they intend no injury to the other; that the author is, to their knowledge, a very fine gentleman, and in all respects admirable, but that his works are immoral, silly, or outrageous. However it may be with the feeble and less cultivated class of writers, with imitators, translators, and the innumerable multitude of conscious and unconscious plagiarists, who compose the lower stratum of literature, in forming an estimate of a powerful and original author, distinctions of this kind are at once idle and ignorant. The works of the true author are like himself; in the book we find the man, and the power of the writing will be as the power of the mind it represents. Pascal, Goethe, Voltaire, Carlyle, Tennyson, Wordsworth, live in their works; it has been the labor of their lives to make language a true vehicle of their entire nature, to make it reflect every passion and idea.

Not so the writer who makes a divorce between his genius and his manhood, and fights in a borrowed style: he is no subject for the critic; he casts no shadow; there is nothing solid about him: physiognomists study the faces of men, not the masks of a carnival.

While we are gratifying imagination and solacing self-love with a general denunciation of "shams" in the manner of Carlyle; flattering ourselves that we, at least, the chosen few, the truth's elect, are passing the "river of time" upon the solid arch of understanding, and not on the windy pontoons of deceit; while we are eloquently defining our position, and proclaiming its stability and solidity, we are saluted with a jabber of noisy simpletons, who catch and echo our "sincerities" with a ludicrous exaggeration. For the nuisance abated, we have created a new one more intolerable; for the old "sham" denounced, we have a dozen fresh,

more odious still. The dry scale, torn away, is followed by a filthy scab.

We would by no means insinuate that the vehemence of Carlyle is a new species of Quixotism; in that, we intend only his followers, those who take him for a popular prophet and a general iconoclast. He, on the contrary, denounces only the *forms* that hide power or conceal its substance. He makes no demonstration against the substance itself.

A greater and more dangerous enemy of political freedom there cannot be, than the imperialist whose Scottish skepticism demolishes the *forms*, while his servile reverence erects the *man*. It is heathenism in politics.

By this new and absolute imperialism, the State is best governed when some Louis Napoleon or Doctor Francia is the state. If our Scotch imperialist is right, democracy is the seed-time of despotism, and the republic a frightful delusion. Men are the *tools* and illustrators of heroes and demigods; a kind of miserable stock-actors on the stage of life, whose function it is to be a foil for "stars."

The hearty and gross hatred of this writer for Americans and their institutions, which he has not hesitated to express in bitter and contemptuous phrase, is, to our view, an irresistible evidence of the consistency and sincerity of his doctrine. If there be a system or a doctrine utterly hideous and detestable to an American, it is imperialism.

Deriving its power from the ambition of an army, and the fear and admiration of an ignorant multitude, it ignores the liberty and sovereignty of the individual and of the state.

The right of self-government is taken away by it, as is the right of opinion by the Papacy. The right of cities and of states to regulate their internal affairs is annihilated by its centralization—a polity necessary to imperialism as the hand to the brain, the body to the soul.

Here, then, is an author of great ability, considerable learning, and unequalled sagacity in his art, who has created in our language a new imperialistic literature, erecting shrines and altars to the heroes of empire. Divine right of kings had its defenders and eloquent advocates; republicanism its Harringtons and Sidneys; aristocracy its practical supporters; the

Church its learned polemics: imperialism alone, a system which at one blow annihilates civil freedom, municipality, citizenship, constitutions, laws, property, the will of the people and *their* legitimacy, together with that of kings and nobles; which makes a clean sweep of all human institutions, and hangs life itself upon a thread of whim, without hope or justification; imperialism alone demanded its letters in our tongue, and it has received them at the hand of a Scottish Dissenter turned Pantheist.

Goethe, at first a Moravian, then a Spinozist, succeeded at length in establishing a religion of his own, of which Fate, Pride, and Nature were the *unholy* trinity. "Absorbed" in self-devotion—contemplation of "the absolute" man of taste and universal talent—in his active moments he grasped at the supremacy of letters and of science. His broad, low intellect spread itself like a prairie-fire. By giving a poetical development to an idea of Linnæus, concerning the growth of the bud; by attempting certain futile modifications of Oken's morphology; by announcing to his friends the remarkable fact that a certain valley in Germany once lay beneath a sea; by a violent personal attack upon the Newtonian theory of colors, and attempting to establish by eloquence, what Sir David Brewster settled by a very simple experiment with a glass goblet; by decrying the chemistry of the moderns, which he did not understand, and crying up the obscurities of Roger Bacon and the German cloth-dyers; by collecting a museum of heterogeneous curiosities, and valuing men as they were able to communicate some "new fact" touching the Cannibal Islands or other equally important localities of a poetic character; by spreading and tumbling himself through every department of literature, art, and science, until his brain resembled a king's museum, in which every thing in nature is orderly ticketed and cased; by all this he became—Goethe, the prince of dilettanti, the Hyperion of the magazines, the Deity of current literature. Between Goethe and Napoleon, at one time, the curiosity of men and women seemed to be exhausted.

Pantheism and Imperialism, the two forms of modern heathenism, have since then held paramount sway over the educated intellect of Europe. Reaction in letters and legislation looks forward with vain hopes to a new and glorious epoch of Jesuitry and Legiti-

macy. Montalembert, the great Papist, after throwing millions of votes into the urn of Napoleon Second, resigns his commission as one of the council of the new emperor, disgusted by the confiscation of the Orleans property, the sinews of a second "Restoration." The position of the unhappy M. Montalembert is the position of Legitimacy and Catholicism in Europe; they are confiscated under the Code Napoleon and the "Faust" of Goethe, and henceforth serve only as the ragged slaves of low ambition.

There remain *four* countries of one language on the face of the globe, whose history is a prophecy of individual freedom. In America *first*, eighteen millions of bores,* heedless alike of kings and kaisars, maintain an insolent security, consigning dictatorship to green youths and withered maids. Ireland, England, and Scotland, maintain a mortal hatred of the one-man power, and keep up a fierce argument on the merits of their one dictator, Cromwell, of whose frail and sullen despotism a *popular* restoration swept every trace away. Religion and *divine right*, if you will; republicanism and *divine freedom*, if you will; but despotism to the Devil. These nations are not pantheistic; *nature*, power, genius, are not their gods; the man is nothing, even were he a Napoleon; they admire, applaud, encourage, but raise no altars to talent. With them, men are venerable solely in the representative sense, and the idiot king or foolish president, like the child Lama of the Buddhist, is only a clerk of divine will, to sign the orders of the nation.

Let Carlyle and his effeminate echoes cry and wail over the obscurity of God's elect, who should be, but are not, the Cromwells of the earth; the mighty "sham" of representation, with its unutterable bribes, follies, and falsehoods, continues ever to exhaust the energies and suffocate the mad ambition of the Francias and Louis Napoleons of these free nations. Law, the invisible symbol of divinity, the moral order of the world, is the god they worship, not in creeds or parchments, but in the image graven on the heart.

Mature men in these four countries, when they look upward, see only God above them, and no Cæsar. From each free man rises a certain power and authority, generated from

* Carlyle—"Latter-Day Pamphlets."

his own spiritual and material necessities, and these together constitute the power and polity of the nation. Let its principles be traced in a constitution, and its fluctuations answered in temporary laws and provisions, by agents whose talent is exhausted in ascertaining it, and that people, so governed, may study the actions of Cæsars and Napoleons in leisure moments, as a sport of intellect.

W.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.*

WE have here the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," in two volumes, numbering in all something over seven hundred pages. J. F. Clarke, R. W. Emerson, and W. H. Channing, are the editors. F. W. Hedge, Horace Greeley, W. H. Hurlbut, and others, have had a hand in the work. Notwithstanding the multitude of workmen, the subject of the Memoirs is allowed, in good part, to tell her own story. There are, accordingly, pieces of autobiography, and copious extracts from letters and journals, for which the reader is heartily thankful. The admiring editors give us judicious selections from correspondence, accompanying them with remarks always eulogistic, and sometimes almost extravagant. The testimony of two or three witnesses is usually better than that of one, and in this case we feel gratitude for what is said by the warm-hearted preacher, the short-sighted essayist, the theosophic social experimenter, the idealistic divine, and the tough, tireless journalist, concerning the most gifted woman of the nineteenth century.

We do not altogether like, however, this miscellaneous manner of writing memoirs. The material that is in these two volumes should have been fused in the brain of Mr. Emerson, and given to the world in a single volume, like Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*. The different parts are half fantastically connected, or rather disconnected, by quotations, more or less appropriate, from Goethe, Tennyson, Schiller, Ben Jonson, Leonardi da Vinci, Shelley, Browning, Theodore Körner, *North American Review*, "The Dial," Fichte, Herbert, Elizabeth B. Barrett, Madame Arconati, "Tartar Eclogues," Dante, Landon, Alfieri, Taylor, Shakspeare, Wordsworth,

Filicaja, Sterling, Cicero, Petrarca, etc., which appear, to say the least, somewhat pedantic, and remind us of the "poor devil of a sub-sub's" selections in Melville's "*Moby-Dick*." Each one of the editors seems to have felt his partnership in responsibility, as well as in the work to be performed. Mr. Emerson contradicts himself on the first page; stating, at the outset, in the indicative, that he first became *acquainted* with Margaret Fuller in 1835; and afterwards saying, that he is *not sure* that it was not in the company of Miss Martineau, a little earlier than the summer following the winter of 1835-6, that he first *saw* her. There is no progression in the narrative. Each one of the editors must tell the story from the beginning. Repetition could hardly have been avoided. The judgments of some of the writers seem to have been clouded by sentiment, or, at least, some *reminiscence* of sentiment. One speaks of her clear, sharp understanding, and denies that she has any of Bacon's "dry light." Another says: "Always I found her open-eyed to beauty, fresh for wonder, with wings poised for flight, and fanning the coming breeze of inspiration." What transcendental meaning there may be in fanning the *coming* breeze of inspiration, is quite beyond our comprehension. It is probably all clear to the new prophet of mysticism, who "never knew what the descent of the Holy Ghost meant until he looked into Kossuth's eyes." Mr. Channing again says, "She might have developed into one of the finest lyrists, *romancers*, and critics, that the modern literary world has seen." Mr. Hedge says, "She would never have written an epic, or *romance*, or drama." "Genuine humility *underlaid* her whole character," says Mr.

* *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*. Two volumes. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1852.

Clarke. "Her instinct was not humility," says Mr. Emerson. For these opposite opinions, however, there is much to be said in excuse. To judge rightly in regard to character is exceedingly difficult. In the language of Göethe, "How can men judge rightly of our actions, which appear but singly or in fragments to them, of which they see the smallest portions, while good and bad take place in secret; and, for most part, nothing comes to light but an indifferent show? Are not the actors and actresses in a play set up on boards before them? Lamps are lit on every side; the whole action is comprised in three hours, yet scarcely one of them knows rightly what to make of it." Besides, the character of the subject of these Memoirs is a very difficult one to estimate. As Blaise Pascal says, there is no judgment that is not tinged with some feeling; and entire impartiality from the charmed friends of Margaret Fuller must not be expected. Mr. Emerson, however, is self-possessed, and analyzes the character and genius of his friend and admirer with clearness and discrimination.

As we said before, there is no regular progression in the narrative; yet there are dates enough to enable us to make a sketch of her life with some degree of order. The features that are scattered throughout these seven hundred pages of Memoirs may be collected, with a little trouble, into a portrait more or less conformed to the original, according to our degree of insight.

Sarah Margaret Fuller, the eldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane, was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, on the 23d of May, 1810. Her paternal grandfather was a New-England clergyman, whose chief earthly ambition was to have his sons educated at college. Her father was a successful lawyer and politician, whose philosophy was of the school of Locke and Condillac, whose aims were outward and materialistic, who had a practical understanding of no communion among men except that of the caucus and the market-place. He was faultless in all the external relations of life, and learned the blessedness of love in the society of his wife and daughter.

Her earliest recollection was of a death, in which there seemed to be foreshadowed the misfortunes of her life and its melancholy

close. It was a younger sister, of whom she says:

"Her character, if that fair face promised right, would have been soft, graceful, and lively; it would have tempered mine to a more gradual course."

The father's feelings were then all centred on Margaret; and without understanding the laws of health or the true science of education, he undertook the instruction of his daughter. When the child should have been playing in the open air, she was reading the rugged language of the Romans. Instead of going to sleep with the setting of the sun, she was kept, many hours in the evening, at recitation. Premature development of brain made her a "youthful prodigy" by day, and by night "a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism." Commencing Latin at the age of six, she read it daily for some years; her reading embraced Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. In these first years we find her reading Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Molière. Of the Greek language she learned something; enough to "feel that the sounds told the same story as the mythology; that the law of life in that land was beauty, as in Rome it was a stern composure," which is more than many boys learn at college.

While still a child, Margaret found a friend, an English lady, who by chance was tarrying a few months in Cambridge; a kind of cultivated *millefleur* beauty, whom she loved with all the passionate ardor of her nature, and whose departure plunged her into almost inconsolable grief. The little garden by her brother's house no longer afforded her any joy. Melancholy seemed to sit smiling on her face. Her favorite books lost their charm, and would no longer minister to happiness. Childhood is human, and hath its tears!

In the mean time she had been a pupil of Dr. Park, in Boston, whose school seems to have been of the most approved kind; but when she went, or how long she remained, none of the editors inform us. It appears that she was there annoyed by the giggling criticism of smart young city misses, who could not understand the eccentricities of genius, and whose tastes were probably of the milliner kind. She poured upon the dainty misses shower after shower of indiscriminate sarcasm, in which the lightnings of wit were

not wanting. She became unpopular, and left Dr. Park's school in 1824 or 1825, for the school of the Misses Prescott, at Groton, Massachusetts, where she remained two years. In a letter dated July 11, 1825, when but fifteen years of age, she gives the following account of a day's labor:

"I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practise on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French, Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe, till eight; then two or three lectures on Brown's Philosophy. . . . Thus, you see, I am learning Greek and making acquaintance with metaphysics, and French and Italian literature."

She returned from Groton to Cambridge in 1826, where she remained the next seven years. Those years, from sixteen to twenty-four, were memorable rather for internal experience and study, than for outward events and action. They were years, too, of sentiment and romance, whose shadows alone appear, but whose interpretation every one finds in the experience of life. In the year 1826, we find her talking, with all the world, about Duke Nicholas, the Emperor Alexander, the Holy Alliance, and the Greek Revolution; reading Anastasius, the Greek Gil Blas, and studying Madame de Staël, Epicure, Milton, Racine, and the Castilian ballads. In 1827 she was studying the elder Italian poets, beginning with Berni, and proceeding to Pulci and Politian. The only revelation of 1828 is, that she was reading the works of Sir William Temple, Russel's Tour in Germany, and the letters and reflections of Prince de Ligne. We see her but twice in 1829; one day, writing to somebody about the credulity of Rousseau, in believing that Tasso had predicted his misfortune; the second day after, writing to another that the lights of his character are *wintry*, and begging him to come to her when saddened. In 1830 we find novel-reading, sentimentality, talking to the moon, etc., all of which, young ladies of twenty, with much or little genius, perfectly understand. But a single glimpse is afforded us, in 1831, and that indicates some inward sorrow, mental conflicts, spiritual struggles. The past seems worthless, and the future hopeless. There are feelings whose weight can no longer be borne, and prayer among the graves. Early in 1832 she commenced studying German, and within the year had read Goethe's Faust, Tasso, Iphigenia, Her-

mann and Dorothea, Elective Affinities, and Memoirs; Tieck's William Lovel, Prince Zerbino, and other works; Körner, Novalis, and some of Richter; the lyric poetry and the principal dramas of Schiller. In the mean time, her learning, and the magnetism of her conversational eloquence, attracted to her those with the best gifts and the best culture, of both sexes.

She went with her father, in 1833, to reside in Groton, where she remained until the autumn of 1836. In 1833, she continued her reading in Plato, Goethe, Schiller, Richter, American history, etc. In the same year she was looking about her for material to make a biography of Goethe. Such a purpose indicated a high degree of daring and self-reliance in a young lady of twenty-three. The next year she writes:

"Five days in the week I have given daily lessons in three languages, in geography and history, besides many other exercises on alternate days. This has consumed often eight, always five hours of my day. There has been, also, a great deal of needle-work to do, which is now nearly finished, so that I shall not be obliged to pass my time about it when every thing looks beautiful, as I did last summer. We have had very poor servants, and, for some time past, only one. My mother has been often ill. My grandmother, who passed the winter with us, has been ill. Thus you may imagine, as I am the only grown-up daughter, that my time has been considerably taxed."

Notwithstanding all these duties as family teacher and housekeeper, a course of study, embracing the history and geography of modern Europe, the elements of architecture, the works of Alfieri, the historical and critical works of Goethe and Schiller, was laid down and rigorously pursued. In the mean time, a translation of Goethe's Tasso had been completed, without even the stimulus of prospective publication. In the summer of 1835, Miss Fuller and Miss Martineau met at the house of Mrs. Farrar, in Cambridge, and the "barrier that separates acquaintance from friendship" was soon crossed. The usual amount of study was kept up, and the over-worked brain rebelled.

"A terrible feeling in my head, but kept about my usual vocations. Read Ugo Foscolo's Sepolcri and Rindemonte's answer, but could not relish either, so distressing was the weight on the top of the brain."

On the 2d of October, 1835, her father died, after an illness of only two days. He who had sternly led his little daughter into

the Roman forum, to listen to the mailed clang of its stately speech; who had thought to exorcise the spirits of terror that clutched at her little beating heart by night, with a sharp rebuke, vanished from this marketplace of an earth, leaving the household that had been to him an oasis in the desert of existence, to weep and feel their widowhood and orphanage. Grief unspeakable was followed by an awful calm; for nature makes a balm of tears, and the rainbow of hope always rests over against the sun on the bosom of the storm. The year 1836 was full of struggle and activity. A visit to Europe had been planned, in company with Professor and Mrs. Farrar and Miss Martineau, which was prevented by her father's death. The goodness of her heart would not allow her to take the necessary means and forsake her sorrowing family.

In July of 1836, Margaret Fuller made her first visit to Concord.

"I still remember," says Mr. Emerson, "the first half hour of Margaret's conversation. She was then twenty-six years old. She had a face and frame that would indicate fulness and tenacity of life. She was rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and becomingly dressed, and of lady-like self-possession. For the rest, her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness, a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids, and the nasal tone of her voice, all repelled; and I said to myself, We shall never get far. It is to be said, that Margaret made a disagreeable first impression on most persons, including those who afterwards became her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power, and slight esteem of others, and partly the prejudice of her fame. She had a dangerous reputation for satire, in addition to her great scholarship. The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them. I believe I fancied her too much interested in personal history; and her talk was a comedy in which dramatic justice was done to every body's foibles. I remember she made me laugh more than I liked; for I was, at that time, an eager scholar of ethics, and had tasted the sweets of solitude and stoicism, and I found something profane in the hours of amusing gossip into which she drew me, and, when I returned to my library, had much to think of the crackling of thorns under a pot. Margaret, who had stuffed me out as a philosopher, in her own fancy, was too intent on establishing a good footing between us, to omit any art of winning. She studied my tastes, piqued and amused me, challenged frankness by frankness, and did

not conceal the good opinion of me she brought with her, nor her wish to please. She was curious to know my opinions and experiences. Of course it was impossible long to hold out against such urgent assault. She had an incredible variety of anecdotes, and the readiest wit to give an absurd turn to whatever passed; and the eyes, which were so plain at first, soon swam with fun and drolleries, and the very tides of joy and superabundant life."

Again, he says:

"When she came to Concord, she was already rich in friends, rich in experiences, rich in culture. She was well read in French, Italian, and German literature. She had learned Latin and a little Greek. But her English reading was incomplete; and, while she knew Molière and Rousseau, and any quantity of French letters, memoirs, and novels, and was a dear student of Dante and Petrarca, and knew German books more cordially than any other person, she was little read in Shakspeare, and I believe I had the pleasure of making her acquainted with Chaucer, with Ben Jonson, with Herbert, Chapman, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, with Bacon, and Sir Thomas Browne. I was seven years her senior, and had the habit of idle reading in old English books, and, though not much versed, yet quite enough to give me the right to lead her. She fancied that her sympathy and taste had led her to an exclusive culture of southern European books."

In the autumn of this same year, she bid farewell to Groton, and went to Boston, for the purpose of forming classes of young ladies in French, German, and Italian, and of teaching Latin and French, in Mr. Alcott's school. The winter was a very busy one. She had advanced classes in several languages, performed exhausting labor in the school, taught three private pupils, commenced working on the biography of Goethe, and translated, one evening in the week, De Wette and Herder, for the edification of Dr. Channing.

In the spring of 1837 she removed from Boston to Providence, R. I., to become principal teacher in the Green street school. She was there, it seems, immensely popular, not only with the pupils, but with the people of the city. Only four hours of labor were required each day, which left abundant time for reading and observation. During her residence of two years in the goodly city of Providence, nothing of public interest escaped her attention.

"At the Whig Caucus," she wrote in her journal, "I heard *Tristram Burgess*, 'the Old Bald Eagle.' His baldness increases the fine effect of his appearance, for it seems as if the locks had

retreated that the contour of his very strongly marked head might be revealed to every eye. . . . One art in his oratory was, no doubt, very effective before he lost force and distinctness of voice. I allude to his way, after having reasoned a while till he had reached the desired conclusion, of leaning forward, with his hands reposing, but figure very earnest, and communicating confidentially, as it were, the result to his audience.

"Mr. John Neal addressed my girls on the destiny and vocation of Woman in this country. He gave, truly, a *manly* view, though not the view of common men; it was pleasing to watch his countenance, where energy is animated by genius. . . . In the evening we had a long conversation upon Woman, Whiggism, Modern English Poets, Shakspeare, and, in particular, Richard the Third, about which we had actually a fight. . . . Mr. Whipple addressed the meeting at length. His presence is not imposing, though his face is intellectual. It is difficult to look at him, for you cannot but be taken prisoner by his eye, while, *en revanche*, he can look at you as long as he pleases; and, as usual with one who can get the better of his auditors, he does not call out the best in them. . . . Though not a man of the Webster class, he is among the first of the second class of men, who apply their powers to practical purposes—and that is saying much."

"I went to hear Joseph John Gurney, one of the most distinguished and influential, it is said, of the English Quakers. He is a thick-set, beetle-browed man, with a well-to-do-in-the-world air of pious stolidity. I was grievously disappointed, for Quakerism has at times looked lovely to me, and I had expected at least a spiritual exposition of its doctrines from the brother of Mrs. Fry. But his manner was as wooden as his matter, and had no merit but that of distinct elocution."

This is, no doubt, exaggerated; but to the truthfulness of the following picture we can bear testimony;

"Mr. Hague [now Dr. Hague, of Newark, N. J.] is of the Baptist persuasion, and is very popular with his own sect. He is small, and carries his head erect; he has a high and intellectual, though not majestic forehead. . . . He has a very active intellect, sagacity, and elevated sentiment; and, feeling strongly that God is love, can never preach without earnestness. His power comes first from his glowing vitality of temperament. While speaking, his every muscle is in action, and all his action is towards one object. There is perfect *abandon*. He is permeated, overborne by his thought. . . . His second attraction is his individuality. He speaks direct from the conviction of his spirit, without temporizing, or artificial method. His is the 'unpremeditated art,' and therefore successful. He is full of intellectual life; his mind has not been fettered by dogmas, and the worship of beauty finds a place there.

"Mr. R. H. Dana has been giving us readings in the English dramatists, beginning with Shakspeare. . . . I have never met with a person of finer perceptions. . . . He has the most exquisite taste, and freshens the souls of his hearers with

ever new beauty. . . . Mr. Dana has the charms and defects of one whose object in life has been to preserve his individuality unprofaned."

The vacations were spent in Boston, mostly in the study of art. Her criticisms—which the editors give us in abundance—of the drama, of music, statuary, and painting, show more of fancy than insight, more of the fresh wonder of a novice than of the tempered admiration of a connoisseur.

In the year 1839, Miss Fuller took a house at Jamaica Plain, five miles from Boston, and removed thither, with her mother and family. In this year she published her translation of Eckermann, a book which makes the basis of a translation since published by Mr. Oxenford in London. Her reading was continued, and page after page of admirable criticism is given us on George Sand, Alfred de Vigny, and Béranger. Her fine appreciation of Béranger shows judgment and taste, for he is in reality the Burns of France. Her study of art was continued among the fine collections of antique sculpture and engravings in the *Boston Athenæum*; and to this end she read Quatremere de Quincey's Lives of Michael Angelo and Raphael, Condini, Vasari, Benvenuto Cellini, Duppa, Fuseli, and Von Waagen; but her criticism still exhibits more sympathy with the artist than appreciation of art. Her eye was very far from being achromatic; yet Mr. Ruskin might tell us that true art does not demand an achromatic eye. There is, notwithstanding "pre-Raphaelitism," a great difference between a state of nature and a state of grace, in art as well as in theology.

In the autumn and winter of 1839-40, Miss Fuller held the first series of conversation classes, which were continued each season until her removal to New-York, in 1844. These conversations were attended by a limited number of highly cultivated ladies, and have become somewhat celebrated. The subject of the first series of thirteen meetings was the Grecian Mythology. "I assure you," she wrote to Mr. Emerson, "there is more Greek than Bostonian spoken at the meetings, and we may have pure honey of Hymettus yet." The Mythology, we suspect, as in the Grecian Mysteries, veiled a deeper meaning. The special topics were, as near as we can gather, Prometheus, the type of Pure Reason; Jupiter, of Will; Juno, the passive side of the same, or Ob-

stinacy; Minerva, Intellectual Power, Practical Reason; Mercury, Executive Power, Understanding; Apollo, Genius, the Sun; Bacchus, Geniality, the Earth's Answer; Venus, Grecian Womanhood, instinctive; Neptune, Circumstance; Pluto, the Abyss, the Undeveloped; Pan, the glow and sportiveness and music of Nature; Ceres, the productive power of Nature; Proserpine, the Phenomenon. Venus led to the subject of Beauty, with which were related Poetry, Genius, and Taste.

The next year Miss Fuller took a house in Cambridge, and remained in the vicinity of Boston until her removal to the "Empire city." Here the studies in the Athenæum were continued. She retreated also to some mystic shrine, which the editors have not exposed to the gaze of the profane. The air of mystery thrown over it gives it the deeper interest; as the face of Agamemnon in the old picture was the more significant for being hidden, and as the veiled figure at Sais was the most expressive in the temple. This year the "*Dial*" was started, the care of which she undertook. In November, the second series of conversations commenced on the general subject of the Fine Arts. "A lady of eminent powers, previously by no means partial to Margaret," said, on leaving the house after one of these meetings: "I never heard, read of, or imagined a conversation at all equal to this we have now heard."

In 1841, Miss Fuller published in the *Dial* an article on Goëthe, her finest piece of composition. The letters of Gunderode and Bettine were translated during the same year, and published as far as the demand for such ware in the literary market would warrant. In a letter, dated Paradise Farm, Newport, July, 1841, we find a touching, half-prophetic passage:

"The sea is not always lovely and bounteous, though generally, since we have been here, she has beamed her bluest. The night of the full moon we stayed out on the far rocks. The afternoon was fair; the sun set nobly, wrapped in a violet mantle which he left to the moon in parting. She not only rose red, lowering, and of impatient attitude, but kept hiding her head all the evening with an angry, struggling movement—said, 'This is not Dian;' and I replied, No; now we see Hecate. But the damp, cold wind came sobbing, and the waves wailing, too, till I was seized with a feeling of terror, such as I never had before, even in the darkest and most treacherous rustling wood. *The moon seemed sternly to give me up to the demons*

of the rock, and the waves to mourn a tragic chorus till I felt their cold grasp."

The conversations were continued, on the subject of Ethics; the relations of which to Woman were discussed under the topics of the Family, the School, the Church, Society, and Literature.

In 1842, Margaret became acquainted with Nathaniel Hawthorne, who is the best among living writers of romance, one of the very first among the geniuses of our age. We find letters of this year, dated at Cambridge, Concord, and Boston, which indicate the usual experiences and the usual amount of reading. The general subject of the conversations, commencing again in November of this year, is not given; but particular topics, says Mr. Emerson, were such as these:

"Is the ideal first or last, divination or experience?" "Persons who never wake to life in this world," "Mistakes," "Faith," "Creeds," "Woman," "Demonology," "Influence," "Catholicism, (Roman,)" "The Ideal."

This is, perhaps, the best place to speak of Miss Fuller's relation to Socialism, which, like a cutaneous disease, began to break out here and there on the surface of New-England society, in the winter of 1840-41. Foremost among the leaders was Mr. George Ripley, a philanthropist, a scholar, a thoroughly cultivated man, whose courage, energy, and self-sacrificing spirit were deserving of a better cause. He undertook to establish a joint-stock community at Brook Farm, but found by experiment that humanity is altogether more lovely in theosophic dreaming, theologic romancing, and mystic philosophizing, than in practical every-day life.

Margaret spent a week, two successive years, at Brook Farm, and regarded the movement as only an experiment at best.

"Her objections," says Mr. Channing, "were of the usual kind, and turned mainly upon two points: The difficulty of so allying labor and capital as to secure the hoped-for coöperation, and the danger of merging the individual in the mass to such a degree as to paralyze energy, heroism, and genius; but these objections were urged in a way that brought out her originality and generous hopes. There was nothing abject, timid, or conventional in her doubts. The ends sought, she prized; but the means she questioned."

Reformers should remember that humanity always clothes itself with forms out of

its own heart. No particular state of society can be superinduced through the instrumentality of an outward organization. If Augustus could have had the constitution of the United States, he could not have made with it an American republic out of the Roman empire. Every reform must commence with the brain and heart of the individual. Individuality must never be merged in society. The chances should be made equal, and legislation should establish a just relation between labor and capital; but only the air and the landscape, the spirit of beauty and music, goodness and thought, and things like these, can be held in common. When calm and practical men, like Mr. Kellogg, honestly attempt to show the real connection between accumulated labor (wealth) and new labor, they are entitled to our respect; but the angel of retribution should be let loose, when social innovators are trying to turn the domestic penates into public gods.

In June of the next year, Miss Fuller was at Niagara, looking at the Falls, and reading Carlyle's new book. She made a tour to Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, and published an account of it in a pleasing narrative, entitled, "*Summer on the Lakes.*" We find a letter, dated Saturday evening, 25th November, 1843, addressed to Beethoven, commencing with the words, "My only friend." Whether it was ever put in the post-office or not, the present reviewer does not undertake to decide. A few years later, its contents might have been sent to the great master of music, through some "medium" operator, on the celestial line of telegraph established between the "sixth spiritual sphere" and—a mahogany plank. The general subject of the conversations in the winter of 1843-44, was "Education." "Culture," "Ignorance," "Vanity," "Prudence," "Patience," and "Health," appear to have been the titles of conversations, in which wide digressions and much autobiographic illustration, with episodes on War, Bonaparte, and Spinoza, were mingled.

In the autumn of 1844, she accepted an offer of Messrs. Greeley and McElrath, to contribute to the literary department of the "*Tribune*," and removed to New-York. Before taking up her abode in the American metropolis, some days were passed among the highlands on the Hudson. It was about this time that she finished her work, enti-

tled, "*Woman in the Nineteenth Century*," which, if we must express an opinion, was a luxuriant growth of wheat and tares, indicating the richness of the soil whence it sprang.

Nothing particularly remarkable occurred during Miss Fuller's residence in New-York. Her papers in the *Tribune*, which were not her best, attracted no particular attention. Her social triumphs were not here equal to those in Boston, although she was respected and admired in every circle. There were many points of difference between her and Mr. Greeley, which, however, to the credit of both, did not lead to open or concealed antagonism. Mr. Greeley, after better acquaintance, became one of her best and most judicious friends. In the spring of 1846, some of her best articles from the *Tribune*, *Dial*, *Western Messenger*, *American Monthly*, &c., appeared in two volumes of Wiley & Putnam's *Library of American Books*, under the title of *Papers on Art and Literature*.

Early in this year she sailed for Europe in company with Marcus Spring, lady, and son. After a quick passage they landed at Liverpool, went to hear James Martineau preach, and proceeded to make the tour of the kingdom. In Westmoreland she met with Mr. Atkinson, the "prince of English mesmerisers," or, as Herr Teufelsdröckh says, of *animal* magnetisers, who has lately been helping Miss Harriet Martineau write a stupid, materialistic, atheistic book. The artist, David Scott, a pupil of De la Roche, and Joseph Mazzini, "the most beauteous person I have seen," were among the celebrities gazed at with fresh foreign wonder. The visit to Wordsworth was very propitious; but so many things have of late been said of the great poet, that we are reminded of the old story of Aristides and the ostracism, and forbear making any quotations. At Edinburgh were seen Dr. Andrew Combe, De Quincey, who has done so much to enrich the English, and the veteran Dr. Chalmers.

"With Dr. Chalmers we passed a couple of hours. He is old now, but still full of vigor and fire."

She ascended Ben Lomond, and, losing her way, spent the cold night on it alone. Passing over a grand *conversazione*, in the London style, with Dr. Brown, the painter, David Scott, and others, we must pass on to Carlyle and London. She was not "in the sea-

son," and many of the notables were out of town. Tennyson was absent, and Browning had just married Elizabeth Barrett, and moved to Italy. Dr. Wilkinson, W. J. Fox, and others, were met. Carlyle was the lion of lions.

"Mr. C. came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. That first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humor, full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse, and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal bearing brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad."

On another occasion :

"All Carlyle's talk, that evening, was a defense of mere force,—success the test of right; if people would not behave well, put collars round their necks; find a hero, and let them be his slaves, &c. It was very Titanic and anti-celestial. . . . Carlyle is indeed arrogant and overbearing, but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love. It is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror; it is his nature, and the untamable energy that has given him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, nor revere; and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you if you did; but you like him heartily, and like to see him, the powerful smith, the Siegfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you, if you senselessly go too near."

Paris was reached in the autumn of 1846. There, as in London, her writings had already made her known. During the winter, the usual round of sight-seeing was followed, with which every reader of Foreign Correspondence in the newspaper is familiar. La Mennais, Béranger, Rachel, "Madame Sand," and other celebrities were seen. The letters of this period wear a hurried look, and contain criticisms, good and bad, of men and things. Her view of the author of "Consuelo" is well exposed. Such a feminine *man-of-the-world* is, however, by no means to our liking. The writings of "Madame Sand" are surpassingly eloquent, but the heroines, with one or two exceptions, are duplicates of herself. Moral worth must underlie every other kind of worth. Purity is demanded in literature as well as in religion, in the priesthood of nature as well as in the priesthood of the Church. Your scarlet woman has no business in the temple of fame, but rather in the temple of infamy.

She left Paris on the 25th of February, and went *via* Chalons, Lyons, Avignon,

(where she waded through melting snow to Laura's tomb,) and Arles, to Marseilles; thence by steamer to Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa. Rome was reached in the spring, where the usual sights were seen. Soon after reaching the "Heart of the World," she went to hear vespers, on the evening of "Holy Thursday," at St. Peter's. A place in the church was designated where she and her companions should meet after wandering among the chapels. This time she wandered a little too long, and was left alone. Among each group she plied her eye-glass to find her friends. A tall young man, of gentlemanly bearing, with a gentle and reserved nature, asked permission to assist her. No carriage was to be found, and she walked with her stranger-friend the long distance from the Vatican to the Corso. Many interviews followed, and ere long the young Marquis Ossoli, whose family belonged to the court of the Pontiff, offered his hand to the lady from the Western World whom he had met by chance. The offer was rejected, and, during the summer months, Miss Fuller made the tour of Northern Italy, through Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan, Como, etc.

In the autumn of this year she returned to Rome. Angelo Eugene Ossoli again pressed his suit like a true lover, was accepted, and they were secretly married in the month of December. Mrs. Story, a woman of elevated character, with a delicate sense of honor, the friend to whom Margaret afterwards confided her secret, gives the following explanation :

"They were married soon after the death of the old Marquis Ossoli. The estate he had left was undivided, and the two brothers, attached to the Papal household, were to be the executors. This patrimony was not large, but when fairly divided would bring to each a little property—an income sufficient, with economy, for life in Rome. Every one knows that law is subject to ecclesiastical influence in Rome, and that marriage with a Protestant would be destructive to all prospects of a favorable administration. And besides, being of another religious faith, there was, in this case, the additional crime of having married a liberal, one who had publicly interested herself in radical views. Taking the two facts together, there was good reason to suppose that, if the marriage were known, Ossoli must be a beggar and a banished man under the then existing government; while, by waiting a little, there was a chance—a fair one, too—of an honorable post under the new government, whose formation every one was anticipating. Leaving Rome, too, at that time, was deserting the

field wherein they felt they were needed. Ossoli's brothers had long before begun to look jealously upon him. Knowing his acquaintance with Margaret, they feared the influence she might exert over his mind in favor of liberal sentiments, and had not hesitated to threaten him with the Papal displeasure."

To the same high-minded friend were subsequently confided her papers.

"One or two of the papers she opened, and we together read them. One was written on parchment, in Latin, and was a certificate given by the priest who married them, saying that Angelo Eugene Ossoli was the legal heir of whatever title and fortune should come to his father. To this was fixed his seal, with those of the other witnesses, and the Ossoli crest was drawn in full upon the paper."

The year 1848 opened at Rome with the inauguration of the Council, and with the dancing of *Trasteverini*. The Pope intimated in his speech to the councillors that he wished *improvement*, not *reform*; that he should keep things locked with the keys of St. Peter. Calumnies of the blackest kind were circulated in regard to Mazzini. In the spring, however, the aspect of things was changed. A revolution broke out in Naples. Resistance manifested itself in Sicily. Louis Philippe fled from France, never to return. Prince Metternich was hurled from the real dominion of Austria. Adam Mickiewicz, the exiled poet of Poland, saw the burning of the Austrian arms in the Piazza del Popolo, at Rome. Venice, Modena, Parma, and Milan were driving out the oppressors of the people. The double-headed eagle was pulled down from the Palazzo di Venezia, and the people erected one of white and gold in its stead, bearing the inscription, *Alta Italia*. Mazzini returned to his beloved Italy, after an exile of seventeen years. Thus opened the year 1848; but what things have we seen since! The end is not yet; neither will it be while a usurper is on the *throne* of the French Republic; while Poland and Hungary are oppressed; while the noblest sons of Erin are in exile.

After rejoicing with the republican party in their triumphs, the Marchioness Ossoli retired to Rieti, early in the summer. "Write the name of my child," she subsequently wrote to her mother, "in your Bible: Angelo Ossoli, born September 5, 1848." At the close of the year, she returned again to Rome, leaving the child at Rieti.

The next season opened with war. The French were at Rome; Margaret, whose marriage was still a secret, saw from her window the battle, in which her husband was an officer. Having been appointed Regolatrice of the hospital of the *Fate-Bene Fratelli*, she went thither, like an angel of consolation, to minister to the wounded. The Pope's palace was used for convalescents.

"A day or two since," she wrote to Mr. Emerson, "we sat in the Pope's little pavilion, where he used to give private audience. The sun was going down over Monte Mario, where gleamed the white tents of the French light horse among the trees. The cannonade was heard at intervals. Two bright-eyed boys sat at our feet, and gathered up eagerly every word said by the heroes of the day. It was a beautiful hour, stolen from the midst of ruin and sorrow, and tales were told as full of grace and pathos as in the gardens of Boccaccio, only in a very different spirit—with noble hope for man, with reverence for woman."

A month later, in July, 1849, she wrote to Mr. Channing:

"Private hopes of mine are fallen with the hopes of Italy. I have played for a new stake and lost it. . . . I cannot tell you what I endured in leaving Rome; abandoning the wounded soldiers, knowing that there is no provision made for them, when they rise from the beds where they have been thrown by a noble courage, where they have suffered with a noble patience. Some of the poorer men, who rise bereft of even the right arm—one having lost both the right arm and the right leg—I could have provided for with a small sum. Could I have sold my hair, or blood from my arm, I would have done it."

As soon as the siege was raised, she went to seek her child among the mountains at Rieti.

"And when I came, I found mine own fast waning to the tomb. His nurse, lovely and innocent as she appeared, had betrayed him, for lack of a few *scudi*. He was worn to a skeleton; his sweet childish grace all gone! Every thing I had endured, seemed light to what I felt when I saw him too weak to smile, or lift his wasted little hand."

The child was soon restored, and the three went, by way of Perugia, to Florence, where they arrived towards the last of September, and spent the winter.

On the 7th of May, 1850, they embarked, on board the *Elizabeth*, for the New World, leaving behind them the blackened fields of revolution, and that Rome which has been the arena of contending civilizations during a period of more than a hundred generations of men. The only

other passengers were a young Italian girl and Mr. Horace Sumner, of Boston. Captain Hasty died on the 3d of June, off Gibraltar, with the confluent small-pox. The mate took the command. Ten days after, little Angelino sickened with the same frightful disease, and barely survived. Alas! when "misfortunes come, they come not single spies, but in fierce battalions." July 15th, the barque was off the Jersey coast, somewhere between Cape May and Barnegat. It was about noon. Trunks were packed, in expectation of landing the next morning. About nine o'clock in the evening, the breeze rose to a gale. Sails were close-reefed, but currents and tempest drove the vessel faster than any knew towards the sand-bars of Long Island. About four o'clock the next morning she struck. Her broadside was exposed to the merciless blows of the enraged sea. The brine gushed through the broken bottom. The crash of falling timbers and the roar of waves that swept over her were fearfully mingled. The foaming spray quenched the lights, and the cabin door was unhinged by the mad-rushing water. The words: "We must die!" "Let us die calmly, then," were shrilly uttered above the heavy thunder of the ocean's roar. Prayer gushed up in agony from despairing hearts. Kindly and encouraging words of parting were spoken; and messages, stamped with the priceless value of dying utterance, were intrusted to each other for absent friends, if perchance some one might survive. The crew were on the fore-castle, and the passengers in the cabin. Across the vessel amidships, between them, the heavy seas were at measured intervals sweeping. Mrs. Hasty, the wife of the deceased captain, beckoned at the cabin door, and was observed by Davis, the mate. It was about seven in the morning, and the cabin threatened to break up. The sailors were ordered to the rescue, but refused to go. Davis, holding fast to the bulwarks, and stopping while the seas combed over him, crossed to the passengers. Two of the braver sailors followed him. The passengers with great difficulty and peril were conveyed to the fore-castle. On the shore, not far off, were wreckers, heartless as the dreary sand-hills washed by the cold waves. One sailor, aided by a life-preserver, reached the strand. Another, supported by a spar, followed in safety. Mr. Sumner made the attempt, and

was swallowed up by the ocean. Mrs. Hasty, seated upon a plank, holding fast by handles of rope, supported by Davis and a brave sailor, reached the shore almost lifeless. Margaret refused to be separated from her husband and child. The day wore away, and at length, about three o'clock, most of the crew jumped overboard, only part of whom gained the beach. Four seamen yet remained by the passengers. The cabin had gone, and the stern of the ship had sunken out of sight. At length the foremast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon it. Two of the seamen clung to the mast and were saved; the rest were lost. The child touched the shore of the New World, warm, but lifeless. Margaret sank at once. When last seen, she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. It was over—that twelve hours' communion face to face with death! It was over! and the prayer was granted, 'That Ossoli, Angelo and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief.'

Thus we have been able, with some tribulation, to work our way through these memoirs, and make a progressive step of this heroic woman's life. It only remains to collect the scattered features into a portrait; and in this, necessity is laid upon us to be faithful to faults as well as to virtues.

As we said in the beginning, she was the most gifted woman of the nineteenth century; but an education unsuited to her nature, a false purpose of life, mistaken views in regard to the sphere of woman, and circumstances in many respects untoward, hindered an harmonious development of her powers, and prevented the ripening of her gifts into wisdom. The most remarkable fact which these volumes exhibit to us, is the influence which she exerted over some of the strongest and best cultivated minds of our nation. Her fame has extended wherever learning is prized and genius admired.

Her education was almost the reverse of what it should have been. Nothing could have been worse for a delicate child, only six years of age, than the rugged, stately language of the Romans. The sternness of her paternal teacher added to the evil. Every thing in her nature was antedated. Premature development of brain, producing permanent disarrangement of the system, saddened her life and weakened her powers.

For such a fiery nature, too, more Saxon and less Italian reading would have been better. Her convulsive and unheard-of eloquence of talk, gushed from a nature, that, by careful and judicious training, might have ripened to a calm strength, giving the power to produce an abiding monument of genius.

The aim of her life was high, but, unhappily, not the highest. The aims of life are various, from that of the mere sensualistic sleeper and feeder, to that of the wise man, who strives to know more and more of the infinite. It seems to have been the purpose of Margaret Fuller to make the most of her own being, to cultivate her powers to the last attainable degree. This is a noble purpose of life, a much nobler one than that of him who is governed by the "greatest happiness" principle. As the brook reaches the ocean without delay, by giving itself up to the law of gravitation, so man reaches wisdom soonest, by giving himself up to the will of Deity. He that seeks *his own* soul in any thing, shall lose it. Happiness, like the sunbeam, will not be caught. The best culture comes in doing *now* the duty that lies *nearest*. The end of life is an *action*, and not a *thought*. Thought must be realized in a world of deeds. Nature conceals all her thoughts, all her laws, in visible results. Action without thought is folly; thought without birth in action is abortion. Miss Fuller's purpose of life was to think and feel, rather than to act. "Very early, I knew that the *only object in life was to grow*. I was often false to this knowledge, in idolatries of particular objects, or impatient longings for happiness, but I have never lost sight of it, have always been controlled by it; and this first gift of thought has never been superseded by a later love." Principles must inevitably produce their results. A principle that is chosen by the will, becomes the fate of individual life. The pathos and internal tragedy of Margaret Fuller's life were the results of the false principle which we have designated. Her study of Goethe strengthened her in the same course. Goethe, however, with his multitudinous experience, traversed this wide realm, where so many heroes have fallen, wrote its tragic history in Faust, and escaped. "One thing there is," said the wise old man in his *Wanderjahre*, "which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on

this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man."

Her notions in regard to the sphere of woman were radically wrong. We admit that woman is half—an equal half—of humanity; but she is not, cannot be, the *same* half with man. Woman has her sphere which man cannot fill, and man has his sphere which woman cannot fill. "Woman's rights" will be secured, not by Worcester and Akron conventions, but by the pervading and vitalizing influence of the Christian spirit, and by the social endeavors of the wise and pure.

Woman, with her divine gifts of love, sympathy, and hope, must act upon the world through father, brother, friend, husband, or son. Many liberties can be granted to one so richly gifted as Margaret Fuller; but when she claims the sphere of man for the whole of her sex, they will refuse, both by judgment and instinct, to second her efforts.

Margaret Fuller was made for action, but no field that satisfied her was given. The times for her seemed to be out of joint. She was not wholly at home among men in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. The social harness seemed to chafe, not only at Boston and New-York, but at London, Paris, and Rome. Her neighborhood, her nation, and her age, were not suited to her, or she was not suited to them. Not only her aim of life, but her unpropitious relation to external things, kept her from her proper sphere, that of action. If, early in life, she could have been wedded to some modern Pericles, through him she might have acted upon wide realms of men, and would have been contented and blessed. None was found to match her mood, and in her life was enacted again that stern monodrama, "No object and no rest."

In regard to her positive qualities, we should place among the first, her goodness of heart. Her love was deep as her nature itself. Her benevolence (well-wishing) always led to beneficence, (well-doing.) She visited the prisoners at Sing Sing and at Blackwell's Island, and always took a deep interest in measures that promised to reclaim the fallen of her own sex. "There was at New-York a poor adventurer, half patriot, half author,—a miserable man, always in such depths of distress, with such squadrons of enemies, that no charity could relieve,

and no intervention save him. He believed Europe banded together for his destruction, and America corrupted to connive at it. Margaret listened to these woes with such patience and mercy, that she drew five hundred dollars, which had been invested for her in a safe place, and put them in those hapless hands, where, of course, the money was only the prey of new rapacity, to be bewailed by new reproaches." At Rome, while living on the simplest fare, spending only ten or twelve cents a day for her dinner, she lent her last fifty dollars to a needy artist. "The prevalent impression at Rome, among all who knew her, was, that she was a saint and a ministering angel." We have already seen how she was willing to sell the hair from her head and blood from her arm to provide for the poor wounded soldiers in an Italian hospital. "Margaret's charities," says Mrs. Story, "according to her means, were larger than those of any other whom I ever knew."

She is represented as in every thing truthful; she admired truth, believed in it, spoke it, and, above all, lived it. Never did she pretend to be what she was not. She was not wanting in veneration, but her veneration was by no means profound. Her journal contains numerous prayers, which are pervaded with the deepest sincerity, but are deficient in that nameless something, that unction, which constitutes the soul of devotion and gives to it a quickening power. She was naturally enthusiastic, hopeful, and aspiring; her religion was essentially ethic: and here we must stop, for we do not wish to encroach upon the forbidden grounds of theology.

A vein of mysticism manifests itself more and more as we progress with her life. "She had a taste for gems, ciphers, talismans, omens, coincidences, and birth-days." Here and there in her letters, we find a tinge of that mystic spirit which pervades nearly all oriental literature, which shows itself abundantly in the hymns of Proclus, in the writings of Gerson, Thomas à Kempis, Jacob Boehmen, and Swedenborg, in pagan and Christian men. As we have already said, she communed at some mystic shrine, but was unable to convey her experience intelligibly to others. This mysticism is not yet accounted for in our physiology and psychology; the shallow laugh at it, or plunge headlong into it; the wise abide by tried principles, and look on thoughtfully.

Her self-esteem was boundless. Early in life she imagined herself a European princess intrusted to the care of those that were called her parents.

"I take my natural position always; and the more I see, the more I feel that it is regal. Without throne, sceptre, or guards, still a queen.

"I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own.

"Mrs. Ware talked with me about education. . . . In near eight years' experience, I have learned as much as others would in eighty, from my great talent at explanation, tact in the use of means, and immediate and invariable power over the minds of my pupils.

"I feel within myself an immense force, but I cannot bring it out. It may sound like a joke, but I do feel something corresponding to that tale of the Destinies falling in love with Hermea."

Premature development, and separation from companions in early youth, must be pleaded in extenuation of such egotism, but we cannot pardon it, even in the most gifted.

Her understanding was large and active, but was hardly ever free from the influence of an exuberant fancy and a colossal pride. When it was aroused in contact with others, she could express the sense of any company in plain, direct terms; but when alone in the solitude of the study, she found herself wanting in that rare gift of genius, the power to excite self to thought. Hence her pen was always a non-conductor. She had too much understanding to allow herself to describe the various subjective moods through which she passed, and not enough to get the better of her powerful fancy. Every thing was seen through a highly colored medium. Her insight, in regard to character, was instinctive, rather than of the judgment. Fancy enabled her to see in her friends qualities which they did not possess, and her pride blinded her to the merits of others. In the highest creative imagination, which consists in the harmonious and simultaneous action of all the elements of thought and feeling, which makes every thing it touches human, she was wanting. She was a poet only in perception. For music, painting, and sculpture, she had enthusiastic love, rather than intellectual appreciation. If her education had been such as to discipline the understanding, and check rather than stimulate the growth of fancy, she would have been a wiser and more useful woman.

O. W. W.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

♦ **ENGLAND.**—The resignation of the Russell Ministry, and the accession of an entirely new Cabinet, form the engrossing topic of discussion in the English journals, and awaken universal interest on this side the water. The policy of the new Ministry, which has been so eagerly discussed during the short but anxious time that has elapsed since the dissolution of the old, has at length been fairly stated before the House of Lords by the new Premier, the Earl of Derby.

The Premier speaks at some length of the invasion contemplated by France against England; and while in guarded terms he recommends an augmentation rather than a diminution of the regular military and naval force of England, he counsels a close watch over the actions of foreigners in England, in the following words :

"With the disturbances and distractions of foreign countries we have nothing to do; but when from these distractions and from those disturbances exiles and fugitives have reached the shores of this country, they always have had a right to feel, and I trust they always will have a right to feel, that they may expect to receive a frank hospitality from this country. But, my Lords, I say also, on the other hand, that it is the bounden duty of all those who, flying from misfortunes in their own country, have found a safe and secure asylum here, not to abuse the rights of hospitality, not to compromise the interests of the country which has received them into her hospitable arms, by carrying on here measures against the government of their own country, which they feel they can carry on here in comparative safety, under the shelter of the constitution of the country, but throwing upon us, as the consequence of their acts, an unmerited and unjust responsibility. My Lords, it is not only the right but the duty of her Majesty's government, without descending to a system—we have no English word for it—of *espionage* or surveillance which is averse to the whole feeling of the country, to keep a guard over the movements of persons who are disposed so to abuse our hospitality. And if any measures hostile to their native country on the part of those persons should come to the knowledge of her Majesty's government, it is their right and duty to put that foreign government in possession of the facts, and place them on their guard against unjustifiable aggression. Further than that, it is not the right, it is not in the power of the British government to interfere. If those persons, under any circumstances, and from whatever country, attempt to levy war against their country, that is by the law a punishable offense, and it is the duty of the government to visit such offense with con-

dign and exemplary punishment. But while, on the other hand, we are bound to perform the duties of friendship resulting from the comity of nations, towards all foreign powers, we cannot, for the purpose, I will not say of averting hostility, but of securing the friendship of those powers with which we are in the closest intimacy, strain the law and institutions of the country beyond that which is warranted by the constitution. I have now stated the principles upon which I think our foreign policy should be regulated."

The protective measures which the new Ministry are endeavoring to introduce will occasion a hard battle, not only between the orators of the Upper and Lower House, but between the two great parties of the nation, and between the agricultural and manufacturing interests. The protective policy is the great card of the English Tories; and since the abolition of the Corn Laws—stigmatized during their existence with a great deal of unjust odium—their political journals have unceasingly demanded a renewal of protection, and have prophesied the most alarming disasters to the English nation in case the unrestrained importation of grain should be allowed to continue. Readers of Blackwood, especially, will recollect the unvarying tenor of the political articles of that journal during the years that have elapsed since the Corn Laws were abolished.

The House of Commons will not vote for a duty on corn, and the manufacturers throughout the nation will use all their influence against it; but, after all, such a duty cannot be shown to be prejudicial to the interests of England. The British Islands are amply able to produce for themselves all the grain they require; and if their ports are thrown open for the reception of foreign grain, duty free, the grain produced by the poorly paid laborers of Europe flows into England, and reduces the price of the crops of that country to a much lower rate than is profitable for agriculturists. Capitalists, however, are not the chief sufferers by events of this nature. The burden of distress falls upon the laborer, who is obliged to accept, and to live upon, such wages as may be offered him. The poor prices paid at present for farm labor in England are driving laborers into the manufactories and mills; and as these are already overflowing with operatives, the last resort is found in emigration, the rapid increase of which forms one of the most interesting, and, at the same time, painful subjects of contemplation of the present century.

In a single quarter of a year, 85,608 emigrants left the ports of the United Kingdom at which

there are Government Emigration Offices. This is at the rate of 930 a day, and 6510 a week. Of these, 13,963 sailed from Irish ports, 4378 from Glasgow and Greenock, and 67,262 from three English ports; namely, 10,062 from London, 2799 from Plymouth, and 54,401 from Liverpool. And this emigration is constantly on the increase.

The opposition, however, to any change in the policy of the English government will be strong; and as the ranks of the English Whigs are headed by the most influential men of the *manufacturing* districts, the chances are against the entire success of the proposed measures of the new Ministry.

The world-renowned author of *Lalla Rookh* and the *Irish Melodies*, Tom Moore, died on February 26th, at his residence at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, England. For several years back, the famous poet had been alive only in the body, his mind being obscured by insanity, and perhaps, too, benumbed by old age. His death has been long expected, and, considering the utter mental darkness in which his last years were spent, it is hardly to be lamented.

Moore was born in 1780, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1794. In 1800 he went up to London, that universal gathering-place of men of genius, and commenced studying law and publishing poems. The balance of his inclinations finally went over to the muse, and having become somewhat noted as a poet, court influence procured him a government situation in Bermuda. Returning home, after a brief absence, he commenced anew that literary career which he never afterwards abandoned. In 1812 he began the composition of *Lalla Rookh*, for which, before a line was written, he was promised three thousand guineas. The preparation of this poem occupied three years.

Lalla Rookh was followed by the "*Loves of the Angela*," and afterwards, at desultory intervals, by the *Irish Melodies*, a collection of songs which will render Moore's name immortal. Moore's poems, and especially his shorter efforts, although presenting the appearance of having been written carelessly and with ease, were very elaborately composed. "Damme," said he one day to a friend, "here I have been working two days at the fag-end of an impromptu, and haven't finished it yet."

The returns of the English Stamp Office, published in the London *Times* of the 1st inst., give some extraordinary statistics relative to the London newspaper press. By these returns it appears that the circulation of that great journal, the *Times*, exceeds by nearly five millions of copies the aggregate circulation of all the other London newspapers put together, both morning and evening, including the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Daily News*, *Morning Herald*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, *Sun*, *Globe*, *Express*, and *Standard*. The circulation of the whole of these papers in 1850 (tested by the number of stamps issued by the Stamp Office) was not quite 7,500,000, while the number of stamps taken by the *Times* was precisely 11,900,000; thus exhibiting the fact of the *Times* possessing a positive average circulation of over 38,000 copies per diem. As the *Times* has no free list and sells only for cash, this result is the

more surprising. It is understood the circulation in 1852 is over 40,000 a day. By the returns alluded to, it appears that, while the *Times* has been gaining ground for the past seven years, all other papers, both morning and evening, have been rapidly sinking. In 1845 the *Times* circulated 8,100,000 copies, and all the other journals upwards of 9,000,000 of copies; but, in 1850, the circulation of all the other newspapers had fallen to under 7,500,000, while that of the *Times* had risen to nearly 12,000,000, and is constantly augmenting. It is, in fact, conceded that most of the London morning newspapers are published at a loss, while the profits of the *Times* are known to exceed \$500,000 per annum. The circulation of the London papers is now about as follows: *Times*, 40,000; *Morning Advertiser*, 5,000; *Daily News*, 3,000; *Morning Herald*, 3,000; *Morning Chronicle*, 2,900; *Morning Post*, 2,800. Most of these papers are losing in their circulation yearly, and the evening journals are in a still worse condition.

It is rumored that Dickens, the eminent novelist, will be invited to become a candidate for the representation of Nottingham, on a dissolution of the present Parliament.

A new Arctic expedition is being fitted out, after the following manner:

The vessels commissioned will be well supplied with officers fully competent to take the charge of searching parties when they arrive in the Arctic regions. The *Assistance* (the flag-ship) will have Captain Sir Edward Belcher, Commander Richards, two lieutenants, one master, and one clerk in charge. The *Resolute*, Captain Kellett, C. B., will have three lieutenants, one master, and one clerk in charge. The *North Star*, Commander Pullen, one lieutenant, one master, and one clerk in charge. The *Intrepid*, screw-steamer, Commander McClintock, tender to the *Assistance*, one master and two assistant-engineers. The *Pioneer*, screw-steamer, Lieut.-Commander Sherard Osborn, tender to the *Resolute*, one master and two assistant-engineers. The *Assistance* and *Resolute* have taken on board a large supply of coals, instead of ballast, and the hands are now busily employed in taking on board the iron water-tanks. The bows of both vessels have been sharpened, by attaching strong pieces of timber, which will be covered with iron, and they will be much easier to tow during their next than they were during their last voyage to the Arctic regions.

The Emperor of Russia has also given instructions to the authorities on the east coast of Siberia and the west coast of North America, to furnish Captain Beatson with all possible assistance in his search for Sir John Franklin.

FRANCE.—The condition of France is as unsatisfactory as at any time since the accession of Louis Napoleon. Trade is generally in a languishing condition; and manufacturers and laborers throughout the country are complaining severely of an unexampled depression of prices. If it were not

for the centralization of power, and the strict watch kept by the government over popular movements, a revolution would not be long in manifesting itself.

The law restraining, and, in fact, entirely subjugating the press, has passed; and, henceforth, French, and particularly Parisian journalism, is at the mercy of the Emperor-President. The law, however, does not extend to manuscript, and much amusement and no small degree of excitement have been occasioned by the circulation of *written* journals, folded in quarto form, and filled with political squibs, prophecies, and denunciations of the President.

The elections for the new Legislative Assembly are near at hand, and the candidates are now being presented to the electors. The elections can be nothing else than a farce and a sham. The newspapers are not allowed to propose candidates; no preliminary meetings are permitted; no public manifestation of opinion is countenanced; and the electors are obliged either to be silent, or to vote for the men whom the government proposes. The *Journal le Siècle*, which was bold enough to propose Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and Eugene Sue, among others, has been summoned to discontinue the publication of those names, or to be stopped; and the government organs have announced that the most severe penalties would be inflicted for all such misdemeanors in future. The ablest French statesmen have declined nomination under such disgraceful conditions, and the Assembly will therefore be mainly composed of the creatures of the *coup d'état* maker.

Louis Napoleon is amusing himself with philosophy, and has offered a premium of fifty thousand francs to the person who will render the electric pile of Volta applicable, with economy, either to industry, under the shape of heat, or to a mode of lighting, or to chemistry, or to machinery, or to practical medicine. The *savans* of all nations are admitted into the competition, which will be open during five years. This brings to mind King Louis, busying himself with his workshop of locks, while the people were getting ready to behead him.

SWITZERLAND.—This secluded nation, which has always been an eyesore both to France and Austria, is on the point of being overrun by the military forces of these despotic powers. During the late troubles in France, a large number of refugees took shelter in Switzerland; and although every means was taken to promote their emigration, those who, from choice or necessity, remained behind, amount to a very noticeable and formidable body.

After several requisitions on the part of France for the expulsion of the fugitives, a note was presented by M. de Salignac to the Federal Council, in which he demanded for France the right of expelling from Switzerland such persons as she might think fit to designate, not being citizens of the Confederation. Such a power would have extended the arbitrary regulations of the French police over the whole territory of Switzerland, and might at any time have been converted into a means of

intolerable interference in the affairs of a foreign nation. It would, moreover, give rise to perpetual conflicts between the federal and cantonal authorities, and would have annihilated that liberal and independent hospitality which the Swiss people have exercised in the worst of times. To this note the Federal Council returned, on the 9th February, a firm and dignified refusal. They expressed their readiness to take measures for preventing conspiracies or political intrigues hostile to foreign governments being carried on within their frontiers; but they declared they would never willingly submit to demands inconsistent with the liberty and independence they had so long enjoyed.

The preparations which had already been commenced in France for hostile operations upon the Swiss frontier were immediately conducted with greater vigor. The army collected in the departments round Lyons had been placed in readiness for action, under the orders of General Castellane. Fresh indications became perceptible *that France and Austria were acting together in this matter, and it is now highly probable that the next move will be to suspend commercial intercourse with Switzerland on the French and Austrian frontiers*, to be followed, ere long, by the occupation of Geneva and Vaud by the French, and of Ticino by Austrian troops. Prussia, we have reason to believe, has honorably refused to take any part in this projected invasion and oppression of a free people, and her influence will, doubtless, be employed, in conjunction with that of England, to avert by remonstrance, if possible, so serious a calamity and so mischievous an injustice.

In case of an attack upon Switzerland by the French and Austrian armies, we may expect to hear of a vigorous resistance. The French, it seems, have yet to learn that there is no valor like that of patriotism. If the public opinion of Europe could be relied on for actual manifestations of assistance when the weaker continental nations are attacked by the stronger, greater hopes might be entertained of the ultimate success of Switzerland in the war that now impends over her. The well-known bravery of the Swiss, and their position among the natural fortifications of the Alpine ranges, will at least protract the contest, and give an opportunity for interference, should any be intended.

In the whole course of this injustice, Louis Napoleon has been influenced by Austria. When he dares to disobey his rulers, we may expect to hear of his dethronement. Meanwhile, he must be left to play out that brutal and savage game with his own nation and with others, which the northern powers have invented for him, and in whose progress they take such a lively interest.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

THE New-York and Galway line of steamers is again attracting the notice of Congress. On Thursday, March 4th, Mr. Shields, of the Senate, presented a bill numerously signed by citizens of New-York, in favor of the establishment of a line of steamers between that city and Galway, and

earnestly recommended it to the consideration of the Senate.

On Tuesday, March 9th, Mr. Seward delivered a speech in the Senate on Mr. Clarke's non-intervention resolutions. His remarks were unusually elaborate, and have attracted universal attention throughout the country, especially at the West, now the scene of Kossuth's wanderings.

Mr. Seward's speech was mainly occupied with historical details, and his arguments were well fortified by facts, yet he leaves the great question undecided, after all. In fact, to leave this question undecided, is the same thing with deciding in favor of neutrality; and although Mr. Seward would hesitate to recommend the latter policy in so many words, he virtually recommends it when he refuses to go to those extremities which Kossuth declares necessary.

Mr. Seward concluded his speech as follows:

"I have the common pride of every American in the aggrandizement of my country. No effort of mine to promote it, by just and lawful means, ever was or will be withheld. Our flag, when it rises to the topmast or the turret of an enemy's ship or fortress, excites in me a pleasure as sincere as in any other man. And yet I have seen that flag on two occasions when it awakened even more intense gratification. One was when it entered the city of Cork, covering supplies for a chivalrous and generous, but famishing people. The other was when it recently protected, in his emigration, an exile of whom continental Europe was unworthy, and to whom she had denied a refuge. Sir, it raised no surprise and excited no regret in me to see that exile and that flag alike saluted and honored by the people, and alike feared and hated by the kings of Europe.

"Let others employ themselves in devising new ligaments to bind these States together. They shall have my respect for their patriotism and their zeal. For myself, I am content with the old ones just as I find them. I believe that the Union is founded in physical, moral, and political necessities, which demand one government, and would endure no divided States; that it is impregnable, therefore, equally to force or to faction; that secession is a feverish dream, and disunion an unreal and passing chimera; and that, for weal or woe, for liberty or servitude, this great country is one and inseparable. I believe, also, that it is righteousness, not greatness, that exalteth a nation, and that it is liberty, not repose, that renders a national existence worth possessing. Let me, then, perform my humble part in the service of the Republic by cultivating the sense of justice and the love of liberty, which are the elements of its being, and by developing their saving influences, not only in our domestic conduct, but in our foreign conduct also, and in our social intercourse with all other states and nations.

"It has already come to this, that whenever in any country an advocate of freedom is driven by the changes of fortune into exile, he hastens to seek an asylum here; that whenever a hero falls in the cause of freedom on any of her battle-fields, his eyes involuntarily turn toward us, and he commits that cause with a confiding trust to our sympathy and our care. Never, sir, as we value the

security of our own freedom, or the welfare and happiness of mankind, or the favor of Heaven, that has enabled us to protect both, let that exile be inhospitably repulsed. Never let the prayer of that dying hero fall on ears unused to hear, or spend itself upon hearts that refuse to be moved."

On Wednesday, March 10, a petition from Rhode Island was read before the Senate, praying for an additional appropriation to the Collins line of steamers.

On Thursday, March 11, the Senate passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the expenses incurred in the reception and entertainment of Louis Kossuth and suite, during their late visit to the Capital, be paid out of the Contingent Fund of the Senate, when approved by the Committee of Reception, to an amount not exceeding five thousand dollars.

On Wednesday, March 8d, the House of Representatives proceeded to the consideration of the special order, the bill to encourage Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and all other branches of industry, by granting to every man who is the head of a family, and a citizen of the United States, a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres of land, upon condition of occupation and cultivation of the same for a certain period.

Mr. Dawson expressed himself in favor of the proposition, and the general provisions of the bill. The construction of our government, he said, is not only republican in theory, but in its practical operations. There is no government in existence, and none known to history, where the path of honor and distinction is so broad and generally trodden as that pointed out under the guidance of the Federal Constitution, and where the rewards of labor are more certain and extensively diffused. He regarded the subject as intimately connected with and forming a part of our political economy; and drew attention to the vastly increasing receipts into the national treasury, and the corresponding expenditures, accordingly leaving the inference to be drawn whether the government could not be more pure and just, and economically administered, without any revenue derived from the sales of the public lands. There were now 1,400,000,000 of acres of the public domain. Its boundary was formerly the north-west borders of Ohio and a frontier settlement. It now extends from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, with a variety of soil and climate, rich in mineral wealth and agricultural productions. There seems to be nothing wanting to elevate the capacity and dignity of this mighty empire but to encourage its settlement and stimulate the arm to fell the forest, cultivate the wild prairie, and reclaim the waste and wet lands. He believed it was said by an eminent author, Sir William Jones, that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one was before grown, would deserve the thanks of the community. This remark is in the spirit of pure philosophy, and worthy the consideration of the American Congress. He then showed what the public lands have cost the government, and contended that, viewed in a commercial point of view, this bill should be passed. Commerce is the life and spirit of every nation. Its foundation

is in the cultivation of the soil, and its prosperity reckoned by the extent of its agricultural productions. It was commerce which in ancient times gave wealth to Carthage, Tyre, and Alexandria, and in modern times built up Holland and Venice. The fall of commerce is the decay of prosperity. Then, should it not be our policy to extend far and wide the basis of our agricultural interests? The most liberal estimate that would come within the provisions of the bill would not exceed a million of persons. One hundred and sixty millions of acres of wild land, settled, improved, and cultivated, would not only extend far and wide the basis of our agricultural interests, but secure our commercial supremacy. The increase of agricultural productions would be almost incalculable; in the single article of wheat, allowing three bushels to the acre, there would be four hundred and eighty millions of bushels, which at fifty cents a bushel would yield two hundred and forty millions of dollars. The same rule and estimate will apply to all other improvements of the soil; with increased means would come an increased demand for all kinds of supplies, which is the life of commerce, and constitutes the elements of national prosperity. He was opposed to a partial system of legislation, and to the general scramble for the public domain. He wanted this bill first and foremost on the calendar. It was just in conception, necessary to public economy, and certain, in its results, to secure commercial wealth and add to our national permanence. This policy had received the sanction of Messrs. Webster and Cass, among many others. In the course of his remarks, he said that there is a sufficiency of public lands to make forty-two States the size of Pennsylvania, and spoke eloquently of the many blessings which would enure to the country by passing this bill.

On the same day the House discussed the resolution authorizing the continuance of the work on the two wings of the Capitol. Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, moved, as an amendment, an appropriation of \$500,000, to be expended between the date of the resolution and the 30th of June, 1853. After a protracted debate, during which Messrs. Brown and Wilcox, Democratic members from Mississippi, came to blows, and were with difficulty separated, the amendment was concurred in, and a resolution offered by Mr. Fitch, of Iowa, to lay both bill and amendment upon the table, was negatived; yeas, 43, nays, 124. The bill is still in debate before the Senate.

The bill making Bounty Land Warrants assignable passed both Houses of Congress on the 18th. The bill will undoubtedly receive the signature of the President, and thus become a law. It will prove the source of much benefit to the holders of warrants, and to the entire population of the far Western States.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

On the evening of the 12th of March, a complimentary dinner was given by a committee of the Illinois Central Railroad Company to the Illinois Delegation in Congress, in commemoration of the

success of the measures preliminary to the opening of the road. During the evening, the following letter from the Secretary of State, bearing upon the important subject of land reform, was read to the assembly:

WASHINGTON, *March 12, 1852.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I was exceedingly sorry that it was not in my power to accept the invitation, received yesterday, of yourself and your New-York friends, to dine with you at your hotel to-day. You are here, I understand, upon business connected with the Illinois Railroad, and the members of Congress from that State are expected to be among your guests. It would have given me great pleasure to meet those gentlemen, and in expressing my gratification that that magnificent work is now about to commence, and that its completion within no long time is put beyond contingency. The undertaking is equally vast in its plan and its importance; and, with the exception of those measures adopted the session before the last, I hardly know whether the present President of the United States has given his sanction to an act of Congress likely to have larger influence on the prosperity of the country.

Several years ago I was in Illinois, and passed for a great extent through the country in and through which this railroad runs. I thought I had never seen such an immense tract of valuable land; and subsequent discoveries of many sorts of the most valuable minerals, produce entire conviction that the State of Illinois may become as prosperous in its manufactures as in its agriculture. Ere long we shall see another and a similar work, commencing at the southern extremity of this road, and running through the Southern States, till it reaches the Gulf of Mexico. This is not only probable, but certain, if no great political evil shall in the mean time befall the country.

The grant to the Illinois Railroad disposes of a large portion of the public domain, but it will be well disposed of; and this grant and other similar grants made already, or now in contemplation, while they leave the residue of the public lands more valuable, do not essentially interfere with the object—which I have thought just, and have for a long time zealously supported—of giving land enough for a homestead to every actual settler, on the sole condition of actual residence for a short term of years. In my opinion, the public good and the happiness of individuals alike require this. God gave the earth to man to be tilled, and land is of no value whatever till the approach of cultivation shows that it is about to become the theatre for the application of human labor, the all-producing source of comfort and wealth.

Nobody can contemplate these great lines of internal communication, running through many States, without perceiving at once their important political effects. Nothing can tend more strongly to hold the States together; or, if I may borrow an expression from language usually applied to that which is the object of your thoughts to-day, nothing is more likely to keep the government and the Union from running off the track.

I pray you, my dear sir, to accept for yourself, and to signify to all your associates, not only the

assurances of my high personal regard, but also my sincere congratulations at the success which has so far attended their most valuable and important undertaking.

I remain, with entire regard, your obedient servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DAVID A. NEAL, Esq.

Great unanimity of feeling is displayed, not only between the members of the various State Whig Conventions now being held, but also between the Conventions themselves. The resolutions so far passed, concur in recommending an adjustment of the present tariff in favor of increased protection; a more vigorous prosecution of river and harbor improvements; an equitable division of the proceeds of the sales of public lands, and in many instances the gift of a greater or less portion of public land to each actual settler; and a continued system of non-interference with foreign powers. The course of the present administration, in relation to the various vexed questions of the past two years, is in every case heartily approved of.

The ship *Prentice* arrived at New-York on the morning of the 13th of March, having on board the captives of the Cuban expedition that were liberated by the Spanish government, ninety-five in number. The trial of the parties principally concerned in originating this iniquitous and justly punished expedition is still progressing, and facts of much interest are being elicited.

The Southern Rights Convention.—A meeting of Southern Rights politicians, under the above title, took place at Montgomery, Alabama, March 4th. We insert a portion of their resolutions:

13. *Resolved*, That the general government is a confederacy formed by separate, coequal, sovereign States, for certain common objects specified in the compact, and its original character can be maintained only by its being so administered as to vindicate and defend alike the distinctive interests of all the parties.

14. *Resolved, further*, That we cherish the reserved State rights of self-government in matters of internal policy, and the right of secession for its infraction, as the great ark of Southern safety, to flee to when the deluge of fanaticism and centralization threatens to overwhelm us and reduce all colors and races among us to the level of a common degradation.

15. *Resolved*, That, believing both the old national parties are sensitive to the majority sentiment, and therefore, in effect, antagonistic to our sectional interests, we will preserve our separate organization, and *coalesce* with neither, but shall leave ourselves free to oppose both, or *coöperate*, from time to time, with either, according as their doctrines may more or less coincide with our own.

16. *Resolved*, That the people of this and of all the Southern States having decided against the policy of secession on account of the passage of the Compromise measures, the Southern Rights party of Alabama declines to urge that issue: its aim is to watch the future.

17. *Resolved*, That we repudiate the idea of intervening in European affairs, as repugnant to conservative policy, impracticable, dangerous to the Confederacy, and fatal to the reserved rights of the States and liberties of the people.

18. *Resolved*, That, for a more perfect organization, and to consider our course in the coming presidential election, it is hereby recommended that a convention of the Southern Rights party of this State assemble at this place at such time as the central committee hereinafter named shall designate.

19. *Resolved*, That, in order to organize a Southern Rights party throughout all the Southern States opposed to national organizations, we suggest to our sister Southern States the propriety of holding a convention of such party, at such time and place as may be mutually agreed upon, with the view to coöperate in the presidential election and in such other measures as may be important.

20. *Resolved*, That it is expedient to raise a permanent central committee, whose duty it shall be to correspond with Southern Rights men throughout this and other Southern States in relation to all party movements, and to provide for the assembling of the above-mentioned conventions, and to give notice of their time and place of meeting.

The reader will observe that the convention proposes a distinct organization from either the Whig or the Democratic party, reserving to its united members a certain balance of power, by which the scale of national politics may at any time be turned as Southern interests shall dictate.

We cannot think that this organization will ever be effected, and our hopes side very strongly with our opinions. Its necessity does not follow as a necessary conclusion from the premises on which the convention has based it. No sound politician, North or South, denies for a moment that doctrine of State rights upon which the convention so warmly insists. But State rights are the property of all States alike, and are as necessary to the safety and the prosperity of one member or one portion of the Union as another.

While, therefore, the rights of separate States are freely admitted, the duties which they owe to the national government of which each is a component part, are to be first considered on every occasion of political agitation or division. The good of the whole must be placed before the good of a part. And as harmony has hitherto been maintained upon this principle, and as the necessity for abiding by it becomes more and more apparent every day, all references and allusions to State rights without the express recognition of State duties, must be decided to be of injurious tendency.

The vitality of the movement indicated by this convention is more than questionable. Setting aside the proposed organization, which we have already declared impracticable, the spirit by which the idea was originated cannot hope for a long existence. Its existence is unnecessary. There is nothing for it to fight against. The enemies of disunion, of violation of State rights, and of sectional agitation in every shape, are not confined by any territorial limits; and in whatever quarter of

the United States they are found, their influence is sufficient to keep down those movements of faction which the citizen of Maine or of Illinois has fully as much cause to fear as the citizen of Alabama.

The Japanese Expedition.—Such is the title of an imagined crusade against the most exclusive, and at the same time one of the most populous nations of the world. Various apocryphal stories have been set on foot about this expedition. It has been asserted by some journals that a large armament is in course of preparation to sail to the Japan Islands, and, by the authority of the United States, to commence a warfare, similar to that attempted by the filibusters upon Cuba. Such reports proceed only from the opposition papers. Others imagine that an expedition is to be fitted out without any particular and definite aim, besides a general display of our naval force before the eyes of the wondering Japanese. We have heard from some, who were in advance of the times, that the whole fleet had already sailed, and that the instructions given their commander were of the most warlike character. It is a little curious that there should be so much uncertainty about this contemplated cruise of a portion of the American navy to Japan.

We state the facts: The East India Squadron is to be renewed, and perhaps to be somewhat augmented in force. It will consist of seven vessels, including a store-ship, four of them being steamers. Part of the squadron sailed nearly a year ago. Besides the general objects of guardianship over our commerce and interests, Com. Perry will doubtless be instructed to make arrangements for the extension of commercial intercourse with Japan, and for the better protection of the lives of shipwrecked American sailors on that coast, who have, in many instances, been barbarously treated. It is not improbable that reclamations may be made for injuries and losses sustained by citizens of the United States. Japan has no existing treaty with any government except that of Holland; and the rumor which has been circulated at home and abroad, of an intention on the part of the United States to enforce conditions with military power, which will undoubtedly reach Japan before the commanding officer of the squadron can arrive there, and of course be greatly exaggerated, may operate prejudicially to the wise purposes of the efficient head of the Navy Department. Commodore Perry will proceed to this destination as soon as the Mississippi steamer can be prepared for sea, which will probably be some time during the month of April.

We cannot commend too strongly the course of the administration in thus sending out Commodore Perry with an efficient force. The cruelty which the Japanese have shown the shipwrecked sailors of all nations has been too long overlooked. Their

stubborn isolation is perhaps no crime, but the sooner it is broken in upon, the better for Japan and for the world. The exclusion of vessels from the Japanese ports in times of storm, and in the rigorous season of winter, demands redress, and must be changed to a more open hospitality. It is not expected that war with Japan will be commenced until all other measures are tried, and, under the wise guidance of so experienced a man as Commodore Perry, this final result of diplomacy is hardly to be feared.

The following is a list of vessels composing the squadron ordered to the East Indies: The steamer Mississippi, Commodore Perry, commander of the squadron; steam-frigate Susquehanna, commander Sidney Smith Lee; sloop-of-war St. Mary, Commander Magruder; sloop-of-war Plymouth, Captain John Kelly; sloop-of-war Saratoga, Commander Wm. S. Walker; brig Perry, Lieut. Fairfax; store-ship Supply, Lieut. St. Clair.

The Susquehanna, Plymouth, and Saratoga, are already on the Pacific coast, awaiting the arrival of the remainder of the squadron. The St. Mary is now on the way to Japan, having on board the Japanese sailors, and on reaching Japan will await the arrival of the squadron. The residue of the squadron will probably get under weigh in the course of April.

We hope soon to lay before our readers an account of Japan, as complete as can be gathered from our present knowledge of that country.

Kossuth and Mr. Clay.—The real friends of Kossuth, those who have uniformly wished him well in his attempts to arouse sympathy for Hungary, and have as constantly refused to countenance his doctrines of intervention on the part of the United States with European politics, will have their faith in his sincerity and sobriety very much shaken by what he has lately put forward with reference to his interview with Mr. Clay. In a speech delivered before a Louisville association, Kossuth declared himself "provoked by the unlooked-for publicity" given to the proceedings that took place at the interview between Mr. Clay and himself; to his own remarks, and to the non-intervention arguments of Mr. Clay. From the various reports of the speech, it is undeniable that the language of the Hungarian was neither complimentary nor deferential to that great statesman, whose counsels have aided to guide our home and foreign policy during a long life of the most laborious and patriotic service.

In adopting this course, Kossuth has not strengthened himself. If we mistake not, he has given the severest blows to intervention which it has yet received, by this, and a former speech, in which he attempted to represent the policy of Washington as antiquated and unserviceable for present exigencies.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Crown Diamonds: a Lyric Opera. By AUBER. New-York: Schuberth & Co. 1852.

In surveying the operatic favorites of the French stage, it is a most refreshing relief to turn from the thunders of *Robert le Diable* to the light and playful melodies of *La Fille du Regiment* and the "Crown Diamonds." Whatever of strained and unnatural melo-dramatic effect there may be in the tragedies; and especially the tragic-operas of the French, their lighter operatic compositions are unequalled for true displays of nature, and for mirthful delineations of humor. And although that nature which the French genius delights to represent is a very conventional nature, very elaborately garnished, and very daintily accommodated to prevalent tastes; and although the French humor is of a sort that mystifies an Englishman by its rapidity, and an American by its subtlety; still, as expressed by the masters of French composition, the nature and the humor that one meets with on the French stage are most worthy of diligent observation, and will be found rich in materials for delightful enjoyment.

It is only within a few years that we have heard operatic music well sung in this country, and only within a few months that we have heard French operas sung at all. We remember, when Palmo started his little opera in New-York, what difficulties he was forced to contend with; how he struggled against popular disappreciation; and appealed to lovers of music in behalf of an enterprise which he rightly thought was the commencement of a musical era in America; and finally, how he and his company went down together. Marczek's half-triumphant, half-unfortunate, but not yet finished career, is familiar to all of us. People who talk about music at all, have indulged in liberal prophecies and expanded reminiscences, in which they have alternately foreboded disaster to the opera in America from the failures of Fry and Sanquirico, the often-recurring thin houses at Astor Place, and the amusement-shunning character of the Americans; and have foretold success from the manifestations at Castle Garden; the brilliant and profitable episodes of the New-York opera at Philadelphia, Boston, and New-Orleans; the indubitable triumphs of the Artist's Union with fifty-cent seats at Niblo's; and the crowded houses drawn through recurring nights by Salvi and Parodi, even under the disadvantages of high prices, and those obligations of costume at which the bulk of those who attend the opera are so strongly inclined to rebel.

French opera, as we remarked above, is a recent event in our music; but we are certain we shall hear much more of it than we have already been

fortunate enough to hear. *Robert le Diable* has been the best card hitherto worked by any musical manager in America, always excepting the concerts of Jenny Lind. It crowded Astor Place night after night, for weeks at a time; and this success was achieved solely by the merits of the music and the artists, since the scenic displays were much below that perfection which all could see they were intended to attain; and since the ballet, which the manager persisted in heralding by overgrown capitals, and, to say the least, very ambiguous phrases, was a decided obstacle to a favorable reception of the opera. And the "Crown Diamonds," as performed at Niblo's, with Madame Thillon at the head of the company, has proved to be one of the most fortunate musical experiments on record.

It seems to be agreed on all hands that Italian and French opera will be munificently supported in this country, if artists are good and if prices are low. Astor Place, with *Robert le Diable* for the opera, Salvi, Marini, and Steffanone for the singers, and fifty cents for the price of admission, has abundantly shown this; and it had been proved before by the Bosio troupe at Niblo's, in "Don Giovanni," the "Puritana," and "Somnambula," and by Madame Thillon and her company in the "Crown Diamonds." But there is much to be said on this subject, and we hope soon to recur to it in a more extended and more prominent article.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By NOAH WEBSTER. Springfield: G. & O. Merriam. 1852.

A Handbook of the English Language. By F. G. LATHAM. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

The labors of philologists are of necessity constantly on the increase as languages are multiplied, and as the vocabularies of different nations are altered or enlarged. Into what masses of philological investigation and conjecture our descendants of the twentieth generation may be plunged, and to what conclusions they may arrive, it is bewildering to contemplate.

Much doubt will be spared the laborious investigators of after-time, however, by that unequalled philological standard which we possess in Webster's Dictionary. If it is invaluable as a reference at the present day, it will not have lost its authority at any future time. And from its universal dissemination over the world, wherever the English language is known, it will go very far towards preserving in all its purity that wonderful tongue, which seems destined, if not to absorb, at least to overshadow all others.

There is something sublime in the idea of a language thus diffusing itself over different nations, and, at the same time, maintained in its regularity and consistency by an authoritative and recognized system of rules. There is all the more sublimity when this progress is effected by peaceful measures, and accompanied by a spirit of good will to all men. Whatever of glory there may be in conquest, and whatever influence may be given to the English language when disseminated by such means, the true triumphs of our mother-tongue are to be found in the advantages which its peaceful dissemination every where carries with it.

We conceive that all works designed to simplify and to extend the English language may be regarded as positive moral teachers; and none more so than that high philological standard of which we have been speaking. We find this standard in extensive use in the East Indies, in China, in Ceylon, and in those various countries which seem to be emerging from barbarism to the light of civilization and Christianity. Wherever foreign lexicons of the English language are being prepared, this standard is put into requisition.

Such a result could hardly have been foreseen, and shows most conclusively that the merits and the fidelity of the work will insure for it no less of enduring reputation than of present popularity.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Being the Results of a Survey for a Railroad to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, made by the Scientific Commission under the direction of Major J. G. Barnard, U. S. Engineer. With a Résumé of the Geology, Climate, Local Geography, Productive Industry, Fauna and Flora of that Region. Illustrated with numerous maps and engravings. By J. G. WILLIAMS, Principal Assistant Engineer. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

The interest attached to the several projects for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, either by railroad or canal, is so intense at the present time, that it is only necessary for us to call attention to this important contribution, scientific and graphic, to our knowledge of the region. The work is issued in the most admirable manner; giving elaborately and minutely the maps and surveys which have been made in reference to the proposed railway, with estimates of the cost of the works, and all information necessary to a complete understanding of the project and its probable value. It is to be hoped that the difficulties thrown by the Mexican government in the way of the prosecution of a work begun with such enterprise as is here exhibited, will be speedily removed.

Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century. By ARSENE HOUSSEY. New-York: Redfield, Clinton Hall. London: Bentley.

Had Houssaye entitled his book "*French Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century*," he would

have described it more accurately. But, like a true Frenchman, he regards Paris as France, and France as the world. Indeed, we do not know but that, in the eighteenth century, France was the "world," that, at least, which in theology is technically so called. Its manners and morals were certainly chiefly thence derived; and its literature and criticism also, in no small degree. For us then, also, this brilliant French writer represents that remarkable era, in which he says: "Wit destroyed the heart, reason destroyed poetry."

In delineating his portraits, he necessarily depicts the loose morals of the age; but he never appears to do this with any sympathy for them or desire to render them attractive, whilst he dwells upon the virtue which crosses the track of his pen with a genuine gusto. It is a series of most remarkable sketches of character, sparkling with wit, and full of the most brilliant thoughts. The translation is exceedingly spirited.

The Book of Ballads. Edited by BEN GUALTIER. A new edition, with several new ballads. New-York: Redfield, Clinton Hall.

With the exception of our own Holmes, the author of this book is undoubtedly the wittiest poet of the day. His facility of versification is wonderful. His parodies of other poets are perfect; and the tone of the ancient ballads seems a second nature to him. The Queen's Visit to France is inimitable; but it should have been published with the prose that originally accompanied it.

A Dictionary of the French and English Languages, with Vocabulary of Proper Names. For the Use of Schools and for General Reference. By GABRIEL SURENNE. Abridged from the larger dictionary.

The New French Manual, and Traveler's Companion. Intended as a guide to the tourist and a class-book for the student. By the same. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

These books are admirably adapted to the purpose intended, of very convenient shape and size, and excellent paper and type.

A Reel in a Bottle for Jack in the Doldrums. Being the Adventures of Two of the King's Seamen, on a Voyage to the Celestial Country. Edited from the Manuscript of an Old Salt. By Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER. New-York: Chas. Scribner.

A glance at this book shows an allegory in the John Bunyan form, intended to interest the sailor, and lead his mind to the contemplation of spiritual things. It is well adapted to its purpose, and is written in a flowing and excellent style.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or Year-book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1852. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

An indispensable work of reference for all who would keep "posted up" on the progress of science, mechanical improvements, and discoveries in the domain of nature and of art.

Marcus Warland; or the Long Moss Spring. A Tale of the South. By CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Philadelphia: A. Hunt. 1852.

Kenneth: A Romance of the Highlands. By G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Esq. H. Long & Brothers. 1852.

A Winter in Madeira, and a Summer in Spain and Florence. By Hon. JOHN A. DIX. 12mo, 380 pp. With fine Illustrations. Price \$1.

China and the English. By J. ABBOTT. Royal 18mo, 350 pp. Illuminated Title, and twenty fine Engravings. Price 75 cents. New-York: William Holdredge, 140 Fulton street.

The Use of Sunshine. By the authoress of the "Maiden Aunt." New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

Hood's Own. Selected Papers from the Writings of Thomas Hood. No. V. of Putnam's Semi-monthly Library. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1852.

Humanity in Miniature. 2 vols. Iximaya, Central America.

The title of this curious work is somewhat ambiguous; and the volumes themselves, although "lively oracles," are none the less "hard to be understood." Their authoress—although the originator of the most numerous library of the world, and even now producing, it is estimated, as many as sixty complete volumes in each sixty consecutive seconds of the day—seems to have given us the work whose title stands at the head of this article, more as a specimen of her powers, than as an index of what she is hereafter to do. These volumes, it is but fair to say, are of very recent origin; and yet, as if to bewilder antiquaries, they are of the most undoubted *black-letter*.

In other words, in the Aztec children, Nature has shown us a very curious phenomenon. Whether they are, or are not, a freak of that celebrated personage; or, on the other hand, an example of her handiwork confined within a narrow range, and capable of being indefinitely perpetuated; no one

can survey them without feelings of astonishment and of lively interest. It is of very little consequence from what quarter of the globe they originally came, although we may be pardoned for believing that they were really born and brought up in that wonderful country, long inhabited by a race now extinct, but whose idolatrous genius has peopled their land with misshapen statues and gigantic temples, the remains of which will survive to a very remote period of future time. Nor is it of greater importance that their age should be definitely known, and their genealogy distinctly traced back through a long series of generations. If we are content to regard them precisely as they are exhibited to us, unbiased by all previous and contradictory reports, we shall find ample room for the exercise of our curiosity, and, indeed, of our imaginative faculties.

We may remark, in passing, that any disparaging attacks upon the exhibition of these curious children seem to us to be malicious and unfair. The only doubt about the matter is concerning the truth or falsity of the narrative of their origin, and the manner in which they were obtained. About this there is unquestionably much room for speculation and argument, but we cannot therefore see the justice of passing by the real point of certainty; that is, the actual existence of the two diminutive, but very palpable *facts*, themselves; especially since the public have never been treated to a similar sight, and since candid spectators uniformly and unhesitatingly declare that their highest conceptions of them as curiosities are altogether exceeded by the *reality* itself.

The city of Iximaya, in which they are said to have originated, is one of those spots which lie hard upon the confines separating fable from certainty. While many intelligent travelers in Central America have never heard of it, others have mentioned its existence as beyond doubt. Among the latter is Stephens, who was informed by the Padre of Santa Cruz del Quiche that in his youth he had with much difficulty climbed to the naked summit of the Sierra of the Cordilleras, from which it was distinctly visible. The effect of this positive information is thus expressed by the distinguished traveler himself:

"The interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every-day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and a city exist, as Cortez and Alvarado found them. There are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; who can, perhaps, go to Copan, and read the inscriptions on its monuments. No subject more attractive and exciting presents itself to any mind; and the deep impression on my own mind will never be effaced."

For ourselves, we should like to witness a thorough investigation into the history and the physical and mental constitution of these curious little beings; not so much for any positive advantage which might ensue to themselves or to those who are concerned in exhibiting them, as for a regard to ethnological science. If philosophers

find it worth while to devote days to the study of the malformation of a muscle, or the abnormal condition of a vein, it surely would not be unreasonable to inquire into the history and the physiology of creatures so undoubtedly singular and rare as these pigmy children. We look some day for a statement concerning them which, on one side or the other, shall be beyond doubt or cavil.

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form a series of exploits not surpassed by any thing in the military history of the last sixty years. If the results are compared with the means; if the success of the campaign is weighed with the obstacles encountered, and the mighty realm added to the Union is contrasted with the limited resources at the General's command, and the difficulties with which he had to struggle: an unfriendly administration at home; a sea voyage of several days' length; a pestilential shore for the debarkation; lieutenants, some aspiring, some inexperienced, some jealous, hardly one coöperating with entire cordiality; an army renewed, so to say, on the march, and at last an enemy split up into fractions that seemed to make a treaty of peace impossible, for want of a power strong enough to carry a treaty into effect; when these difficulties are duly considered, the campaign in which General Scott conquered Mexico will bear a comparison with any in the Roman annals.

Nor is the General a mere fighter; far from it. He is a profoundly read strategist; he understands the science of his profession. In this respect, he probably excelled the noble-hearted Taylor, who accomplished every thing by his unerring *coup d'œil*, practical sense, and inborn heroism. But as an accomplished officer, Scott probably stands first in the military service of the country. Jackson was indeed "a thunderbolt of war." His power lay in his lion heart and indomitable will. Taylor's courage was softened with a woman's humanity, which embraced friend and foe in its comprehensive tenderness. Scott is as fearless as either; as resolute as either in the execution of his plans; as inflexible as Jackson; as humane as Taylor. But he contrives with a skill and works with a system not seen in the campaigns of Jackson, perhaps because the circumstances did not call for them. Jackson overwhelmed the enemy; Taylor successfully resisted him under perilous odds, and drove him back, broken and demoralized; Scott out-marched him, out-manceuvred him, out-generalled him before the battle, in the battle, and after the battle; swept his positions, conquered his troops, seized his capital, and dictated the terms of peace.

General Scott's career, like that of most of our officers, has been almost exclusively military, and has afforded him but little opportunity for civil service. Wherever the

opportunity has presented itself, as it did in his mission already referred to on the frontier of Canada and New-Brunswick, in 1837, he has shown himself prudent, wary, conciliatory, and a friend of peace. A chivalrous friendship, the seeds of which were planted on the bloody field of Bridgewater, subsisted between General Scott and the late Sir John Harvey, Governor of New-Brunswick, much to the benefit of the public.

The third of the distinguished Whigs from whom the candidate for the Presidency is to be selected is Daniel Webster, the only one of that illustrious triumvirate of great men who remains on the field of active service. Calhoun, Clay, Webster; how much of lofty talent, generous ambition, burning eloquence, political wisdom, tried fidelity in every variety of political service, is associated with these great names! sometimes acting in concert, oftener apart, not seldom in opposition, as far as the great Carolinian was concerned, yet always with lofty aim and mighty influence. One of them, having unfortunately lost the confidence of the country by false views of the true nature of our system, failed to attain the goal of his youthful ambition. He erred, but with a nature so lofty, that his memory, canonized in the hearts of his friends, is kindly cherished by the liberality of opponents. Another, faithful to the last, adorns with his gray hairs the halls of Congress. The voice which has so often shaped public opinion throughout the continent, will perhaps never again speak forth its all-persuasive accents to the hearts of the American people. His eye of fire no longer flashes across the Senate-chamber. But the homage of grateful thousands still surrounds him as with an atmosphere of affectionate awe. He, too, has failed of that prize so richly due to his talent, his services, and his patriotism. Base calumny, the jealousy of small men, the madness of party, the perversity of popular favor, have robbed him of the well-earned reward of a life of public-spirited effort.

The last of the great trio still sways the helm of state with a grasp of iron, putting to shame the vigor of a younger generation by the unimpaired energy of his Titanic intellect.

The Secretary of State is the senior of the three competitors; and if in other respects they stood on equal ground, he might claim the preference on this score. Mr. Fillmore,

it may be said, is yet comparatively a young man; the country expects many years of service from him. Should he be re-chosen President, his career will almost of necessity close in 1857, when he will be but fifty-seven years old. Fifteen or twenty years of active service, which he is capable of rendering the Union, will thus be lost.

Again, Mr. Fillmore, it is said, is now President, and recent usage, and public opinion, rapidly conforming to it, are establishing one term as the rule of the office. It is true Mr. Fillmore is not in the enjoyment of the honors of the Presidency for the whole of the term; but the credit of the position is not graduated by the precise number of years and months for which it is filled. The individual who has filled the Presidency for nearly three years, with honor to himself and advantage to the country, will be remembered by posterity as favorably as he who has filled it for four. Who knows whether Paulus Æmilius or Fabius Cunctator was Consul three times or four? Cicero was Consul but for a single year, and saved his country. Nor is it of importance to Mr. Fillmore's reputation that he is not now filling the Presidency by the primary election. The success with which he administers the office has turned the Vice-Presidency, not in name only, but in reality, into the Presidency. A reelection will add nothing to the honor with which his name will go down to posterity. Should he be brought forward in preference to Mr. Webster, it is too much to hope that the latter will be an available candidate in November, 1856; but should Mr. Fillmore now give way to Mr. Webster, he has still from twelve to twenty years of active life in fair expectation. These are arguments that must be candidly considered.

If length of previous service confers a claim to the last and highest honors of the republic, the political life of Mr. Webster covers nearly twice the space of Mr. Fillmore's; and, without detracting in the slightest degree from the honest fame of the latter, no statesman now on the theatre of active life can feel it a disparagement that the first place is assigned to Mr. Webster. Of living men, Mr. Clay alone is entitled to share the palm. In fact, we are fully persuaded that there is not an individual in the country who, on all occasions, does heartier justice to the transcendent merits of Mr. Webster than President Fill-

more. It is equally to the honor of both, that the delicate relation in which they have for some time stood to each other has neither interfered with their official coöperation nor impaired their personal friendship.

With respect to General Scott, we persuade ourselves that his generous ambition will yet feel its noble measure amply filled, by being placed upon an equality with the conqueror of Napoleon. Soon, in the course of nature, he will stand alone at the head of living warriors. He has reared a monument to his own name high as the Cordilleras, and bright as their sun-gilt peaks. What can the Presidency add to such a renown; what happiness can he promise himself from its load of unaccustomed cares? For ourselves, we have no doubt that he is capable, without an emotion of jealousy, of resigning the palm of civil service to either of his illustrious competitors, should it be so decided. We have never believed the General was seeking for the Presidency. As the kind-hearted Taylor said, "he had much rather Mr. Clay should be chosen than himself," we have no doubt General Scott, out of his own manly impulses, would cordially welcome Mr. Webster or Mr. Fillmore to the chair of state. Notwithstanding this, the aid of his military renown may be considered necessary by the Convention to make assurance doubly sure, and he may be required to make this sacrifice for his country.

Certainly there is no military man in the world whom we would rather see President than General Scott; but we entertain no doubt the gallant General himself would agree in the opinion, that the training and experience of the statesman form the proper preparatory discipline for high civil service. He will himself give ample proof of this, the very first day he enters upon the discharge of his duties, should he be elected. His first act will be to send the nomination of the members of his Cabinet to the Senate; and there is not the least doubt that every one of them, not excepting even the Secretary of War, will be a civilian. We will stake our lives upon it, that no length of military service, no preëminence of military talent, no brilliancy of military achievement would induce General Scott, as President of the United States, to name a brother officer for the Department of State. It is certain that habits of high command impart a noble firmness to the character, favorable

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THE AMERICAN REVIEW.

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FOR MAY, 1852.

THE PRESIDENCY.

ALTHOUGH the official election of President is to be made in November next, (if made by the popular vote,) the effective choice will take place in the course of the next two months, at the nominating Conventions. However objectionable in theory these extra-constitutional assemblies may be, they have their convenience, rather let us say, their necessity. They are a very important part of the machinery by which alone the preferences of a constituency composed of millions of voters, and scattered over a vast extent of country, can be concentrated. They have entirely taken the place of the old congressional caucus, which sank, never to be revived, under the odium of the attempted minority nomination of 1824. They are congenial with the habits of the people; they are approved by experience. It is not easy for any person to get the nomination of one of these National Conventions who does not, in point of fact, at the time enjoy the preference of the party to which he belongs. His popularity may spring up in the night like a mushroom; his nomination may take every body by surprise, and himself more than any body else, as Mr. Polk's did in 1844; but still, at the time and under the circumstances, the individual nominated is fairly entitled to be considered as the head of his party, and as their preference for the Presidency. There is something altogether in the spirit of the Union in these national

meetings, and they cannot but exert a salutary effect in resisting the unhappy centrifugal tendencies of the day.

It is rather a curious fact in the working of our political system, that the constitutional arrangement of the electoral colleges, which was intended to remove the choice of President and Vice-President from the direct action of the people, and place it in the hands of small bodies, meeting separately on the same day in the separate States, and who it was supposed would exercise an independent discretion, has wholly failed of the designed operation. It has worked well in other respects, and has some advantages over a direct popular election, but not those advantages which caused it to be adopted. On the other hand, these voluntary Conventions, which are wholly unknown to the Constitution, do, in an irregular but efficient way, powerfully influence the election. These are features of our system which foreigners cannot thoroughly comprehend. They show how much of the powers which actually govern great societies is exterior to the letter of the law. We have made a business of pointing them out, by way of impressing upon the public mind that the Conventions about to be held, however wanting in official character, are in reality of great moment. No Whig will have done his duty to his country who has not, within his sphere of action, done every thing in hi-

as defined in the noble passage cited the other day by Mr. Webster from the funeral discourse of Pericles, is a government in which the power has passed from the hands of the few to the hands of the majority; in other words, it is a government of the people, in distinction from a monarchy or an oligarchy. The Grecian democracies, being established in small states, were carried on by assemblies of the whole people; and the word Democracy is sometimes used to designate a government of this kind, as distinguished from a representative republic. We presume that our American Democracy do not wish to be regarded as enemies of that representative system which is established by our Constitution. It is not in *that* sense that they call themselves Democrats. If, by taking that name, they mean that their opponents are desirous of establishing an oligarchy or a monarchy, that the Democratic party are better friends than we are of popular representative government, we can only say that they give countenance to an electioneering calumny of the lowest order. No party is unfriendly to the representative republican system established by the Constitution. Although the two parties differ as to the interpretation of some of the provisions of the Constitution, and still oftener as to the proper mode of applying and executing provisions of which the purport itself is plain enough, yet no individual in the country has any better claim than his neighbor to be called a *democrat*, in the proper meaning of that term. It is not only true, as Mr. Jefferson said in 1801, that "we are all republicans," but it is equally true,—and the words, in fact, in our system mean the same thing,—"we are all democrats." It was in this true and proper sense that the venerable and persecuted pontiff, Pius VII, used the word, when, in the early years of the French Revolution, before a *democrat* of that country had assumed the *imperial purple*, he used an expression with which he was afterwards so unjustly reproached, "Be good Christians, and you will be good democrats." The sentiment, however misrepresented, is just; that equality of right which lies at the basis of the Christian religion is equally the corner-stone of popular government.

That we are right in this is sufficiently apparent from the following consideration. Many of the great Democratic leaders were

Federalists in their youth, or reared at the feet of Federal Gamaliels. Such is the case, to name no others, with General Cass and Mr. Buchanan. They are now very careful to designate themselves as Democrats. Do they mean that in former times they were friendly to an oligarchy or a monarchy? We presume not. Do they mean now that they are in favor of abolishing our constitutional representative system, and transacting the business of the Country in General Assembly of three or four millions of voters? This also is quite out of the question. They mean, therefore, that they are friends of popular representative government. In this sense they are Democrats; and Mr. Fillmore, and General Scott, and Mr. Webster are full as good Democrats. Neither General Cass nor Mr. Buchanan can name a single principle justly called Democratic—that is, essential or rightfully incidental to a popular representative system, and leading to the durability of republican government—which he more firmly believes or consistently acts upon than the great Whig leaders.

We might with truth go a step farther. It is notorious that the Democratic party (so called) has at all times been distinguished for its close adherence to party discipline; that is, it has at all times subjected the individuality, or, in other words, the liberty, of each and every citizen, to the iron rule of the collective whole, acting by some central organization. This is not true but false democracy, breathing under an honored name the spirit of despotism. The Whig party, on the contrary—that is, the Constitutional party, under the different names which it has borne since its present organization took place—has been far more notorious for those schisms and subdivisions; for those departures from the party track; for that proneness to adopt abstractions, which are the natural, honest, unavoidable results of independent thought on the part of independent men. When our Democratic brethren boast of their superior unity of idea and principle as a party, they simply boast that they sacrifice more than others to the dictation of the mass that right of thinking each for himself, which is the glory of our nature either as freemen or rational beings.

We now proceed to make a few remarks upon the three individuals, upon one of whom the nomination of the Convention

will unquestionably fall as the Whig candidate for the Presidency.

The course of President Fillmore has been such as to win for him a richer harvest of sound popularity than was perhaps ever acquired by a public man in so short a time. He came to the chair of state on the lamented decease of General Taylor, with favorable antecedents, it is true, but without the *prestige* of dazzling talents or a great name. A great and providential calamity called him to the head of affairs, and this at a most critical and dangerous juncture. He took the helm with unaffected diffidence and modest self-possession; surrounded himself with the ablest councillors whose services, in the disjointed state of the party, he was able to command, and placed at the head of his administration the individual who, by all confession, stood first in the number, first in the confidence of the friends of the Union. These were steps to be taken in the first days of the great change, and with less time for deliberation than a man usually gives to the purchase of a farm or the preparation of a law case. But all was done by President Fillmore with the unembarrassed promptitude which is good sense in action. At the same time, a course of policy on subjects of the most exciting and difficult nature was to be marked out, which would carry the ship of state in safety through the tempest. This also was promptly, unostentatiously, and successfully done. The most difficult questions at home and abroad have been met; domestic quiet, when greatly menaced, has been preserved; the foreign relations of the country have been conducted with a spirit and discretion never surpassed; and no administration of the country, however strongly supported in Congress, has carried on the government with an easier and firmer march than President Fillmore, with a majority of both Houses against him.

It is not to be wondered at, under these circumstances, that he should in many parts of the country be looked to as a candidate for reelection. The principle on which his nomination has been favored in a private letter of Mr. Clay, which (probably against the intention of the distinguished writer) has been given to the public, is a natural suggestion. It has been said, in reply to it, that to prefer an individual as a candidate for the Presidency because he has been tried in *that office*, is to turn it into a life-tenure.

If that is the test of fitness, how is a new man ever to come in? This is a principle which Louis Napoleon, once in power, would probably favor; but rotation in office is the republican principle. Thus much is true, that a candidate who has been tried, and found competent, is to be preferred to one who has not been tried, nor given proof of his fitness in the Presidency or in any other office. This is true, or rather it is a truism too obvious to require illustration. But certainly the Presidency itself cannot be the only adequate school for the Presidency. The proposition is a contradiction in terms. The Department of State is a test of fitness quite as satisfactory as the Presidency; perhaps more so, as being even more than the Presidency a working office. It was in this office that Mr. Clay himself gave the most satisfactory proof of his fitness for the Chief Magistracy. If the friends of Mr. Monroe had insisted in 1824 in running him for a third term, on the ground that he had given two-fold proof of fitness by two successful administrations, they would have carried conviction to the minds of few of the supporters of the candidates before the people, Mr. Clay himself being one of them. We do not, however, refer to this view as at all dissenting from the opinion that President Fillmore has been tried, and found eminently fit for the office. Should the choice of the Convention fall upon him, he has shown that he deserves, as we have no doubt he will receive, the support of every patriotic Whig; and he has given the most satisfactory foretaste of a wise, conciliatory, and successful administration.

The second candidate of the Whig party is General Winfield Scott. He owes, of course, his chief eminence to his brilliant military talent and success. We are disposed to regard him as the most consummate military chieftain of the day. His services in the war of 1812, and in Black Hawk's war in 1833, had given him a high professional reputation. Services less brilliant, but perhaps more important, on the North-eastern and Canadian frontier, in 1837, had raised him still higher in the opinion of men whose judgment is not carried away by success in the field. His conduct in the late Mexican war is beyond all praise. It is no exaggeration to say that his landing at Vera Cruz, his battles, his victorious march, his triumphant entrance into the city of Mexico,

form a series of exploits not surpassed by any thing in the military history of the last sixty years. If the results are compared with the means; if the success of the campaign is weighed with the obstacles encountered, and the mighty realm added to the Union is contrasted with the limited resources at the General's command, and the difficulties with which he had to struggle: an unfriendly administration at home; a sea voyage of several days' length; a pestilential shore for the debarkation; lieutenants, some aspiring, some inexperienced, some jealous, hardly one coöperating with entire cordiality; an army renewed, so to say, on the march, and at last an enemy split up into fractions that seemed to make a treaty of peace impossible, for want of a power strong enough to carry a treaty into effect; when these difficulties are duly considered, the campaign in which General Scott conquered Mexico will bear a comparison with any in the Roman annals.

Nor is the General a mere fighter; far from it. He is a profoundly read strategist; he understands the science of his profession. In this respect, he probably excelled the noble-hearted Taylor, who accomplished every thing by his unerring *coup d'œil*, practical sense, and inborn heroism. But as an accomplished officer, Scott probably stands first in the military service of the country. Jackson was indeed "a thunderbolt of war." His power lay in his lion heart and indomitable will. Taylor's courage was softened with a woman's humanity, which embraced friend and foe in its comprehensive tenderness. Scott is as fearless as either; as resolute as either in the execution of his plans; as inflexible as Jackson; as humane as Taylor. But he contrives with a skill and works with a system not seen in the campaigns of Jackson, perhaps because the circumstances did not call for them. Jackson overwhelmed the enemy; Taylor successfully resisted him under perilous odds, and drove him back, broken and demoralized; Scott out-marched him, out-manceuvred him, out-generalled him before the battle, in the battle, and after the battle; swept his positions, conquered his troops, seized his capital, and dictated the terms of peace.

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opportunity has presented itself, as it did in his mission already referred to on the frontier of Canada and New-Brunswick, in 1837, he has shown himself prudent, wary, conciliatory, and a friend of peace. A chivalrous friendship, the seeds of which were planted on the bloody field of Bridgewater, subsisted between General Scott and the late Sir John Harvey, Governor of New-Brunswick, much to the benefit of the public.

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to the vigorous discharge of any great public trust. No countryman of Washington need hesitate to admit that the same individual may unite the highest capacity for civil and military service. But, with the exception of Washington, it cannot be said that the experience of the country is favorable to the selection of military Presidents. We appeal to intelligent and patriotic Democrats, whether they regard the administration of General Jackson as a model for a constitutional Democratic Presidency. They were of course well pleased, as party men, to have General Jackson's conquering sword thrown into their scale, (as we confess we shall be in this case, if it is necessary;) but we are sure they would not, as citizens having a stake in the community, hold up the official habits of the fiery champion to the imitation of the young men of the country. As Whigs, with all our respect for the memory of General Taylor—and we believe him to have been as true a patriot, as honest a man, as clear-headed a magistrate as ever lived—we are free to say, that if the forty years which he passed on the frontier and in the camp had been passed in the usual gradations of civil service, he would have come to the Presidency better qualified for the duties of his office.

There are certain great qualities of character which are alike required for eminent success in civil and military life. In consequence of the possession of these qualities, it has happened that military men have sometimes shone in places of high civil trust; and also, but more rarely, that civilians have earned laurels in the field. Lord Clive—a youthful scapegrace—went to India as a cadet in the civil service of the Company, and came back the founder of the British empire in the East. Dr. Joseph Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was chosen a major-general by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts at the commencement of the Revolution. The manner in which he met his death, although it has conferred undying fame on the man, deprived his country of the services of the officer. We believe that the office of commander-in-chief was offered by President Madison to Mr. Clay in the war of 1812, under the impression that his lofty spirit, his versatility, his energy of character and unrivalled power over the minds of other men, would supply the place of military education; but he, no doubt with wisdom, de-

clined the dangerous honor. He knew better where his strength lay. Mr. Polk, in the Mexican War, was resolutely bent upon conferring the office of lieutenant-general, and the command of all the troops in Mexico, upon a senator whose life, since 1814, has been exclusively passed in civil service. Mr. Polk said, "Shall we allow Whig generals to reap that field of glory?" Governor Marcy answered, "But if we fail, will not the people ascribe it to the appointment of a civilian over the heads of these great Whig generals?" However favorably we may think of the force of character and competence for new and difficult duty on the part of the statesman referred to, it was probably best for his fame and the service of the country, that President Polk found it impossible to carry his project into effect. We imagine it will be found, on a careful examination of the cases in which military chieftains have succeeded in civil life, and civilians in war, that there has been a fitness rather for the *crisis* than the *work*. There may be eminent adaptation of temper and character for a difficult juncture of affairs, civil or military, which will supply the want of fitness for the peculiar *duties* of the office. There cannot surely be a doubt that, as a general rule, there is an appropriate training for every department of service.

The President, it is true, is the commander-in-chief both of the naval and military force of the country. Except in time of war, this is of course nominal; in time of war, the President, unless a military man, would never think of taking the field in person. If, being a military man, he should assume himself the command of the army, it would be a suspension of the civil duties of his office, for the performance of which some other provision would have to be made. The essential duties of the office are those of the civilian. Its traditions, its experience belong to the civil service. The knowledge of men and of things required for its current duties, is of the same kind, and can only be gained by actual experience of affairs. Our foreign relations furnish a considerable portion of the subjects upon which a President, often with no great time for deliberation, must make up a practical judgment. Whoever thinks that this is a branch of duty easily compassed by any clear-headed man, may learn better by casting his eye over Mr. Jefferson's correspondence with the French and

English Envoys in 1793. Sixty years have since elapsed, each charged with its facts and discussions; all which must be remembered and applied for the safe and satisfactory disposal of the questions which are daily springing up. Profound ignorance of the political history of the country, of the dangerous crises through which we have passed, and the principles which guided the statesmen of the preceding generation, is one cause of the flippancy which all trained statesmanship is now derided. It is plain that the Chief Magistrate who has not made a study of the great questions which have from time to time been discussed and settled, and of the negotiations and treaties connected with them, must be incapable of instructing his Secretary of State, and, in fact, compelled to give himself up to the dictation of that Department.

Nor is the amount and variety of domestic business which devolves on the President, almost all of which pertains to the civil service, less formidable. He must be conversant with the mighty circle of our public interests; with every thing connected with the territorial, economical, and federal relations of the country, all of which are constantly presenting questions that await his decision. Whatever policy prevails in Congress, the President must understand both sides of every question, as well in its principles as its history: commerce; manufactures; fisheries; public lands; the native tribes; great interests coëxtensive with the continent; the civil administration of the Army and Navy; the Post Office; the finances; the movement of the population; in fact, the entire action of the constitutional system of the country. It would require some months' hard study to master the topic of the boundary questions which have arisen between neighboring States; a subject surely of which a President would not be ignorant. It is more and more the practice to force disputed accounts upon the President's attention. It is said that bewildered or weary auditors, or sturdy debtors of the public, cast the burden of camels' loads of vouchers on his Atlantean shoulders. Odds and ends of every other Department gravitate to the White House. The location of a hospital; a dispute about precedence in rank; the plan of an enlargement of the Capitol; a Treasury circular to the Custom House; the site of a Western armory; the lease of a Circuit

Court-room, all rush to him, repelled by the centrifugal force of local or subordinate authorities chary of assuming responsibility. Fifteen hundred applicants for the Military Academy demand a careful consideration of their claims. Quirès of evidence must be read through by the President before a mail-robber, found guilty by a jury, can be sent to the Penitentiary. And then the never-ending, still-beginning tribulations of the appointing power. The politics of every State and capital, and of every great city, wheel within wheel, to be carefully studied before a District Judge, or a Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, can be sent to the Senate. A mail-bag of letters must be daily read through; and a host of personal applicants patiently heard and civilly answered. In addition to all this is a correspondence with the four quarters of the country, which requires a heart of oak and a hand of iron.

Such, without assuming any difficult or embarrassing juncture of affairs, are the ordinary duties of the Presidential office. What must they not be in times of peculiar difficulty? What, when inexperience of affairs is added to them? Even Churubusco would be preferable to this. The greedy army of office-seekers charging round the corner of President's Square, would carry dismay to the heart for which the Molino del Rey had no terrors. A President of the United States is not permitted to force his way through the troubles and burdens of office, as the victorious general forces his march through the enemy's country. He can wield no weapons but those of long-suffering patience; and if he would not discredit himself, he must perform all his duties, multifarious and distracting as they are, with a calm dignity befitting the nation's head.

It is plain not only that civil experience but long training in that school must be the best preparation for such a course of duty and such a round of employment. The nonsense of "Young America" (a cast garment, as usual, already out of fashion in Europe) does not deserve a refutation; it is a childish impeachment of the common sense of mankind. That there are moments in affairs—occasions in peace and war—when good service can be rendered by the impetuous fervor of the young and unreflecting, guided by cooler heads than their own, is no doubt true. But seriously to pretend that the most arduous as well as the most honorable

office in the world—the most complicated and laborious, as well as the most responsible trust in human affairs—stands in no need of the lights of experience and the wisdom of years; that youthful, uninstructed fervor is the only thing needful for the successful administration of a government, is as false in principle as it is coarse and low in the language in which it is usually maintained. For the sake of jostling off the stage some of the most honored citizens, and urging the pretensions of men who have yet to establish their claims to public confidence, the memory of nearly every one of the most revered patriots who have ever taken part in the government is daily insulted. For it must be remembered that Washington and Franklin, and Samuel and John Adams, and Jefferson and Madison, and Monroe and Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, and Taylor, would be all involved in the proscription with which it is now proposed to visit some of the best-established reputations in the United States.

The importance of long experience in affairs has, in the best days of the republic, been a governing consideration in the selection of candidates for the Presidency. General Washington, as the first President under the Constitution, and standing alone in other respects, was selected on somewhat different grounds. The system was new; no one more than another was practically acquainted with it. Washington was designated on grounds far transcending all common prudential regards; but not without having given, in a long career of service, both civil and military, ample proof that he was first in peace as well as first in war. John Adams, his successor, after having served in the Provincial Legislature of Massachusetts Bay, was a member of the first Revolutionary Congress of 1774, and from that time till he was chosen President, in December, 1796, had never been for an hour unemployed in the civil service of the country. In like manner, Jefferson had been a member of the Assembly of Virginia, a member of the Revolutionary Congress, Governor of his native State, Commissioner to revise her laws, Minister to France, Secretary of State, and Vice-President. Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Van Buren ran through the same or a similar career. After long and various experience in civil life, at home and abroad, they succeeded to the Presi-

dency, and filled it for nine out of the fourteen terms since Washington's retirement.

In fact, we regard it as permanently and vitally important to the country that a principle so sound, so reasonable, so consonant to the judgment of mankind in other things, should not be departed from. We are afraid it is not enough considered that there is no magical power in written constitutions of government to enforce themselves; they depend upon the hold they have upon the respect of the people; and by a law of our natures, they cease to be respected as soon as they cease to be administered on principle. The organization of the executive power has been the weak point in the constitution of all free governments. Here the disorders of the body politic have commenced; here the poison has found its first entrance into the system. In almost every state of ancient or modern times, the attempt to establish an elective chief magistracy, freely chosen by the people, has been despairingly abandoned. Some form of the hereditary principle has been acquiesced in as a matter of necessity. Men have submitted to any thing and every thing which has promised them relief from the eternal conflict of impatient aspirants. The Constitution of the United States has thrown itself, in this respect, frankly and boldly on the good sense and patriotism of the people, and made provision for the periodical choice of the Chief Magistrate, on a footing not far removed from universal suffrage. For sixty years the event has justified the reliance which was placed by the framers of the Constitution on the intelligence and discretion of the masses. Without appeals to arms or physical force in any other form; without convulsions of the body politic, or even alarming agitations of the public mind; with conflicts of opinion generally kept within moderate bounds, and always with loyal acquiescence in the expressed will of the majority, we have gone through sixteen Presidential elections since the adoption of the Constitution. France in the same period has, in her attempts to organize the executive power on some principle of popular choice, (generally most delusive in its manifestation,) gone through that number of revolutionary changes. In the major part of our elections, the best men have been chosen; and in nearly all of them, making allowance for party bias, the principle of

superior qualification and paramount claim has been honestly adhered to. This has been the palladium of our safety. This has preserved us from the extremity of political intrigue, from corruption, and from the various forms of usurpation which, under the name of *coup d'état*, have been elsewhere raised up into a kind of supplement to the Constitution. Parties have ever felt that it was in vain to bring forward candidates whose claims would not stand the test of a searching discussion on the broad ground of qualification. Considerable mistakes as to individuals have been made; prejudice and passion have had their day; patriots of the purest renown have been passed over; inferior claims have been recognized; but deference has never been withheld from the principle that merit, qualification, and experience in the public service are the ground of preference.

These considerations, all will admit, are not to be lightly regarded. They may be, as they have been, waived temporarily, as an expedient to prevent a greater evil, to wit, the election of a man whose whole theory of the administration of the government is false and destructive, when the one in whose favor they are waived is so sound and consistent as General Scott, and whose life has exhibited such moderation and discretion in the management of whatever has been intrusted to him.

Still, it cannot be denied that any abandonment of this principle is fraught with danger to the public weal; danger rendered the more imminent, in proportion as its true nature and tendency may be overlooked, under strong temptations to depart from the true principle of choice. If any lower test than that of the greatest fitness, the largest experience, the most thoroughly proved capacity, is adopted; if supposed availability, instead of being a subsidiary recommendation, not to be overlooked, is made the exclusive ground of selection, transferring the choice in effect from the sober judgment to the excited feelings of the people; if bril-

liant military success is allowed to transcend any length and amount of experience in the civil service of the country, and the chief magistracy of the United States becomes, like a Roman triumph, the appendage of a victorious campaign, then our government will be but nominally elective; the faith of the people in Republicanism will be destroyed; and eventually our elections, like those which we have witnessed in France, will become popular shams, thinly veiling real usurpation. The Presidency will become a military tribunate, with consular power; we shall have wars that we may have heroes, and then new wars to decide the claims of rival pretenders; and the choice here, as elsewhere, will be recorded in letters of blood.

We plead, however, for principles and not for men. Mr. Webster, on the score of years, of longer experience, of a more comprehensive acquaintance with the great interests of the country, and of talent and statesmanship, is allowed to stand first among the candidates from whom the selection is to be made. Mr. Fillmore has *demonstrated* his fitness; General Scott has the prestige of military fame.

All-important as union is to the success of the cause, some disaffection must be expected on the part of the friends of the individual competitors. Which of the three will cause the least disaffection; that is, who will be the second choice of the great body whose first choice is divided upon the other two? This, we conceive, is the great point. We have already professed what we sincerely feel, an exalted respect for each of the candidates. Whichever of the three is nominated will be, in our judgment, entitled to the cordial support of the Whig party. With this support, with a generous unity of action, there is a cheering prospect of success. Without it, defeat is sure. It will be the duty of the Convention to explore with diligence the state of the public mind, and give the nomination to the candidate most likely to command undivided support upon the solid ground of principle.

CELEBRATED LECTURERS IN PARIS.

COUSIN—GUIZOT.

M. Cousin is justly regarded as the greatest philosopher of France. With him may be said to have begun, by him to have been almost created, the genuine and perfect Eclectic Philosophy. If M. Cousin, in fact, is not strictly the originator of this school, his bold and vast additions to it give him the best claim to that title; and he is, therefore, the most perfect type of the present state of intellectual philosophy in France—of the doctrine so justly called eclectic, which professes to embody and reconcile the soundest portions of all other philosophical systems. His eminence and celebrity are not confined to profound science or power of disquisition; he is no less distinguished as a professor, an orator, and, more than all, as a great writer, whose eloquent and always refined style has won him universal admiration. "Of all nations in the world," says the eminent critic, Mr. Morell, in the *Edinburgh Review*, "the French are among the greatest masters of prose; and of all their prose writers, scarcely any one can be said to excel Cousin in power of expression and perfect finish of style."

It is not our purpose here to present a full analysis of his philosophical doctrines; it would be out of place in such a sketch; we intend chiefly to consider M. Cousin as an eloquent professor and lecturer.

The tide of the sensualist philosophy which, in the second half of the eighteenth century, had almost inundated France, and wrought a sensible impression both upon its literature and its practical life, seemed to have reached its height, to have spent itself, and come to a temporary resting-place after the opening of the present century. A reflux was in fact then preparing. The promoters and leaders of this reaction were three men, who have given to the philosophic world remarkable works, and left highly respected names: Laromiguière, Maine de Biran, and Royer-Collard. The latter, gifted with a peculiar talent of lucid exposition,

both as a lecturer and a writer, renewed, with great vigor and success, against Condillac the objections which Reid had directed, with so much good sense and force, against Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, the representatives of the empiricism or skepticism in England. To his translation of Reid, and to his *fragments philosophiques*, may be attributed the introduction of the Scottish philosophy into France; whilst it is especially to him, and latterly to Jouffroy, that the Scottish philosophy is indebted for a full acknowledgment of its merits, and for the high and increasing estimation in which its doctrines are now held on the Continent.

It was under the guidance of these three superior minds that the early philosophical education of M. Cousin was begun and completed. Brought up under their direct influence, he was not subjected to the necessity of painfully working himself out of the intricacies of ideology by an effort, which might have impaired, or at least embarrassed, the natural vigor and aspirations of his mind; and hence may be deduced the high-soaring ability which distinguished his lectures, when, at the age of only *twenty-three*, he entered on his career as a public professor. A favorite pupil of Royer-Collard, M. Cousin was selected by him as the most worthy expounder of his philosophical principles, and intrusted with the chair of Philosophy in the Faculté des Lettres of Paris.

In December, 1815, the young professor delivered his first lecture. The audience was large and select, and many among the hearers might have wondered at the appearance of so young a man, appointed to discourse on a matter so difficult and grave as philosophy. But the audience was not disappointed. The young professor proved himself deserving of his master's confidence, and then auspiciously commenced the first period of his lectures. His veneration for the teacher whose footsteps he had now to follow, the reputation which the doctrines of

Reid were then enjoying, as being the most energetic protest against the skeptical theories lately in fashion, all concurred to make "the philosophy of common sense" the starting-point of his career. But soon, his mind, naturally acute and enterprising, carried him farther. Excited by reports of new and fruitful philosophical systems beyond the Rhine, he made at different times journeys of discovery into Germany. He met, by chance, at Heidelberg, Hegel, a clever disciple of Schelling, whose philosophy was then in the zenith of its glory; of Hegel, still a young man, Cousin conceived the highest opinion. On his return, he gave, during the session of 1818, a highly interesting course of lectures, based upon the ideas of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, the probable result of his intercourse with the philosophers of Germany. We will quote a short passage only from one of these lectures:

"The idea of the beautiful is as inherent in the human spirit as that of the useful or that of the just. Question yourself before a vast and tranquil sea, before mountains with harmonious contours, before the noble or graceful face of man or woman, or when in contemplation of some trait of heroic devotion! Once struck with the idea of the beautiful, man seizes upon it, disengages it, extends it, purifies it in his thought. But all that is real is mixed and imperfect. All real beauty, whatever it may be, fades before the ideal of beauty which it reveals. What does man do then? He reconstructs the objects which had given him the idea of beauty upon this idea itself, and makes them still more beautiful. Instead of stopping at the sterile contemplation of the ideal, he creates for this ideal a new nature, which reflects beauty in a manner much more transparent than primitive nature. The beauty of art is as much superior to natural beauty as man is superior to nature."

During another session, he made the works of Kant the object of his study, and gave a detailed exposition of the "Critique of pure Reason," together with a running estimate of its merits and defects. These lectures have a peculiar stamp; not only the matter—and it was a difficult one—is felicitously arranged, but it is reproduced with remarkable acuteness of mind, and expressed in a language fervid, precise, and full of clearness and elegance.

A sudden change of circumstances now interrupted the course of these lectures. Since the opening of 1820, a political reaction had set in. The government not only curtailed the liberty of the press, but

also determined to fetter the freedom of public instruction; and M. Cousin, being suspected of liberalism, was silenced at the Faculté des Lettres, as also were Messrs. Guizot and Villemain. A short time after, under the Jesuit ascendancy, the *École Normale* itself was suppressed. His public duties being thus suspended, M. Cousin devoted himself in his retirement to new philosophical studies and works. He commenced a complete translation of Plato, with introductions, notes, and other elucidations for a critical study of the Platonic philosophy. He studied especially Germany and German thought. It opened a new world to him. In one of his journeys, he met, through the over-zealous and blundering officials of German police, an unpleasant adventure. Being of liberal opinions, he had become an object of suspicion; his steps were watched; and he was accused of visiting Germany for the purpose of promoting rebellion against the government. He was therefore arrested at Dresden, and conveyed a prisoner to Berlin. However, after some months' confinement, he was honorably released. During his detention, he had the advantage of enjoying the constant society of Hegel, Schleiermacher, and their followers, for Berlin was then famous for its school of philosophy, and these were its two greatest thinkers. Could he now safely revisit Germany, under the *amiable régime* which there prevails? We are not quite sure.

Years rolled on. At the end of 1827, M. de Martignac became Prime Minister, the policy of the government assumed a more liberal tone, and M. Cousin, in common with Guizot and Villemain, was restored to his original position at the Faculté des Lettres. We were present at his first lecture. We recollect still his grave, modest, but steady countenance, when he said:

"Gentlemen, I cannot suppress my deep emotion in finding myself again in this chair, to which, in 1815, I was called by the choice of my illustrious master and friend, M. Royer-Collard. The first strokes of a power which no longer exists drove me hence: I am happy and proud to reappear to-day, with the return of the constitutional hopes of France; [applause;] and my gratitude and loyalty constrain me to thank publicly my country, the king, and the new administration." [Applause.]

The delivery of these lectures excited an extraordinary sensation in Paris. The splendor with which he recommenced his public course, more than justified the expectations

which his recent reputation as a writer, and the memory of his earlier lectures, had inspired. This period, indeed, must be looked upon as forming the zenith of his renown as professor of philosophy. Two thousand auditors listened in admiration to the eloquent exposition of those German doctrines, at first unintelligible to the many, but soon after widely adopted and diffused through the celebrity and talents of the Professor; and when we consider that these lectures were accompanied by contemporaneous courses under Guizot and Villemain, which were listened to with equal ardor and enthusiasm, and excited in Paris, and throughout France, an interest and sensation quite unexampled since the days of Abelard, we can hardly fail to regard the whole as forming in itself the most remarkable era in the literary history of France.

These lectures were in themselves of superior merit and beauty. They united, in a high degree, fulness and depth of learning, acuteness of judgment, sober criticism of the psychological school, with occasional flights into the higher regions of metaphysical analysis, clear and striking classification of systems, with brief glimpses into the interior of almost every school, or a full exposition of a great work, the "Essay on the Human Understanding," for instance, upon which he said almost all that ever need be said. This relates to the substantial merit for which students and readers naturally seek; but for the auditors, there was another merit, which they highly relished. It was the singular attraction, nay, the fascination, with which the manner, the delivery, the fine voice of the orator—for M. Cousin speaking of philosophy was an orator—invested these lectures. He generally appeared at his chair with a grave and dignified countenance, as if he emerged from his room after hours of deep meditation. He began in a calm and grave tone, entered into disquisition or exposition, set forth his arguments, and, gradually warming with the interest and grandeur of certain subjects, he appeared, as it were, almost transfigured before the eyes, the growing admiration, and bursts of enthusiasm of the audience. Then, every thing from him and about him was eloquent; his grave but impassioned countenance, the sparkling fire of his eye, the vehemence of his gestures, the vibrating, sometimes thundering accents of his voice,

his splendid and powerful language, which thrilled through the ears and the minds of the audience, enraptured in the spell and lost in admiration!

It may be said that there was too much rhetoric and oratory for calm and philosophic statement, however admirable might be the metaphysical improvisation; that greatness in philosophy consists chiefly, nay, wholly, in dialectical subtlety, in the pertinacious carrying forward of logical deductions, in deeply meditated, forcibly convincing, but not oratorical exposition of doctrines or appreciation of systems. We relate what we saw and heard; but it must not be forgotten that lecturers before mixed audiences are prone, and even unconsciously carried away to indulge in dramatic effect; that this manner was eminently congenial to the taste and feelings of the people, and that the display of eloquence was only upon certain subjects quite appropriate to it, and the philosophic disquisition in the main full and substantial. "Cousin's metaphysics," justly says Mr. Morrell, "are as much the metaphysics of the poet as of the logician; and, indeed, we should rejoice if our verbal disputants and critics would but attempt for once to give to their philosophical ideas that life and power and practical effect which are so characteristic of Cousin, before they venture to reiterate their contempt." The remark hits the point. Has Plato ever, seriously and successfully, been reproached for having displayed the luxuriant poetry, the splendid eloquence, which grace his philosophic disquisitions?

These lectures were given during three successive sessions, from December, 1827, to the spring of 1830.

"Hereafter," says the professor in the last, "I shall again seek out the spiritualistic school; I shall examine it in itself, and I shall turn against it, against its sublime errors and its mystical tendencies, the solid arms which the good sense of empiricism and of skepticism shall furnish me."

The revolution of 1830 prevented this project. What he would have done in regard to transcendental idealism may be seen by what he did in 1820, in regard to apparent or real idealism, but certainly much tempered by the philosophy of Königsburg.

A noble field was then opened for men of letters and liberal opinions. Two of his contemporary professors, Guizot and Villemain, entered boldly upon the political arena.

Cousin remained faithful to philosophy, and devoted himself to the improvement of the *Ecole Normale* and the reorganization of the entire system of public instruction. In 1832, he was raised to the peerage, and, though urged to take a more direct part in political affairs, he appeared but rarely in the debates, and chiefly in connection with the laws relative to public instruction. When, in 1840, he joined the Cabinet, it was as Minister of Instruction. He held the office only eight months, but long enough to introduce a vast number of reforms, which afterwards were included in a volume. Meanwhile he carried on his philosophical or literary labors, and in 1846 he commenced the entire edition of his original works, of which five series are published already.* Here shine in a high degree of excellence the extensive scholarship, the originality or depth of thought, the grace of classical composition, the power of irresistible eloquence, which distinguish M. Cousin as a student, a philosopher, an historian, an orator, and a great writer.

Of these series of lectures, the second is the most important, and is likely to be the most popular. It contains the lectures given from 1827 to 1830 with so much splendor and success, and a full exposition of Cousin's philosophy. It is a work of extraordinary merit and beauty, in fact, his great philosophical work, and has received his last revision and correction. Whoever wishes to make himself acquainted with the Eclectic School, which we may call emphatically the philosophy of modern France, which is fast becoming the dominant philosophy of the nineteenth century, and seems destined to mark a new era in the annals of human intelligence, must study this production of its founder and ablest teacher. The first volume contains a luminous summary of Cousin's views in regard to humanity and history; the second, a connected account of

the history of philosophy from the earliest times; the third, a complete analysis of Locke, in twelve full lectures, in which the "Essay on the Human Understanding" is thoroughly examined with a sound and independent spirit of criticism, though it may look perhaps severe to those who have read and studied only that philosophy. But we live in an age of free thinking, of high and spiritual aspirations, and we must pay an earnest attention to the free and eloquent opinions from the other side of the ocean; the more so, that the American mind is still, and perhaps too much, flowing, for the most part, in utilitarian channels.

A fine opportunity of becoming acquainted with this admirable work of the great philosopher of France now presents itself. A translation has just come out from the pen of Mr. O. W. Wight.* He says modestly in his preface:

"It is hardly necessary to repeat here what has often been observed, that it is very difficult to translate accurately from so flexible a language as the French into English. The constant aim of the translator has been to give no more, no less, than the thought of Cousin. The style of the original, so far as the peculiarities of the two languages would permit, has been followed. How far successful these efforts may have been, is left for those to say who are qualified to judge." We have perused the greatest part of this translation, and extracted our short quotations from it. It is really a valuable present to the many earnest thinkers among us who are determined to fathom every system, who desire that Americans shall equal all other nations in sound speculation, in scholarship, in literature, as they now excel all others in political institutions, commerce, and the useful arts. To the young men of America, who are certainly not behind the young men of France in spirit and energy of thought, this translation is especially addressed and intrusted, and, we will add, will prove eminently interesting and useful. The translator says that other portions of Cousin's works are ready for the press, the publication of which will depend upon the success

* I. Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne, par M. Victor Cousin 5 vols. Paris, 1846.

II. Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne. 2^e série. 3 vols. Paris, 1847.

III. Fragments Philosophiques pour faire suite aux Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie. 4 vols. Paris, 1847.

IV. Œuvres de M. Victor Cousin. 4^e série, Littérature. 3 vols. Paris, 1849.

V. Œuvres de M. Victor Cousin. 5^e série. Instruction Publique en France, sous le Gouvernement de Juillet. Paris, 1850.

* Course of the History of Modern Philosophy, by M. Victor Cousin, translated by O. W. Wight. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton and Co., 200 Broadway.

of these volumes. It is our earnest wish and confident hope that they will meet with sufficient success to enable the Messrs. Appleton to give us shortly, in the same beautiful style, for which they deserve great credit, a part at least of the other series.

To sum up, Philosophy is and will ever remain one of the loftiest pursuits of the human mind, a noble, a divine science. The anarchy that has marked its progress during this age, is the necessary consequence of manifold investigations; they will finally terminate in the universal establishment of one sole philosophical doctrine. If historical truth be pursued in so many various ways, if different versions be given of an age, of a fact, and science of facts, it cannot be expected that intellectual philosophy should emerge at once, formed, perfect, and immutable. Let us conclude with Madame de Staël's definition of philosophy, for it is one succinct and clear, full of beauty and scientific truth: "Philosophy is the perfection of thought; it attests the dignity of man, who is competent to inquire into the eternal and the invisible, although all that is gross in his nature conspires to unfit him for such contemplations."

II.—GUIZOT.

THE name of M. Guizot has a far-spread celebrity. As an eminent professor, historian, orator, and statesman, he has been before the public eye nearly forty years. As a Minister, during the greatest part of the reign of Louis Philippe, he played an influential rôle. Throughout his career, his labors have been considerable, his talents brilliant, and displayed in various ways; but his best titles to eminence and reputation are to be found especially in the lectures of which we intend to speak, and in two or three historical works, which we will analyze.

M. Guizot is, in our age, a striking illustration of what can be accomplished by persevering industry, learning, and cultivated genius. He was born at Nismes, of Protestant parents, and, when scarcely seven years old, lost his father, in 1794, on the revolutionary scaffold. Very early, he was sent to Geneva, (Switzerland,) to pursue his classical studies; and in that school, where are happily blended the principles of the English, French, and German education, he

devoted himself with great ardor to the acquisition of knowledge. Besides the Greek and the Latin, he thoroughly learned the four living and most important languages, the English, the German, the Spanish, and Italian, so as to be able not only to read, but to speak them fluently. Being poor, and aspiring to distinction, he went early to Paris to study the law, but, at the same time, to perfect his studies and open a way to fortune. There he became acquainted with M. Stapfer, formerly Minister for Switzerland in Paris; a man of high attainments, and especially conversant with the philosophy and critical lore of Germany. He found in this family not only a paternal reception, but the means of extending his information by social intercourse with the most distinguished savants of the day. In 1812, at the age of only twenty-five, he was nominated, by the kind favor of M. de Fontanes, then *Grand-Maître* (President) of the Imperial University, Professor of Modern History at the Faculty of Letters in Sorbonne. The preferment itself was a high distinction, but also a delicate experiment. To be intrusted with such a professorship at the age of twenty-five, seemed somewhat hazardous, even to the friends of the young man. It must be recollected that in France, as we said in our first article, an appointment to the College of France or the Sorbonne is granted only to men of genuine and public reputation, and who have given proofs of talent and superior acquirements, either in science or literature. But in this case, M. Guizot fully answered the kind expectation of M. de Fontanes, as well as the claims of public opinion. In order to give his lectures authority and character, he left entirely aside historical books at second-hand, and applied himself only to the study of original sources of history. He deeply immersed himself in the chronicles, annals, and original books of each age, so as to become thoroughly acquainted not only with the true facts, but the spirit, feelings, and characteristics of each passing generation. From this habit, early acquired, and perseveringly adhered to afterwards, of availing himself only of primitive and authentic documents, has been derived the high authority which has attended his historical lectures or works.

In 1814, M. Guizot made his début in political life, by assuming the office of Under-Secretary of State in the Ministry of the In-

terior. After the catastrophe of Waterloo, he was selected by the Constitutional Royalists to go to Ghent to urge upon Louis XVIII. the adoption of the Charter, and to insist upon the necessity of removing from power Count de Blacas, a special, but very unpopular favorite of the king. For this fact, misconstrued and misrepresented, M. Guizot was afterwards, when Minister under Louis Philippe, most outrageously assailed, more than once, by the Opposition, either in the newspapers or the Chamber of Deputies, as a renegade and a traitor to liberty.

After the return of the old Bourbons, and during the ultra Royalist reaction, M. Guizot kept aloof from any political office, and devoted all his time to historical studies or his lectures in the Faculty of Letters. Some years after, when a more liberal spirit began to prevail in the public administration, he became a councillor of state; while in his professional chair he continued to develop the various phases of the representative government in Europe since the fall of the Roman empire. But he did not remain long in political office. From the early months of 1820, a strong reaction again prevailed in the royal policy; the ultra Royalists got the ascendancy, and M. Guizot, with many of his friends, withdrew from the Council of State, where his course was a continual struggle against the tendencies of the Villèle ministry. Then he wrote from time to time political pamphlets, to elucidate or advocate doctrines of liberty, not after the manner of satirical writers or of letters of Junius, but in a grave and dignified tone, reflecting something of the lectures at the Sorbonne. Soon after, the lectures themselves were silenced, though M. Guizot preserved his title of Professor. It would have been a too violent *coup d'état* to deprive him of that official name.

During his retirement he completed and successively brought to light many important works of history: a large collection of the original Chronicles of France, from Clovis (A.D. 481) to St. Louis, (1270,) translated under his eyes and care, with prefaces and disquisitions; a collection of *mémoires* relating to the history of England, translated into French; and, lastly, in two volumes, the History of the English Revolution of 1640, from the accession of Charles I. to his death, which is justly considered as a work of great accuracy and eloquence, and the best on that

important period. The first collection, published under the title of *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France*, comprises the first eight centuries of the French monarchy, and reproduces, in their naked simplicity, the rude chronicles in which past generations have themselves related their history. The documents of this long period, written in corrupt Latin, had hitherto remained buried in oblivion, accessible only to favored industry. M. Guizot selected from them such as were worthy of being brought to light, especially such as had been written by men who had been eye-witnesses of or participators in the events they relate. These he had translated without omission or alteration, merely adding notes necessary to elucidate the text, and thus gave to the public an original history of ancient France, with all its primitive coloring, sentiments, and ideas. His example was afterwards followed by others. M. Petitot continued, on a similar plan, this collection of *Mémoires*, from the thirteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth, including important *Mémoires* of Cardinal Richelieu; and the collection, which is highly interesting and very curious, numbers no less than one hundred and fifty volumes. It has since been augmented by a third collection, published by M. Buchon, who has added some of the most curious old chronicles, together with those of Froissart, Monstrelet, and others. A yet greater collection of the same nature has, of late years, been undertaken and most successfully executed by MM. Michaud and Poujoulat, whose publication of *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France*, from the thirteenth century to the end of the eighteenth, forming twenty-five large volumes, has been of essential advantage to historical pursuits. Notices illustrative of each epoch are annexed to the Memoirs, and every individual author is followed by a clever analysis of his historical records. Such are the results of the first and great impulse given by M. Guizot.

At the end of 1827, he resumed his course of History at the Sorbonne. The political circumstances were of such a complexion as to give, more than at other times, great splendor and powerful import to lectures in which naturally and constantly occurred the ideas of liberty, progress, and civilization. Party spirit ran high; the public mind was in anxious and violent agitation. The ultra Royalists had lost the majority in the

Chambers and the Ministry. The liberal Opposition, so desperately opposed and assailed for eight years, held a prevailing influence over public opinion. All the men who, in a direct or indirect way, came forward boldly and eloquently to advocate liberty and progress, were certain to obtain popularity. In fact, the atmosphere was full of electricity and storms. The part of the illustrious professor was a delicate one. He was to preserve the manly dignity and independence of his station, a due reverence to truth and science, with a proper degree of caution, lest he might give umbrage to the ruling power. He acted, he spoke, with a proper discernment and independence.

Let us enter into the large hall of the Sorbonne. Two thousand persons, the *élite* of society, but mostly young men over twenty, are anxiously awaiting the coming of the professor. Scarcely has he appeared before he is welcomed with warm plaudits. Gradually silence prevails; every one, with intense attention and interest, fixes his eyes on the platform. M. Guizot is a man of small stature, of simple, stern, but dignified manners. His face has the expression and paleness impressed by long meditation and nightly studies. His forehead is broad and high; his large and lustrous eyes speak intelligence, and when animated, seem to dart lightning; his voice is grave and sonorous; his whole countenance impressive, earnest, and dignified. Though having to discourse, for nearly one hour and a half, upon intricate and difficult matters, he rarely availed himself of written notes; he brought only two or three volumes for reference or quotations. He began, and he spoke throughout, with a grave voice and slow tone, with the bold confidence of a man who feels conscious of being thoroughly conversant with his subject, and has acquired complete mastery over his ideas and language. With remarkable fluency, and no less order, he developed his philosophical ideas upon the great events through which nations, at such a period or age, have passed or forced their way, sometimes to glory, prosperity, and civilization; sometimes to disaster, revolutions, and degradation. The order of the thoughts was so methodical and clearly arranged, that it was easy to follow and comprehend their whole series. The lectures seemed to be delivered extempore, and flow as from a fountain; but there is not the least doubt that they had

been long meditated and elaborated. They were the result of general and profound information, slowly treasured up through years, but blended with, and strengthened by, more recent investigation. General history obviously presented him majestic events or thrilling scenes, which might stir up the soul, arouse the imagination, and carry away the historian, the orator, to the most sublime flights of eloquence. But he purposely avoided developing them, even touching lightly upon them; and in this he was true to his plan and purpose; for the lectures were not historical narratives, (*récits*), in the vulgar sense of the word; the facts, properly speaking, occupy in them little place; but his special object was to expose the ideas which ruled the facts, through whose influence the facts have been realized and consummated. In other words, he wanted to expose the individual and the social development of mankind.

Though his tone was generally without passion, as that of a stern judge, it was not cold and indifferent. There was in his delivery so much earnestness, such deep consciousness of being right and true, and, at times, such lofty animation, that he rose to eloquence by the mere power of highly conceived and strongly connected ideas. No one has been superior to him in that peculiar and rare talent of condensing and generalizing the chief characteristics of an age or of a great revolution, and impressing new ideas and deep thoughtfulness upon the mind of his audience.

These eloquent lectures lasted three years, 1828, 1829, and 1830. Collected immediately by stenographers, they were widely circulated, and afterwards revised and published in the shape of books; and hence the *History of European Civilization*, in one volume, and the *History of French Civilization*, in five. They were early translated, and had a great circulation abroad, in England especially, where, in a few years, three different translations appeared, of which Hazlitt's was much the best.

An excellent contributor to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, G. Planche, who, when young, was among the regular hearers, as ourselves, at the Sorbonne, and who has given, in the last received number, a special article on M. Guizot, which is marked with the impartial criticism and manly independence of the *Edinburgh Review*, says very properly, after a full analysis and eulogy of the *History of*

the English Revolution—one, as it is known, of the most accomplished historical compositions of our time—"Yet it is not from this single work that we may and must judge the intellectual merit of M. Guizot, for it is in his lectures at the Sorbonne he gave the complete extent of his powers. It is there only that he fully displayed all the sagacity of his mind; all the compass and diversity of his erudition. We must look at these lectures in order to come to a correct appreciation of his worth, and sincerely determine what place he will occupy in the literary history of his time. In these are displayed, in the most complete development, the intellectual powers of M. Guizot. During those three years, which have settled his reputation, his purpose has been to relate the history of European civilization and of French civilization; and he accomplished this, especially for the first, with a penetration, a lucidity, which has been excelled by no one else, and impressed a deep and grateful memory on the mind of the generation to which we belong."

The first work contains, in fourteen lectures, a general history, or rather a profound philosophical analysis, of the leading events in the history of the nations of Europe, from the fall of the Roman empire to 1789, and of the principles that governed the historical progress of Europe during that period. The mass of materials collected for this task are distributed and employed with unexampled ability and judgment, resulting from the most complete command of the subject. It would be impossible to find elsewhere so many original, profound, and striking views in so small a compass; a more rigid severity in discarding unnecessary details, and so masterly a power of generalization. In the framework of a small volume, M. Guizot has comprehended the whole history of Europe during fourteen centuries. With his marvellous faculty of condensation and generalization, he enables us to look down with him on his vast plan, and at a single glance to embrace the widely extended surface over which the striking and prominent features that mark the progress of humanity lie scattered. At the same time, the numerous details and examples that are adduced, throw a vivid interest and graphic distinctness on the subject. The historian places before us every leading fact in each great epoch, presenting a succession of concise pictures, forcibly and

brilliantly conveyed; taking care to note and point out the causes, features, and results of each fact, and the deductions that are to be derived from it; then he links and compresses these desultory parts into one comprehensive whole with such startling effect, and imparts to his work so admirable and unexpected a character of completeness and unity, that the reader is lost in admiration at the wonderful capacity with which he is privileged to commune. The rise and constitution of the feudal system, of the Church; the enfranchisement of the cities; the influence of great men on the progress of civilization, such as Charlemagne and Alfred, and also of great discoveries through ages; the increase and spreading of intelligence and learning in the fifteenth century; the Reformation, are among the topics luminously explained and illustrated by his powerful talent. "He has treated with a special care," judiciously remarks M. Planche, "the Crusades and Reformation; and I must confess that I never saw those two important facts so clearly construed and expounded. Were there no other merit in this book, we should still highly commend it; for these two great events have been too often disfigured by ignorance and passion. M. Guizot has reestablished their true character; he has judged middle ages and modern times, of which they are the highest representation, with an impartiality that would do honor to the greatest minds." "To sum up," says he further, "the History of European Civilization is, in our opinion, one of the most instructive books which may be offered to a meditative mind. It recalls a good deal to those who know, and gives to those unlearned an eager desire of knowing."

In the first work, M. Guizot confined himself to tracing out the causes which have affected the political and social condition of Europe; in the second, the "History of Civilization in France," which forms a kind of corollary to the other, he treated at large its moral and intellectual history, and with a superiority which by far outstrips all previous competitors in the same field.

In tracing the progress of French civilization, M. Guizot, conscious of a wider space before him, enters into a more bold and minute development of facts. We hesitate not to say that the life and decline of the Merovingian race, the greatness and downfall of the Carlovingians, the accession and

rôle of the Capetians, properly speaking, have never found an historian more true, more industrious and keenly sagacious. He has fully demonstrated that the accession of the Carolingian race was a second invasion, a second conquest; and, though M. Augustin Thierry had clearly brought to light the principal facts upon which the demonstration rests, we must say that the arguments presented by M. Guizot are impressed with a certain novelty, for he found new ideas in a field where the studious industry of the former had largely reaped. His insight is no less clear and profound into the rôle of the Catholic clergy in promoting the accession of the second dynasty. Other historians had perceived beforehand and indicated this agency; but to M. Guizot is due the credit of having brought the fact to a full light; of having given superabundant and decisive proofs to demonstrate this powerful intervention. Finally—and it is a great merit of the lectures—he clearly exposed how the decay of the government founded by Charlemagne led, by a fatal and unavoidable way, to the feudal system. M. A. Thierry had sought, and thought he had found, the origins of feudality in the diversity of races, which for a while the strong hand of Charlemagne strained close, and which rose again after the fall of the imperial Colossus. M. Guizot, though assenting to this partial truth, gives to it completeness by introducing the legislative testimonies of Charles the Bald. He clearly proves that diversity of races is not sufficient to explain the dismembering of the Carolingian empire, and that the capitularies promulgated by the successors of Charlemagne betray rather the impairment of central power and division of territory than the striving struggle of races.

Such are the substance and the excellence of the lectures of M. Guizot. Limited by space, we have not been able to devote as much attention to certain of the most important topics as we might desire, and have been obliged to omit our extracts. However, we have tried to do justice to their general merit. They must be read and carefully meditated, in order that one may come to a full appreciation of them. As for the fruits derived from them, they have been large and manifold. Most of the ideas which have in our time renovated history came from this source. Every where, we firmly believe, the circulation of such a work

has been of immense service, especially to Great Britain and France, by diffusing clear and judicious notions of what has preceded the times in which we live. In this light, M. Guizot's work deserves to be considered as an inestimable boon conferred on all mankind, independently of its great historical value.

But however superior is its merit, and may be its usefulness, a passing remark here is not without interest and propriety. It would be a great mistake to think that the learning and comprehensive range of thought which distinguish such books can be apprehended without a previous diligent and accurate study of history. M. Guizot took care himself, more than once, to tell to his audience, in courteous language: "If you are not acquainted with history, you must study and learn it. My province is not to narrate, but to explain and expound." M. Planche says, somewhat bluntly, but sensibly: "As for the shallow minds which complain of not being able to read the history of European civilization without weariness, (*ennui*,) I will not waste my time in consoling them. They feel weary because they don't understand; they don't understand because they are ignorant. It is the tale of every sluggish mind. Every science requires a preparatory information. The history of European civilization can only be understood by men familiarized with the history of accomplished facts. To be surprised at this, one must be endowed with an overweening conceit. What! a man of a superior sagacity will have devoted twenty years of his life to the deep investigation of original documents, and the first comer, literate or illiterate, will assume the right of understanding the thoughts deduced from such records! This is by far too assuming!"—And, *à ce propos*, we will relate a short anecdote. Not many years ago, the mistress of a fashionable young ladies' school, up town, applied to her teacher of French language and literature, (a man, by the way, fully convinced of his own superior excellence in any branch, and accordingly of high pretensions,) to know what book of general history he thought the most proper and *interesting* to be given to a class of girls of fifteen, as a recitation-book. The learned teacher commended the "European Civilization of Guizot," and the young ladies were set to work accordingly. His fair pupils and their parents were proud of their

historical erudition and discernment, and the mistress of the fashionable school, was delighted with the honor which such a work was to confer on her establishment! But, candidly, we pity from our heart the young ladies! However intelligent they might be, they must have found the book a very trying work. Our opinion is that no person should read and study the two works of M. Guizot to profit by them, except after the age of twenty, nor unless he has pursued, under good advice, a methodical course of historical studies of Europe and France, which require at least three well-spent years.

If, in the searching investigations of philosophical history, M. Guizot stands the first; if, by comprehensive views and power of generalizing, he has won unanimous admiration, it must be confessed that in the artistic power he is deficient. There are two parts in the task of the historian, thorough knowledge of facts and talent of narrating. M. Guizot excels in comprehension of ideas, but is unqualified to paint, to describe, to give stirring and glowing pictures. M. Augustin Thierry is, in the highest degree, artistic and picturesque; M. Guizot is almost entirely wanting in this talent. He comprehends, he admirably explains history, but does not know how to narrate. In his hands history is not lively, dramatic, interesting; it is sternly instructive. Besides, M. Guizot is not a great writer, as M. Cousin. His style is somewhat deficient in terseness, refined elegance, and tasteful ornament. Hence he will always be more popular with mature and reflective than with young and imaginative minds.

This sketch would be incomplete, if we did not speak of his oratory. In effect, if he exercised a powerful influence on public opinion by his lectures at the Sorbonne, he has been no less powerful in the Chamber of Deputies than in his historical chair. During eighteen years, notwithstanding his haughtiness of speaking, he won numerous victories. Whether the doctrines he advocated are approved of or repudiated, no body may contest the extraordinary talent he displayed. Professor of Political Law at the Chamber, as he was Professor of History at the Sorbonne, he never wearied, never exhausted the attention of hearers; yet there is found in his most applauded speeches a singular mixture of haughtiness and indetermination. He carries on in the Chamber the work

which he has commenced in the professional chair—teaching. He does not seem to address his equals, but his disciples; the strain of his oratory testifies the preëminence he is assuming over the audience. Stiffness of character, combined with this formal dogmatism, rendered him personally unpopular in the Chamber. Yet his oratory was bold and impressive, because no one was better acquainted with the secrets of eloquence, and more skilful to avail himself of his qualifications. In order to appreciate his speeches, one must have heard them. He put in practice the advice of Demosthenes to a young Athenian on the duties of a speaker: action, action, constant action! His eye kindles and blazes, his lip quivers, his imperious gesture commands silence; he displays the true qualifications of an orator and tragedian. His earnestness, his grave voice, his lofty accent of sincerity, his consummate art of tactics, carries every thing. Nevertheless, he seems to us to be wanting in the more lofty qualities of an orator. He is too much of a rhetorician, inclining too much to dissertation, when he should force his way to a practical end. Besides, though assailed in the Assembly with fierce and rancorous vehemence, and thus provoked to the highest efforts of triumphant genius, he very rarely, throughout his parliamentary life, displayed those bursts of eloquent passion which have produced the finest passages of ancient and modern oratory. A single example is cited; yet it is more an example of sublime imagery and elevation than of passion and eloquence. But as it is, nothing excels its grandeur. It was in the early years of the reign of Louis Philippe, at an animated sitting, when, ravished with admiration for the constituents of 1789, he exclaimed: "I doubt not that, in their unknown abodes, those noble souls who have so ardently desired the good of humanity will be sensible of a profound pleasure to behold us to-day, avoiding those shoals upon which their brightest hopes were wrecked!"

To return. A grand movement began after 1815 to regenerate history, which was sadly defective in France, and to render it more true, more judicious, as well as more entertaining, eloquent, and useful. This renovation is marked by several phases, on which many historians, of different genius, science, and attainments, have impressed a glorious and lasting lustre. Two almost si-

multaneous improvements combined to produce that renovation : the first resulted from a more profound study of the chronicles—a prolific source of information, when studied with discrimination and sagacity ; the second was founded on searching investigations into the nature and effects of laws, into hitherto forgotten documents or characters, and, above all, into the evidences of the progressive march of the human mind. On both improvements M. Guizot exercised a powerful influence, especially on the latter, where he stands the first by the novelty and the depth of his disquisitions and general ideas. While

able and picturesque historians depicted the poetical and dramatic side of history, and recounted it in glowing colors, in order to strike and interest young and lively minds, others, but especially M. Guizot, excelled in the philosophy of history, that part far more substantial and important, which concerns the civilization, the prosperity, the happiness of nations, in fact, the destinies of mankind. In this line, M. Guizot has done immense service, and the new ideas he brought forth will be for future times the best promoters of progress. This shall be his peculiar glory.

HOW TO MAKE A PICTURE.

THE improvements of modern ingenuity in chemistry and mechanics may be attributed to a very simple cause, acting in conjunction with the superior intelligence of the northern races ; to the prevalence, namely, of the idea of general utility, or of the adaptation of nature to man, of the matter to the spirit. Until ingenuity and machinery shall have done their best, we cannot regard the destiny of man, the master of inferior natures, as fully accomplished. The hard and refractory substances of the earth, the chemical operation of rain, air, and sunbeams, the force of winds and waters, and the powers of life and of decomposition, of fire, electricity, and attraction, must be thoroughly mastered. Every comfort for the prolongation of life, every aid to health and physical happiness must be secured, and its art and science perpetuated in books and in tradition, for the happiness of men in this life. It is the duty of living creatures to cherish life, in order that by so doing they may resemble their beneficent Creator in the making of good and useful works.

It is only necessary to show that any thing is conducive to happiness ; immediately it becomes important and meritorious. All things may be measured by that rule, from the doctrines of Christianity to the arts of agriculture and mechanics. All things are indeed not equally enjoyed by all, but all

things are enjoyed by great multitudes ; and the distaste of one or of many persons for this or that comfort or luxury, is no evidence against it. There are a few who eat no bread, and others who have no ear for musical sounds ; but music is not therefore less the consoler, nor bread the sustainer of life.

Let us then remove ourselves from the sect of Utilitarians, and pass into the higher intellectual grade of those whose aim it is to promote happiness and comfort in every shape and every degree.

The arts of music, of poetry, and of representation by forms and colors, have in all ages occupied the skill, and added elegant and pure enjoyment to the life, of nations. Poetry and music, the vehicles of inspiration, and painting of historic honors, convey purer and more elevated emotions of delight than the finest arts of cookery or upholstery. Those who have improved them—the Miltons, Raphaels, and Mendelssohns of modern times, and the Homers and Phidiases of antiquity—receive great honor in history, not for any abstract reason, but simply because their works continue in after ages to please and console humanity.

When we compare the pictures of our own artists with the hideous daubs of Mexico, the notion presents itself of an intelligence greatly superior and cultivated in our own race. Our pictures give pleasure ; they please all,

though not all alike; the more cultivated receiving from them the greatest degree of satisfaction. Pictures engraved, the mere lights and shadows of pictures, printed, are more in request and more of a commodity than music itself. They please immediately, and convey instruction at a glance. They are now considered to be the readiest means of conveying information, not only to the young, but to all classes and ages, and their production is as regular an occupation as that of any species of useful mechanism.

When a good picture has been composed by an artist of genius, immediately it is engraved in wood and metal, and millions of copies of every degree of merit, all more or less resembling the original or suggested by it, are distributed by draughtsmen, engravers, printers, and book-dealers, over the entire continent. A good picture is an *invention*: and as, when a new engine, or a new improved method of clothes-making or farming, is produced by the ingenuity of an inventor, it immediately gives employment to thousands of workmen, who multiply it or its modifications, and distribute copies over all the world; so is it when a Mozart, a Tennyson, or a Turner invents a new work of music, of poetry, or of design: the musical feeling of the entire nation, their tender and solemn thoughts, their tastes, and the preferences of their eyes, are immediately changed, and awakened to a new pleasure, through the skill of performers, engravers, and artisans in every city. Thousands of persons are kept employed by the new inventions of great masters and men of genius in the fine arts: they are fed and clothed, and even accumulate wealth, by reason of that desire by which all are actuated, to enjoy the pleasures created for them by the intelligence and labor of the great artists. By these arts a relish for temperate and delicate pleasures is diffused through all classes of society, and an atmosphere of refinement is created, peculiarly favorable to peaceful and humane ideas.

With this apology, we propose to lay before our readers some observations on the arts themselves, as they are practised by artists of the first order, more especially the art of painting, or rather of design, including every kind of representation by lines and colors.

Pictures, in the common acceptation, are mere imitations of nature—daguerreotypes, with the addition of color. The most per-

fect imitation of nature would not, however, be esteemed a picture by a true artist. A landscape, composed by Cole, or a figure-group by Leutze or Eastlake, is no more an imitation of nature than is the music of Hail Columbia, or the Midsummer Night's Dream of Mendelssohn. The note of the piano-forte or of the violin is nature itself, and may be elicited by the wind moving over the strings, or by the jarring of carriages on the pavement. So also is the color, the chrome yellow or the Prussian blue, laid upon canvas by the artist: these tints and sounds, like the colors in the sky and the sounds of the human voice, are *natural* productions. A daguerreotype, being a purely chemical and mechanical product, cannot be considered an imitation of nature, but strictly a product of nature, guided indeed by the skill of man, but still natural, and by no means of intellectual origin.

When, on the other hand, the artist lays colors upon canvas from memory, endeavoring to represent a scene which lies before him, or which is impressed upon his brain, there is *imitation* in the work.

And now, limiting our attention to the art of painting, we discover but little of what is styled the imitation of nature in the works of its masters. Nature, indeed, affords the materials, but genius, the talent of design or of invention, works them up.

At different times we look upon the same landscape with artistic pleasure or with brutal indifference. The same features appear beautiful or homely according to our mood or disposition. Not that the same landscape or the same face is at different times both beautiful and ugly; nature must be the same at all times, the same to animals and to men, to the happy or indifferent or melancholy observer. At times we pass by the most odious and detestable scenes in a great city with perfect insensibility. At other times they shock us with their intrinsic deformity, nature remaining always the same. A well-formed and beautiful woman is a work of nature, but there will be times when her beauty will make no impression, the disposition not being right for the perception of it. The eyes of the mind may be shut; the eyes of the organ, or (if we please) of the internal *faculty* that is given to all in different degrees for the perception of beauty, are closed upon the object. The deaf ear hears no sound; the unmusical

ear, though not deaf, enjoys no music. The dull palate has no delicacy of taste; the dull eye requires flaunting colors to excite it. Nature does all things, well or ill, with indifference; she causes the seed to grow and become a tree, or she destroys it with a frost. We distinguish the merit and demerit, the beauty and deformity of nature's operations, by a peculiar vision, the faculty of imaginative taste, of imaginative seeing and hearing, which, through the medium of the senses, looks into the life, and discovers the utility and beauty or the mischief and deformity that lie in all things.

We hold it necessary to the artist that he should possess a powerful faculty of discrimination between the beautiful and sublime, and the deformed and vulgar that he sees in men and nature. Whether he must be a sublime or beautiful person himself, is a question we need not meddle with; enough that, with a powerful talent of discrimination in all that gives pleasure or pain, through impressions made upon the eye and ear, the first condition is satisfied for the making of an artist.

What is immediately painful or pleasing to the mind, is also agreeable or disagreeable to the sense. There is no music in a succession of horrid sounds, and no picture in a collection of dirty shadows. It is consequently necessary for the artist to possess a fine and discriminating sense; as needful to him as a delicate touch to the violinist, or a susceptible wrist to a piano player. He must have cultivated his perception of shadows, boundaries, and colors, of distances and airy perspectives, as the violin player has cultivated touch. The faculty must be strong by nature, and stronger by education. Nor will it be less necessary for him to have cultivated a naturally lively imagination to the highest perfection, so that no ordinary critic can decide against him in regard to what is or is not beautiful in nature. To know also, by his active analytic senses, the combinations of shadows and colors that produce those general effects upon the mind which we *call* beauty, deformity, sublimity, commonness, those curious adhesions of the sublime and common which are styled ridiculous, or those that amuse without alarming or disgusting the imagination, but move only laughter and the humorous feelings, must be as well known to him.

He must be able to build or construct an

assemblage of particulars which will awaken all these different emotions, or at least one of them, or he cannot be esteemed an artist. It is not enough that he perceives the beauty of a particular landscape, and can put it in all its colors and shadows on the canvas; he must recognize its parts, describe the merit of each feature in relation to the others, and must be able to construct another landscape on the canvas, or another human face, more beautiful even than any of the originals. Trees, rocks, rivers, nose, eyes, lips, the mouth, the hand, the stature, all colors and their tints, must be the alphabet and vocabulary of his art-language, with which, and the *phrases* of nature, he will compose a poem of forms and colors—a work of pictorial art.

By natural talent and fine observation he collects the detail; by his imaginative power he works out the ideal. The one is nothing without the other. Imitation without the ideal of beauty is no better than a laborious kind of daguerreotyping, much better done by chemistry and optic glasses than by the best of imitators. Though imitation is pleasing in itself, it is so evidently a work of sense, and so imperfect when executed by the hand, that very few are content with it. It is impossible to imitate correctly the changes of light upon a landscape, or those of expression in the human face; for these, if followed, melt into one another, and reduce all imitations to a meaningless mixture or neutrality; like a muddy mixture of colors, in which the singleness and purity of living expression is utterly lost. The same face is one thing now, and the next moment it has changed. The same landscape has never the same light for a single minute of the day, and each day differs from its predecessor. The imitator is reduced to the copying of what is called "still life," flowers, dishes, plate, the interiors of rooms, metals and precious stones; and even here the variations of his own perception deceive him; the yellow of to-day is the orange of to-morrow, the vision wavers with the pulses of the heart, and no picture or object is the same before and after a hearty meal, or a fit of melancholy or laughter.

Clearly, an artist must have *ideas*. He must be able to fix a piece of human beauty or of landscape pleasure in his mind's eye, and keep it there as firmly as a moral sentiment. But he cannot hold it unless he him-

self is endowed with steadiness of purpose. The ideas of great painters are very fixed and still; they grow, like crystals, from an unchangeable nucleus. Pictures are made as trees grow, by the development of a germ; and so also are they painted.

The art itself is learned in this way, and not by the study of any chains of detail. The artist may first study noses, then eyes, and then other features in succession: it is very well for his hand to do this; he acquires thereby a certain skill, and it will help him in the end, if not too earnestly pursued; but it brings him no nearer to his purpose. A tree is *not* a multitude of leaves, no more, indeed, than a picture is a multitude of little dabs of paint. To lay on one dab of paint requires some skill of hand, and to know how to copy a leaf, some skill of imitation, and that is all. A tree at a thousand yards' distance does not show leaves to the painter, but only masses of shadows and lights; no one tree is like another, nor will any good artist paint a tree from nature, unless he intends it for a portrait of the Charter Oak. Ideas of trees, ideas of noses, eyes, lips, ideas of all living objects, ideas of mountains, lakes, and of all the elements of view, are present in the mind of the young artist, long before the *anatomy* of a leaf or of a human body has appeared to him.

The delicate idea, the germ, so to speak, which is gradually developed in a picture, is, perhaps, more strictly a feeling than a thought. As, to an artist of fine susceptibility, the tone of a bell will suggest a musical composition, so will a flash of scenery, passing through the mind, and awakening certain harmonies of color, and of light and shade, suggest a composition to the melodist of the eye, the true painter. The picture does not appear to him with all the details of features, or of leaves, rocks, and rivers; no more than the first conception of the PRIDE of the fallen Archangel was attended, in the imagination of Milton, with all the colors, lights, and shadows of the Paradise Lost. A momentary flash of imagination, a glimpse, if we may so speak, of the Prince of Darkness standing on the mount, from which he cursed the sunlight; a dusk shadow of sorrowful eclipse over the beauty of the fair earth; the *feeling* of his purpose, the destruction of the noblest work of the Almighty,—what more than this was needed by the poet for the germ or nucleus of

his work! Let the *idea* of maternal love, the mother and the infant, rise, pure and powerful, in the vivid, but slow and grasping imagination of the artist; it is caught on its way through spirit-land, and made the living soul of a picture. The detail growing out of this first conception belongs to it, as the leaves and flowers to the tree; it germinates in a *form*; it has no outline, it is a balance of lights and shadows, harmonized and *gradated* (there is no other word) in the figure and features, the attire and localities of the artist's own experience, or in the simple drapery and naked space of a classical school.

How, then, does he achieve it? The admirable inventions of the chemists have removed out of his path almost every mechanical obstacle. The pure colors and their transparent vehicles, as solid and as durable as glass; delicate pencils, and the white and solid plane of the canvas, tempt him to begin. The idea, though powerful and tender, is evanescent and marvellously delicate; he must fix it in light and shade, and that speedily, or it may never rise again to him in as sweet a form as now. With a mind charged but not weakened by the rich conception, the idea of maternity, divine and eternal in its essence, he suffers his imagination to assume the form that embodies it in all its purity and simplicity: the figures of a woman and an infant, in some attitude suggested by the first form of the idea, are put in light outlines, mere guides for the hand, to be presently obliterated by lights and shadows that express form, and speedily thrown upon the canvas; or if the artist is of a slow and cautious temper, they are sketched in, line by line; memoranda, leaves of growth, showing the gradual expansion and embodiment of the feeling in a form proper to its expression. This artist is no experimenter; what he intends to do, he does; and as the design, so is the structure, orderly, solid, and harmonious.

The ground is marked out, he has now to lay the foundation. Light and shade, that body, of which imagination is the soul; color, the ornament and pleasure of that body, the garment and splendid drapery of pictured thought, like the expressed meaning and the rhythmic flow of poems, must be chosen and composed with a skill and power adequate to the idea.

Nature makes all together; form, body,

and color, grow up and expand together equally. Art, on the other hand, as it is analytic and exclusive in its study and choice, so also it creates and achieves separately the several parts of the unity it wishes to produce; and to this, too, it is necessitated by the nature of its materials, proceeding from the idea to the outline; from the outline to the body, in which outline disappears, or rather in which it is absorbed; and finally, from the naked body to its full and brilliant development in color, by which outline and body are together taken up and transfigured.

In the first idea, as in the embryo, all the conditions of the work are predetermined, and receive their unity, as in the seed we find the species and character of the tree. Its life is feeling, the sentiment of love taking shape in the workings of imagination; and as beauty is the natural figure of love, beauty becomes its vehicle in art; and just in proportion as its sensus and passion is more solid and complete, it seeks more the aid of *color* to give it warmth and life.

The invention of a picture does not differ in its principle or its method from the invention of a new art or of a new machine; it is only in the feeling that prompts them that we find their true difference. The one gives pleasure to the faculties of economy, and pleases by the physical comfort it secures; the other addresses the heart, and charms by the pure and full expression of a natural emotion. The genius of the inventor is awakened first by the perception of a want, or of a natural obstacle to be subdued for the general advantage of men, and which is now harshly and cruelly interposed between desire and life, between the goods of life and their enjoyment. His aim is to discover the means by which the air and earth, the water, the fire, and the steel, may be persuaded to perform a certain work, hitherto painfully and laboriously performed by human hands, or the slow labor of animals. His object is rather to subdue the pains and increase the comforts of all men equally; and by accomplishing this, he secures for *himself* also the right to live, and is justified in his own demands upon the labor of others.

The artist, on the other hand, binds himself to satisfy, not the wants of the body, but the desire of the heart, of which the true delight and urgent necessity is to find

expression for its feelings and ideas. He that can satisfy this longing for expression is the true artist; the vehicle or body of the expression may be a picture or a poem, a piece of music or a statue; it is art in many shapes, expression making choice of many different vehicles, addressing the mind through different senses.

Language, being in general the most powerful and copious organ of expression, has been employed in all ages to embody the sublimest emotions, and those who have so employed it, rank first in the heraldry of genius. Next to these, in modern times, we rank the painters and statuary, who have embodied in marble or in color the greater passions of the human and divine nature. These two classes of artists have more than satisfied the world, have even surpassed and far exceeded the expectations of men. Every thing that is godlike in humanity has been embodied in the majesty of words, and in the dignity and beauty of painted and sculptured forms. They carry us beyond ourselves; and in seeking consolation from their expressions, we find ourselves elevated into a region of sublime passions, whose truth we recognize, but which so far surpass ourselves, we attribute inspiration to those who had the power of expressing them. And yet, we cannot tell to what height even we ourselves might attain, were all obstacles removed and all difficulties overcome. Nature is the same, we know, and offers to the modern artist as grand and beautiful a field as to those of antiquity. Modern ingenuity has removed a thousand hindrances in the way of the painter. The passions of the heart and the noble impulses of the better nature are in no wise changed. If *we* cannot express them in such a style as will satisfy the desires of others, it is our own fault; either a fault of ability, which we are unwilling to admit, or a fault of aim, which, without shame, we may allow.

In the invention and production of a fine picture, a degree of knowledge and of labor is involved, which must absorb the entire force and intelligence of the artist. In the conception, or first idea, there will be both an idea and a sentiment. A feeling comes first, as of heroism, generosity, pity, or parental love; the pleasure of the landscape, the joys of conviviality, the passions, the griefs, in all their mixtures and phases. The artist is already familiar with these, or

with the one, at least, which he wishes to express. If not familiar with it, he cannot give to it the spirit and tone of originality; it will be false and studied, or stiff and affected. Of false and stiff pictures a great number are painted by artists of merit even in our country, because they have not the courage or the pride to avoid that which they cannot do well. They are thus driven into the open field of plagiarism, and compose pictures in which there is only a theatrical appearance of sentiment, and not the true and natural expression of it. Pictures of this class excite only a transient admiration, from their merit as "imitations of nature," or of other artists.

It will hardly be denied that the artist who means to be original must be also thoughtful and observant. He must be accustomed to meditation, in order to acquire the power of bringing up into the clear light of thought, natural images of the passions, and landscape scenes fitted to that phase of rural sentiment or pastoral feeling which he intends to express. The forms of nature are firmly impressed upon the fibre of his brain; he has only to call them out of the cavern of memory, where they lurk since childhood, and the trees, rocks, mountains, clouds and lakes, the sweet traces of tenderness on the human countenance, will come forth kindly, and accurately guide his hand in the composition of his work. It is not necessary for the landscape painter to have a tree before him in order that he may design a tree. Thousands of trees, scraggy and low, or overarching and majestic, the first deep and highly colored impressions of childhood, are printed in the dark chamber of the brain. He may correct the deficiencies of *memory* by immediate observation, but if he goes to nature for design, nature will joke with and delude him. Her scenes are indeed the originals of his thoughts, but she does not offer them to him in a permanent form; her landscapes are mere dissolving views, a thousand in an hour. He must imitate her in the material, but the composition is his own, and is merely the vehicle of a sentiment. He must observe her laws and select her instances, but he must not attempt to copy her moving features. She offers her variety to him, but looks to him for the exercise of a choice and of a power as varied and creative as her own.

Standing before the blank canvas, labor-

ing in the expression of a feeling, he will discover, to his own astonishment, that the line of beauty lives in his hand; and with no other aid from *present* nature than the mere proportion, a beautiful outline, clear, sweet and expressive, will appear to him as if by magic. If he has the courage to seize and adopt it, he will have given to his work the air and merit of originality. The picture is begun with free and temporary outlines, the first hints, notes, and memoranda of the work. The outlines of the master are simple *edges* of shadows. In nature there are few hard boundaries; bad artists, on the contrary, begin with and exhibit them in every stage—a good artist in no stage—of the work.

The idea is now *fixed*; it remains only to develop it. Imagination is satisfied; the senses must have their turn, the detail must be laid in. First, the detail of form and of relief; and by what better or more rapid method can these be developed than by a simple black and white, a pure *chiaroscuro*, light and shade, worked carefully and strongly, over the entire canvas! Every thing solid, the ribs and skeleton of the picture may be completed in this second stage.

Painting being the art of giving to a flat surface the hollowness, the distance and relief of space, is an art purely of *perspective*.

First, there is the perspective of outline, or geometrical perspective. Not the ridiculous "linear" kind, so called in works of drawing and the encyclopædias. The straight lines of this false perspective have no existence in nature, and are not of the slightest value in art. The lines of horizontal edges and level surfaces, above and below—as, for example, those of a long wall, along which the eye glances towards the horizon—are truly logarithmic curves; they *sag*, drop down, or swell upwards, and do so less and less as we regard them at greater distances, and do not by any means plunge straight into a vanishing point, as we see them drawn in those choking performances called "first books," and "easy lessons in drawing," works by which the most promising artistic talent may be, and doubtless is, every year extinguished in many hundreds of young persons.

To become an artist, it is first necessary to unlearn all that has been taught us by that gnome of plumbago and India rubber, the modern drawing-master, with his mise-

nable little "finished sketches," bits of rocks, ears, noses, and "linear perspectives;" the latter of which he is careful to teach separately, for the reason that it is a thing by itself, and cannot be applied. Wonderful! exclaims the well-meaning, and otherwise "highly intelligent" teacher of youth, that so many thousands are taught drawing by the best masters, and so few ever attain the practice of art! The reason is not far to seek: young pupils who learn "linear" perspective and the art of drawing in hard outline, have learned literally nothing. They know nothing of shadows, nor of the entireness or unity of a picture; not even the faintest attempts are made to teach them these things, and, after years of lessons, the most they can do is to copy line for line the cold and shallow sketches of a drawing-master. Setting aside the falseness of "linear" perspective, and the cold and ghostly effects of common pencil-drawing, or what is called "sketching," as taught by Mr. Rubbery, the fashionable drawing-master, let us consider the method of his teaching. Young persons who are taught music are not made to play tunes, nor the first five or six notes of a cavatina, as a lesson; the music teacher who wishes to advance his pupil, does not set for a lesson the six middle notes of a miserable tune, nor even two or three measures of an overture; but the drawing-master does what is fully equivalent to this, when he employs his pupil in "sketching," from some "drawing-book," a stump of a tree or a cluster of scratchy leaves. The drawing-master sickens his unhappy pupil over "outlines," for the sake, he will tell you, of "cultivating his eye for proportion." When the pupil looks at objects in nature, he sees no outlines, but only shadows and lights; his knowledge is consequently of no use to him, and he must forget all this before he can begin to be an artist, or even a draughtsman. Two methods of drawing are employed by genuine artists in their work: by one, they lay in the shadows on a light ground; by the other, they lay in the lights upon a dark ground; and in every picture both methods are used alternately, as the case may require. Pupils of drawing-masters learn neither; for if the charcoal or the crayon is placed in their hands, they are employed, for the most part, in imitating the *lines* of a crayon lithograph placed before them as a copy; and when they have learned to do this perfectly, it is supposed that they have learned to draw. On the contrary, their studies have vitiated the artistic faculty, and henceforth they will produce only bad copies or worse modifications of their originals. They cannot represent any thing, much less compose a picture from an idea of their own.

The music-master does not teach his pupil to play "sketches" of airs, marking here a note and there a note, but introduces her at once to the secret of harmony; nor does he drill her on the jews-harp, but always with the best and fullest instrument he can gain access to. The drawing-master and his pupils do what is quite as absurd, however, for they use the lead-pencil, the poorest of all drawing instruments, instead of the charcoal, the pen, or the color-brush; and neither he nor his unfortunate pupils ever reach the idea of light and shadow, the harmony of representative art. To scratch, scrub, and sketch, to rub out bad work and put in worse, to make outlines, and labor at that scraggy style of delineation called in drawing-books "the picturesque," is the occupation of their wasted hours for months, and even years, and they do not become artists; though, if they have taste and moderate application, they would, in the same time, have become excellent musicians; for the reason that the music-master knows how and what to teach.

Pupils who have acquired a moderate facility of touch in music, and whose ear has been cultivated to observe the harmonies, the lights and shadows of music, in the scales and chords composed for them by great teachers, are immediately introduced to Mozart or Beethoven, or even to Handel, and their enthusiasm and delight are extreme. Soon they hope to give others the pleasure they enjoy, and become performers. The drawing-master, on the contrary, never imagines it is possible to teach his pupil the elegances and sublimities of the great painters, though he can obtain all the works of the very best of them, engraved equal to the originals, as far as regards drawing, light and shadow, and composition. He himself even does not pretend to keep company with Rubens or Angelo, even while his brother, the music-teacher in the next room, is absorbed in Haydn or Mendelssohn. He keeps down among his scratchy picturesque, as he styles it, in the region of English drawing-books, and is well satisfied to indicate a rail fence, a stone cottage, or a ragged sheep, in

his scratchy and ghostly fashion. This is not drawing nor teaching, but a substitute—in short, an expensive humbug, which gives pleasure to no one, and profit only to those who teach.

Dismissing the drawing-master for the present, with his legion of perspiring pupils, and fleeced and disappointed patrons, let us return to the studio of the free and diligent artist, who, it may be, is an amateur, but who proceeds, for all that, upon right principles, and with a clear purpose. He is dissatisfied with his skill in detail, and turns aside to exercise his hand. He is provided only with a bit of charcoal, the finest tool ever discovered for the production of shadows. Let us observe his proceedings. Wishing to acquire freedom of wrist in the delineation of the human figure, he has before him a plaster bust, or a statue, to draw from. He confines the light, causing it to fall in such a manner as to throw out the features in a bold relief. Points of light strike his attention, but he must reverse the operation of nature, and touch places where there is no light; he must cover, with his dark and powerful pencil, what nature has hidden in her shadows, leaving what she has revealed. He works boldly, and almost carelessly, for over him the drawing-master has no power, and his wrist is not spell-bound by the iron destiny of outline. The shadows go in roughly; one by one, all are touched, and gradually strengthened and graded. The semblance of the object before him is forcibly drawn upon the paper. He repeats the process upon the same object, working from different points of view; the freedom of his hand increases; and after a few weeks, or even days, of this free labor, he finds that his drawing has improved, and that he is able to cope with the subject or idea. He does not make a *separate* study of proportion, for this element of form is learned with light and shadow, and is embraced in it. He is not now an anatomist, nor a geometrician, but a painter; and he grapples first with the first difficulty, and lets others be overcome as they may. His study is for effect, and not for correctness; correctness may satisfy the critics, but it does not affect the passions or the sentiments, and therefore he subordinates it.

Master of the figure, he is ready to develop it upon the canvas, after the interior model of his thought. To aid memory and

avoid the minor difficulties of drawing, and to give a clear and substantial frame-work, if we may so speak, to his ideal, he provides a "sitter," or living model; not for copy, for now he is not painting a portrait, but to overcome, as we have already said, the minor difficulties, and to suggest the lesser details.

Let us suppose that he has adopted the method of Bartolomeo, and works out the entire piece in black and white with the brush before using color. This method has great advantages; the entire force of the *figure*, as a composition, may be achieved by it before the veil of color is drawn over this ground; the material is exceedingly plastic and delicate, and takes every shade or gradation that may be required.

The second kind of perspective, that of light and shadow, is here to be made out. The delusion of outline, the distinctness of the forms of objects, the contrasts of light and shade, and the expression or feature of every thing, is blurred or hazed over and softened by distance; the intervals between all are filled with a kind of indistinctness, represented by grayness. Detail is lost. Shadows become gray spots, and lights turn to mere nebulosities. Here begin the serious difficulties of the art, as regards manipulation.

By the proper *sizes* given to the objects, the *first* or true geometrical perspective was made out. By indistinctness of feature and softening of contrasts, the second kind was perfected. Here are *two* kinds of perspective already, both requiring the artistic eye, and great observation and judgment, to perfect them. We now arrive at a *third* kind, the *perspective of color*.

The progress of genius, and of art, is from generals to particulars, from the ideal to the actual, from the design to the detail; as the tree grows from the germ to the bud, and by gradual unfolding to leaf, stem, flowers, and fruit. The first observations of the child are of masses of color, and of light and shade, and from these even to old age, particulars accumulate, until they hide and overwhelm the generalities. The genuine artist adopts the method of nature, for he masters first the general idea, and he proceeds in the education of his own talent from boyhood to manhood by that method: perfection comes of itself with the accumulation of experience. In like manner began and moved onward the great schools of art.

Beginning with mere *termini*, corner-posts, on which a head was rudely carved, the Greek ideal added more and more of the detail toward the fuller expression of its thought, but always keeping the ideal: from the period of Dædalus to that of Phidias, and from Phidias to the artists who wrought at Rome under imperial patronage, becoming more and more minute, until they attained to portraiture, at the expense, at last, of the ideal itself.

Italian painting in the days of Dante lived in the pale ideal of angelic beauty, and was developed in particulars by slow degrees, ending in the minuteness and mannerism of the later schools. American painters for the most part, and with only a few brilliant exceptions, begin at the reverse, and think they have become painters by the accurate representation of forms and colors from nature, without reference to the ideal. Hence we have as yet no school of art, but only a superior kind of Chinese fidelity; the ideal is cherished only by a few, and the inferior talent of Europe surpasses us, because it adheres, both in form and color, in some degree to the methods of antiquity.

Nature indicates a method congenial to the human intellect by her system of color, for she throws the principal power and beauty of her landscape into distances, where minuteness and detail are mostly lost.

In the *perspective of color* we have a wonderful example of this method; for in distance, all colors fade into blue, violet and azure, the colors of air, of distance, and of uncertainty; the air comes down over the landscape even to the middle ground; and in composing the solid skeleton of rocks and trees, in light and shade, without color, or in monochrome and white, only the foreground can be freely composed; the colors alone, the transparencies of foliage, air, and clouds, making the principal merit of an air picture, as distinguished from a group of figures, or a piece of still life.

Red gives body to the colors of the foreground, green and yellow prevail over the middle, and the distances pass away into azures. In sunset views, again, the scale is repeated. Red and orange burn on the horizon among dusky clouds, and the zenith is violet; it is a second landscape in the sky. Here, then, we find our third order of perspective; in color, from red to orange,

thence to yellow, olive, azure, violet,—and repeated in the heavens. In the perspectives of color, the painter has a wonderful power given him of distancing all things in their just degrees by the imposition of transparent blue, in very thin films, over his body colors.

The sides of mountains in shadow, in the distances of an air picture, are of all tints of azure and cerulean, through which the solid greens of foliage, and the reds of earth and rocks, make a very faint impression upon the eye, an impression which diminishes regularly with the distance, because it is the nature of these colors to lose their intensity with their distance.

1. The painter is already familiar with the *true* "*linear perspective*," as distinguished from the false, (if unhappily he has been taught the latter at school;) he can order the heights and sizes of all the objects in his piece with a just regard to their distance. He is now master of the first kind of perspective, that which is expressed by points and lines.

2. He has also noticed and can express the perspectives of light and shade, the softening given by remoteness, (not by *mist*;) and the greater dependence to be placed on the imagination in distant objects. He will not make out the minutiae of his objects in the middle ground, as if they were to be seen in miniature; he will consider the power of the eye itself, as it is clouded by remoteness. His picture is not to be seen through a telescope; the excess of detail will either be lost, or it will drag the distances into the middle ground and the middle into the foreground. Figures far off will look like pigmies, and trees like shrubs, if they are overwrought, and the perspective of light and shade forgotten.

3. The perspective of color requiring in the foreground the solid and comparatively opaque body colors of objects firmly and clearly marked, will give distance only by the prevalence of blue, increasing in force with distance. It requires also that shadows shall have the accidental or harmonic hues appearing in them more decidedly as they are intended to appear more remote. The tinge of blue, communicated to all the shadows that relieve an orange or golden light, the tinge of clear green for a red light, and the veil of yellow changed by darkness into

green from purple lights, are strongly manifested in a well-managed landscape, as the eye traverses its perspectives.

4. Even with all these, the full perspective of a picture is not made out. The density of air carrying a mist with it, obscures all objects more and more as they grow remote; and this "air perspective" requires a peculiar skill to give it delicacy. Many painters rely exclusively upon this air perspective for atmospheric distances, being for the most part ignorant of the powerful perspective of color, having, indeed, heard nothing of it from others, and rarely discovering its laws themselves. A thin mud of white and yellow is scrubbed over the whole picture, as they say, to distance and soften, but it only obscures. Others rely upon a coat of oil, carrying an even body of transparent color, diffused over all objects; and this, too, is only a species of sand cloud or material obscuration, and dulls the finest workmanship of the hand. Mist or air perspective will be seldom needed to give distance, if the color is justly managed, and the tints preserved in their transparency.

The combined effect of the three first kinds of perspective—the "geometric" or *true* linear, that of light and shadow, and that of color—will give, with a perfectly clear air, an effect of distance equal to that of a reflection in a mirror; and we see pictures so painted as to produce this illusion, but only by the best hands. The effect of all is due to the nature of the human eye, and may be styled the *physiological* kinds, while the misty obscuration, sometimes and falsely called "air perspective," is to be regarded more as a defect than as a merit; being in fact the interposition of opaque particles between the eye and the object, like a cloud of dust. Beautiful effects are doubtless attained by it, but it is a monstrous trick of many painters to rely upon it altogether.

To produce all of these effects, (and we could point out several pictures by American artists which show them very beautifully and in full combination,) it is clear, some *method* must be used in the laying on of color. A mixture of the primary colors, red, yellow, and blue, produces a *neutral* tint, which is muddy and unfit to be applied on canvas. One of the principal differences, pointed out by Merimé in his admirable work on color, between the pictures of the old Italian

school and the majority of those of our day, is in the mixed and muddy colors of the one, and the clear transparency and vigor of the other. Nature and the art of chemistry have provided the painter with colors too harsh to be used in their purity. The colors of nature are clear and powerful, but they are never pure; hardly in a March sky is clear red visible; and in the human figure, every color is a medium, or rather a blending of all; a circumstance which occasions great trouble and perplexity to those painters who imagine they are to mix tints of nature upon the palette before laying them upon the canvas. It is generally forgotten, too, that the tints of nature are *transparent*: thus, in a tree, the green of leaves is seen through the yellow cuticle of the leaf; the blood of the skin glows through the skin itself, which is of a delicate yellow. To produce even a tolerable imitation of these effects, it becomes necessary to use the primary colors in the ancient manner, namely, to use them pure, to lay them one upon another, selecting the most violent and powerful colors, and tempering one by the superposition of another. Leaves of trees may be made of pure verdigris, if laid upon a proper ground; the ground, shining through, tempers the harshness, and gives the tender hue of vegetation. The strength and brilliancy of the chemical colors is quite lost and useless when mixed together promiscuously. Certain mixtures are indeed allowable, as of blue with yellow, of any primary color with any other; but the double colors, orange, purple, and green, cannot be mixed with their complementary primaries without producing an opaque and senseless neutrality. Let rich and glaring colors be laid in all their brilliancy upon the canvas; then let their complementary tints be applied over them, and the transparent neutrality of nature is attained, and full power is given to the color of the picture. The aid rendered by the chemist is thus not thrown away, but fully and gratefully acknowledged by the artist.

A great deal is said about toning and glazing, by superficial painters. By the process of toning, a uniform tint is glazed over the entire surface of the picture, so that all is softened and united. A badly painted picture may be much improved by this operation; its defects are hidden, and its harsh

ness corrected; but the distances are brought near, the foreground distanced and the middle ground obscured, the finest harmonies of shadows and lights utterly obliterated. The shadow of a white house in a middle ground, under a yellow sunlight, is invariably of a pure ultramarine blue. Let us consider what would be the fate of this exquisite aerial harmony of golden lights and azure shade under the monotonizing process of glazing or toning. It is destroyed, and with it all the fine distances.

If the picture is rightly painted from the first layer to the last, it will have the *tone* proper to it, without any superficial glazing of transparent color. If it is a golden sunset, let the shadows be "toned," if you please, with azure; the lights will now shine with double brilliancy. They were harsh and unpleasant, made of violent colors, now they are agreeable and harmonious. Hogarth has some where remarked, that the difference between a good painter and a bad one lies in the use of blue; and we agree with him so far as to admit that a painter who cannot mark the retreating surfaces of flesh and the shadows of a landscape with blue, without spoiling them, has not learned to finish a picture.

It is impossible to fix the limits of illusion to which the art of painting may be carried, when the natural principles of coloring shall be recognized and acted on. The present haphazard of the palette being once discarded, and a rule adopted for the orderly building

up if we may so phrase it, of a picture, incredible rapidity and finish will be attained. We subdue nature, says Lord Bacon, by observing her laws; we also represent her by that process. Would one good artist and ingenious colorist devote himself to a study of the methods by which effects of color and distance are produced in nature, and by that study attain to an inviolable system of coloring, that should have its rules, like all other rational arts, painting might revive in our days with a vigor far beyond all the productions of Italy. Already in certain pictures, by different hands, at the exhibition of the Art Union, we see the evidence of successful labor in this great department of art. A clear and beautiful style of coloring is slowly gaining the ascendancy over the miserable palette style of the daubers, mixers and glazers. Clear harmonies, pure skies, transparent carnations, and *deep* shadows may be discovered in a few pieces. We may be satisfied with this advance: we have no fears for the art of painting in America, if it continues. The ideas of our best artists are generally fine and elevated; and the mind of an educated American citizen may surely be compared, in force, power, and dignity of conception, to that of the European. We are now fighting with gross matter, working our way through mechanical obstacles; when we have attained the requisite brilliancy and purity of color, we shall have leisure to look about us, and to meditate grand and beautiful works.

GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, so long "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own," has passed away, at a ripe age, to rejoin his distinguished contemporaries of a by-gone generation. For some time before his death, his life was a blank; the purple light of poetry had vanished, and shadows, clouds, and darkness rested on it,

Amidst the after-silence on the shore,
Where all was lost, except a little life.

His intellect had gone out, like those of Scott, Southey, and Cooper, before the end. This darkening and insanity of mind has overtaken a great many distinguished men—

Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
Stirring too deeply the soul's secret springs—

Swift, Dante, Newton, Tasso, as well as the three we have mentioned. One may fancy this fate accompanying genius, after its achievements; like the slave that, in the old Roman times, used to sit in the car with the consuls and imperadors, as they went up triumphing to the Capitol. The humiliating moral seems as emphatic in one case as in the other.

Moore was latterly engaged, it is said, on the life of the late witty canon of St. Paul's, one of the founders and great guns of the *Edinburgh Review*, the Reverend Sydney Smith, with whose wit, genius, and general cast of philosophy, Moore perhaps more nearly sympathized than with those of any other literary man of his age. They were congenial spirits—

—two wits by acclamation;
Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the
Tweed—

and, for the last half century, two of the most sparkling and dexterous champions of English Whiggery. But the poor poet has been forced "to leave half told the story" of his eccentric old friend; "the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern." If we were the melancholy Jaques, we could sit and

moralize for hours upon the splendid career of the Irish bard and its dreary close, resembling in this the Rhine, which, trending long and beautifully in the midst of noble and historic scenes, and illustrated in its course by many famous associations, is at last lost in the shallows and swamps by the ocean. "All that's bright must fade;" but the next line of the verse does not exactly apply to Moore. He was bright for over fifty years. In the average duration of human things, that was a long time for the enjoyments of life, and those pomps and vanities which, after all, are no inconsiderable ingredients in the happiness of mortals: a long time for the enjoyments of love and friendship, the luxurious hospitalities of lordly homes, the grateful incense of flattery, and the cordial acclaim of popularity; while, physically and intellectually, Moore possessed a temperament most susceptible of such exhilarating things—

—————a soul
To make these felt and feeling.

He had a brilliant fancy, "as beautiful and bounding as a steed," a sprightly fund of animal spirits, and a fat, healthy little person; and thus, smelling sweet savors and eating good things; drinking the richest wines, and making or hearing the most exquisite music, or the most inspiring wit; the dapper bard—who, in many respects, resembled his ancient lyric brother Horace—passed through life in a perfumed atmosphere on the high and privileged plateau of the British aristocracy. His cup of life was a full and fair one, and he drank it fairly, every thing considered. He had some vexations, and the shadow of death has been upon his threshold, but the balance was in his favor. These last dark dregs that lay at the bottom of the goblet were swallowed without tasting.

Moore saw all his more brilliant compeers pass away before him. Two or three second-rate men still remain—Hunt, Montgomery, Wilson. Those departed were a noble band of brothers, making the begin-

ning of the nineteenth century second to no other poetic era of any nation, ancient or modern; and proving that poetry is a perennial thing, "ever fair and young;" that

Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the Della Cruscan twilight, people said the best days of English poetry were gone by; that the parting genius was with sighing sent—the sighing of the Yendas, Piozzis, and Laura Marias—from the land; but, lo! Cowper and Burns were heard chanting in prelude, and then came the noble choir, with their singing-robes about them: Coleridge, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, and Southey; and, close behind, Hunt, Wilson, Proctor, Montgomery, Hogg, Elliott, and a score of others, all giving out the vigorous and varied poetical expression of a new era. Moore held a distinguished place among the best of this "immortal band;" and, now that he has rejoined them, we naturally wish to know the place he is to occupy for the future. In looking for the "true place" of this star, we must estimate those refractions caused by contemporary opinion, which make the object appear higher than it really is in general.

We think the *prestige* of Moore's lifetime, and the *éclat* which novelty flung around his polished and delicate verse, will not accompany it before the critical tribunals of the future. They have already faded away, in fact, and lost their influence; and Moore's poetic renown is about to be shorn of many of its beams. Looking back on the bards of the last half century, we feel that Moore affords least of that spirit of English poetry which takes the general mind, and promises to be held in remembrance by succeeding generations of readers. There appears no depth or thoughtfulness in him. Amidst all his music, we do not hear any of the still, sad music of humanity. We think the test of a poet's worth is the frequency with which he is quoted, whenever people discuss matters of moral feeling, or general views of man's philosophy, natural objects, social tendencies, and so forth, just as the best pieces of music are those which "grind well" in the thoroughfares. Byron, Scott, Shelley, Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, are quoted, *con amore*, in English literature, their

thoughts chiming in with the natural thoughts and impulses of millions; but Moore seldom furnishes a pregnant couplet or distich for our intellectual needs. In reviews, periodicals, newspapers, lectures, how seldom do we find any thing from his verse. The most quotable portion of it is in the Melodies; but we rarely see any thing taken from these to tessellate our prose disquisitions: and no wonder; for these songs are not genuine. They are not truly Irish, and we never knew that they were considered English, in the sense in which Proctor's or Dibdin's lyrics are English. How generally and affectionately we quote Burns, for the large and earnest sympathies of his nature, so warm with the feelings of our common humanity! But Moore deals in the finer and more fragile elements of human sentiment. We admire the happiness and delicacy of his ideas, but they seem too finely drawn out for the every-day experiences of life; they are generalized or epigrammatized too much, and cannot attach themselves favorably to our recollections. Moore's nature was more phosphorescent than fiery, and his words have not raciness, vigor, or character, sufficient to make them memorable. This impression of the unquotability of Moore, leads one to no unjust conclusion regarding his general merit as a poet. We have an idea that he must take a low place among the poets of his day and generation. We believe he was deficient in that *mens divini*, those profounder emotions of our nature which furnish full inspiration from within, and without which, no one can be a true *vates*. The very air which Moore breathed, from the opening of his career to the close of it, was fatal to the genuine poetic *afflatus*. He lived the life of a Sybarite; or perhaps it would be more just to say, the life of an Epicurean—a stranger to the more vigorous inspirations of existence. The greatest of our poets have been hustled and knocked about by the world, and exasperated in various ways by its chances. In the majority of instances, they

— were cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learned in suffering what they taught in song.

But Moore was early taken from the level of the shopkeeping class into the seventh heaven of the British peerage; and without any further dwelling upon cause and effect in this case, the reader will estimate what

sort of feeling and sentiment could be nourished in the soul of a happy little Irish rank-worshipper, like young Moore, by the silken influences of the aristocracy. True poetic genius breathes no such rarefied air, and thrives in no such place. It follows the plough upon the mountain-side; it enlists in a cavalry regiment under a feigned name, and speaks Greek to the horse, or the colonel; it comes out of an apothecary's shop to spit blood in a strange land, and hear the large utterance of the elder gods of paganism; it scandalizes society, and rushes savagely to the far-off mountains, like a wild animal, growling all the way; it sits in a hermitage, and moralizes; it talks blasphemy, in a measure, and is chased off into the wilderness with curses; acts, in fact, generally, in a strange and perverse way, and is mostly under the ban of a correct and moral community. But it never shows itself habitually crooking the supple hinges of the knee in the gilded drawing-rooms of fashionable society, or veiling its cap to the coronets of the great. If Moore had stayed in Dublin, and lived among his honest Leinster cousins—got fuddled with Innishowen, on hearty Hibernian occasions—he would have been a far different poet; he would, probably, have shown himself, with a difference, as Irish as Oliver Goldsmith; and been in his own country what Béranger has been in France.

Moore first saw the light at Aungier street, in Dublin, in 1780, the year in which the aforesaid great French lyrist was born; a man whose life in all things has presented such remarkable contrasts to that of the first poet. For, whereas "Tommy loved a lord," and bowed down to high people all his life; Béranger scoffed at the Marquises of Cárabas from the beginning, and greatly helped to pull them down, in the end, to the level of his own democracy.

In the absence of any regular biography, we chiefly gather the circumstances of Moore's life and literature from the prefaces which, about ten years ago, he prefixed to the complete and last edition of his works, thus published in imitation of Sir Walter Scott, who had put forward his novels and romances in the same way. Sir Walter did this to realize money for his creditors. But Moore had no such excuse; and in his hands the task of recapitulation falls very short of the other in interest and value. It

was scarcely becoming to his better judgment and advanced age, to embalm the fire-fly brilliancies of his anacreontics and erotics for the generations that are to come. With very little true poetry to recommend them, the world would not be very sorry to find them passed over in silence.

In his fourteenth year, Moore was a pupil in the school of Mr. Samuel Whyte, in the Irish metropolis. Whyte was for a long time a teacher of reading and elocution; and as a taste for private theatricals was very prevalent among the higher classes of Irish society, he was frequently employed by the Duke of Leinster's family and others to get up and superintend such performances at their houses. He also encouraged a taste for declaiming and acting among his pupils, and Moore, a quick, vivacious, black-eyed little fellow, was his "show-scholar" in many parts. Mr. Whyte wrote prologues and epilogues, which his pupil recited, and so from being the utterer, Moore became the composer of such things at a very early age. Thus we perceive the mode in which the boy was introduced to the residences and habits of people in high life. This pupilage at Whyte's decided the tenor of his genius and his future life. At the age of fourteen, he contributed a sonnet to the *Anthologia*—a Dublin Magazine—and also a translation of the fifth Ode of Anacreon, which, remarkably enough, reads just as well as his subsequent rendering of the same. He also wrote, when he was about seventeen, a masque, which was performed in his father's house by himself, his sister, and a few other young persons. At the age of fourteen, his verse-making talent led him to make his first step in politics, on the occasion of crowning the King of Dalkey, (a small island near Dublin.) This popular ceremony was suggestive of an ode, containing some hits at the real royalty of George the Third, which fell in with the discontented spirit of the time. The recent French revolution, which had let in such floods of unexpected light through the breaches made in the old system of things, agitated in a great degree the susceptible minds of the Irish; and Moore's boyhood passed in the midst of many rebellious influences. He records that at the age of twelve he was taken by his father to a dinner given in honor of some great French event, and, sitting on the chairman's knee, heard the company drink the toast,

"May the breezes of France fan our Irish oak into verdure!" A very fine, figurative toast, and such as the Irish of that time were famous at. They are also great, as yet, at that sort of thing. Indeed, it may be said, that if tyranny could have been *toasted* out of the world, the wolf would have lain down with the lamb long ago, and every thing be ordered as it should be. But with Moore's father and the majority there, that glowing metaphor meant nothing practical. If our poet's aristocratic leanings could have permitted him to become a real leveler and rebel, the influence of his family would have kept him merely malcontent. When, in 1797, he had secretly contributed a very rebellious sort of epistle to "*The Press*," a disaffected organ, conducted by Arthur O'Connor, the Emmets and others, his mother discovered the fact, and in the most solemn manner laid her injunction on him, never more to meddle with such dangerous men and things. Moore seems to rejoice that her motherly care of him kept him aloof from the privy conspiracy and rebellion of the time. He was at that period a collegian. Since 1793, the penal laws against Catholics had been relaxed so far as to permit children of that persuasion to be educated in Trinity College, Dublin, though without conceding to them its university degrees or honors; and Moore seems to have looked with longing desire to the literary and social privileges of the ascendancy class. He read for a scholarship, and showed he could have had it, but for the law against his creed. He also wrote English verse as a theme, in one of the quarterly examinations. This was greatly praised, and the poor young Pariah was gratified with a copy of the *Travels of Anacharsis*. Like his own Peri, he hung round the barriers that shut him out, and looked through them with longing. But no indignant feeling of disappointment agitated his breast. Though rebellion lay in his way, he did not find it. As a member of the Debating Society and Historic Society of Dublin, he was familiar with the bold eloquence of Emmet, and heard the exciting discussions of the day, but he kept free of the contagion. It is not impossible that a sense of the lukewarmness of the great mass of the people, and the want of concert between their leaders, may have taught him that rebellion was a hopeless affair. He might have learned from his

own family and others like it, that the idea of rebellion was not universally cherished among the Catholics, at least among respectable Catholics. However this may have been, he seems to have thought more of getting along in the world by the help of English aristocracy and literature, than of trying to fight down the English influence. He prepared himself for the bar, and went to London in 1799 to keep his terms in the Middle Temple.

But another speculation was dividing his mind with Blackstone's Commentaries. He had for some time been turning the Odes of Anacreon into English, and he now prepared his MS. for publication. He had already enjoyed the friendly patronage of the Earl of Moira, (a thing perfectly incompatible with any thing malcontent in Moore's character,) and his mediation procured for the young Irishman permission to dedicate his book to the Prince Regent. From that time forward, Moore's law studies and law ideas were completely given up.

If the associations of his play-acting boyhood gave Moore a partiality for the high society of the land, the Greek verse of Anacreon gave his muse that taste for sparkle and concinnity which remained to the end. His translations are extremely *periphrastic*. The original Greek is diluted and amplified, till the simplicity and brevity that belong to it are only faintly discoverable in "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of Moore. All the vicious prettinesses of his style are scattered through these translations, and the amatory poems and songs of "Thomas Little," which succeeded them. Nothing but lips, eyes, cheeks, smiles, wreaths, flowers, goblets, darts; rosy, sparkling, perfumed, beaming or blushing. All the ecstasies and splendors of love and pleasure find a luscious, laughing expression in the *anemone verborum*—as Lucian would call them—of the lively little poet. Moore gives Anacreon a thousand turns the Teian never dreamed of; makes as free with him, in fact, as Pope did with the venerable hexameters of Homer. The "songs" of Thomas Little are generally very trivial in sentiment, and not very remarkable in point. But the great charm of them lies, or rather lay, in the elegant and happy versification, which contrasted so favorably with the songs in vogue at the time. They have the air of coming as much from the head as the

heart of the writer, even at that warm age of love and the muses. Some of them, to be sure, shocked the public sense of decorum somewhat, but they had not power enough to effect any amount of demoralization.

In 1803, Moore, through the influence of Lord Moira, got the government situation of Register to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda. His fitness for the place was, of course, nothing to the purpose; he could get a substitute—and so he did. He came to the island, and there procured a deputy for the duties of his post. He wrote several poetical pieces at that place, and then, after a short stay, proceeded to the United States, where he showed himself, in spite of his birth, country, and so forth, a complete aristocrat in feeling. His epistles from America to Lord Forbes, the Hon. Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Hume, show how little he sympathized with the rough young Democracy, and how blind he was to the future of this republic. He could say of it:

Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death.

He is very fierce upon

The ills, the vices of the land, where first
The rebel fiends that rack the world were nursed!

Of Washington, the little placeman sings:

Nature designed thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!

And he asks the large and respectable territory he is admiring,

Did Heaven design thy lordly land to mourn
The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime,
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere?

The good mother of the young poet was right. Moore never had any business with rebellion, leveling, or such things. His nature required refinement and aristocracy—"nobility, tranquillity, and great honors;" and Liberty, as she then existed on this continent, was too rough and robust a goddess for the worship of the festive islander. The liberty "his soul adored" was a rose-colored abstraction, filtered through the alembics of Greek and Roman poetry, and breathing in his Anacharsis. He shrank from the American reality—the lower orders had no amenity in their ways—rude in speech, and little

versed in the soft phrase of civility; the Democrats were fierce in argument and style, and the Federalists went very far to imitate the Democrats. He went to the Lakes, and there, at least, he found something American to admire. Indeed, American scenery every where struck him with admiration, and the Schuylkill and the St. Lawrence long kept their places in his delighted remembrance. But, after all, he sighed for England—for Lord Moira's ancestral dwelling—

"Where Donington's old oaks, to every breeze,
Whispered the tale of by-gone centuries"—

where he had done happy homage to rank, wealth, and beauty, and where the guests and liveried servitors had paid him respect and homage in turn. He passed on to Halifax, and returned to England, after having spent fifteen months in the New World, and only increased, by his acquaintance with democratic institutions, his first love of loyalty, royalty, and lordly society at home.

In 1806 appeared his poems relating to his voyage and America, and along with them came his anacreontics, juvenile erotics, and so forth.

"That sight endured not Jeffrey, where he sat!"

Out came the *Edinburgh Review*, condemning the morality, and sneering at the verbal marquetry and false politics of the book. Moore, whose morality was, at all times, much better than his poetry, was terribly irritated, and, like George Scudery, challenged his critic, Francis Jeffrey. They met; and their meeting is as memorable as it would have been, if, like the Kilkenny cats, they had finished one another! Chalk Farm, and "Little's leadless pistol," are already renowned. The police officers interfered just as the gentlemen were going to begin, and found no balls in any of the pistols. The public "laughed like a swarm of flies," as Friar John says in Rabelais, and Lord Byron, a little after, still further aggravated the soreness of poor Moore. In the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and another short poem, he harped upon the empty barrels, whereupon Moore wrote *him*, also, a challenge. But his lordship had gone off to the Orient, and the Irish cartel lay over till his return. The latter then wrote a very characteristic and conciliatory reply, which touched the forgiving nature of Moore, who, instead of going out to shoot the baron

offered him his friendship without further preface—*more Hibernico*.

“The baron was a generous foe,
And he quickly took him by the hand.”

A dinner at the house of Rogers, the banker—a feeble but very wealthy versifier, who, from bartering solid pudding against empty praise, got the name of poet from those he feasted—sealed the forgiveness and began the friendship. There, Moore, Byron, and Campbell met each other, and some of them their host, for the first time. A rather distinguished *symposium* it was, certainly; and in this way commenced the friendship of Moore and Byron, which the former has so honorably vindicated. That of Byron for him—though the sincerity of it has been doubted—was really among the strongest the noble poet's feelings, who used to say, of waywardly, that he never loved any one, except Lord Clare, “and, perhaps, little Moore.” Moore was now married to Miss Dyke, by whom he had several children, some of whom died, thus giving the heart of the poet some of the worst griefs it experienced. One of his sons—we believe his eldest son—was an officer in the British army—Thomas Parr Lansdowne Moore; and we have some sort of recollection that, fourteen or fifteen years ago, this name was mentioned in connection with some regimental affair of gallantry; not, however, in the field of Mars.

The poet next published a pair of political essays in verse, called “Corruption” and “Intolerance,” woven in that flowing and feeble heroic measure of his, which contrasts so strongly with the couplet of Dryden and Pope. In the former, he tried to prove that John Bull had little to boast of in the revolution of 1688; and, in the other, denounces the religious intolerance of England. In the “Skeptic,” after reviewing the various beliefs and philosophies of men, he concludes that, an uninquiring state of ignorance is best for us. Assuming what Gray states conditionally, he says, that “Ignorance is bliss,” and therefore “it is folly to be wise.” The “Two-penny Post-bag,” by Thomas Brown the Younger, next appeared, and, a little after, a collection of satirical and humorous pieces. These were generally political squibs, directed against the Prince Regent and the Tory party, and were very popular, as they deserved to be, for their

inimitable grace, gayety, and wit. Moore was usually “in all his fortitudes” at this sort of work, and wrote from the most congenial inspiration. The felicitous music of his double rhymes and dancing anapests still retain their charms for those who recall the by-gone circumstances to which they refer. Indeed, their gay, satiric merits must strike any one who reads them, though we feel a natural regret that such happy versification was not bestowed on matters of a more enduring interest. The scandals, intrigues, partisanships, and politics of the Prince Regent's days are gone on the wind's wings; and, if they are not entirely forgotten, it will be owing, in a great measure, to Moore's verse, which, after all, the world will not willingly let die.

In 1811, Moore gave Mr. Arnold a dramatic piece for the *London Lyceum*, called “An M. P.; or, The Blue Stocking,” which was promptly and unequivocally damned—as it deserved to be. Moore's feeble sentimentality or fine-drawn wit could never suit the many-headed monster. In connection with this unlucky play, he became acquainted with Leigh Hunt, the editor of the *Examiner*. Hunt, some time after, satirized the fatness and foppery of the Prince Regent, and was thrown into prison. Here Moore and Byron visited him, and once or twice dined with him—a very manly thing to do, particularly on the part of the fastidious young baron.

We now come to the publication of the *Irish Melodies*, the first and second numbers of which appeared about this time. They are the most meritorious of Moore's productions, and those on which, as he himself has very shrewdly opined, will rest whatever, fame he is destined to inherit. In these the qualities of his earlier songs were, in a measure, reproduced, but in a much more dignified way; and the point, classicality, and harmony of the lyrics threw all preceding or contemporary *chansonniers* into the shade. There was a brilliancy and a vividness of sentiment in the *Melodies* which took the general taste at once; and this, combined with the beauty of the airs and the shade of seeming disaffection, which gave it a certain piquancy, made the pianos of the three kingdoms ring simultaneously with the matter. It was certainly a novelty to hear that rose-colored rebellion of the Irish muse finding voice in the noblest saloons of the Bri-

tish aristocracy, from the lips of the high-born beauties of the land. It was undeniably a splendid triumph of the poet, and he had his reward in the wider celebrity of his name, and the increase of that hospitable incense so dear to his nostrils. In the intervals of the *Melodies*, he resolved on more ambitious and profitable things; in emulation, doubtless, of the lucrative metrical romances of Scott, and the passionate and popular poems of Lord Byron. Following the example of the latter, and also the bias of his own oriental tastes, he undertook to compose an Eastern romance in verse. His friend Perry, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, negotiated, on his part, a shrewd bargain with the Messrs. Longman, who agreed to give three thousand guineas for the manuscript, whenever and however Moore should have completed it. This was three years before its publication in 1817. During the composition of this romance and of additional numbers of the *Melodies*, Moore sequestered himself in Derbyshire, at Mayfield cottage, not so far removed from Donington Park but that he could occasionally go over to the Earl of Moira's library, whenever he wanted to make references. Here he entered on his task, preparing his mind by the perusal of every book within his reach that treated of the East, and committing to memory all the facts, images, illustrations, and so forth, which belong to its history. He saturated his mind with the subject; but his progress was slow, and the business felt awfully like task-work. He found it so difficult to pump up his inspiration, that, after beginning and writing part of several stories, he was obliged to leave off and think again. At last, he was lucky enough to discover some sort of similarity between the Fire-worshippers of Persia and the Celts of Ireland, and, working up his sympathies in this way, at last the wheels of verse began to roll in earnest—

“go down hill, scrievin’,
Wi’ rattlin’ glee.”

The other stories came in due time; and, in 1817, *Lalla Rookh* appeared, in all the pomp and prodigality of rhyme, splendid with imagery, and sufficiently perfumed with the *attar* of oriental roses to overpower the smell of the lamp at which it was mostly composed. The romance had a great run,

and, in the first twenty years of its life, reached nearly as many editions.

In 1817, Moore visited Paris, in company with Samuel Rogers. There, the strange and somewhat ridiculous mixture, at the period following the Restoration, struck his fancy, and he easily fell into “his old lunes,” those in which he was apparently most at home; and, on his return to England, he published his *Fudge Family*, a light and hasty performance. In 1819, he accompanied Lord John Russell to the continent, passing through Paris to Italy, where he visited Lord Byron at Venice. During this visit, his lordship gave him the manuscript *Memoirs* of his life and adventures, which Moore was afterwards induced, by the noble poet's friends and family, to destroy. At this time he visited the chief cities of Italy, saw all the relics of Roman antiquity, and heard Canova and Chantrey talking of sculpture, beside the *Venere Vincatrice*, in the palace Borghese. During this tour, he wrote his “*Rhymes on the Road*,” suggested by a few of the natural and other associations of the journey. But they differ a good deal from those *Childe Harold* hexameters which Byron could pour forth along the route of his pilgrimage with somewhat similar suggestions of inspiration. Unlike his lordship, in more ways than one, Moore felt nothing but disgust in remembering Rousseau, (at the house of “*Les Charmettes*,”) and expresses a very virtuous indignation against the Genevese—remarkable, as coming from one who was himself considered no better than Catullus. But Moore was far from being a licentious or immoral man; and this is saying a great deal, considering the temptations that surrounded him. Nevertheless, an emotion of brotherly pity for the crackbrained lover of Madame Warens would have been more becoming in Moore, who also loved cakes and ale, and ginger hot in the mouth, and did some mischief in his way, though intending it as little as the author of the *Confessions*.

Coming from Rome, Moore was joined by his family in Paris, and remained in that city till the close of 1822. His reasons for this arose from his Bermudan registrarship. His deputy at Bermuda had embezzled some property and gone off, leaving Moore accountable. An attachment was issued against the latter by the Court of Admiralty, a circumstance which made his exile a matter

of prudence. In the mean time a negotiation was opened with the American ship-owners who had been robbed by the deputy, and these at last consented to take a thousand guineas for their claim. Towards this sum, a relative of the delinquent contributed about £350; and Moore, who had written the "Loves of the Angels," and a series of the Melodies, in his pleasant retreat at La Butte Coaslin, near Paris, was enabled to draw on his publishers for the balance. They had credited him with £1500 for the "Loves of the Angels," and the "Fables for the Holy Alliance," leaving him £750 clear, to congratulate himself upon, after the storm of "the still-vest Bermoothes" had blown over him.

Moore now settled himself and family at Sloperton, near Devizes, where he remained for the rest of his life. It was first a rude-looking place, but, by dint of furbishing and improving the cottage, he made it a very comfortable and pleasant retreat. In 1824, he published his "Memoirs of Captain Rock," a name given to the assumed leader of the Irish peasantry, in the servile war which they waged, in the night-time, against the gentry of Ireland. This is a *resumé* of the continual misgovernment of Ireland, from the time of Henry II. downward. It is written in a sprightly, metaphorical style, and told very well at a time when the minds of the Irish were agitated by the question of Catholic Emancipation. The poetical and scholarly rebellion of Captain Rock, thus exhibited, was just the thing for the Irish, who, indignant with John Bull for his harsh treatment, never could make up their minds to fight him, all together, on the square. So they felt glad to turn the fiercest points of satire against him, as pike points were out of the question. And certainly, if sarcasm and objurgation could affect the aforesaid personage, then were he nothing but a helpless and discomfited governor, long since, and Ireland as she ought to be. Capt. Rock's Memoirs were long the *Vade Mecum* of patriotic editors in Ireland, forming an armory of their best images and metaphors, their indisputable historic hits, and their most withering conclusions.

Moore had now freed himself from the heavy labor of light poetry, and fallen back on religion and politics. His next book was the "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion," an earnest defense of

Catholicity, terribly stuffed with epithets of theology, and exhibiting in its erudition all the industry of the author of "Lalla Rookh." He must have rummaged like a rat among the moth-eaten Fathers of the Church. His "Life of Sheridan," written in a very bad, ambitious style, was published about this time, the period of his visit to Scott at Edinburgh. He has recorded this last, and the plaudits which he received from the citizens of Edinburgh at the theatre, with much evident satisfaction, in one of his late prefaces. In 1827, he brought out his "Epicurean," one of the most simply written of his prose works, but with a great deal of Egyptian gravity and dullness in it. Moore's other prose works are, the biographies of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Lord Byron, of which the latter is infinitely the best. The Life of the Rev. Sydney Smith would have been added to the list—*sed Diis aliter visum*. Beside these principal works, Moore continued till within the last ten years to print in the newspapers—chiefly the *Morning Chronicle*, owned by his good friend Perry—a succession of satirical and humorous poems, including the "Fudges in England." The real bias and truth of his genius were exhibited in the latest efforts of his intellect in a poetical direction.

Moore's brilliancy so dazzled his critics for a long time that they could not agree about him. Some maintained he had but feeble powers of imagination; but, on the other hand, it was contended that there must have been great merit in the mind that could charm the tastes and feelings of so many. It seemed to be generally thought that Imagination and Fancy were two different things; that Moore had fancy, but had not imagination. This drawing of distinctions between the two faculties has occupied the reasonings of a great many. But it is no easy matter to discriminate and define the mental qualities, such, for instance, as wit, judgment, imagination, fancy. Ingenious philosophers have made a great many attempts to make limits and draw boundary lines where nature never meant to have any. We have an idea that all our faculties partake of each other's nature, in a greater or less degree, and belong to each other inextricably; that the apparent differences between some of those we are in the habit of separating are more in degree or direction than in decided reality. What we call fancy

seems to be only imagination—with a difference—a weaker and inferior exercise of what we understand by the imaginative faculty. For instance, Shakspeare, whose powerful thought could people Prospero's Isle, and the wood near Athens, with strange beings and fine spirits; call up the weird women on the blasted heath by the way to Fores, and make the elements seem to sympathize with the sublime distractions of King Lear, was termed "Fancy's child" by Milton; and yet neither he nor any body else ever thought Shakspeare was not imaginative in a high degree. Milton understood fancy and imagination as things germane, growing from the same faculty of the mind. Fancy, in fact, would seem to be imagination producing things of a gayer, lighter order, so to speak. To the one would appear to belong the beautiful; to the other, more naturally, the sublime. Moore does not seem to have been remarkably endowed with fancy. The quality that pervades almost all his poetry is what is called "conceit," springing from agility of mind, and fruitful in similitudes. Moore is, in fact, more a poet of thought and rhetoric than any thing else, resembling Dryden and Pope in this; but with a vivacity of perception and power of combining, which never worked in their less excitable brains. Moore's fervent and subtle faculty of detecting resemblances is intimately bound up with what we call wit—that which compares, combines, distinguishes, brings distant things suddenly together, and so produces those surprises that so often lead us astray in looking for the sources of them.

In saying this, we do not mean to assert that a man without a very vivid power of fancy may not be a good poet. Some of the most famous poets of ancient and modern times have been men of rhetoric and thought more than of fancy or imagination; such as Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, Dryden, Pope, Churchill, and many others. With these we would rank Moore, as the poet of thought and reflection; but, as such, with a mind subtilized and quickened to a degree which seemed to remove him from them into another category, and place him among those who could project their thoughts powerfully outward and upward, and so sustain them, like strong eagles, in the high air of the firmament. By these last we mean such as Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats.

We repeat, we consider Moore but as a

poet of vivid and agile thought, of graceful and glowing rhetoric; and this seems to have been his true pretension from the beginning. In his translations from Anacreon, he embroiders his original, so to speak, with turns of thought and prettinesses which do not belong to the Man of Teos. The latter, with all his festivity, is full of the simplicity of his age and nation; and this is badly rendered by the diffuseness of Moore's style. To give one instance out of many. The twenty-first ode is as follows, literally:

"The black earth drinks
The tree drinks the same;
The sea drinks the vapors;
The sun drinks the sea;
The moon drinks the sun.
Why quarrel, brothers,
That I, too, would drink?"

Now see how Moore draws out the old bullion into his lyric wire; how very feebly he renders the graceful, *unsuperfluous* original!

"Observe, when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky,
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives;
The vapors which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears;
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam:
Then hence with all your sober thinking;
Since Nature's holy law is drinking,
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine."

We hope we have no reader so tasteless as not to be displeased with the fallacy and vicious taste of such a reading as this. And something in this way has Moore translated the old Greek's lyrics into versions which his mature judgment should have disclaimed, if he could not have entirely obliterated them.

The romance of Lalla Rookh has but a feeble hold on the partiality of English readers, because of a certain air of bespanglement over it, and the little human interest that runs through and animates it. His characters are not like veritable men and women; we find ourselves unable to sympathize with their sayings, doings, or sufferings. Mokanna, Hinda, Hafid, Zelica, Azim, and the rest, come like shadows and so depart. We are not to be told that they are Oriental, and therefore we do not take to them, for

human nature is the same every where. Moore does not place living beings before us, but qualities distinguished by names; in this resembling Addison, Voltaire, and all the other rhetorical poets. We have love, hatred, pity, tyranny, and so forth, but they do not proceed from any impersonations so much as from the writer himself. Hassan and the others are English or Irish folks in Turkish or Guebre masquerade. The hand is the hand of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob, always. Moore had no power to individualize; no more of the dramatic faculty than Wordsworth. In this the minds of these two poets, who seemed each other's moral antipodes, resembled one another. Neither could give distinct figures of men. Moore always diffused himself away into generalities, spreading himself out in the bravery of words. There is a declamatory, splendid vagueness over all his poetry of action, which can be best estimated, we think, by comparing him with other poets—Scott, for instance. How graphically the latter describes individual character, and brings events before the mind's eye! How distinctly we see Watt Tynlynn and his wife, the Knight of Snowdon and Ellen! and how cold and colorless Selim, Zelica, and Hafid show, in comparison! Let us see how these poets order and fight their battles of the warrior. Here is the last fight of Mokanna:

"Now comes the brunt—the crisis of the day;
They clash, they strive; the Caliph's troops give way;

Mokanna's self plucks the black banner down,
And now the Orient world's imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when hark, that shout!
Some hand has checked the flying Moslem's rout.
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led
In glorious panoply of Heaven's own mail,
The champions of the faith through Beder's vale,)
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuer's blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his track;
And at each step his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas, through which victory breaks!
In vain Mokanna, mid the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds, that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky;
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
And seems of all the great arch-enemy!
The panic spreads; "A miracle!" throughout
The Moslem ranks, "A miracle!" they shout;
All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams,

And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the lode-star, following him!"

What a feeble hubbub of words is here! The description seems absolutely clogged with all the parentheses, similitudes, and metaphors, which break the force of the sword-strokes, and delay the movement. Moore goes into battle like Sardanapalus, with that plumery and flourish, that *apparatus Persicos* which men in earnest hate, in every sense. But the foppish king fought well—which the poet does not.

Now let us have a Scottish affair. What shall it be? the fight of Flodden, Bannockburn, or Beal-an-Duine? Let it be the last.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear;
For life, for life, their flight they ply,
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear!
Onward they drive in dreaded race,
Pursuers and pursued;
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearman's twilight wood!
"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay leveled low,
And closely shouldering, side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash.
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank—
"My banner-men, advance!
"I see," he cried, "their columns shake:
Now, gallants, for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!"
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out—
They soon make lightsome room!

Olan-Alpine's best are backward borne.
Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men!

Here's a din—a stour—a storm—a real flesh and blood battle, that makes the blood tingle in the veins. The muse of Moore could not hold her ground in the wind of such commotion. All his poetry, in fact, proves how very feeble was his faculty of imagining things. His battle, like every thing else, floated before his eyes, a wild abstraction—a phantasmagoria, in which he shows us little or nothing. Moore himself seems to have had a consciousness of all this, and to have striven, for that reason, to compensate himself by the polish of his rhetoric, and the crowd and brilliancy of his similes and metaphors. But he overdid the thing. The vast amount of ornament becomes absolutely wearisome; and we find ourselves wishing for a little plainness and simplicity; we would take some common, careless versification as a relief. But Moore will have no slovenliness, any more than Queen Elizabeth would have any shadow for her portrait. After reading pages of his poetry, we are in a mood to understand why the people long ago grew tired of hearing Aristides eternally styled *the Just*.

While the characters of Moore's verse are so weak and his style so monotonous, the sentiments of it (we are considering Lalla Rookh especially) offer no redeeming qualities; nothing but melodramatic war and impossible love, splendid, distressful, or in last catastrophe. Love is his staple. Like the old citizens of Abdera, that used to go about the streets exclaiming, "O Eros, O Love!" Moore is ever versifying about that charming idea. But his love is the Oriental sensation; not that purer and more northern passion that others of our bards have made us familiar with. You seldom meet in Moore's poetry lines or sentences you can quote for their applicability to human nature, or their terse expression of a sentiment. He has none of those quaintnesses or happy mannerisms which make the couplets of Herrick, Proctor, Hunt, Tennyson, and others, cling like limpets to the memory. His lines have a colloquial and sprawling looseness which dissuades all quotation. And even when a sentiment does occur in good expression, it is almost sure to be connected with some bit of Orien-

tal imagery or erudition that spoils the whole.

"The Loves of the Angels" is a poor performance, considering the grand old Titanic times and things associated with such a theme. Moore's "rabbinical prettinesses" feebly express the meaning of the biblical legend, and will bear no comparison with Byron's "Mystery of Heaven and Earth," a work with which it was almost simultaneously published. Moore was never fitted to breathe "empyreal air;" if he plunged into it, with a short flight, he came rapidly down again. He never could keep to the height of a great argument. In the midst of it you perceive him faltering, and losing sight and power, as in battles and passionate scenes, or falling away in other themes, from high matter to a pointed saying, or piece of elaborate imagery. We recall an instance or two. He is describing the earth and sky, after the storm has blown over:

"'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting, when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest;
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last
Bright hours atone for dark ones past;
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!"

His genius belittles every thing, so to speak; turns great subjects "to favor and to prettiness." This fault is seen also in his use of colloquialisms in matters of romance and passion. Describing Rodaliver, who threw down her long hair from her lattice to help up her lover, Zal, (a very violent piece of tenderness, at best,) he says:

"She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless: 'There, love, there!'"

And when he wishes to give us an idea of the glorified rapture of the poor Peri, who gets into heaven at last, he makes her exclaim:

"Oh, am I not happy? I am, I am!
To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amerabad!"

Any thing so grotesque and laughable, in the way of pathos and holy ecstasy, we have not read any where. Yet the poet, doubtless, believed he was producing the sweetest

and tenderest impressions. Ah! the gay bard was far more at home with

"Fill the bumper fair:
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle;"

or in dreaming of the dance of English bishops,

"Where bishop to bishop, *vis-à-vis*,
Footed away prodigiously!"

than in the high and difficult air of the gates of heaven.

Coming to the Irish Melodies, we may consider them along with his principles in general, and his Irish politics in particular; and we think these lyrics fall as far short of their national pretensions as the poet himself fell short of his professed attachment to liberty. Moore's patriotism and love of freedom were mere sentiments; they played round the head, but scarce came near the heart. They were not passions, by any means, and never stood inconveniently between him and the patronage of the aristocracy. The influences of rank were, as we have seen, brought to bear upon the young Catholic, and his early feelings and leanings remained with him ever after. He turned from democracy and Ireland, and bent his eyes upon English literature and high life. It may certainly be urged in excuse for Moore, then and afterwards, that Ireland had no democracy, no *people* to which he could attach himself, which he might lead to great things, and by which he might attain distinction in his own country. The mass of the Irish was but a *populace*. By what they are now, in every thing that relates to national feeling or national validity, we can judge what they then were, half a century ago. The Catholic population of that time were but imperfectly indoctrinated with any thing like rebellion against England. The rebellion of 1798 may be called a Protestant one, a necessary consequence of the Protestant volunteer system of the north of the island. Moore could easily gather from the Catholic feelings and influences of his own family, and others of the same persuasion, that the population were not at all leavened with the spirit of rebellion which could avail against the power of England. Under such circumstances, if Moore, following his own convictions, and obeying the

wishes of his family, turned his back upon the hopeless cause of Ireland, a good many arguments may be set forth to justify his wisdom and good sense.

But there were respects in which, taking into account his birth, and the professions he was always making, in the abstract, he does not seem so justifiable. His poems on the subject of America showed that his sympathies with liberty were neither philosophical nor genuine. At a time when the nations of Europe, and "his own loved island of sorrow" among them, were groaning under their despotisms, he failed to appreciate or be touched with the reality and promise of good then presented, in contrast, by the free States of America. He had nothing for them but sneers and evil prophecies. His fastidious tastes revolted against the crude conditions and rough aspect of the sturdy young republic. He had no instinctive partialities to offer it, no large and loving presages of the coming years. His eye had no speculation of the true *vates* in it—

"Even in the cradled Hercules to trace
The lines of empire in his infant face."

He journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, and pronounced every thing barren in this community; and then went home to write lyrics about the Green Flag and Liberty, the heavy chain of Irish slavery, and the "cold-hearted Saxon." His versified passages concerning freedom in the Melodies, Fire-worshippers, and every where else, are therefore felt to be fallacious; and the ornate style of the poet suffers a still further depreciation from our want of belief in his sentiments. The happy little *bon vivant* sipping all the nectared sweets of aristocratic life, to speak in metaphor, could never apply himself in earnest to write lofty or savage things of human freedom, or of the atrocity of those who crushed it to the earth. "Tommy loved a lord" better than "the fierce democracy;" and would have turned, any day, from the goddess in the Phrygian cap, to bow to a British baroness in her own right. As he says himself of another:

"Heaven rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damned beside a duke,
Than saved in vulgar company."

The inspiration of the Melodies is not racy of their proper soil. There are more

Irish meaning and poetry in Dr. Daigenan's two lines respecting the island—

———"in station twice blest,
Her back turned to Britain, her face to the west"—

than in half the Melodies. The same want of genuine feeling which, in his Eastern romances, suggested the employment of similitudes and verbal marquetry, forced him in the melodies back to the shadowy traditions of the land. His sympathies with the people were faint, and his ideas of freedom rose-colored, full of plumes, swords, blazonry, a noble flourish of trumpets, and Dathy or some of the old Celtic paladins come back again, like Don Sebastian or King Arthur, to be crowned on the hill of Tara! He did not see any thing to poetize upon, in the condition of the Irish as they were, and felt apparently little interest in the endeavors of O'Connell and others to better them in a practical way. He contented himself with making his country a theme of drawing-room pathos, of festive commiseration. His faith in popular freedom, and his belief in the glory of ancient Ireland, seemed to be on a par. And it gives one a poor idea of the nationality of his lyrics to see how, in his prose writings, he cannot conceal a lurking contempt for those venerable traditions of the land which every true Celt is bound to worship. But he found it far easier and more prudent to present the ancient memories and images, with musical accompaniments, than to sing of the existing condition or prospects of the people, excite them to effort, like Whittier and Mackay, or waken in them a malcontent spirit, like that modern Tyrtæus, Beranger. Moore never felt any wish to be in Ireland. He seems to have thought O'Connell and his colleagues rather a set of demagogues than otherwise; and when the constituency of Limerick wanted to send him to Parliament, after the passing of the Emancipation Act, in 1829, he refused to identify himself with the "Gem of the Sea," even in that aristocratic and unobjectionable manner. Gerald Griffin, the novelist, (the most genuine and racy of all Irish writers,) accompanied by a deputation, waited on Moore, at Sloperton. They found him at the piano, "the little thief," as Griffin says, and came away with his refusal to mix himself up with Irish politics.

Moore's ideas of patriotism, as we have said, were rather rose-colored, more for show

than service. His sunbursts about Irish bravery and chivalry, past or possible, are very musical things, but you feel them to be a sound, and nothing more. Compare

"Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
On files arrayed with helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing,"

with the ploughman's battle ode:

"Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led!"

When Emmett heard Moore once playing the air "Modereen Ruah," he flushed and said: "Oh that I were marching at the head of twenty thousand men, to that air!" If this young hero knew how to write verse, he could doubtless furnish heroic words for it, suitable to the bold aspirations of a patriot. Moore's words, "Let Erin remember the days of old," are those of plaintive retrospection. But Moore's instrument was the piano, not the bugle. The war poetry of Ireland was far more truly expressed a few years ago, when O'Connell had electrified into active existence the Young Irelandism of the land—an unconscionable young monster, by the way, that afterwards turned to rend himself, poor old Frankenstein that he was! In this juvenile *Hetairia* were found writers, such as Davis, Duffy, and others connected with the *Nation* newspaper, who, for heat of blood, directness and courage of thought, scope of doctrine, and a stormy sort of melody to suit the spirit of an awakened people—or rather one that ought to have been awakened—threw Moore and his mellifluous treason very far into the shade. Indeed, the sudden insurrection of these military songsters took the world very much by surprise; forced the *Times*, and the English press generally, to acknowledge that whoever or whatever was starved, by reason of the potato-rot, the spirit of Irish poetry was not; and proved also that those who say, from time to time, that poetry is declining, speak words without knowledge, forgetting that poetry is only another name for human nature in her ebullitions and fortitudes, and that while these agitate the blood of men, the fountains of the muses will never cease to flow. These young men—the most educated of whom were the most effective, and the *alumni* of Trinity College the best of them—were terribly in earnest,

just as ready to fight as to write; and from this came their superiority of poetic *essor* over the "Silken Thomas" of the drawing-room rebellions.

The Melodies, in fact, are not very Irish. They are not sung by the people. They are never heard lower than the middle classes—the piano classes of the country. They are not

"Sung to the wheel or sung unto the pail,"

in the work-shop or tavern, like those of Burns or Beranger. They are English in sentiment and turn of thought; or rather, they are Moorish—the trace of Anacreon is over them all. Not one of them was ever sung at a "patron" or a "wake." Lover's songs are sung lower down and oftener than Moore's. The mind of the latter was not sufficiently Irish to interpret the old airs; and wherever these are heard, as they generally are on the festive occasions of the people, it is to some other words than Moore's; words inferior in elegance, but expressing the ideas or gratifying the feelings of those who sing them far more cordially than his could do. Moore has versified the air "Savourneen Deelish:" "'Tis gone and for ever, the light we saw breaking;" but the song is always sung to the simple old words; we never heard the others used. And so of most of the others. Moore has Anglified the airs too much, in his desire to retrench some of their wild Irish cadences, and bring them within the pale of polite harmony. He exonerates Sir John Stevenson from any part in this, and takes the whole responsibility on himself. "The Last Rose of Summer" is a great curtailment of the native "porth," known for some time past as "The Groves of Blarney." The two versions of the song scarcely sound alike, at all. In that other grand melody, "The Coolun," which, in the rendering of it, should be as simple as sorrow itself, Moore could not refrain from spoiling what is otherwise fairly expressed, by one of his customary conceits:

"Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet, wherever thou art shall be Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And *thine eyes make my climate*, wherever we
 roam."

These conceits and similes, of which Moore was so fond, destroy the effect of a

great many of his melodies, and counteract his movements of pathos or earnestness. Such concinnities of style are never the accompaniments of genuine feeling of any kind.

It has been considered that Lord Byron's best and most characteristic poem is Don Juan. We believe Moore's most genuine inspiration is to be found in his Post Bags, Fudges, humorous and satirical pieces, and occasional squibs. In these he is completely at home and unrivalled. Within that circle he walks unchallenged as a man of wit and the most sparkling animal spirits. He riots in an exuberance of mental agility, scattering about him an amount of wit, erudition, illustration, sarcasm, and similitude, which would set up a dozen facetious reputations. His shafts, beautifully shot, with an easy air of prodigality, go lightening, not darkening, all the air; but "he tips his arrows with good nature"—at least, with a nature singularly devoid of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Wits are generally dreaded or disliked for the rash dexterity of their weapons. But it was Moore's rare glory to be loved and cherished as one of the best of good fellows; while those who were the objects of his humor and drollery, took them as people in Italian carnivals take the peas and bonbons that are rattled about their ears on such occasions. Even at this day, when the men and facts to which his satiric verses refer are altogether gone out of the way and obsolete, we can read many of his squibs and epigrammatic things with *gusto*; we are carried away by the unequalled ease and felicity of the diction, *riant* with puns and bristling all over with points. He never seems more felicitously in earnest than when he is girding at the English Church Establishment. It was the pillow on which, like a facetious Junius, he rested his most polished and laughter-provoking resentments. The Prince Regent, too—a vulgar mixture of the despot and the dandy—was a favorite butt for Moore's "thousand scapes of wit" and satirical volleys.

But we do not think Moore's excellence confined to this *voltigeur* poetry. The Melodies are full of that beautiful harmony, without which, verse wants one of its fairest properties, and forfeits some of its legitimate influences. The reading of some of them is music in itself. Along with this, his sentiment is remarkable for its graceful

gayety and tenderness, and captivates by a variety of delicate touches peculiar to Moore alone. He never goes to the trouble of exciting and rousing your feelings; but he loves to find them predisposed by the festive influences, by impulses of gayety, or by the emotions of pathetic regret; and then, his music seems to be that which the soul has dearest need of in such genial moods.

"His is the strain that, lightly going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through;
As the musk wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave but sweetens it too!
'Tis he that mingles in one sweet measure
The present, the past, and the future of pleasure,
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still on the ear,
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near."

The song beginning, "From Chendara's warbling fount I come," sets itself to music as the reader recites it; it is one of the most exquisite things he has written. We believe there is not a more perfect bit of *onomatopœia* (the sound being an echo to the sense) in the language. Moore luxuriates in such delicate modulations, and Lalla Rookh is full of them—

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
'Till the heart falls asleep in their sameness of splendor."

Summing up Moore's merits and defi-

ciencies, we conclude that he was more excitable and impulsive than profound. If innately he had any nobler mental tendencies, they were spoiled, at the first setting out, by Anacreon; and then the society of his after-life finished what the vinous old pagan began. The independent feelings which belong to the true poet could no more grow in the sphere of the aristocracy, than an oak could flourish in a conservatory.

Whatever virtue he brought into high society with him, oozed out of his enervated nature at every pore; the brogue and that went together; and it may be said of him that, both in literature and life,

"Somewhat he lisped in his wantonness,
To make his English sweet upon his tongue."

Moore, in fact, was English, of the old Whig school. About ten years ago, he obtained, through the influence of his friends, Lord John Russell and the Marquis of Lansdowne, a government pension of £300 a year. His children all died before him. On the day of his death, 26th of last February, died also another distinguished Irishman, Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, likewise a friend to the English influence, who incurred his fatal illness while performing the funeral services of Richard Lalor Shiel.

O'Connell bequeathed his heart to Rome; and Moore his body to the churchyard of the English parish in which he died.

BIOGRAPHY OF HON. WILLIAM L. SHARKEY, OF MISSISSIPPI

Among those constituting that class recognized by the world as intellectually great, may always be distinguished at least three divisions, varying not only in essential characteristics, but also in the means by which they have acquired reputation and influence.

First: there are the bold and flippant, who, by a train of fortuitous events, and the exercise of what is termed "address," have been rapidly carried by a flood of popularity into places of honor and emolument. These are like "seed sown in stony places." They "take no root," and when the piercing rays of scrutiny and criticism fall on them, they "wither away," and are seen no more, except when, now and then, some cynical observer points them out as objects of "special wonder," that had once, "like a summer cloud," obscured their contemporaries, and, equally transitory in their nature, disappeared as suddenly from the eyes of men.

Secondly: there may be observed everywhere men of dull intellects, but indefatigable perseverance. Their motto is, "*Improbis labor vincit omnia*." They are not fond of books, but read continually; not to gratify their taste, but to supply their natural lack of talent, and ultimately gratify their ambition or avarice, by the acquisition of wealth and distinction. By degrees, however, the companionship of books becomes a necessary stimulus, and induces a sort of "second nature," so nearly resembling an innate love of science and literature, as to be mistaken, by superficial observers, for the latter. These men seldom fail of success. They "take no step backward" until they reach the goal of their ambition, a respectable mediocrity of fame and fortune.

Thirdly: there are men in whom are united moral and intellectual faculties, either with or without imagination, in such just proportions, that it is difficult to determine whether their uniform propriety of action and opinion be the result of a good heart or a sound head. In them "the blood and

judgment are so well commingled," that, in the figurative language of the great Bard, "They are not a pipe for Fortune's fingers to play her stops upon." They have ambition, but it is chastened by an unerring regard for the rights of others and their own obligations to society, and sanctified by nobler ends. They think more of the example of a pure life than of their own personal advantage. Hence they use no intrigue, join no cabals, affiliate with no societies having in view only partisan ends, nor, in short, with any party to whose ultimate success any concealment of their measures or purposes is necessary. The only weapons they use are Integrity, Reason, and Justice; all they aim at is "their own, their country's, and their God's." For years they may advance but slowly, and, to chance observers, too slowly, to reach the distant goal of distinction during the short period allotted to man for action. But men of this description progress in a double ratio compared with others. The moderation of their first exertions does not exhaust, but increases their strength, like those ancient oaks whose growth has required a century, but which the fiercest tempest cannot uproot. The "thaws and sinews" of their intellectual frame gradually expand, and harden to an extraordinary degree of robustness, while those of a more ambitious and precocious nature wear out or crack from their own excessive tension. Moreover, few competitors suppose they will ever become formidable rivals, and therefore none are interested in impeding their march by opposition, or defeating them, as Paris did Atalanta, by throwing in their path the Hesperian apples of dissipation or fashion. At the age of forty, their faculties are well matured; they possess full, accurate, and varied information on all subjects, especially those which belong to their peculiar profession or vocation; and they take their places without question among those to whom the community look

for counsel, whenever an emergency arises involving their most important interests, and affecting "the business and bosoms" of men.

To this latter class belongs the subject of this memoir, William Louis Sharkey, late Chief Justice of the High Court of Errors and Appeals of Mississippi, and now Consul at Havana. By his own unaided exertions, constant labor, intense thought, love of truth and justice, faithful discharge of every social obligation and official duty, abhorrence of guile; by his integrity, prudence, firmness, plain but affable manners, and unostentatious life, he has won for himself and for the bench which he has so long adorned, a reputation as bright as it is unsullied, as enduring as it has been hard-earned, and as universal as the limits of that profession from which have sprung a Holt, a Hale, a Mansfield, and a Marshall.

William Louis Sharkey was born in Knox county, State of Tennessee, on the 12th day of August, A.D. 1798. His grandfather was a native of Ireland. His father was a soldier of the American Revolution, and was present at the capture of Cornwallis. After the war in 1800, he removed to Warren county, Mississippi, then recently transferred from the Spanish dominion to that of the United States, and there resided till the year 1811, when he died. William Louis was then only in his thirteenth year. His mother died two years after; and thus, at the age of fifteen years, he was an orphan, without fortune, or wealthy friends or connections, and with several younger brothers dependent on him for education and subsistence. Happily for all, he had that kind of pride which stimulates its possessor to seek labor as a means of support, and not to shun it as disgraceful, as is too often the case in the slaveholding States. He has assured the writer, that for many successive days during the cotton-picking season, he has picked cotton with his own hands.

In the year 1808 (during his father's life) he went to Natchez, Mississippi, and there remained a year at school. He then returned to Warren county, and after remaining several years there, entered a country school, where he prosecuted the usual studies for twelve months. In the year 1814, being then about sixteen years of age, he joined a company of volunteers, called out to serve under General Jackson, in defense of New-

Orleans, and first encamped on Jackson Square, but afterwards about a mile and a half above. This latter spot he endeavored to identify during his late sojourn at New-Orleans; but where the huge water-oaks then formed a magnificent canopy, there are now only private dwellings and orange groves, here and there interspersed with solitary trees of primeval growth. He was, of course, unable to discover the spot, which to him would have been replete with so many interesting associations. Soon after his arrival at New-Orleans, and before any battle had been fought, the company to which he was attached was disbanded, and sent across the lake to a point from which they returned home on foot. Mr. Sharkey describes their march as a fatiguing one, through a country then scarcely inhabited, and, of course, possessing few comforts for the traveller. They all camped out every night, till Mr. Sharkey reached Port Gibson, which was the first settlement he had passed since leaving New-Orleans, and the first place at which he had slept under a roof.

Having returned home, he resumed his agricultural labors until he had supplied himself with the means of temporarily prosecuting his studies, and then went to Greenville, in East Tennessee, where he entered the school of Dr. Coffin, president of the college or academy at that village. Here he remained six months, at the end of which time, his money being exhausted, he returned home, and went to work to earn more. After a short time thus employed, he went to West Tennessee, and placed himself under the instruction of John Hall, Esq., with whom he remained eighteen months; during which time he commenced, in connection with his other studies, that of the law. In 1821 he went to Natchez, and entered the office of Messrs. Turner & Metcalfe, then eminent practitioners of law, of whom the former is now living, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, and whom the writer had the pleasure of seeing, a few days ago, walking with the alertness of youth, to visit a friend in New-Orleans, more than a mile distant from his own residence.

Mr. Sharkey's contemporary students were Spencer M. Grayson, John J. Guion, and Alexander Montgomery, of whom it will not be inappropriate to take a passing notice. The first, Mr. Grayson, died about ten years

ago, having acquired distinction and amassed a fortune by the practice of his profession. John J. Guion practised law many years at Vicksburg, with Mr. Sharkey, and afterwards (till the year 1845) with the gifted and lamented S. S. Prentiss, Esq., now deceased. He was repeatedly a member of the Legislature of Mississippi; and in 1851, upon the resignation of the Governor, he, as Speaker of the Senate, became his successor. Alexander Montgomery was, for some years, Judge of the Circuit Court, and afterwards a successful practitioner of law at Natchez.

In 1822, Mr. Sharkey, having obtained his license, opened an office at Warrenton, then the court-house of Warren county, Mississippi. In 1825, the court-house having been removed to Vicksburg, he followed it. By this time his ability and attention to business had secured him a lucrative practice, which never afterwards forsook him. His contemporaries of that day describe him as having been of convivial habits, in conformity to the prevailing fashion of the country; but nevertheless his love of books, and his native strength of mind and firmness of purpose, prevented him from degenerating into that excess by which so many splendid intellects have been ruined. Not a few, however, were the "ambrosial nights" dedicated, in company with other choice spirits, to revelry and fun within the walls of his office; and many a bacchanalian song, accompanied by the tones of his favorite instrument, the violin, and jests as frequent and as exquisite as the potations that prompted them, bore witness that the grave and profound jurist occasionally played truant to the example and lessons of "my Lord Coke."

In 1827, Mr. Sharkey was elected a representative in the lower branch of the Legislature of Mississippi. In January, 1828, he first took his seat as a member of that body, of which General John A. Quitman (late Governor) and P. R. R. Pray (afterwards Judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals) were then also members. In 1829, he was reelected, and made Speaker of the House. In the discharge of the duties of that office, he exhibited the same dignity and impartiality which ever afterwards characterized him. His second term having expired, he declined reelection, and devoted himself exclusively to the study and practice of his profession till the year 1831, when he was appointed by Governor Bran-

don a judge of the Circuit Court, in place of Judge Joshua Childs, resigned. He had now obtained a position suited to his taste and capacity, and in which those prominent traits of his mind and character which so peculiarly qualified him for the judicial station, were at once displayed so fully as to acquire for him, during a single term, the universal commendation of the bar and of the community.

At that time the Circuit Judges formed, in convention, the Supreme Court of the State, which then sat at Natchez. An inherent vice of this system was, that the deference of each of the judges to all his colleagues prevented that mutual scrutiny of the opinions delivered on the Circuit Court bench, which the Constitution was intended to secure; and thus, very often, erroneous decisions were permitted to stand unreversed. This evil led to an amendment in 1832, by which the High Court of Errors and Appeals was so organized as to consist of three judges, and the power of each circuit judge was limited to the inferior court of which he was the incumbent.

Judge Sharkey presided as Circuit Court judge only one term in each county of his district. His appointment only qualified him till the Legislature should elect a successor, and, greatly to the disappointment of the people of the district and the bar, the Legislature, which soon afterwards assembled, elected over him Alexander Montgomery, Esq., then comparatively obscure, but who, during his judicial term, acquired the respect of the bar and community, and, after his retirement, reaped a plentiful harvest in the practice of law.

The evidences which Judge Sharkey had given of his capacity and learning induced the people of the First Judicial District to elect him, under the constitution of 1833, one of the judges of the High Court of Errors and Appeals. In 1833, he took his seat with Daniel W. Wright (since deceased) and Cotesworth Pinckney Smith, the two judges elect from the other judicial districts. Judge Sharkey was appointed Chief Justice by his associates. He drew the short term of two years, it being required by the constitution that a new judge shall be elected every two years.

In 1835, Judge Sharkey was reelected without opposition, and again appointed by his colleagues Chief Justice. Six years after-

wards, his term having expired, he was reelected over E. O. Wilkinson, Esq., by an overwhelming majority, after an arduous canvass, during which he visited and addressed the people of every county in his district, embracing an area of two hundred miles in length by one hundred in width. It will, doubtless, appear strange to those not accustomed to a constitution which makes the judiciary elective by the people, and not acquainted with the circumstances existing in 1841, which rendered it necessary for Judge Sharkey to "take the stump," that such means should have been resorted to by candidates for a high judicial station, one of whom wore the ermine at the time. But the exigency demanded it; and it is only an additional evidence of his intrinsic worth and dignity, that, by so doing, Judge Sharkey lost none of the veneration and regard which he had previously acquired. The people found the man as worthy of their homage as the Chief Justice had been.

A question vitally affecting the fortunes of numerous families, growing out of their indebtedness either as principals or sureties, to the banks, agitated the public mind, and, it was supposed, would materially bias popular suffrage. It was known that Judge Sharkey was in favor of enforcing payment by the debtors, notwithstanding the disfranchisement of the banks; it was, on the other hand, supposed that Judge Wilkinson entertained different views, and to the election of the latter, the debtors of the banks, their friends and relatives, looked forward with intense solicitude. Men acting under such an influence would not be over-scrupulous in their choice of the means of accomplishing their end. Combinations were secretly formed, money was liberally subscribed, pamphlets and newspapers teeming with misrepresentation were profusely disseminated where their poisonous influence could not be counteracted, and to that end runners were dispatched into quarters inaccessible by the usual avenues of communication. All this was done without the consent of Judge Wilkinson, who would have spurned any other than the most honorable warfare; but nevertheless it became necessary for Judge Sharkey to take the field in person, and disabuse the minds of the people of the false and injurious impressions which his enemies had produced. Every where he drew vast assemblies, and, in all his addresses, ex-

hibited a style of lofty and persuasive eloquence which, united with his venerable appearance and benignant manners, rendered him irresistible. He well merited the compliment paid him by his generous opponent, who said that "he considered it a high honor to have been pitted against such an adversary."

This victory virtually extinguished the hopes of the debtors of the banks, to whose want of punctuality the failure of those institutions was mainly attributable, and who, as was wittily observed by S. S. Prentiss, Esq., "not content with having sucked all the eggs, were now anxious to break up the nests."

Judge Sharkey was again elected Chief Justice, and resumed the arduous duties of his station with the same fidelity that had always characterized him, and with a moral influence greatly augmented by his recent triumph.

On another and more trying occasion, in the exercise of his judicial functions, Judge Sharkey had violated the wishes of a majority of the people of the State, by deciding that the supplemental charter of the Union Bank, under which the bonds of the State had been issued by A. G. McNutt, and known as the "Union Bank Bonds," was constitutional. The effect of this decision was to establish, in theory at least, the validity of these bonds; but as, without an appropriation by the Legislature of sufficient funds out of the public treasury, they could not be paid, the decision was of little use to the bondholders. The recollection of this obnoxious opinion might, nevertheless, have defeated his reelection; but that he was elected by the people of a district, and not by the whole State, and in that district the repudiating class was not as numerous as in others. It was fortunate for the State, that this circumstance prevented the election to the Supreme Bench, in lieu of Judge Sharkey, of an individual of opposite sentiments, and thus excluded from the fountain of justice the contaminating doctrine "that the debtor shall be the judge of his own liability to the creditor." Those desirous of learning the reasoning of the Supreme Court on this long-mooted and agitating question, may be gratified by referring to the case of *Campbell vs. Mississippi Union Bank*, 6 *Howard, Miss. Rep.* 625.

In 1850, Judge Sharkey announced:

intention to retire from the bench in the month of June of that year; but, upon the universal petition of the members of the Mississippi bar, consented to retain his office till after the January term of 1851. About the same time, at their solicitation, he sat for his portrait to Joseph Bush, of Kentucky, who succeeded in making the best possible likeness of him, which now adorns the Supreme Court-room at Jackson, Miss.

About this time, Judge Sharkey, after having for many years kept himself aloof from all political agitation, became, like every Southern man, much excited by the measure proposed and discussed in Congress, commonly called the "Wilmot Proviso." His opposition related more to the exercise by Congress of the power to legislate on the subject of slavery, than to the mere fact of California's admission as a free State into the Union. As his position on this subject has been much misrepresented, it is deemed proper now to explain it. Fortunately, the writer of this biography has a personal knowledge of Judge Sharkey's motive and opinions on this subject that will enable him to vindicate him entirely from the charge of inconsistency with which his enemies assailed him, during the late heated canvass in Mississippi.

The people of Mississippi, in primary assemblies composed of both parties, had elected delegates to a convention to be held at Jackson, Miss. That convention met and recommended a convention to be held in October, 1849.

The people again assembled and appointed delegates corresponding in number with the ratio of representation from each county, taking especial care that there should be an equal number of Whigs and Democrats. The October convention met, and there was an extraordinarily full representation, more numerous than any mere party occasion had ever attracted. Indeed, all party feeling was extinguished by the solemn apprehension of approaching danger, except in the breasts of a few hackneyed politicians,

"Whom damned custom had brazed, so
That they were proof and bulwark against sense."

Judge Sharkey was chosen President, and addressed the convention. His address was a concise but full explanation of all the causes of complaint which the South had

against the North, the full measure of which, he insisted, would be completed whenever Congress should enact the "Wilmot Proviso." He traced the history of, and interpreted, the Constitution in relation to slavery, and showed conclusively, that while the institution of slavery was protected by the Constitution, it was really a part of the basis of federal representation, and that Congress could not interfere with, control, or impair it. He also prepared the address reported by the committee, and adopted, without material amendment, by the convention. The whole of this address, as well as of the resolutions adopted by that convention, were directed against the action of Congress on the subject of slavery, and did not savor at all of the doctrine begotten by a certain clique, that the inhabitants of a territory could not, by their own action, when applying to Congress for admission as a State, form a constitution prohibiting slavery. This doctrine was embodied in a resolution offered to the committee, (of which the writer was a member,) and was there voted down. It was again embodied in a series of resolutions which were presented to the convention, and voted down almost unanimously. Thus both parties, Whig and Democratic, fully and ably represented, after one deliberation, pronounced this doctrine heretical.

It then appears that the same convention which adopted Judge Sharkey's address also voted down resolutions declaring the "Constitution of California to be the Wilmot Proviso in disguise, and as much a fraud and outrage on the South as if enacted by Congress." This is proof enough that there was nothing in Judge Sharkey's address, or in his declared opinions, savoring of this latter heresy. It is moreover within the knowledge of the writer, that Judge Sharkey on that occasion strenuously opposed this obnoxious theory in conversation with the members of the convention, whenever the subject was alluded to. He disapproved strongly of the irregular mode in which the delegates to the California convention had been elected, but justified it on the ground both of precedent and necessity. Notwithstanding all this, his political enemies (personal enemies he had not) charged him, during the late heated canvass in Mississippi, with inconsistency and tergiversation: no charge was ever more ill-founded or unjust.

It is true that Judge Sharkey attended

and presided over the Nashville Convention; but let it be remembered, that the Legislature, which met after the October convention, appointed other persons than those appointed by the latter, as delegates to that convention, many of whom entertained sentiments averse to those of Judge Sharkey, and equally so (as has since been demonstrated) to those of a large majority of the people of Mississippi. Judge Sharkey believed that those men, appointed by the Legislature, would recklessly draw Mississippi into the whirlpool of disunion, unless restrained and counteracted by more moderate and prudent counsellors; and to prevent this mischievous result, (as he then avowed,) he attended the convention. He there discovered that his apprehensions were not without foundation; and although he signed, as President, the address of the Nashville Convention, that was only a ministerial act, from which

nothing incompatible with his well-known sentiments could be justly implied. Indeed, he remonstrated in convention against that address, and, on his return to Mississippi, publicly disavowed and reprobated the sentiments promulgated in it.

He was nominated a candidate for the convention called in conformity to an act of the Legislature, and was elected. During the canvass, he spoke frequently to immense assemblies, composed of individuals from remote quarters, many of whom declared that, having heard Judge Sharkey's opinion, they would return home without any further doubts on the subject. To no man is the cause of the Union more indebted for the immense majority by which the disunion party was defeated in Mississippi, than to Judge William L. Sharkey.

Judge Sharkey is now United States Consul at Havana.

LONGFELLOW'S GOLDEN LEGEND.*

THE author of this poem has been subjected to a great deal of criticism, or rather, of alternate abuse and praise. Of his popularity his booksellers give a very fair account; but as excessive popularity often follows works of little merit, we cannot rest satisfied with this evidence in his favor, though we are ready to give it a certain weight in a general estimate of his merits.

Mr. Longfellow has the reputation of scholarship, and of an acquaintance with the literatures of several of the modern European languages. This, however, will not help us in determining his value as a poet; it will be much more to the purpose if we find him a master of one language only—the English.

A variety of minor pieces have appeared from his pen, of several degrees of merit, from mediocrity upward, we dare not say to what height. He has published also a dramatic piece of no mark in letters, and a poem called “*Evangeline*,” in a horribly dissonant metre, but with so many intrinsic excellences, it rose to a degree of favor, in

spite of its intolerably awkward and unnatural versification.

If the author of “*Evangeline*” be denied all other merits, those of perseverance and of hope must be left to him: perseverance in the completion of a lengthy poem, in a metre that is neither prose nor verse, but simply an ingenious ear-torture, and hope in large measure, that posterity would approve the gross attempt.

Neither this, however, nor his lesser sins shall divert our attention from the superior and unquestionable beauties both of composition and versification in the “*Golden Legend*,” in which he has achieved a peculiar triumph. Not to beg admiration for him, let us endeavor to show title to its just measure.

The “*Golden Legend*” is a series of odes, of lyrical descriptions and versified conversations, thrown together in a dramatic order. It is the first step out of the epic romance into the drama, and has more of ode and description than of converse, and scarce any of that contest and contrast of character and

* The Golden Legend. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1852.

motive that is the life and informing spirit of dramatic dialogue.

To judge it correctly as a work of art, we must endeavor, if possible, to discover the real intention of the author. If his design was to compose a play, the "Golden Legend" is a failure, for no one would mistake it for a play.

The "Faustus" of Göethe is powerfully dramatic, with a rapid contest of passion; but it is no play, for its principal beauty is in isolated description; and as a whole, it has claims as much of a lyrical as of a dramatic character.

In Marlowe's play of "Faustus," there is an effort to work this refractory material, *the temptation of the wise by knowledge*, into the shape of a regular English acting play, and the attempt abates much of the excellence of the work.

The "Golden Legend" of Mr. Longfellow attempts nothing of the kind. The dramatic motive, if it can be called dramatic, is, as in the "Faustus" of our English Marlowe, and the same by Göethe, *the temptation of the wise by his own knowledge*; and the Devil, in all cases, is the dry human understanding, thrown out into the figure of a visible tempter, as in the primeval drama of Paradise and the tree of knowledge.

Every great literature, we know, has its Solomon, its Faustus, to whom the evil understanding holds out pleasure and power as the reward of great knowledge, making self the prime good, and sinking the eternal in the sensual with a plausible skepticism. This sensuous Satan reappears in his perfect shape, as far as we can discover, in the "Golden Legend;" and the triumph we claim for Mr. Longfellow is, that he has compelled his reëpearance with new characters, finely and distinctly placed in fair golden lights, on a becoming stage.

The Tempter of knowledge makes his first appearance in the Hebrew literature, in the garden of Paradise. Byron has indeed given him a second and memorable action in the "Cain;" but in Scripture his next bringing on, and by an older and more powerful pen than that of Moses, is in Job. He tempts Job by knowledge, as Mephistopheles tempts Faustus in the plays of Marlowe and of Göethe, and as he tempts the Prince in the "Golden Legend," by knowledge, and the skepticism, the fruit of dry knowledge, resting on a purely sensuous experience.

We need not then confound the "Golden Legend" with either Lyric or Drama, though its form embraces both, and subordinates them. To say that the plot is clumsy, is to condemn it as a play. Now the plot is, to our view, a decidedly clumsy one; but the poem is not a play, but something quite different. Possibly, under a wide definition, the book of Job is a comedy; so also is the "Golden Legend;" that is to say, it ends happily for the hero of it; our Iago, our Mephistophiles, is defeated of his prey; but being not a man, like the Italian Iago, his defeat is an evanishment, and nothing more; it does not move us, like the fall of Milton's Satan, either to pity or to the feeling gratified vengeance.

The introduction of the metaphysical motive, or devil, deprives the "Golden Legend" of its dramatic interest. The Iago is pure fiend, and from his spiritual nature incapable of a human punishment. The triumph of Mr. Longfellow is in the successful, the even moderately successful use that he has made of this most difficult of all impersonations. His Lucifer does not offend our senses; he is of the higher rank of charlatanrie and diablerie, and works, like a Pharisee, with logic and knowledge.

To say of the "Golden Legend" that it is a "moral" production, would be to mislead the inexperienced reader: "moral," in literature, signifying, for the most part, a presumptuous attempt to foist a sectarian moralism upon us by some one of the fine arts: a use of the arts as unworthy of genius as it is disgusting to the common sense of mankind. Mr. Longfellow's work, when you have culled it, and got it admitted a clumsy piece of lyrical dramatizing, is, notwithstanding, great, commendable, and readable, even charming, and in all conducive to the highest internal culture; and since a poor tree cannot produce good fruit, our respect passes over from the poem to its author, and we are proud to think that so good a work, and of so high an order, has proceeded from an American author, cultivated by American society and influences. The appearance of this poem is the first step with us from the lyrical to a higher order of production. Greater and better works must follow this, under the effect of example. It is a *moral* and philosophical production, and developes, clearly and beautifully, some of the rarest and most sublime emotions of the

human soul, and these, too, in *well-wrought* and well-proportioned verse, *compact*, pure, original, and free; and if sometimes rough and unmetrical, we can only say of the author that he has not yet thoroughly overcome a difficulty of nature, confirmed in perhaps by the severity and coldness of muse.

The order of art to which the "Golden Legend" belongs, in connection with the Faustus of Marlowe, of Göethe, and of many others, has not yet received its name from the critics. It may have the lyric or the dramatic form, more or less of each and either, or it might be constructed upon a prosaic basis, and become a species of mythological romance, like the original stories upon which the book of Job and the "Faustus" of Marlowe were founded. Enough, that there is an order of art to which it belongs, and that order the very highest and most difficult, into whose charmed circle none but the accomplished and thoughtful poet may venture without drawing contempt upon himself. And yet in this difficult air the author of the "Golden Legend" breathes easily, and modulates harmonious poems.

The poem opens with a wild and singular chanson of devils, and, like the overture of an opera, gives us a musical idea of the spirit and intention of the whole. It is the opening of an oratorio, and might well be set "to a solemn music." Lucifer and the powers of the air endeavor to tear down the cross, and to destroy the sacred symbols of the holy religion of love, of which the poem itself depicts the triumph; but they are prevented by the guardian angels, the martyrs, and the apostles, by whose instruction the invincible and immortal love is confirmed in the soul.

The first scene introduces the hero, or rather the leading character and mover of the poem, Prince Henry, in his castle of Vantsberg, on the Rhine. He is oppressed with a consuming and incurable disease, which has taken from him his social and princely qualities, and made him a solitary and forlorn being, shunning alike and shunned by all.

In this first scene, the artist has worked in, with exquisite propriety and skill, a beautiful imitation of Göethe's invocation at the opening of the "Faustus:"

"Come back! ye friendships long departed,
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,

And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

"They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long-ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers!
I would not sleep! I love to be
Again in their fair company;
But, ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away!

"Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;
The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!"

Lucifer now appears in the garb of a travelling physician, and presents the temptation of strong drink as a sovereign cure for the maladies of mind and body. Here, too, the critic will perceive traces of the "Faustus," not plagiaristic, but truly delicate and pleasing. The Prince professes no faith in the remedy, and shows to Lucifer a written recipe of the doctors of Salernum:—

"Not to be cured, yet not incurable!
The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours!"

The Devil meantime presses his own recipe of alcohol, which the Prince at length, in a fit of desperation, resolves to try. Lucifer vanishes, leaving with him the remedy. He drinks:—

"It is like a draught of fire!
Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire;
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart and fills my brain!
O joy! O joy! I feel
The band of steel
That so long and heavily has pressed
Upon my breast,
Uplifted, and the malediction
Of my affliction
Is taken from me, and my weary breast
At length finds rest.

THE ANGEL.

"It is but the rest of the fire, from which the
air has been taken!
It is but the rest of the sand, when the hour-
glass is not shaken!
It is but the rest of the tide between the ebb
and the flow!
It is but the rest of the wind between the
flaws that blow!"

"O thou voice within my breast!
Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
When the steadfast tongues of truth
And the flattering hopes of youth
Have all deceived me and betrayed me!
Give me, give me rest, O rest!"

The next scene is the court-yard of the castle. The Prince has been condemned by the Church as one possessed and made mad by devilish machinations. His government has been taken from him; his castle is deserted; he lives secluded in the cottage of a peasant; his former friend and companion in arms, Walter the Minnesinger, enters, inquiring for the Prince. Hubert, the porter at the castle gate, gives a narrative of his master's fall and condemnation by the monks. Walter, overcome with sorrow, resolves to enter the solitary banquet-hall, and to commune there alone with the spirit of his friend. A gloomy and depressing air hangs over this portion of the poem, that makes it difficult to read, notwithstanding its remarkable beauties:—

"I would a moment here remain.
But you, good Hubert, go before;
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
As aromatic as the May,
From which it steals the breath away,
And which he loved so well of yore;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall.
Unseen companions, guests of air,
You cannot wait on, will be there;
They taste not food, they drink not wine,
But their soft eyes look into mine,
And their lips speak to me, and all
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall
Is full of looks and words divine!"

We are now taken by the scenic movement of the poem to a peasant's farm in the Odenwald; and here begins its great charm and exquisite pathos, in the character of Elsie, the peasant's daughter; of whom we should say that our author has formed her upon the model of the immortal, and, in these days, too long-forgotten *Griselda* of

our own Chaucer. It is impossible that so universal a reader as Mr. Longfellow should not have read the "*Griselda*," if no other story of Chaucer; and we believe it equally impossible that it should fail to make a powerful impression upon his cultivated sense.

The Prince is narrating, or reading to himself, the story of the Monk Felix, an episode in the piece, which, though beautifully given, is not essential to it as a whole, more than any other episodic insertion, that should harmonize as well with the spirit of the scene, and breathe over it as pure an air of love-piety.

Elsie, the peasant's young daughter, enters with flowers, gathered for the shrine of the Virgin. The reader will bear in mind that in the days of Prince Henry and Elsie, the best religion was the Roman.

Elsie presents flowers to the Prince. The dialogue is truly delicate, and without any stain of affectation: the artist wrought in all sincerity, and from the best feeling of the heart. Elsie relates the story of the Sultan's daughter, Christ, and the flowers:—

"Dear, innocent child!
How sweetly thou recallest
The long-forgotten legend
That in my early childhood
My mother told me!
Upon my brain
It reappears once more,
As a birth-mark on the forehead,
When a hand suddenly
Is laid upon it, and removed!"

In the heart of Elsie, who is no peasant save by birth, love has wakened up unknown to herself; and it takes the form of Christ-worship, and is piety. She dreams of the immortal peace of love, and imagines herself the bride of Christ; and here, with singular skill, the artist conceals all but the religious emotion, while he does not fail to make it evident that a powerful affinity has already united the two natures.

Temptation enters into the heart of the Prince when he discovers the character and love of the peasant-girl, and the awful struggle commences in his soul between conscience, love, and honor on the one side—for he is already affected by the love of Elsie—and the desire of living on the other. He ventures almost unconsciously to place death before her eyes as a desirable change, and gives a

turn to her pious hopes of heaven, suitable to his selfish purpose :—

“Then the Celestial Bridegroom
Will come for thee also.
Upon thy forehead He will place,
Not His crown of thorns,
But a crown of roses.”

The space allotted for this review will not suffer us to carry the story through its various scenes. We must content ourselves with pointing out to the reader what he has to expect. The conversation between the Prince, the parents of Elsie, and her brother and sister, in the cottage at night, is pure mediæval pastoral, with touches of nature refined from all its grossness. The mother of Elsie, conversing with her about the Prince, whose heavy step is heard above them, informs her, without dreaming of the consequences, that, although dying of a lingering disease, his life may be saved by the self-sacrifice of a young maiden, who will give her heart's blood for his cure. (Such recipes were not disbelieved in mediæval times.) Elsie, grieving for the sorrow of the Prince, to whom she is now unconsciously affianced, resolves to die for him. The parents, stricken with horror, endeavor to dissuade her. The brief dialogue in which this new and tragic motive is developed, hints at a Greek ideal, but not the loose and feeble *ai-ing* and *ah-ing* of Euripides. Elsie in her chamber prays for the sanction of Christ :—

“If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour! I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee!”

Unable to sleep, she descends into the chamber of her parents :—

URSULA.

Elsie! what ails thee, my poor child!

ELSIE.

I am disturbed and much distressed,
In thinking our dear Prince must die;
I cannot close mine eyes nor rest.

GOTTLIEB.

What would'st thou? In the Power Divine
His healing lies, not in our own;
It is in the hand of God alone.

ELSIE.

Nay, he has put it into mine,
And into my heart!

GOTTLIEB.

Thy words are wild!

URSULA.

What dost thou mean! my child! my child!

ELSIE.

That for our dear Prince Henry's sake
I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

URSULA.

Am I still dreaming, or awake?
Thou speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

ELSIE.

'Tis the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie;
And no one knoweth more than this.
I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked the skies
Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of wings,
As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her side by side.
The saints are dead, the martyrs dead,
And Mary, and our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined!

URSULA.

My child! my child! thou must not die!

ELSIE.

Why should I live! Do I not know
The life of woman is full of woe!
Toiling on, and on, and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!

URSULA.

It is the malediction of Eve!

ELSIE.

In place of it, let me receive
The benediction of Mary, then.

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!
Most wretched am I among men!

on his head, as if he was just ready to attack some obnoxious rival. I planted myself leisurely in a good position, and snapped a twig for the purpose of causing him to look up; and just as he raised his head, I shot him full in the breast. To my infinite surprise, he neither jumped nor ran, but, after slowly stepping a pace or two forward, and staggering a little, down went his head as before."

"Whereupon," said I, "like a sensible man, you loaded, and shot him again."

"Whereupon," answered Tom, "like a great fool, I did no such thing. With a bullet fair in his breast, thought I, nothing short of an elephant or a rhinoceros could hope to live ten minutes. My ball, I was sure, had gone close to his heart, and I mistook his posture for that of weakness. He had begun to bleed freely, and I concluded, to my great joy, that it was all over with him. I thought it would be a fine thing to knife him, taking care, all the while, to keep out of the way of his horns. There was excitement in the idea. There stood the poor fellow—I really began to pity him—bleeding, his head fairly touching his front hoofs, his eyes half closed; any body could have shot him down after that, but I wanted the fun of dispatching him scientifically. It would be a fine thing to tell of at the settlement to the rest of the fellows, who had been chasing after his majesty almost as pertinaciously as myself, and who would give me twice the credit of my triumph if I should kill him close at hand. So, without stopping to think the matter twice over, I laid my gun down carefully, whipped out my knife—the very tool I am carrying now," said Tom, tapping the handle of a long dirk, held out for my inspection—"slipped down to his dying majesty's neighborhood, and had arrived so near him that I was calculating how to strike, when up went his head in a twinkling; then came a loud snort, which sounded much like thunder in my ears, decidedly too near to be comfortable; and I found myself on one side of the big tree, the moose on the other, and no other trees or hiding-places for some distance on either side of us; nothing but the water to run to; and there were a hundred chances to one that if I left my present quarters, I should hardly make ten paces before being trodden into a jelly by the infuriated bull.

"Perhaps you never have seen a bull moose made mad by his wounds, and in full sight of the person who has wounded him, or at least in close proximity to him; and if you haven't, I can give you but a very slight notion of the danger I was now in. Our ordinary deer, no matter how much irritated they may be by their wounds, rarely show fight, and attack only with their horns; but the moose strikes with both horns and hoofs, and of the two, I think the latter are the most dangerous. In the present case, the bull was of the largest size, and had been thoroughly infuriated from the outset, so that his attack was the fiercest possible. With his large feet he struck at me behind the tree, curving his joints so as to make the blow strike as much as possible upon the side opposite himself; and as the tree, although large in comparison with the hemlocks surrounding it, could have been nearly spanned by my arms, you will readily see that his hoofs might have struck very near me. The bark of the tree flew off in showers. Occasionally the animal would pause for a moment from his attacks, and then I would calculate the possibility of a stroke between his horns, or a lunge under his shoulder. At one time, in a brief moment of respite, I seized one of his antlers, preparatory to fixing a blow which would have levelled him at once, but a sudden bound forward not only threw off my hold, but brought him on the same side with myself; and I had hardly slipped around before he returned full tilt against the tree, with a violence that would have made short work with me, had I stopped to meet it.

It may seem to you very odd that in all this time I did not climb the tree, and so get out of the moose's way; and if I could have done this, I should not have delayed long in accomplishing it. But there was not the slightest chance of succeeding in any such attempt. It was one shower of blows and thrusts, now on this side, now on that, so that I was flying around the tree, sometimes at the rate of two or three revolutions in a minute, for minutes together; and when there was a moment's cessation, the least movement on my part would recommence the attack. Had it not been for the terrible danger in which I was placed, I should have half killed myself with laughing at the antics and capers of my enemy, and the corresponding shifts and dodges which I was

obliged to make to get out of his way. There, on one side, was a big bull moose, shagged with a mane like that of a horse; his eyes on fire, protruding, and horribly bloodshot; his nostrils wide open; his mouth gaping and slaving, and his tongue hanging out till you saw its very roots: there he was, butting in blind fury, laying about him right and left, scattering the bark, tearing up the ground, and causing the entire tree to shake with the force of his blows; and on the other side I found myself, panting and blown with the unaccustomed exertion of dodging so obtrusive an enemy; inclined to laugh at the singular pickle into which I had brought myself, and yet horribly afraid each moment that the next instant would see me ripped up, or smashed, or trodden under; sweaty and grimed with dirt, and covered with the slaver spattered on me from the mouth of the enraged beast; afraid to run, unable to climb the tree or escape in any way, and seeing no reason to expect that my assailant would give out for some hours to come. In short, I gave my case up for desperate.

"There are some men so lucky," continued Tom, "that no sooner do they get into a scrape than they are helped out again. Something is always sure to turn up in their favor, and they are never put in the way of any greater danger than is necessary to get up an agreeable excitement. If one of these lucky chaps had stood in my shoes, as soon as he became tired of the fun of dodging about the tree, the moose would have lain down and gone to sleep, or a neighbor would have come along and shot the beast, or he would have been allowed time to climb the tree. But I expected no such good fortune. However, I knew that the moose was pretty severely wounded, and that his strength could not hold out for ever, and I took courage accordingly. As his attacks, at last, became weaker and weaker, I began to think over the probabilities of dispatching him; and at last I accomplished it in this manner:

"These animals have a perfect hatred of colors, and the sight of a piece of red cloth is

enough to enrage one of them at any time. Taking advantage of a moment's respite, I whipped out my handkerchief, and, fastening it to a twig, extended it at a little distance from the tree. As soon as his majesty observed it, he made a furious pass at it, and I instantly withdrew the offending article. He retreated, and I again extended it. This I repeated some half dozen times, till I had completely diverted his attention from myself, and had calculated at the same time the manner and the force of the thrust which I intended giving him with my knife. At last I found my stratagem perfect; and just as he was recovering from a heavy pass at the handkerchief, I buried the knife with my right hand directly behind his left shoulder. He gave one terrible bound, and dropped dead.

"I found I had been fighting with him more than an hour. I sat down on his body, wholly exhausted; and when I set out for the iron works, I seemed to be spinning round like a top. We came back, four of us, and cut up the spoils. My companions refused to believe my story until I showed them the tree, and the deep trench made round it by the animal's hoofs. We had tough beef for dinner next day, and we didn't repeat the dish, as we found in this instance that enough was as good as more. But one thing is certain: that a larger head and pair of horns than those which you saw at the forge are not to be found any where; and a tougher scrimmage than my fight with the moose that once owned them could not very well be gone through with."

After Tom had rowed me home that evening, we went to the forge for another inspection of his trophy. The head, although slightly shrunken, measured two feet and four inches in length, and the antlers comprised six feet from tip to tip. Tom has since migrated farther back into the woods, and carried off his gigantic spoil with him; but those who heard him tell how it came into his possession will not readily forget the story.

LEIGH HUNT.

Few names sound more pleasantly "*short and sweet*" in the ear than that of Leigh Hunt, but as a biographer we must be exact, and premise that he was christened at the baptismal font John Henry Leigh Hunt. We shall, however, not trouble ourselves by entering into the minute points of his history, seeing that his biography has been written by himself in two very loquacious volumes, in which he has, no doubt, said all that he wishes to be known of his own private personal history; we shall therefore content ourselves by merely drawing his portrait as he appeared to us. "Let us begin," (as the Frenchman says,) "at the beginning," and, treating our notice as a daguerreotype, present the author of Rimini as he appears at first sight. He is tall, thin, gracefully punctilious, dashed with a certain unceremoniousness, which is very *piquant*, and yet very satisfying; dressing invariably in black, his slender figure closely buttoned, gives him the appearance of an Italian noble, such as Perrini might have longed to paint, as embodying the *beau ideal* of an intellectual *bon-hommied dignity*. His hair, which was once raven-black, but is now gray, grows low on his forehead: this he wears parted in the front, and hanging down upon his shoulders. Having discarded whiskers, his face, which is certainly too small for his body, does not appear out of proportion, but makes up for its want of force by silently impressing all with a certain half-masculine, feminine feeling, a meeting of the heights of strength and grace, which predicate great elegance. His chin is feeble and retreating, and his nose, though small, and delicately chiseled, is yet characteristic and harmonious. The chief features of his face are his eyes: these may be truly called the moon of his soul, lighting up his countenance with a reflection which really belongs to other and brighter orbs. As Horne said one day to the writer of the present sketch, "Leigh Hunt is more

remarkable for what he has heard and seen than for what he is or has done: in the words of Hafiz he may sing, 'I am not the rose,' said the Persian song, 'but I have dwelt beside it.' He is the more valuable as the *repertoire* of the aroma of Byron, Keats, Shelley, Lamb, and Hazlit, than for any thing belonging to himself." This is partly true, although we conceive that no man, except a very remarkable man, could have been the friend of these *Dii Majores* without the possession of great original powers at the same time. Men of genius, fame, and independence, are not given to herd except with their kind, justifying the old adage of—

"Birds of a feather
Will flock together."

At the same time it is equally evident that a man of Leigh Hunt's intellectual sagacity, who has had the rare opportunities of associating with such brilliant men as those already referred to, must necessarily have imbibed a considerable portion of foreign intellect, and consequently become rich with the wealth of others; but this is an everyday case with every-day men, and if mere *association* is to imply *spoliation*, it would be as just to accuse Byron, Moore, Keats, Shelley, &c., of appearing fine birds with the feathers of Leigh Hunt, their companion, as of stripping Leigh Hunt of his bright plumage because he had once associated with the birds of paradise. However bright the feathers, they may yet be his own.

His voice is very soft, yet full and musically subdued. In reciting a quotation, anecdote, or joke, he is very charming; even a commonplace word sounds emphatic in his mouth; "no man," as Carlyle said one day, "makes a word go so far, or money so short a way, as Leigh Hunt." We have repeatedly been surprised at the effect his conversation had upon all, at the time, when

we have heard it related again, or when, on our walk home, reflected upon it; like an accomplished actor, the great charm was the manner; that subtle combination of time, tone, look, and emphasis, which present that perfect *je ne sais quoi*, so telling, and yet so impossible to tell.

This singular faculty, or rather want of that distinctive faculty which constitutes individuality, leaves a vague feeling upon the mind, which etherealizes or confuses every thing. We have heard many say that they never thought of being severe and argumentative upon Leigh Hunt's opinions or sayings; for although no man was ever more delicate and scrupulous in his conversation, so far as the outside morals were concerned, yet in all the *esoteric* spiritualities of faith, few men made such assaults upon the common creed of the many. We have repeatedly been astounded at his analogies, for by analogy he was fond of preaching. We recollect one day, in a large mixed company, he alluded to jealousy by stigmatizing it as a most selfish and unworthy passion, using, among other illustrations, that of a man who, having a fine rose, would not allow any body else to smell at it but himself. This, Leigh Hunt boldly said, was not more selfish and absurd than keeping a beautiful wife tied to your own coat; to enjoy any thing oneself, we must share it with others, who must prize it equally; otherwise all pleasure is merely the relish of a monopoly, the zest depending upon the exclusiveness of the possession. So far as marriage is concerned, there is a far loftier faculty than even love, generated by the intimate communion of two minds, and which may be termed connubiality; in this, mere wedded love becomes happier and intenser every succeeding year. We do not, however, wish to deduce Leigh Hunt's philosophy from his *table-talk*, although we have never heard one discourse more pleasantly and plausibly on every topic; it should, however, be borne in mind, that his view of all the great social questions of the day is a kind of bland but superficial Fourierism.

In his lighter conversation there is much heroic banter which is highly diverting; it is neither bombast nor *persiflage*, but a felicitous pushing of some opinions to their absurdity. One evening, at a friend's house, some person observed, that a very absurd

rumor had been circulated at the clubs that morning. "What is it?" said one. "Why, that the Bishop of London has run away with Mrs. Norton, the beautiful poetess." Leigh Hunt burst in upon the company with the congratulatory exclamation, "It's the best thing I ever heard of a bishop! 'Tis something human: I have strong hopes of that man!"

This may illustrate how frequently he says things for the mere effect of saying them: and this leads us into another of his peculiarities, a great love of punning; they are, however, generally so carelessly and unpremeditatedly, thrown off, as to carry their own apology with them, if a pun requires an apology or justification.

We remember one evening, upon a pretty girl saying to him, "I am very *sad*, you see!" he replied, "You are mistaken; you are very *fair*, I see; and I congratulate every Sadducee and Pharisee upon having settled down into so bewitching a shape!"

His courtesy and self-possession are very great: we have never known him make an ungentlemanly retort, although we have heard him bitterly attacked to his face. On one occasion, a lady whose politics—indeed, all her opinions—were so opposite as to engender in her Juno-like bosom a strong dislike to the poetical radical of former times, in some discussion on personal satire, handed to Leigh Hunt a volume of Moore, in which were his celebrated verses of the Living Puppy and Dead Lion, wherein the author of Rimini is held up to unsparing sarcasm for his Life of Byron. Hunt took the book, glanced over the page, and, with a good-humored smile at his fair assailant, read the verses aloud with great apparent *gusto*, saying, as he laid the witty poet down, "These are done in Moore's happiest manner; they are so witty, that even I can forgive him, and enjoy them!" This is, however, assumed, his real nature being vindictive, unless his interest warns him against the indulgence of his revenge. We have heard him extenuate the conduct of George IV. with regard both to himself and to Queen Caroline, but we suspect that his anxiety to conciliate the Tories, and thus deaden their opposition to a pension his Whig and Radical friends were trying to get for him, was at the bottom of this false magnanimity. We think he was also fond

of displaying his casuistry in inventing excuses for both sides of a question.

An evening with Leigh Hunt is not soon to be forgotten, and it has the charm of not losing by repetition: having spent some hundreds of them in his company, we can safely testify that there seems an eternal youth about the old man, if judged by years, for he is now close upon his seventieth year. Let us hazard a rough sketch.

Upon your first entrance, he generally saluted you with some pleasant jest, "right merrie and conceited," and very frequently read the last few sentences he had been writing when you entered. He would then, in a sort of Miranda voice, speaking *à la Caliban*, call for Julia or Jacyntha (his daughters) to bring in either nectar or ambrosia, whichever his Juno had the greatest store of in the house. After a settling down to the solemnity of coffee, he would break out into an anecdote, or flower into a metaphor; then came a favorite quotation from some poet, charmingly spoken, and piquantly explained. After a rush of reminiscence along a gallery, extending from Siddons, Kemble, and Samuel Johnson, to Madame Vestris, Wallack, and Tennyson, he would stray to the piano or seraphine, (always open,) and dash off some barcarolle, singing the Italian words with an expression which rendered a translation into English unnecessary. After playing some particular passage over and over again, dwelling upon its great excellence, he would revolve on the pivot of the music-stool, and very gravely and pithily relate either the last hours of Mozart, or the peculiarities of Beethoven; which would naturally remind him of some exquisite morceau of Handel or Rossini; this introduced us, as a matter of course, to the *Harmonious Blacksmith*, *Deh Calma*, or *Largo al Factotum*, which he rolled from his finger-tips with the extremest unction, as though his hands lingered fondly over the ivory shapes in which the soul of music was enshrined; from these he would gallop into an exciting air of the Beggar's Opera, relating in the pauses the whole history of that remarkable work. When he rises from his chair of Circe, you feel inclined to chain him down again, and, like the country member to Mr. Burke, say *Ditto*.

Despite his temperate habits, he is by no means a Barnum or a Father Mathew, but enjoys moderation most immoderately, his

temperance allowing him to indulge in an occasional debauch. He delights in quoting, over the weakest of those acidities called Rhenish wines, some enormously bovine drinking-song; and we have often heard him egotistically repeat the first verse of his translation of Walter Mapes' famous monastic bacchanalian anthem of "Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori," which he most happily paraphrases:

"I devise to end my days in a tavern drinking;
May some angel hold for me the glass when I am
 shrinking,
That the cherubim may cry, when they see me
 sinking,
'God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way
 of thinking.'"

Let us take a glance at the poet's household.

First comes his better half, a short, stout woman, with a dress, crowned with a cap, which made her the climax of a monthly nurse. But whatever may be the appearance of Mrs. Hunt, we can answer for one enormous weakness, as modern philosophy goes—the most thorough affection for her husband and children. Looking at her now, with all her imperfections in her face, we can hardly recognize in her the black-eyed Marianne, who, in his own early days, to quote his own verses,

"Made his heart and eyes run o'er."

Alas! as Hamlet says, can it be? Is the fat old woman of 1850 the glorious little virgin of thirty years since, who bound in the chains of love and romance the elegant and poetical soul of the author of the Legend of Florence? As Hamlet says, "Even so!" O Time, what a metamorphoser thou art! Thus, not only do we carry our own skeleton within our skins, but, looking a little beyond,

The grave-worms crawl where eyes once rolled,
And for burning glances rots the churchyard
 mould!

Alas! poor Yorick! But let us haste away from the churchyard, where these matters are considered too curiously, and follow Leigh Hunt to the theatre, sometimes as melancholy a spectacle as the cemetery.

Although he has only had one play represented—the Legend of Florence—he has

written several pieces, both in tragedy and comedy; these remain in manuscript, but as we have read them carefully, we shall take the liberty of saying that they are fully equal to the piece already played. One, termed the Prince's Marriage, is full of fine poetry and felicitous dialogue, but deficient in stage effect. Another play, called Madeline, is, we consider, one of the finest instances of treating a disagreeable subject on record. The heroine is a leper; and the admirable manner in which the *denouement* is made agreeable to our preconceived notions, is not only very ingenious, but also very simple and natural. This he has adapted for representation, and nothing but Madame Vestris's failure prevented its appearance.

Another drama of his, called "My Wife," in two acts, is a sort of elegant farce, turning upon the embarrassments a lovely young Frenchwoman meets in her conventional life. This comediette abounds in good-tempered satire on our social anomalies, and would, we think, be highly effective on the stage.

In his play of the Legend of Florence, he endeavored to become a moral teacher, but, like all those who make the moral too apparent, he failed at the time: it has, however, in it those elements of truth which cannot fail, eventually, to render it a permanent drama. The interest turns upon a tyrannical husband and a gentle wife, the husband being in all respects a most respectable and exemplary man. Even in this he was not allowed to carry out his own *original* plan; for the Pope was in *that* made to pronounce a divorce between the domestic tyrant and the oppressed wife. This, however, was considered by the immaculate manageress, Madame Vestris, as trenching upon English prejudices, and consequently the *denouement* was changed.

Odd enough, the author prophesied this play would not succeed; for, on the first night, he said to a friend, in a tone half melancholy and half bombastic, as he surveyed the audience, just before the curtain rose, "This play will not do; there are too many husbands in the house!" Notwithstanding the apparent *éclat* of the first performance, it was a hollow triumph, for it only lingered through fifteen nights. This, however, netted Leigh Hunt £195, which, at the time, was a God-send to him.

Although the following verses have been

published before, we repeat them, with their explanation. Bringing some good news to Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle, who was in the room, was so delighted that she impulsively sprang from her chair and kissed the old poet. Next morning the courteous Leigh Hunt, not having the fear of his Marianne before his ancient conjugal eyes, sent her the following verses, with a *bouquet* of flowers, gathered with his own hands:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your book, put that in!
Say I'm ugly, say I'm old,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me."

We have been occasionally amused at the real or assumed jealousy which Mrs. Hunt evinced when some of her husband's famed female friends would call. Our own opinion is that it was an affectation, or else mortified *l'amour propre*, resulting from their evident neglect of her presence, or indifference to her mundane existence altogether.

Mr. Hunt's family consists of Thornton, his eldest son, formerly editor of the *Spectator* London newspaper, author of a novel called the Foster Son, and now editor of the *Leader*. He is a great radical, and was appointed by the working classes as one of the deputation to wait upon Kossuth: he is decidedly a very clever man, but has too strong a leaning towards laical jesuitism to become very popular with any party. The next son, Henry, is in a government office. The youngest, Vincent, is a clever lad, who devotes his time to writing for Reviews. There is also another son, who, like Hartley Coleridge, has wandered into paths which render his track by no means satisfactory or certain.

Of his daughters, every thing is pleasant: the eldest, Marian, is married; the second, Jacyntha, is a thin, consumptive, bright-eyed girl, full of industry and amiability; she is now about twenty years old: the youngest, Julia, is plump in form and pouting in lip, with fine dark eyes, rosy complexion, and sweet voice, fond of song, which makes her an especial favorite with her father, who is much attached to all his children, but more especially his girls.

In his early days, Leigh Hunt was a journalist; he has been one, off and on, ever

since: we rather conceive that this is his true vocation. Whatever he touches he ornaments, though he never draws out any hidden or original thought. His genius is superficial, delighting in giving old subjects elegance and polish, rather than creating new objects. He is the antipodes to the student who made Frankenstein: Leigh Hunt would have borrowed some neighbor's figure, and rather dressed it after his own fashion than made one altogether. As a critic he is acute and appreciative, but decidedly opposed to innovation: we really think he has a distaste for great *originality*. He denies to Browning any positive position as a great poet, maintaining that he is only the crude element of poetry, and that what his admirers call originality is merely thorough distortion or confusion of unwrought materials. Tennyson is one of his chiefest modern favorites, on account of his exquisite melody. Indeed, the appreciation of the beautiful in Leigh Hunt's nature is far more vivid than that of the sublime.

As a poet he is very *piquant*, graceful, and artistic, but he is deficient in power, and very frequently his pathos is mere prettiness. His best poem is undoubtedly Rimini, which

contains many passages of great power and beauty; and although the subject is objectionable, it is treated in a manner calculated to disarm the severest criticism, if not to entirely extenuate it.

His prose writings are pleasant and gossipy, while some of his essays possess a merit of a much higher order, being really specimens of felicitous composition. There is a charming affectation about them which redeems the palpable mannerism, just as the exceeding prettiness of a woman makes a little conceit endurable. Like a skilful confectioner, he places his *bonbons* and sweetmeats in such quaint disguises that the sugar tastes sweeter than that of others.

As a politician, times are so changed that his former ultra radicalism is now considered moderate conservatism; but we, like him, leave this out of the record, and conclude our sketch of the radical of 1812 by recommending all who want to see common subjects familiarly and yet pleasantly treated, to read his *Indicator* and *Seer*, two volumes which can be laid down and taken up at any time, with considerable amusement as well as profit, as he never approaches a subject except in a hopeful and forgiving spirit.

PROTECTION: THE AMERICAN IRON INTEREST.

THE month of November next is to decide, among other things, whether American mining and manufacturing interests shall have their due share of protection. Never, since the protective theory became incorporated into Whig doctrine, has the necessity for applying it to our national policy appeared so manifest as now. We are reminded of it by every foreign steamer that arrives or departs. It is forced upon our conviction by the daily reports of the stock market. The journals of the interior, whether Whig or Democratic, willingly or unwillingly, concur in bearing testimony at once to its existence and its imperativeness. Our cities are being flooded with disbanded operatives, clamorous for work, and destitute of the means of providing it for themselves; our Western farmers, with a large surplus of grain in their barns, are looking for a market, and are compelled to find the object of their search within the compass of two small islands, three or four thousand miles distant, or suffer their accumulated treasures to perish for want of purchasers; importers are mortgaging their credit fifteen years in advance; financial pressures here and there reveal the fact that of the large influx of precious metal during the last two years from the Pacific shore, scarcely a dollar has been deposited in the vaults, where it should have formed the basis of a home trade more gigantic and profitable than the world has yet seen; our exports remain stationary, while our imports increase by one sixth year by year; while, as if to harmonize with these ominous circumstances, a public debt of sixty-two millions of dollars, the date of whose extinction no man can prophesy, burdens us with taxation, and cripples, in every direction, our national resources.

Not only are we committing the folly of running in debt deeper and deeper with each succeeding year, but we are running in debt for a variety of commodities which lie ready to our hand at home. So long as we have the money to pay for those foreign products which we find conducive to our comfort, and which we cannot produce for ourselves, we are not unwise in gratifying

our inclinations for them; but our preference becomes more than questionable when it forces us to run up a score which we do not foresee the possibility of wiping out. And yet this is the perfection of sagacity in comparison with contracting an indebtedness abroad for what we might supply to ourselves at home, especially when, by the very act of making provision for our wants out of our own capabilities, we should become rich in precisely the same ratio in which, by pursuing the contrary system, we became impoverished. The first lesson in private or public economy, which we appear to understand much better as individuals than as a nation, teaches us to avoid bargains by which we lose, and debts which are not more than balanced by corresponding entries upon the credit side of the ledger. When we buy cotton cloth from Manchester, and iron from Wales and Staffordshire, we are, however, transacting business of precisely this nature. The price which we pay for these articles may indeed appear small in comparison with the amount of labor expended in their manufacture, and in their transportation to our ports, but it is in reality large, when we come to estimate it by the state of our finances. To a nation whose income is unbounded, no prices which foreigners might place upon their goods would be deemed extravagant; but to one of more limited means, the same goods, if rated at a much lower figure, might be not only unprofitable but dear. Could the United States at all times dispose of its entire agricultural produce to such advantage that our farmers and planters could give the land that rest and that rotation of crops which it requires in order to preserve its fertility; in other words, could crops and prices always be kept at a maximum, we might with profit and propriety buy a large share of manufactured goods from this or that foreign nation; each party concerned in the bargain supplying the wants of the other out of its own fulness. But circumstances have shown that such an interchange is a mere theoretic dream. "At this stall," says the shopman, "we live by selling, not by

buying." Our orders for foreign goods are always graciously attended to, but our offers of sale are met with a thousand rebuffs. Calicoes and hardware come into American ports from Liverpool, and flour goes back to be forced off at rates rarely above, and often below, the rates of the New-York market; the vessels which, to-day, are tumbling railway bars upon New-York piers, return to England to-morrow with a ballast of rubble-stones to steady the empty hulls which free trade promised to fill, but which it is marvellously slow in filling.

In a recent article addressed to American agriculturists through the columns of this Review, we endeavored in a definite manner to place before that large class of our population the fact that their greatest and most permanent prosperity lay in encouraging manufactures at home; or, in other words, in bringing the manufacturer and his operatives as near as possible to themselves, so that the risks and expenses of transportation might be obviated, and a constant market provided for every description of farm produce. The reasons for presenting this fact seemed to us to be more urgent than ever before. The destiny of our manufacturing industry depends in no small degree upon the political complexion of our next Administration and Congress; and the issue of the contest by which this is to be determined rests undeniably with our agricultural population. At the same time, that jealousy of the manufacturing classes which our political adversaries have labored so long and so zealously to foment, is on the decrease; and the condition of American manufactures is one that cannot now be overlooked. The question of protection must form a point of vital interest in the present political campaign. Although the prediction of a "crisis" is at any time liable to the imputation of insincerity or of artifice, it cannot be denied that a large portion of our manufacturers are anxiously awaiting the turn of governmental policy during the coming winter, as an event that shall put them in a position of security and activity, or shall cause the final abandonment of the establishments in which they have invested their capital, and the labor of many very toilsome years.

The present condition of our iron manufacture is peculiarly calculated to awaken our attention. The numerous fluctuations

in the prices of imported iron, and the changes of tariff by which the American manufacture has been alternately elevated and depressed, have given the iron interest a reputation of hazard and of unprofitableness, such as ought never to attach to any beneficial branch of industry. While the traffic in iron is as safe and profitable as any other mercantile pursuit, the mining and the manufacture of that metal are unsafe to the last degree. While we hear much from our political opponents of the vast fortunes acquired in a few years by the owners of cotton mills or woolen factories, we are not pointed to a solitary iron company that has grown similarly rich. We are acquainted with certain localities where the conversion of iron ore into pigs or bars is accompanied with a tolerable profit. But it happens in these instances that the article is of such a character that it would be bought at nearly its present rates, if English iron could be obtained for nothing. The ordinary qualities of iron, under our present system, are turned out of American mills without profit, and in numerous cases at rates which have brought many establishments under the sheriff's hammer, and which, if not soon altered by a more beneficent system, will entail a similar disaster upon a great portion of the remainder.

From the nature of the competition with which our iron-masters are obliged to contend, other results than these could scarcely be expected. The manufacture of English iron is confined within comparatively few hands, and the amount of capital which they have expended in building up and perfecting their works is very far beyond that at the disposal of the entire body of American iron manufacturers. The rate of profit with which these capitalists content themselves is not such as we would be inclined to accept. Where labor is high and moneyed capital scarce, as in this country, neither one nor two per cent. is considered a profitable interest on an investment. But the great iron-masters of Wales and Staffordshire are very well satisfied if they can sell their entire manufacture at two per cent. profit; since, upon a business of many millions, even this low rate of interest furnishes a large income. The advantage thus enjoyed at the outset by the foreign manufacturers is increased by the cheapness at which they purchase labor. We hope that American

capitalists will never be equally favored in this particular. But while we desire that the American artisan should never work for twenty-five, or fifty, or even seventy-five cents a day, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that unprotected competition with the foreign manufacturer tends directly to lower the price of his labor to a level with that of the foreign operative. It is upon the workmen that all diminution of profits in manufacturing establishments must first and most severely fall. The rate of profit in British manufacture was not reduced to two per cent. until the price of labor had been brought to its minimum; and we sincerely pray that in this country such a minimum may never be reached.

The fact then remains that the American iron-master labors under great disadvantages when brought into unprotected competition with the foreign manufacturer. Allowing that his facilities for manufacturing are equal to those of his competitor, the two drawbacks we have mentioned are yet to be obviated—the amount of interest which he must derive from his invested capital, and the price he must pay for his labor. How this latter item stands in comparison with the rates abroad, and what a vast difference would arise in the production of large quantities of iron, may be learned from the annexed statement, showing the relative cost of English and American labor in the manufacture of bar from pig iron.

	American price of labor per ton, 1849.	English price of labor per ton, 1848.	English price of labor per ton, 1849: Wages reduced 10 per cent.
Puddler and his helper.....	\$3 50	6s. 0d.	\$1 29½
Rolling the puddled bar	72½	8	14½
Sundry labor	82½	1 8½	87½
Shearing iron for files.....	21	6	11
Heater and his helper.....	87½	1 8½	87
Rolling	85	1 11½	42
Straightening and finishing.....	1 37½	2 8	48½
Sundry labor.....	1 25½	8	5½
American labor to one ton of iron, 1849..	9 61½		
English labor to one ton of iron, 1848		15 0½	
English labor to one ton of iron, 1849, since the reduction of wages. Expenses in dollars.....			3 25½

From which it will be seen that the cost of English labor is but a trifle over one third the cost of American.*

If such are the advantages enjoyed by the English iron-master over the American, it cannot be wondered at that the latter should ask for, and should consider himself entitled to, some legislative action by which he may be enabled to enter the home market with a prospect of success. No other nation of the world possesses greater facilities for the manufacture of iron than the United States. That section of the country beginning with the western part of Connecticut, taking in Northern and Eastern New-York, the whole of Pennsylvania, Upper Virginia, and thence

extending to Missouri and Wisconsin, including certain localities of the intermediate States, covers an iron region which, for the abundance, the richness, and the high standard of its ore, is inferior to no other district upon the other continent. The iron of Salisbury, in Connecticut, and of the Juniata region in Pennsylvania, is universally preferred by machinists to any English brand, and rates with the best stamps from Sweden or Norway. The ore of a large district of Northern New-York is capable of being made into cast steel of the most superior quality. The iron of the Wisconsin and Missouri mines, which have scarcely begun to be worked, is of remarkable ductility and toughness, equalling in these respects the most costly descriptions of the Norway manufacture. Throughout all these localities, water-power is abundant; the supply of char-

* Memorial from Pennsylvania on the Manufacture of Iron, published in behalf of the Convention of Iron-masters. 1850.

coal sufficient until the transportation of anthracite shall become easy, and the furnaces fitted up with the more costly appliances for burning it; and, with a single exception, the fertility of the soil is such, that each collection of forges may become the central market of a rich agricultural district. Time must elapse, even under the most beneficent system, before the soil of Connecticut can furnish food for all its inhabitants; but Pennsylvania and Missouri labor under no such difficulties; and in the event of the successful establishment of their manufacturing industry, the constant increase of their agricultural riches will necessarily follow.

The quantity of iron now manufactured in this country is a gratifying indication of our industrial energy, and of the prospective importance of our iron interest, in case such an increased measure of protection is granted as shall induce the permanent investment of capital in the manufacture. We give the amount manufactured in various years since 1830, for the purpose of comparing it with our importations during the same period:

1830,.....	165,000	tons.
1831,.....	191,000	"
1832,.....	200,000	"
1840,.....	320,000	"
1842,.....	220,000	"
1844,.....	380,000	"
1846,.....	765,000	"
1847,.....	800,000	"
1849,.....	650,000	"
1850,.....	564,000	"
1851,.....	413,000	"

Our imports during the same years were as follows:

1830,.....	8,073	tons.
1831,.....	22,193	"
1832,.....	31,988	"
1840,.....	38,343	"
1842,.....	80,293	"
1844,.....	52,835	"
1846,.....	48,295	"
1847,.....	55,462	"
1848,.....	133,221	"
1849,.....	278,089	"
1850,.....	337,532	"
1851,.....	349,750	"

It will be seen from the above tables that the quantity of iron which we manufacture is large in comparison with that which we import. But it also shows us, that while our importation is increasing, our domestic product is diminishing in a fearfully large ratio.

Under our present free-trade system, the English iron-master controls, or rather regulates, our market. The actual amount of iron which he sells us has very little to do with this regulating power. The quantity will be great if he is able to undersell our manufacturers, and will be small if they are able to sell at the same rate with himself; but in either case it is his price which fixes the market value of the commodity. The rates of iron in this country must be accommodated to the rates at which he offers to sell, otherwise, the dearer article is driven out of the market, and the cheaper takes its place. Were our iron interest entirely unprotected, the domestic manufacture, with the exception of such superior brands as must always command a market, would come to a standstill, since the foreign manufacturer would immediately undersell us; as the tariff now stands, he is enabled to keep the American furnace-master and mill-owner on the verge of failure; receiving such prices for their products as will just cover their expenses, having nothing left wherewith to increase their stock, replace their machinery, or enlarge their operations; fighting only for existence, in the hope that better times, brought about by considerate legislators, may soon put them beyond the reach of this injurious competition.

We do not undertake to say how much longer the mass of our iron manufacturers can sustain themselves, or will consent to follow a pursuit so unprofitable as that in which they are now engaged. Their position is, in every respect, one of perplexity; they are surrounded by facilities, but they are hampered by a low market, arising not so much from repletion, as from the ability to buy at nearly cost prices from the outside holder who is constantly pressing in his commodity. Their capital is wholly invested, their credit more or less pledged, and they find it necessary for their reputation to go on, when the desperation induced by ill fortune might, with good reason, cause them to stop. There is also a spirit of competition among themselves; the smaller capitalists must go to the wall first, and with each successive retirement there is more room for the others. We have mentioned the hope they indulge of better times; there is also the well-grounded conviction that, should the production of American iron go on diminishing during the

next two years in its present ratio of decrease, the foreign holder would raise his price; and they are determined if possible to prevent this enrichment of the English manufacturer by keeping their own mills and furnaces open as long as their money or their credit will enable them.

The foreign iron-master lowers his prices only for one of two reasons: when he is obliged to do it, and when it is for his interest, or rather against the interest of the manufacturer of that country to which he wishes to export. The tariff of 1842 operated forcibly, for the former of these reasons, in reducing the price of English iron. The ensuing table will show the effect which it produced:

PRICES OF ENGLISH BARS IN LIVERPOOL.

	£	s.	d.	
1840, January,.....	9	0	0	per ton.
“ May,.....	8	5	0	“
“ September,....	8	5	0	“
“ December,	8	0	0	“
1841, April,.....	7	15	0	“
“ September,....	6	10	0	“

It will be seen that the price is falling in anticipation of the tariff. Prices are lowered, and large quantities are attempted to be forced into the American market. We continue:

	£	s.	d.	
1842, January,.....	6	10	0	per ton.
“ April,.....	6	5	0	“
“ May,.....	5	12	6	“
“ June,.....	5	10	0	“
“ November,....	5	10	0	“
“ December,	5	5	0	“
1843, March,.....	5	2	6	“
“ September,....	4	15	0	“
1844, March,.....	5	0	0	“
“ December,	5	15	0	“
1845, January,.....	6	10	0	“
“ July,.....	7	15	0	“
1846, January,.....	9	0	0	“
“ August,.....	9	0	0	“
1847, January,.....	9	10	0	“
“ December,....	8	15	0	“
1848, January,.....	7	10	0	“
“ November,	5	10	0	“
1849, January,.....	5	15	0	“
“ June,.....	5	5	0	“
“ October,.....	5	5	0	“
1850, January,	5	4	0	“
“ July,.....	5	2	6	“
1851, July,.....	5	0	0	“
Present rates,.....	4	17	0	to £5 per ton.

Previous to 1842, the iron market was, according to the definition of the foreign manufacturer, in a healthy state. The quantity of iron imported remained nearly the same, year by year; and the prices at which

it was sold afforded a handsome profit. The construction of railroads in this country was opening a large market for railway iron, and the admission of this species of manufacture duty free, encouraged English capitalists to turn their attention to its production.

The tariff of 1842 produced an immediate effect both upon the price of foreign iron and the amount of our home production. English bars fell to five pounds per ton, and for a time were sold at four pounds ten shillings, the lowest rate, we believe, to which they have ever descended. Scotch pig went down from four and five pounds per ton, to two. The joint importation of these two descriptions fell from eighty thousand tons a year to eighteen thousand. The domestic production rose from a little over two hundred thousand tons, at which amount it had remained stationary for ten years, to nearly four hundred thousand tons in 1843-4, and in 1845, to half a million of tons. The impetus given by the tariff of 1842 to our iron manufacture, can hardly be over-estimated, since, in spite of the reduction of duties in 1846, the domestic production in 1847 had reached eight hundred thousand tons. We have seen upon a preceding page how much it has since decreased.

The tables we have given show an increase in the price of English iron between 1844 and 1847. This is accounted for by the fact that the stock of iron introduced under previous low duties had been wholly consumed, in the two years of high duties, and the American furnaces were not yet numerous enough to supply the rapidly increasing demand for iron. The amount of iron consumed by each individual had risen from forty-five pounds in 1841, to fifty-seven in 1844, to seventy-one in 1845, to ninety-five in 1846, and in 1847 to a very small fraction under one hundred pounds. The domestic production, rapid as was its augmentation, was unable to keep pace with this extraordinary increase of consumption, and, amid the agricultural and manufacturing prosperity of the nation, we found ourselves able to pay high prices for a reasonable quantity of imported iron. We bought no more than we needed, and until 1848 had accumulated no surplus. During this period, too, the English manufacturer was hindered by very obvious causes from overloading our market. He maintained simply the position of a mer-

chant holding his goods for sale, and waiting for orders till purchasers were ready to negotiate. When we wanted iron, we ordered just the quantity of which we stood in need. Our exports each year kept pace with or exceeded our imports, and we were able to buy with independence and safety. It is a rule in private economy that it is cheaper to pay a fair price for any commodity when you require it, and to take no more of it than you need, than to have it thrust upon you at a much lower rate when you have no occasion for it, and cannot pay for it. This rule may well be applied to our commercial policy, and is peculiarly applicable to our trade in iron. We made a more profitable bargain in buying iron at fifty dollars a ton in 1845, when our exports exceeded our imports, and when we had money to spare, than in buying at twenty-five dollars in 1850, when our imports overbalanced our exports by the comfortable sum of twenty-seven millions of dollars. We are now giving bonds for railroad iron, payable fifteen years from date, with interest, and the bargain is destined to prove a dear one; one indeed which we fear to contemplate, if during those fifteen years our interests are subjected to the tender mercies of free trade.

In 1843, the English manufacturer sold iron at a low price, because he was pitted against the American iron-master, who enjoyed protection, and because his fears impelled him to dispose of as large a portion of his stock in this country as possible. After an intermediate rise, occasioned by the ability of the American consumer to pay for just the quantity he wanted, he again reduced his terms in 1848, not so much to accommodate the poverty of his customers, as to break down American competition. Under a wise policy, our iron manufacture had assumed in 1846 a formidable aspect to foreign capitalists. While from our prosperity they realized high prices for the quantity we wished to buy, they also foresaw a limited and a stationary market. The free trade measures of 1846 caused matters to wear an entirely new face. Our furnaces, it is true, were in active operation, with accumulated capital, and with facilities and improvements acquired by three or four years of prosperity; but, on the other hand, the market was thrown open to the aggregated stock of the foreign manufacturer, who was not slow to take advantage of the circumstance. A di-

rect forcing of English iron into our ports commenced. Month by month, larger cargoes were introduced into our ports, and month by month the American manufacturer was obliged to compete with lower prices. In 1848, one hundred and thirty-two thousand tons were put into our market at forty dollars a ton, including duty; in 1849, the quantity had risen to two hundred and eighty thousand tons, and the price per ton, including duty, had fallen to thirty-five dollars; and in 1850, it had reached three hundred and forty thousand tons, at thirty-three or thirty-four dollars. A part of this vast influx is still stored in our principal sea-ports, but the English iron-master is forcing his stock upon us in larger quantities each year, to be disposed of at any price it may bring, careless whether it is consumed just now or at a future time, so long as he can break down his American rival. When this shall be accomplished, he will raise his price, and will maintain it at that precise point which will yield him a handsome profit, but will afford no vantage-ground for the reestablishment of the American manufacture.

The effect of these low prices upon the English iron interest has been to reduce profits to about two per cent., at which rate well-established houses can afford to go on. The English iron manufacture, by virtue of the immense capital invested in it, may be said to be in a healthy state, both present and prospective. But the effect upon the American manufacture has been exceedingly disastrous. We are aware that in illustrating this, we run the risk of transferring misfortunes and losses occasioned by individual carelessness, or extravagance, or want of business capacity, to the charge of our commercial policy; but making due allowance for all such drawbacks upon the prosperity of the iron industry, we shall find that the injuries sustained by the American iron-master, in consequence of insufficient protection and of the sudden change of tariff in 1846, are productive of serious alarm, and threaten, in case our policy is not altered, a return to the low production of the years immediately preceding 1842.

We have lying before us a report of the iron manufacture of northern New-York, including the counties of Clinton and Essex, which have become famous for the quality of their iron. From this report we will ex-

tract a few particulars, requesting the reader to keep in mind that the years 1847 and 1848 were those in which the most strenuous exertions were made by the American producer to keep pace with his foreign com-

petitor, and that it was not until the year 1849 he was forced to succumb, and confine his production to the demands for a few peculiar qualities which the market always requires.

FORGES, &c.

Year.	No. of Fires in Operation.	No. Tons Iron produced.	No. Bushels Charcoal consumed.	Price of Charcoal, per 100 bushels, at Forges.	No. Tons of Ore used.	Price of Ore per Ton at Forges.	Cost of Iron per Ton.	Worth of Iron per Ton.	Total Cost of Iron produced.	Total Value of Iron produced.	Bloomers' Wages per Ton for making Iron.	No. of Men employed in Forges.	Whole No. Men employed making Iron, Coal, and mining Ore.
1847	150	24,000	6,000,000	\$6 00	60,000	\$6 00	\$38	\$45	\$912,000	\$1,080,000	\$8	960	2,400
1848	180	28,800	7,200,000	6 50	72,000	6 00	35	40	1,008,000	1,152,000	7	1,152	2,880
1849	150	24,000	6,000,000	5 50	24,000	5 50	33	35	792,000	840,000	6	960	2,400
1850	100	16,000	4,000,000	5 50	16,000	5 50	22	30	480,000	480,000	6	640	1,600
1851	75	12,000	3,000,000	5 50	12,000	5 50	30	25	360,000	300,000	5	480	1,200

PIG IRON.

Year.	No. of Furnaces.	No. of Furnaces in Blast.	No. Tons capable of producing.	No. of Tons actually produced.	No. Bushels of Charcoal used.	No. Tons of Ore used.	Total Value of Pig Iron.	No of Men employed, including Colliers and Miners.
1847	6	6	18,000	16,000	2,550,000	30,000	\$416,000	1200
1848	6	2	18,000	5,000	750,000	7,500	115,000	400
1849	6	1	18,000	3,000	450,000	4,500	60,000	300
1850	6	1	18,000	3,000	450,000	4,500	51,000	300
1851	6	1*	18,000	1,200	180,000	2,100	20,400	150

We discover from these tables that the total amount of iron produced in the manufacturing district of northern New-York has fallen from 16,000 tons to a trifle over 1,000. We are at no loss to account for this, when we find that during the year in which the Clinton and Essex manufacture diminished from 16,000 to 5,000 tons, our importations rose from 23,000 to 51,000 tons, while the price fell from \$25 and \$26 to \$20 per ton; nor when we further ascertain that the year which witnessed a diminution of the same manufacture from 5,000 to 3,000 tons, witnessed also an increase of importation from 51,000 tons to upwards of 105,000, the market price becoming gradually lower. We are speaking now of the importation

and of the price of *pig iron*. The change in bar iron was equally noticeable.

The simple returns of each year, as shown in the above tables, indicate, without the aid of many words, the ruinous effects of unprotected competition with the English manufacturer. The ore used in a large and important manufacturing district is reduced in three years to one sixth of its former quantity; the value of the iron produced is diminished by three quarters; wages fall nearly one half; the number of men employed in one department of manufacture is lessened by nearly three fifths, and in another by just seven eighths; five blast-furnaces out of six are brought to a total stoppage, and the remaining one is suspended during six

months of the year; and the consumption of charcoal, anthracite, and the other appliances of manufacture and mining, is equally reduced. Surely an exemplification like this of the influence of free trade deserves to be noted with more than ordinary attention, and not to be set aside as an unfounded pretense on the part of interested parties.

The iron interest of northern New-York may, however, be called a comparatively local interest, from which deductions as to the state of the manufacture throughout the country could not fairly be made. But with present facilities for transportation and inter-communication, so keenly are all changes in one section felt, whether for the better or the worse, that the prosperity or the adversity of any important manufacture in any considerable district may be taken at once as the index of the condition of the entire interest. And we find in reality, after leaving that portion of the iron manufacture of which we have been speaking, that the American iron production is every where similarly depressed. We exhibit for instance the returns of a careful examination throughout the entire State of Pennsylvania, a State which, in the general estimate we are now forming of the condition of our iron interest, may well represent the whole, since her furnaces and mills produce just seven twelfths of all the iron now manufactured in the United States.* We may mention in this place, as an index of the marvellous mineral wealth of this State, that only eight counties out of the sixty-two which it contains, are unsuited to the production and manufacture of iron.

The following table shows the number of furnaces of each sort, and of bloomereries in

* The annexed table shows the number of establishments, of hands employed, and the amount of capital invested in the production and manufacture of iron in each State, in the year 1850. A deduction of one sixth may safely be made from each item in the several columns, on account of the diminution that has since taken place in the iron manufacture throughout the Union. The returns of Pennsylvania are given in more complete detail above.

PRODUCTION OF PIG IRON.

MANUFACTURE OF WROUGHT IRON.

State.	No. estab-lishments in operation.	Capital in-vested.	No. of hands employed.		No. estab-lishments in operation.	Capital in-vested.	No. of hands employed.	
			Males.	Fem.			Males.	Fem.
Maine	1	\$214,000	71					
New-Hampshire.....	1	2,000	10	-	2	\$4,000	6	
Vermont	3	62,500	100	.	3	62,700	57	
Massachusetts	6	469,000	263	-	6	610,300.	260	
Rhode Island.	-	-	-	-	1	206,000	220	
Connecticut	18	225,600	148	-	18	529,500	374	
New-York	18	605,000	505	-	60	1,131,300	1,037	
New-Jersey	10	967,000	600	-	53	,016,843	593	
Pennsylvania	-	-	9,285	9	-	-	6,764	7
Delaware	-	-	-	-	2	15,000	50	
Maryland.....	18	1,420,000	1,370	-	17	780,650	568	
Virginia	29	513,800	1,115	14	39	791,211	1,295	
North Carolina.....	2	25,000	26	5	19	103,000	173	14
South Carolina.....								
Georgia	3	26,000	135	3	3	9,200	26	1
Florida.....								
Alabama	3	11,000	40	-	1	2,500	14	
Mississippi.....								
Louisiana								
Texas								
Arkansas								
Tennessee	23	1,021,400	1,713	109	42	755,050	731	55
Kentucky	21	924,700	1,845	10	4	176,000	183	
Ohio	35	,503,000	2,415	-	11	620,800	708	
Michigan	1	15,000	25					
Indiana	2	72,000	88	-	3	17,000	22	2
Illinois	2	65,000	150					
Missouri	5	619,000	334	-	2	42,100	101	
Iowa								
Wisconsin	1	15,000	60					
California.....								
District of Columbia								
Total.....	197	\$8,776,000	29,298	160	291	\$6,875,154	13,178	79

the State; the capital invested in land, build- | the works, and the actual make in 1847,
ings, and machinery; the present capacity of | 1849, and 1850 respectively :—

	No.	Investment.	Present Capacity. Tons.	Make 1847. Tons.	Make 1849. Tons.	Make 1850. Tons.
Anthracite Coal	57	8,221,000	221,400	151,381	109,168	81,851
Blast furnaces using {	Bituminous Coal....	7	223,000	12,600	7,800	8,900
	Coke, hot blast	4	800,000	12,000	10,000	
	Charcoal	85	8,478,500	180,705	94,519	58,302
	“ Cold blast ..	145	5,170,376	178,654	125,155	80,665
Bloomeries	6	28,700	600	544	335	280
Totals	3 04	12,921,576	550,959	389,850	253,870	198,813

Of the 298 furnaces in the State 149—ex-
actly half—were in blast in 1850; and this
number was still further reduced in 1851. In
1850, 124 furnaces had totally failed, or been
sold by the sheriff. The remainder not in
blast were simply discontinued on account of
their unprofitableness. In the first four months
of 1850, not less than 15 furnaces passed
under the sheriff’s hammer, and executions
were levied, during the same period, upon

several more. It will be seen that the total
production of iron declined by about fifty per
cent. in three years.
We present an additional table, showing
the number of forges and rolling-mills in the
same State up to 1849; the investment in
lands, buildings and machinery; the number
of fires and their capacity; and their amount
of iron turned out in 1847 and 1849 respec-
tively :—

	No. Works.	Investment.	No. Forge Fires.	No. Puddling Furnaces.	Capacity. Tons.	Actual make 1847. Tons.	Actual make 1849. Tons.
Charcoal Forges	121	2,026,800	402	-	50,250	39,997	28,495
Rolling-mills	79	5,554,200	-	486	174,400	163,760	108,358
Totals	200	7,580,500	402	486	224,650	203,757	136,853

The diminution of manufacture in 1849
from that in 1847, is seen to be upwards of
66,000 tons, or thirty-three per cent.
In eastern Pennsylvania, the manufacture
of all descriptions of iron that come in com-
petition with the English is extinct, since the
markets accessible from the seaboard are
entirely supplied with the foreign article.
A small amount of railroad iron is still
made for the interior; but this branch of
manufacture has diminished by more than
one half since 1847.

We give place to a concluding table, as a
summary of the Pennsylvania iron works
during a period of one hundred and twenty
years; in which is displayed the number of
each kind established in each period of ten
years previous to 1840, and in each year
since that date; and also the number of
failures in each of the last ten years. For
this document we are indebted to the Com-
mittee on Statistics appointed by a late
convention of the Pennsylvania iron manu-
facturers.

	Blast Furnaces.				Bloomeries, Forges, and Rolling-mills.		Total of all kinds.	
	Mineral Coal.		Charcoal.		Built.	S F*	Built.	S F*
	Built.	S F*	Built.	S F*				
Ten years ending January 1st, 1730	-	-	-	-	1	-	1	
" " " " 1740	-	-	1	-	1	-	2	
" " " " 1750	-	-	2	-	1	-	3	
" " " " 1760	-	-	2	-	5	-	7	
" " " " 1770								
" " " " 1780	-	-	3	-	2	-	5	
" " " " 1790	-	-	1	-	4	-	5	
" " " " 1800	-	-	9	-	16	-	25	
" " " " 1810	-	-	11	-	19	-	30	
" " " " 1820	-	-	14	-	16	-	30	
" " " " 1830	1	-	18	-	30	-	49	
Ten years ending January 1st, 1840	5	-	72	-	46	-	123	
During the year 1840	3	-	3	3	6	3	12	6
" " 1841	1	-	3	1	2	1	6	2
" " 1842	5	2	8	8	7	10	20	20
" " 1843	-	1	5	4	2	2	7	7
" " 1844	4	6	13	2	4	3	21	11
" " 1845	14	-	15	2	11	1	40	3
" " 1846	11	1	30	3	12	-	53	4
" " 1847	8	1	12	15	5	8	25	24
" " 1848	5	5	6	20	6	12	17	37
" " 1849	3	5	2	30	5	6	10	41
Four months in 1850	3	-	-	15	4	7	5	22
Now unfinished	5	-	-	-	1	-	6	
Totals	68	21	230	103	206	53	504	177

That portion of the preceding table which relates to the period prior to 1840 is of historical interest only. It shows a very regular increase in the number of works. The course of affairs for the last ten years is very clearly indicated by the table.

The great impetus given to the business about the year 1840, may be attributed to the discovery, two years before, of the value of anthracite coal for iron-making purposes. The lower clauses of the compromise tariff act coming into operation in 1842, and the passage of a new tariff act in that year, together produce the curious result of twenty new works built and twenty failures. The number of new works then steadily increases, and the number of failures as steadily decreases, until they stand in 1846—53 new works built to 4 failures. But in that year the tariff of 1842 was repealed, and the present ad valorem duty laid on the price of foreign iron, which was then excessively inflated by the railway fever in England; and in the next year, 1847, we find the number of new works and the number of failures again about equal, 25 to 24. as in 1842; but with this important difference, that in 1842 distress was decreasing, whereas the difficulties of 1847 were only the beginning of more serious troubles. This is shown by the regularly diminishing number of new works, and the equally regularly increasing number of failures, until in 1849 we find the failures to new works as 41 to 10.

These are but general facts connected with the depression of our home iron interest.

* Sold by sheriff or failed since January, 1840.

To those of our readers who live in iron-producing districts, they will prove painfully suggestive of particulars within their personal knowledge.† The picture which they present is a melancholy one, and needs no artificial coloring. No exercise of the fancy need be provoked to heighten the effect which is produced in us by the contemplation of struggling and unrewarded industry, of manufacturing skill and labor thrown out

† The surrender of the Boonton Iron Works, New-Jersey, to the mercies of an impoverished market, is a case worthy of note. This establishment probably possesses equal facilities with any other in the country, and has been eminently successful in the quality of its manufacture. Every process connected with the manufacture of iron, from the mining of the ore to the final shaping of the bars, has been conducted upon the premises by experienced hands and with the utmost economy, yet the company find themselves unable to go on with the business, and have offered the entire works for sale, at a sacrifice. Having expended \$386,000 upon the property without profit to themselves, they have no further inclination, under our present policy, to continue their investments. Selfishness might induce stockholders in such establishments to vote for a revision of the present tariff, but the farmers and laborers who are benefited by them will not be accused of favoring monopolies if they vote for measures that shall secure their own prosperity in protecting the interests of the manufacturer.

of use, of markets for agricultural products diminished or destroyed, and of foreign capital triumphing over our own. The mischief is palpable, obtrusive, and its effects are every day becoming more unmistakable. There can only be one method of cure.

The iron manufacture, like every other manufacture which is in its infancy, and exposed to unscrupulous and gigantic competition, needs to be protected. Without having any invidious preferences granted it, or indeed any favors which the common good of the country does not plainly require, it demands such a degree of legislative attention as shall permit individual energy and labor to fix it upon a firm basis, and place it beyond the destructive influences of foreign operatives, whether honest competitors, or speculators in the fluctuations of commerce.

The English free trade doctors are now disavowing the regimen by whose wholesome influences they were placed in a position to give sanitary advice. Beyond all physicians, their own health lies in the debility of the patient; and when they can no longer prescribe, they cease to exist. Hence the zeal with which they applaud our free traders, and denounce our protectionists; hence their ovations to Robert J. Walker, and their unlimited satisfaction with the *Journal of Commerce*, since both the orator and the journal have expounded to the American people the wonderful truths that commerce—that is, the transportation of commodities—is prosperity; that riches flow into that country which buys more than it sells, and gives its notes of hand for the balance; and that a nation purely agricultural is in a fair way of outstripping all its neighbors in wealth, in domestic improvements, and in the various luxuries, comforts, and necessities which make up its physical and intellectual well-being.

It is well that our English advisers have convenient memories. But it cannot be that high political authorities on the free trade side of the question in this country are ignorant or oblivious of the fact that the manufacture of iron in England was wholly built up by that system of protection which the *London Times* now pronounces "obsolete," and which Mr. Walker declares is "unworthy of a liberal and progressive people." But we should like to be informed in what the obsolescence of the idea consists. The lapse of thirty, fifty, even of seventy

years cannot alter the wisdom of a commercial policy when commercial circumstances remain the same. To all intents and purposes, as a producer of iron, the United States is, in 1852, related to Great Britain precisely as Great Britain was related in 1780 or 1800 to Russia and Sweden. At those dates her iron manufacture was in a less forward and a more unsettled state than that of the two continental nations just mentioned. It was necessary that the manufacture should be built up and established beyond the influence of foreign competition. She was not then troubled by any fears that the system of protection had grown antiquated. In 1780 she imposed a duty of \$13 a ton upon imported iron. By the year 1820 she had altered this duty just fifteen times, increasing it in each case, until it finally reached the sum of \$35 a ton. During this period of uninterrupted and constantly improving protection, the English manufacturer was strengthening himself, and bringing his works to that degree of perfection which has at once made him famous and impregnable. In his home market he was enabled to undersell the foreigner; and in 1825, when the duty on iron was removed—the doctrines of protection suddenly becoming "obsolete," and "unworthy of a liberal and progressive nation"—he undersold the foreigner every where, except in those choice and peculiar brands of iron which cannot be manufactured from English ore.

The duty which England imposed upon foreign iron during the days of the feebleness of her own manufacture, was much higher than our own manufacture demands. To prohibit the importation of English iron is neither the object nor the effect of that rate of duty which we think necessary for the protection of our own interest. Under the tariff of 1842, our importations, after the first shock was over, went on increasing, not in the same ratio with our domestic production, it is true, but with a steadiness that showed a constant and healthy demand for peculiar descriptions of iron. We wish this well-regulated importation restored; we wish it kept wholly subsidiary to our own production, limited by our wants, and never crowded upon us to the detriment of our home market. An importation can never be healthy when it is forced, when the payment of its charges is fixed at remote future

periods, and when it causes a decline of industry in the country into which it is introduced. But were we now manufacturing a million of tons of iron, were our furnaces in a state of prosperity, and our iron-masters enlarging their operations so as to produce increased quantities year by year, commensurate with the growth of population and its ability to purchase and consume iron, we should view without alarm the entrance of cargoes of English iron equally large with those which are now being forced into our ports, for we should feel that they were ordered from an intelligent conviction on the part of buyers that they wanted just such quantities and qualities of iron, and a certainty that the price demanded could be paid as soon as it should fall due.

It is not necessary in this article to specify the amount of duty which the prosperity of the American iron manufacturer demands should be imposed upon the foreign article. One description of domestic iron requires a greater measure of protection than another; the iron manufacturer of the far West stands less in need of the tariff than his Eastern brother, although no tariff could be high enough to injure him; and when our furnaces and mills shall once have become firmly established, the necessity of protection will be much diminished, until the time might arrive when we should not require protection at all. But a reference to former legislation and to the expressed opinions of those who are well qualified to judge, will not be out of place.

The rates established by the tariff of 1842 were eminently calculated to insure the prosperity of the domestic iron interest. By that system of duties, the reader will remember, pig iron, among other descriptions, was taxed nine dollars per ton, ordinary bar iron twenty-five dollars, and hammered iron seventeen dollars. How these duties differ from the present may be seen from the fact that the thirty per cent. duty now imposed on pig iron raises its price only about three or four dollars per ton, and on bar iron only about seven or eight dollars; while hammered iron, which is of a much more costly description, and which can be produced in America nearly as cheap as in England, is taxed proportionably with the less expensive description. By the specific duties of 1842, we obtained protection on those kinds of iron where it was most necessary; by the *ad*

valorem duties of 1846 and 1852, we are protected most fully where we need protection least; and where we need it most, we are scarcely protected at all. On pig iron and the cheaper kinds of bars, we are so far protected that the foreign manufacturer undersells us by only a few dollars to the ton: but the rule holds good in private economy that a trader is ruined by being undersold, whether his competitor undersells him by ten or by a hundred per cent., and that his failure results nearly as quickly in one case as in the other.

We are not in favor of *ad valorem* duties on any description of manufacture, especially upon so fluctuating a commodity as foreign iron. We see no reason why the specific duties just mentioned should not be returned to, until the permanence of the domestic manufacture should render them unnecessary, and should make their reduction a question simply of convenience. The *ad valorem* rates can only be made effectual by a series of adjustments, and the fluctuations of the foreign market would tend to create confusion even with the nicest care. But, for the attention of those who incline to this mode of regulating duties, we insert an extract from a letter of an eminent iron merchant-manufacturing house of New-York,* in reply to certain free trade communications in the *Journal of Commerce*:

The true cost of iron to the consumer is not the price of to-day or of last year, but its average price for a series of years. Now the average price of bar iron in Liverpool from 1820 to 1849, and for each period of ten years during that time, has been just £8.

We do not hesitate to declare that an ad valorem duty of forty per cent., the revenue standard, on £8, the average cost, will compensate for the difference in the price of labor, and be entirely adequate to build up such a domestic production of iron as, without excluding the foreign article from our markets, shall keep a check upon its price, and insure, in the average of years, the lowest possible price to the consumer.

At this point, in fact, the interest of the iron-maker and the iron-consumer becomes mutual.

But here we are met by another difficulty. The price of English iron is not permanent at £8. It only averages that price. It sometimes rises as high as £15, as in 1846, and falls as low as £4 10s., as in 1849. And to this fact is due the great objection to the present mode of assessing duties; for when the price falls below £8, the duty, falling in equal ratio, becomes inadequate to compensate for the difference in the cost of labor. But objectionable

* Cooper and Hewitt.

as it is to the iron-maker at the extreme price of depression, the system cannot prove less so to the government as a *revenue* measure, when the regular fluctuations which have always taken place in the price of iron carry it up to the highest limit, as the duty will then become prohibitory, and the revenue will cease. So that not only iron-makers but revenue-makers are interested alike in modifying the present system.

Before, however, we appeal to the government, we are bound to show that there is no *natural remedy* which we can apply to this formidable difficulty. How is it met in England, where it must also be a serious obstacle, although not so serious as here, because in England the fall in price measures the whole loss to the producer, but here the fall in price is *aggravated* by the operation of the tariff: e. g., if iron fall in London from £8 to £5, the difference is \$15; but here the difference in price is increased by the difference in duty, which at £8 would be \$12, while at £5 it is only \$7 50. When the price falls below the cost of production in England, as during the present year, the great makers stack up their iron, which they are enabled to do from the possession of immense capital, built up at the expense of the whole world, and their own half-paid labor, during periods of high prices. By the strong houses, these extreme depressions are not regarded as *very* serious objections, because it enables them, in the first place, to drive out their weaker competitors; and, secondly, to produce iron at the very cheapest rate, because then labor is to be had for mere feeding. As soon as the iron in weak hands has been consumed, the strong houses can dictate their own terms, and dispose of their accumulated stocks at an enormous profit. It is stated on good authority, that Crawshaw realized £1,200,000 sterling out of such an operation in 1844!—more money, we can safely assert, than the whole iron business of this country has netted to the iron-masters in twenty years.

The natural remedy, then, for these fluctuations, is *adequate capital*, to produce and hold on to stocks when the price is *lowest*, and to sell when it is *highest*. More money can really be made in this way, than out of a uniform average business, as the maker sells the greater part of his production at the highest price.

No such capital exists in this country; for it is a well-established fact, that notwithstanding the "princely fortunes" we hear of having been realized by iron masters, the capital employed in the business has not, for the last twenty years, yielded seven per cent. interest. This is due to the fact, that no sooner has the iron-master been able to get his works into successful operation, and the cost of manufacture reduced to a minimum, than one of the periodical fluctuations comes, which he cannot control, and against which the policy of the government furnishes no security, but tends to aggravate. His works have to suspend, and the skill, to acquire which, long years of toil and a fortune have been expended, is dissipated, to be acquired anew, when better prices tempt him to resume. Such a suspension at the Trenton works for only four months increased the cost for making rails, in a new order, from loss of skill, at least ten dollars per ton.

The difficulty of holding on to the product of an iron establishment, for better prices, is apparent from the fact that the largest capital devoted to the business in this country does not exceed a million of dollars, two thirds of which is fixed capital, in buildings, machinery, &c., while the annual value of the whole product is equal to the whole capital.

The only resource, then, of the iron-master against these ruinous fluctuations, is in the action of the general government; and here again there is the *most entire harmony* between the interest of the government, looking to revenue, and of the producer. We have seen that forty per cent. on the average price, £8, fairly establishes competition between foreign and domestic iron. Now, when iron falls to £5, the foreign maker can take the market, by reason of the fall in price, without reference to the fall in duty. *But the duty does fall*, and the government loses revenue; for iron at £5 can certainly pay the same, or even more, duty than at £8, and still be sold for less money. So when the price of iron advances to £11, the foreign maker, without duty, can but just compete with the domestic producer; and if the duty keeps advancing at the same time, it becomes prohibitory, and the government gets no revenue at all.

This whole difficulty is met by a *sliding scale of duties*. Let the average price, £8, be taken as the basis, and forty per cent. as the revenue standard, and the iron interest would struggle on, even under the present duty of thirty per cent., if that is decided to be the *revenue* point. For every five shillings sterling fall in the price, let one dollar be added to the duty; and for every advance of five shillings in the price, let one dollar be taken from the duty; and thus the government will always realize the largest possible amount of revenue from iron, and the producer would be secured against being ruined by fluctuations which he cannot control. And when the price of English iron should advance above £12, the consumer would have American iron cheaper than the foreign iron could possibly be procured.

Now, we desire to ask you, whether a duty imposed in this way does not fulfil all the conditions that can be required of a duty? It is *ad valorem*, and not based upon any fictitious or assumed valuation, (which was the Democratic eye-sore in the tariff of 1842;) it is strictly a *revenue* duty; it insures to the consumer the *lowest possible average price*, and protects the iron-maker against the only serious impediments in the way of placing his business, with the requisite economy and skill, upon a substantial basis. It meets fully the wants of the government, and is fairly adjusted to the rights of every class in the community. The iron-masters ought not, and do not ask, to have any class taxed for their benefit.

What the iron-master wants in this country is *stability*, and not *high duties*. The enactment of a new tariff once a month would be deprecated by every intelligent man as ruinous to the best interests of the country. And yet it is against this very difficulty that the iron interest is now struggling, for every change of prices is a change of tariff. Remove this difficulty, either by a *sliding scale* or *specific duties*, or by *restricting the fluctuation of the duties within proper fixed limits*,

and the iron interest will cease its complaints. And the change that iron-makers desire is in strict harmony with the wants of the *government* and the true interests of the *consumer*.

Between the sliding scale and specific duties we should not hesitate long to choose. But the *ad valorem* system has its charms, especially to the opposite party, and far greater misfortunes could happen to the country and to its iron interest, than the adoption of the *ad valorem* sliding scale which has been sketched in the above extract.

The length to which this article has already been extended prevents us from amplifying further. But we must be permitted to enter a *caveat* against any hastily formed opinion that we are advising for the interest of one class of society in preference to the well-being of all. There is something in the word "protection," which the free traders distort into ominous and fearful shapes. Sometimes its advocates are styled by the always odious title of aristocrats; sometimes, by a strange and wilful confusion of ideas, they are denounced as the secret friends of Great Britain; they are often held up as the great obstacles in the way of the artisan and the operative, and they are oftener still inveighed against as the worst enemies of American agriculturists.

In spite of these attacks, which we shall endeavor to endure with as much fortitude as possible, always remembering the source whence they spring, we must continue to believe in the great harmony of interests; in the prosperous results of a constant and intimate alliance between agriculture and manufactures; the first the source, and the second the sign of national wealth. Whether our manufacturing classes are engaged in producing iron or cloth, it is only from their consumption that our farmers and planters

can derive a constant, uniform, and profitable market for their crops. There is a certain association of dignity with commerce, that blinds us to its many items of unprofitableness, and there is an idea of every-day familiarity with home exchange which keeps its real profit and utility in the background. But while our national luxuries are increased by buying from abroad what we cannot raise at home, our riches are diminished when we pay others for doing what we can do ourselves; when we depend upon the precarious markets of a distant country scarcely larger than New-England for the sale of the agricultural products of so vast a country as our own; and when we adopt measures that allow workingmen no choice but to cultivate the soil. Such measures, it is true, operate but in part. Manufactures can never become extinct; our market for agricultural produce, our wheat, our cotton, our tobacco, can never be wholly at foreign disposal; but it becomes us to seriously deliberate the wisdom of retarding the one, or of hazarding the other, when by a few simple regulations their mutual safety and prosperity might be effectually and permanently secured.

So long as the welfare of our planters continues to depend so entirely upon the market of Liverpool, and the manufacturing demands of Manchester; so long as our Northern farmers are obliged to exhaust their lands in producing grain, because they can sell nothing else; and so long as our production and manufacture of the most necessary of metals diminish with each successive year, and show no sign of regaining their once prosperous condition, we may doubt if national wisdom has yet been fully attained. We think there are signs in the political sky such as induce the rational belief that a nearer approach to that wisdom will soon be made.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

ENGLAND.—The two great parties of England are preparing for the contest that must shortly take place, and which will settle for many years, and perhaps for ever, the vexed question of agricultural protection. The Premier is busy on one side; and Cobden, with his friends of the Free Trade League, noble and ignoble, is equally active on the other. The Premier is not without hopes of success, although the manufacturing interest—the holders of capital—are providing a species of “material aid” for the support of their cause, which does not seem to be so easily gathered from the land-owners. The subscription of the League amounts already to fifty thousand pounds, and the manufacturers of Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield are ready, if necessary, to increase this sum to twice or three times its present size.

Lord John Russell is anxious to head the Free Trade party. Lord John is a little man in point of bodily stature, and is apt to be politically somnolent when there is the greatest need of his services; but he is successful in intrigue, and never enters the field without backers. The Free Traders are generally disgusted with him, but he possesses a sort of fascination which it is difficult to resist. The free trade journals are just now very busy trying to write him down, but Lord John understands himself, and is giving a series of good dinners, at which a great deal of electioneering intrigue is concocted. For the details of all this business, the American public, of course, care very little; but the ultimate issue of the election which is soon to take place—the public decision for or against protection—is of great importance on this side the water.

The removal of duties on foreign grain is, for obvious reasons, beneficial to the foreign grain-grower; although the actual amount of bread-stuffs sold into the English market from abroad is not so great as to be a prize worthy of the exertions which it constantly calls forth. Least of all should it be a temptation to the American farmer, who, beyond all competitors, pays the highest price for his labor, and carries his produce farthest to market. In one way England would be benefited by protection. By the passage of protective laws, her own soil would be more extensively cultivated, and the accumulation of her population in cities would be prevented; but in other ways her gain would not be so obvious. Her exports might decrease, although in any case they must continue to exhibit a ratio of progress commensurate with the vast manufacturing facilities which she enjoys, and the unbounded market which the globe offers for her wares.

What this ratio of progress is, may be seen from

the following statement:—In 1822, the value of the imports into the United Kingdom of Great Britain, calculated at the official rates of valuation, amounted to only £30,531,141, and in 1850 they reached to £100,460,433. In 1822, the exports from the United Kingdom were £53,470,099, and in 1850 they had reached to £197,309,876. There is also an increase in the value of the articles and produce of manufacture of the United Kingdom exported. In 1822, the real or declared value was £86,966,623, and in 1850, the value of such exports amounted to £71,367,885.

The fears entertained by the English of a French invasion have died away. The insular position of Great Britain implies a security which all experiments of invasion, from the Spanish Armada down to the flotilla of the Great Napoleon, or the threatened armament of Napoleon the Little, have fully substantiated.

FRANCE.—“Paris,” (France,) said the Presidential bulletin the day of the late carnage, “Paris is tranquil.” The bulletin, whatever lies it may have told in past time, is at the present time abundantly true. The Paris mint is striking five-franc pieces with the head of Louis Napoleon, and his image passes current from hand to hand, and from pocket to pocket, without the most trifling manifestations of dissatisfaction. The theatres and operas of Paris—which indeed no revolutions, *coup d’etat*, carnages, or insurrections could ever bring to a stand-still—are in the full tide of success. The Swiss difficulty has been “settled,” the press is quiet, and strangers are very carefully watched. Altogether the state of France may be pronounced anomalous; and if her future prospects do not appear entirely hopeless, it is because her political destiny admits of no surmises drawn from the present or the past. Nothing can surprise the observer of the affairs of France; and the longer one observes, the less he is inclined to prophesy.

Philareté Charles, one of the most famous of French editors, has announced his intention of becoming a resident of the United States. This is not at all singular, since as a journalist his life in France may be declared ended.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

The Washington Monument.—The Board appointed to superintend the construction of the Washington National Monument have issued the following address. The fact that such an address has been called for, exhibits an apathy on the part of the American people towards showing respect to our greatest patriot, for which we were not prepared.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT OFFICE, }
March 25, 1852. }

From the great decrease in the receipts of contributions to the National Monument during the last six months, the Board of Managers feel it to be their duty to make another appeal to the patriotism of the American public. They are unwilling to believe that the people of this country, under such deep and lasting obligations as they are to the founder of their liberties, and feeling, as they must, a profound sense of gratitude for the inestimable services which he rendered to them, will suffer a monument commenced in his honor, and to aid in perpetuating his name to the latest ages of the world, to remain unfinished for the want of the means necessary to complete it. It need scarcely be suggested that a fact like this in the history of our republic would not fail to reflect lasting discredit on the gratitude and patriotism of its citizens, and prove to the world that republics are too apt to be forgetful of what is due to themselves and to the memory of those who, under Providence, have made them great, prosperous, and happy. It is often the fate of the most distinguished and illustrious to be nearly forgotten after they have mouldered in the tomb for half a century. In the busy and ever-changing scenes of the world, the stage of life is continuously occupied by those whose acts excite the interest of the living, and exclude the memory of such as have preceded them, though their reputation may have been more brilliant, and their deeds more glorious. But it was believed that Washington was one to whom the American people owed the greatest and most lasting debt of gratitude, and to whose memory every honor should be paid by his countrymen; that to honor him was but to honor themselves; and that they were willing and desirous to pay a just tribute to preëminent patriotism, and to unequalled public and private virtue.

Under this impression, a society was established, some seventeen years ago, in the city of Washington, for the purpose of erecting a magnificent monument to the "Father of his Country;" and the Board of Managers of that Society have, during that long interval, made gratuitously every effort in their power, from a pure feeling of patriotism and a desire to honor his memory, to obtain the means necessary to accomplish the object of its organization. By unceasing and untiring exertion they have succeeded in collecting a sum sufficient only to carry up the proposed structure to an elevation of one hundred and five feet above the surface, about one fifth of its intended elevation; and they now regret to say that unless the contributions are larger and more frequent than they have been for the past six months, it will be impossible to continue the work any further. The blocks of stone which have been sent from the different States, associations, &c., to be placed in the monument, have done but little to add to its elevation, though they may contribute to its interest. That the public may understand how expensive such a structure must necessarily be, it may be proper to state that each course of two feet in height costs upwards of \$2,000, though executed with the strict-

est regard to economy. The materials and labor, with a small annual compensation allowed to the superintendent, and a still smaller to the architect, amount to the expenditure which has been mentioned; and the Board of Managers are well satisfied that, had the work been undertaken by the government, it would have cost double the amount of the cost of the obelisk so far.

From two to three courses can be completed in a month, which require from four to six thousand dollars, while the monthly contributions have not averaged for the past half year more than two thousand dollars. It will, therefore, be obvious that the work must necessarily be stopped if a more ardent and patriotic feeling does not prevail among the people of this country, and a more extended and liberal contribution be not made.

To show with what ease this great object could be effected, it is only necessary to state, that three cents from each white inhabitant of the United States would be sufficient to complete the monument in a few years; and yet such appears to be the apathy and indifference existing in relation to this noble undertaking, that even that small sum cannot be obtained for so patriotic and glorious a purpose.

In Norway, three fourths of the amount necessary to erect a monument in honor of Charles XII. was raised lately by voluntary contributions in two days; while in the republic of the United States, brought into existence by the valor, perseverance, energy, and patriotism of Washington—in a nation which now contains a population of nearly twenty-five million of souls, enjoying a freedom, independence, and prosperity no where else to be found—one fifth only of the amount required to complete a monument worthy of the man in whose honor it is now being erected, has, after the most unceasing efforts for seventeen years, been contributed. To the people, the Army and Navy, Masonic, Odd-Fellows, and other associations, the colleges, academies, and schools of the United States, banking institutions, city and town corporations, &c., applications urgently requesting pecuniary aid have been made by circulars addressed to all, and still the contributions received have been insufficient to raise the monument beyond its present elevation. This is a painful and mortifying fact. It will now become the duty of the different States of the Union to show the interest they feel in this noble undertaking, and to evince the estimation and respect in which they hold the character and services of Washington, by contributing to the completion of his monument, that the States as well as the people may have the honor of raising a structure to his memory which will be an imperishable memorial of their veneration and gratitude.

By order of the Board:

GEORGE WATTERSTON,
Sec. National Washington Monument Society.

The Clay Festival.—We do not think it out of place to mention somewhat at length the principal feature of the celebration of the birth-day of HENRY CLAY, which lately took place in the city of New-York. Aside from the many associations which connect themselves with the name of

that great man, an increasing interest attaches itself to each successive anniversary of his birth which he is permitted to see.

The speech of Gov. Jones on this occasion needs no comment, and we cannot offend by placing it on permanent record.

Gov. Jones, of Tennessee, was called on to respond to the toast, "Our Country." His appearance for that purpose was greeted with marked applause; three cheers were called for, and given him; and then three more, and then a repetition. He spoke as follows:—"I thank you most sincerely for the privilege which I enjoy of being present on this very interesting occasion. It always affords me a pleasure to meet with my countrymen in every part of this wide-spread Union of ours; but there is something—and I scarcely know what it is—which renders the present occasion one of peculiar interest to me. It is, certainly, one of the most interesting occasions of my life. Sir, it is a circumstance of the most pleasing kind; and yet that pleasure is mingled with a melancholy shade. You have assembled here, and for what? To pay honor to the name and to the character of an American citizen. And who is he, and what is he? 'The Mill-boy of the Slashea.' [Loud cheers.] Sir, what brighter commentary [here the orator pointed to one of the banners, representing the young Clay departing from his humble home] can be written on the character and the genius of American institutions, than are to be found in that illustration, and in this vast multitude? A boy, starting from the utmost obscurity of life—a poor mill-boy—and multitudes, and States, and empires—ay, and worlds, if they were—to do homage to his name. [Overwhelming applause.]

"And is there not enough in the history, which may be traced from the state of the humble mill-boy to the proud and glorious height which none but angels may dare to tread—is there not enough in that, I say, to call forth the true and glorious heart-felt devotion of every American freeman of this country, which he says he knows alone, without North or South, or East or West? [Loud cheers.] Is there not enough in this country to fill the largest desires of patriotic ambition? I come not here, sir, for the purpose of eulogizing Henry Clay. He needs no eulogy. The history of his country for half a century is one interminable, undying eulogy of Henry Clay. [Great applause.] Tell me of the historian, and I honor him; but why should he attempt to write the history of Henry Clay? It is written on every American heart. It has a glorious tradition. It needs no type; it shall descend from heart to heart, and from generation to generation, till time shall be no more. [Applause.] Sir, instead of yielding to the suggestions of a moderate ambition, he has loved his country, he has served his country, and nothing but his country has been the polar star by which he has been guided. And, sir, when the storms and the tempest and the clouds have loured around this country, and when other hearts were failing and trembling, where did you find this man of ambition? Ever true to himself, ever faithful to the great vital and cardinal principles which he professed, standing by his country through good and through evil report. [Applause.] And, sir, in the darkest hour of our country's history,

when other hearts were quailing and trembling, and when freedom itself stood in consternation, not knowing what the result might be, where did you find Henry Clay? Do you remember the great Missouri question? There he stood and vindicated, not the cause of himself or of a party, but of his country, his whole country, and nothing but his country. [Tremendous applause.] And again, sir, when the storm was lousing, and when hope itself had fled; when the friends of freedom wore a gloom; when the ministers and ambassadors of Heaven itself were wearing sackcloth, and looking with fearful consternation to the coming crisis, in 1832, who was it that came forward and offered himself as a sacrifice? Henry Clay, of Kentucky. [Cheers.] Again, another fearful crisis came up in the history of this country of ours. I, sir, and you, sir, and all of us remember but two short years ago, when the whole nation was convulsed from centre to circumference, and when the proudest hearts were made to tremble and to fear. Who was the great champion then? Who was the man that could come and stand on the shore, and say to the angry waves, apart from passion and prejudice, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?' Henry Clay, of Kentucky. [Immense applause.] Tell me of his services to the country; tell me of his honorable services; of his long years of devotion and sacrifice; of the pains and the anguish and the torture of public service; tell me of his persecution; tell me of his trials and of his triumphs; tell me of Greece, and of the South American Republics; tell me all the pride and glorious pictures of his character; but, away from all, tell me where was the man, living or dead, who thrice saved his country?"

"Tell me of the man that thrice, in three quarters of a century, was called of God to stand out and save and redeem his country! [Great applause.] That man is Henry Clay. Here is the old camp, here is the old guard; but as for myself, I say I am ambitious; ay, write it down, I say I am ambitious. I would rather be a member of that "old guard," endorsing the character, and principles, and practices, and the memory of Henry Clay, than to follow in the train of the proudest man that ever trod the earth. And, sir, it is that sentiment, 'I know no North, no South, no East, no West, nothing but my country,' which draws Henry Clay to my heart. If I believed he was a sectional man, I could not love him. If I believed he had a sentiment in his soul which would lead him to disregard the rights of one part of the Union for the sake of another, I would despise the man. [Cries of Bravo.] Is it not strange, my countrymen—I had like to say, my friends—that members of the same great family, having an identity of intellect, a community of feeling and sentiment, and who are bound to the same destiny, would cherish such miserable, such low, such humiliating, and, religiously speaking, [bowing to the Rev. Mr. Chapin,] such damnable prejudices as sectional animosities, [great applause and approbation,] that we cannot live together harmoniously, and as members of the same family, without discord? What have you to gain by quarrelling with me? What have I to gain by quarrelling with you? Your interest is my in-

terest, my interest is your interest, and you can no more exist as a free, prosperous, happy, heaven-blessed people, without us, than can we without you. [Enthusiastic applause.] We can no more exist in prosperity without you, than you can without us.

"Gentlemen, I have a word more to say, and then I am done. This is a pleasant, yet sad occasion. We have met to commemorate the birth-day of a great American statesman. The next time you assemble here, in all human probability, will be to commemorate his birth and his death. That great light which has shone so brightly in the political firmament is fast going out. How sad is it, in hours of contemplation, to gaze on the sinking luminary of day, as it declines and loses its brightness in the western firmament! And yet we know that in a few revolving hours it will come back on us with all its brightness, with all its refulgence, with all its greatness. With feelings akin to these I gaze on that bright and glorious political luminary that has lightened this world for half a century, and see it day by day as it sinks quietly into eternity, never again to enlighten the world. I stand by him every day of my life, and I see that bright and glorious spirit of his as he approaches his last hour, and with a philosophy not Roman or Platonic, but with a Christian philosophy, gazes upon that approaching event with all the calmness, all the composure, all the self-possession which can fill the heart of an honest man and of a patriot. When next you meet here, he will, in all human probability, be in glory. But, sir, I may say that if your heart and my heart, if your prayers and my prayers could avail any thing, he would long, long, long live to bless his land. But the fiat has gone forth, and it becomes us as his friends, as his admirers, as his countrymen, to bow to fate, and submit without a murmur. One thing gives consolation to my heart, and that is, that when he has passed from the scenes of life, then, then calumny will have done its last; then, then slander and detraction, deep, dark, and damning, will have done its last; then, then, then alone will the American heart feel that they have lost a man; and then alone will his pure and patriotic heart feel and enjoy the full measure of that hope, and joy, and felicity which a just God will award to such virtue and patriotism. Farewell, gentlemen."

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

The state of the Union has been the exciting topic of Congressional discussion during the last month. The magnitude of the subject seems to have required the services of constant Committees of the Whole; and the speakers who have expatiated upon its merits do not appear to have confined themselves within any given range of discussion. The reviewing of the merits of different Loco-foco Presidential candidates, and the mooted of the etymological derivation of a term applied by very young men to those who have the misfortune to be their seniors, have been the most engrossing points of Congressional deliberation since our last issue.

The Homestead Bill is still in debate. The vast importance of this bill, and the constantly increasing claims it is putting forth for public attention

and Congressional legislation, will urge its speedy settlement.

On the 8th of April, the House being in Committee of the Whole, and having under consideration the bill which proposes to give the public lands, on certain conditions, to the settlers thereon, Mr. Chandler said:—

"While I feel gratified at obtaining the floor, I feel also at what great disadvantage I stand before the committee at the present moment. There has been a spice of politics infused into the debate upon this question, something of the kind which resembles 'allspice'; for, however much we may feel disturbed by such talk upon our party failings, there is no man here who would not rather smile than cry over that which was well said, however severely meant.

"Ten years ago, when some one proposed a measure like this, the public press poured ridicule upon a scheme which was denominated 'the vote-yourself-a-farm project,'—a sort of Hellenic verbal composition, which was at once expressive of the supposed object of the author and the contempt of the opposer; but *tempora mutantur* and *nos mutamur cum illis*. That is, 'the tenure of our public lands has changed, and opinions, it is evident, are changing with them.' The lands seem pledged for the public debt, yet we vote them to foreigners. Let any one come with claims upon our sympathy, and we offer that which we feel is most agreeable to our common appetite. We grant them townships of land; some accept, and some ask for even more substantial aid.

"Well, sir, if we are so free with these public domains with foreigners, why not gratify the appetite and promote the views of our own citizens? Why not be generous to those who have at any time exposed their lives or health for the public good? Why not grant to them what they ask for? Are the defenders of European states of more consequence than the defenders of the United States? Our own people fought and bled for these lands; let them have an individual right in some of them.

"Mr. Chairman, the virtue and independence of a republic are only the aggregate of the virtue and independence of the people who compose that republic; and if a plan can be devised and executed for drawing from the common haunts of our cities those whom misfortune is tempting to vice, and giving them the blessing of possession, the leave and means to toil and to live, that plan should command our support. If we can remove men, women, and children from the horrible communications of densely packed garrets and cellars, where want of family privacy is destroying all delicacy of thought, and place them in the wide space of one vacant quarter-section, do we not regenerate their minds, and baptize them into the hope and practices of decency and good citizenship?

"I reckon as nothing, Mr. Chairman, the objection to the bill, that 'few will be able to reach the public lands from the Atlantic cities.' Certainly, if any wish to go, the knowledge that land can be obtained for nothing but settlement must be an inducement, because the money which is now required to purchase the land might, under the bill, be used to take the family to the new

acquisition, and assist in the purchase of the most essential articles of husbandry and housekeeping. But philanthropy, that assists the poor laborer to leave the city, that he may find employment in the rural districts, would have a double motive for liberality, if a homestead rather than a hireling employment were to be obtained. But at most, Mr. Chairman, if the poor of the cities and crowded portions of the Atlantic States could not reach these lands, then the argument that the passage of the bill would deprive the country of its lands falls to the ground.

“But then it is objected that these lands will go to the Western people, and not enure to the benefit of those of the East. Well, so it will, Mr. Chairman, if the East will not or cannot profit by it. The land will certainly not come down to us; we must go up to that. But what then? Suppose, at the worst, that the Western men should alone seize upon the privilege of these grants, and alone directly profit by them; what then?

“But suppose, sir—for this is the argument—suppose nobody should be helped but the Western people? It is something to help them, especially as we shall not injure others thereby. It is something to help them; for I reckon them among the American people. And to know that we have given a sturdy Western man one hundred and sixty acres, which he accepts on the condition that he shall cultivate them, is to be certain that we have established at least one family. Besides, sir, the Eastern States vote land to the Western *railroads*, that custom may come to them from the far West. May we not, then, vote land to the Western men, that we may have permanent Western customers? It is an argument in favor of the grant of alternate sections to railroad companies, that the greater chance of settlement increases the value of the sections retained. If that is so, then it is more true that the settlement, the real occupancy and cultivation of one quarter-section, will give additional value to the others. The argument, sir, is cumulative.

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“The number of acres undisposed of on the 30th of June, 1851, may be seen from a statement which I have had prepared by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, as follows:

States and Territories.	Acres undisposed of.
Ohio, - - - - -	302,195.62
Indiana, - - - - -	1,049,680.91
Illinois, - - - - -	8,219,628.72
Missouri, - - - - -	26,635,549.32
Alabama, - - - - -	15,486,849.28
Mississippi, - - - - -	8,849,165.11
Louisiana, - - - - -	13,679,384.47
Michigan, - - - - -	20,011,143.77
Arkansas, - - - - -	22,303,746.72
Florida, - - - - -	32,863,518.66
Iowa, - - - - -	25,661,650.27
Wisconsin, - - - - -	24,606,294.83
California, - - - - -	120,447,840.00
Minnesota Territory, - - - - -	50,976,931.85
Oregon Territory, - - - - -	206,349,333.00
New-Mexico Territory, - - - - -	127,383,040.00
Utah Territory, - - - - -	113,689,018.00
North-west Territory, - - - - -	376,040,960.00
Nebraska Territory, - - - - -	87,488,000.00
Indian Territory, - - - - -	119,789,440.00
Total, - - - - -	1,400,632,305.48

“From this table it may readily be seen to

what States the largest number of acres of the public land have been donated, and for what purposes. I will not go into the figures in detail. All I desire to show in this connection is the extent of the public domain, and that out of the fourteen hundred millions of acres unsold and unappropriated, one hundred and sixty millions might be well donated to actual settlers.

“It must be evident that we have reached a point where these public lands must cease to be the means of direct revenue to the nation. Claims of various kinds multiply; liberality towards those who have served the country, enlarged encouragements to public enterprises, and charity to afflicted emigrants, are placing these possessions of the nation in a position that forbids a hope for the Treasury from them; and that, Mr. Chairman, is not all: The liberality of the government, that bestows so much public domain, or rewards therewith so many entitled to public consideration, is not inducing settlement, but generally it is placing millions of acres in the hands of speculators who have never seen and will never see their vast and cheaply acquired estates.

“What we need as a compensation for our land (for at any rate the price, when sold, is nominal) is settlement; and the plan proposed in this bill is, that no man shall come into possession of a single acre of the soil until he enters upon its occupation and improvement. This I consider one of the strong points of the case. If without public claims, without military service, these lands were to be given in undivided masses, no benefit to the public could result, because the right of settlement and the benefit of preëmption already exist. I therefore am led to regard this disposition of a portion of the lands as presenting a means of assisting public police, promoting public good, and gratifying a most natural and laudable longing of the human heart.

“If the views which I have taken of the main provisions of the bill now under consideration are not incorrect, then I think we may conclude that the plan of granting quarter-sections of land to actual settlers comes to us with the following, among many other negative and positive claims upon our favorable consideration:

“First. It is not in violation of any provisions of the Constitution of the country.

“Second. No power of Congress is exceeded by such grants.

“Third. It grants no favor to one which is not free to all. And if the granted lands are less accessible to the Eastern than to the Western resident of these States, that is only the result of accidental location, and is fully balanced by other general legislation, which, from similar causes, operates to the advantage of the East.

“Fourth. It assists the unfortunate, and multiplies private comfort, domestic happiness, and social propriety.

“Fifth. It tends to free the cities from a too crowded population, always unfavorable to order.

“Sixth. It wastes no domain, but rather, if fairly carried out, gives additional value to the contiguous unoccupied portion; and while it confers on the citizen the real title of ‘lord of the soil,’ which the Constitution allows in theory, it secures his

attachment to his own, and becomes a pledge of his love and devotion to the country of which he now forms a part.

"With sentinels thus placed along our outer and our central frontiers; with men thus bound to the soil and the government, the constant expansion of this nation suggests no apprehensions for its peace, or for the perpetuity of its institutions. The farthest outpost on the frontier is occupied by those who own the soil, and are a part of the nation. With them, peace and order are the truest private interests, as well as public blessings; and instead of being hunters of men and beasts, assimilating to savage life and savage feelings, they are the messengers of order, peace, and prosperity.

On Monday, April 13th, in the Senate, a message was received from the President of the United States, covering a report from the Secretary of State, made in compliance with a resolution of the Senate of the 4th ultimo, calling for copies of all communications relative to the empire of Japan that may be on file in either of the Executive Departments, particularly the instructions under which Com. Biddle visited Japan in 1846, &c.; which was ordered to be printed for the use of the Senate.

We give an extract of the letter of President Fillmore to the Emperor of Japan:

"I send you by this letter an envoy of my own appointment, an officer of high rank in his country, who is no missionary of religion. He goes by my command to bear to you my greeting and good wishes, and to promote friendship and commerce between the two countries.

"You know that the United States of America now extend from sea to sea; that the great countries of Oregon and California are parts of the United States; and that from these countries, which are rich in gold and silver and precious stones, our steamers can reach the shores of your happy land in less than twenty days.

"Many of our ships will now pass in every year, and some perhaps in every week, between California and China; these ships must pass along the coasts of your empire; storms and winds may cause them to be wrecked on your shores; and we ask and expect from your friendship and your greatness kindness for our men and protection for our property. We wish that our people may be permitted to trade with your people, but we shall not authorize them to break any law of your empire.

"Our object is friendly commercial intercourse, and nothing more. You may have productions which we should be glad to buy, and we have productions which might suit your people.

"Your empire contains a great abundance of coal; this is an article which our steamers in going from California to China must use. They would be glad that a harbor in your empire should be appointed to which coal might be brought, and where they might always be able to purchase it.

"In many other respects, commerce between your empire and our country would be useful to both. Let us consider well what new interests may arise from these recent events, which have brought our two countries so near together, and what purpose of friendly amity and intercourse this ought to inspire in the hearts of those who govern both countries."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Operatic Library. New-York: S. French, 151 Nassau street. 1852.

When the great showman of America negotiated with the Swedish songstress for that series of concerts by which he has become enriched, and, what is of vastly more consequence, by which the American nation has been taught to appreciate the richness of artistic and foreign music, he felt, no doubt, that the enterprise he was about to enter upon was more than ordinarily hazardous. To obviate misfortune, and as far as possible to promote success, a system of machinery was put in motion, by which it became necessary that every one in this country should hear and read about the history and the genius of the northern prima donna. Essayists were liberally paid to stimulate the attention of the public; prize songs were written; the newspapers were kept full of accounts of the past triumphs of the singer who was so signally to gain fresh ovations in the new world; and the genius of the first of modern female singers, aided by the carefully laid plans of an astute schemer, met with a reward commensurate to its merit. Never

was a triumphal march so triumphant as that of Jenny Lind; no sums of money seemed too great to be lavished upon her by our money-loving people; no "beggarly accounts of empty boxes" disturbed her emotions, or caused the manager to repent of his bargain; full houses attended her every where; individuals made themselves famous by giving moderate incomes for single seats. In small cities, where fifty-cent concerts had been deemed extravagances, the sums obtained for benches almost equalled the average of the enormous receipts furnished by New-York and Philadelphia. The nation became musical, partly, it must be owned, by reason of advertisements, puffs, and the influence of fashion, but in a great measure, also, because for the first time it was hearing the best music of the best musical authors of the world, through the medium of a vocalist for whom Mozart and Bellini might have been proud to compose.

Since that time, neither the ability nor the willingness of Americans to manifest a liberal appreciation of good music has been matter of doubt. If all musical experiments have not since been

successful, all managers have not been Barnum, and all vocalists have not been Jenny Lind. The impetus given to musical taste may have slackened from its first violence, and have become confined within definite bounds; but it is constantly manifesting its existence by its every day visible effects. Musical Europe ten years, five years ago, looked upon us as barbarous, and the advent of even a second-rate foreign vocalist or performer upon our shores was a matter of note. The case at present is very different. The European artist, tired for a season of the sameness of his career at home, regards America as the scene of a luxurious and profitable vacation, and makes his *Hegira* from the old world to the new, with the same certainty of success which attends every one every where, whose calling is in repute, and whose talents in his peculiar calling are eminently noticeable.

The success of Parodi, among other facts, amply shows the truth of what we have just said. She is a vocalist of genius, but in no way entitled to rank above any one of a dozen prima donnas who have, in the last few years, proceeded from that country to which she owes her origin. Her singing, however, is such as we rarely hear excelled. Her action is striking, and is the fruit of much careful study. In two characters, *Norma* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, she may justly be called eminent. But ten years ago, if she had thought it worth while to come to this country, she would hardly have found an audience, except it might have been obtained for a short season in one or two of our most populous cities. The rich melody of her Italian voice would have passed for jargon; her acting would have seemed strange, and to many distasteful; and unsupported by a trained company, however her concerts might have been received, the operatic performances in which she would have sustained the chief part, would have been at least unappreciated, and it is hardly less safe to say, unsuccessful.

But Parodi, if she has not made a half million of money in the short space of a year and six months, has had good reason to be satisfied with her reception. In New-York and Philadelphia she has been warmly applauded by a succession of crowded houses; in her tour through the country she has been greeted by full audiences, even in the minor towns. And whatever disadvantages may attend foreign vocalists, this was peculiar to her, that she was following hard in the wake of the most eminent of singers, who might be supposed to have absorbed all the money which, for a season at least, the public could afford for musical gratification, and with whom all comparisons must of necessity be disparaging.

The success of the opera must, after all, be regarded as the criterion of the public taste. The opera is the only full exposition of music. Concerts, no matter how carefully elaborated or judiciously made up, are from necessity scrappy and incomplete. The most scientifically selected concert that could be performed, would be, in comparison with the representation of "*Don Giovanni*," like the reading of the "*Beauties of Shakspeare*" to the representation of "*Hamlet*" or "*Othello*."

An opera, composed by a master of the musical art, we may conceive, possesses all the requisites of music. Its effect is heightened by dramatic action.

The various sentiments of its characters, and of its successive stages, are made subservient to one. The genius of the composer preserves a unity throughout his work, such as is always fascinating, and always effective. Whatever of art he has at his disposal, whatever of musical wealth he is able to dispense, whatever of harmony he can infuse among the different creations of his intellect or his fancy, these are met with in perfection in that style of mingled musical and dramatic composition to which we give the name of opera.

In a preceding number, we alluded to the ill success that attended the first attempts to establish a permanent opera in this country. This ill success, however much it might have been regretted, was not unaccountable, and had it not then occurred, would have been cause for wonder. At the time of these efforts, we had enjoyed very little musical culture, and had had few opportunities of hearing first-rate artists. To take the first step in such cases is always difficult, and rarely profitable. Did an enthusiastic manager solicit European vocalists to try their fortune in the new world? They were obliged for the offer, but they were very well off in their present situations, and were unwilling to risk certainties for uncertainties. There were plenty of indifferent singers ready at any time to venture any where, but from such material no manager could hope to fill his treasury. Thus, good singers could not be obtained, simply because the experiment of introducing good singers into America had never been tried; and as the inferior rank of vocalists were not warmly patronized, the better class were more unwilling than ever to hazard the expenses and the difficulties of a season in the United States.

Palmo, however, opened an opera-house with the best singers he could procure. It was a snug little box in Chambers street, New-York, somewhat like the Astor Place Opera-house, on a very reduced scale. He gave us some very good music, and some also that was not very good. Audiences were neither large nor steady. The performances were unmercifully travestied and ridiculed. The low theatres made game of him. He brought out "*Zampa*," or the "*Red Corsair*," with all the scenic effect at his command, and entertained hopes of creating a sensation. In less than a week, the audiences of Chatham street were roaring with laughter at a parody, entitled "*Sam Parr*," or the "*Red Coarse Hair*." There is a scene in the opera where a statue turns upon its pedestal, and addresses the affrighted *Zampa*, amid the accompaniments of loud and solemn music. In the travesty, a beer-barrel is made to revolve upon a pivot, and a ragged and hatless loafer within sings a maudlin song in the ears of the drunken hero.

Between the enterprises of Palmo and Maretzek, two attempts toward the permanent establishment of the opera were made by Fry and Sanquirico. From various causes, both were unsuccessful. The former, however, did not entirely lose his labor in the sacrifice of his money; for when he abandoned his endeavors, the building in Astor Place had been built, and stood invitingly open to any one sufficiently adventurous to risk his name and his fortune in an enterprise in which all his predecessors had met with disaster.

Maretek has not entirely succeeded, neither has he failed. He has met with triumphs amid reverses; and by his unremitting energy has shown, that if he could not always command success, he was never undeserving of it. He has made us acquainted with vocalists whom we should never have heard but for his interposition, and has at times shown us what we consider no less beautiful than rare—a well-attended, full-dress opera. On this point of full dress we may have more to say. Such vestimental regulations do not please the republican tastes of the Americans. The experiment has been satisfactorily tried, and those who were most interested in the establishment of such regulations have fallen far short of doing their part toward carrying them through. We dislike to use the term aristocracy. It is an odious and an indeterminate word, liable to misconstruction, and often significant of ill feeling. But the fact is undeniable, that the peculiar class whom Maretek wished to conciliate by adopting the opera regulations of the old world, although they professed to like the regulations, and even insisted on them as the condition of their patronage, have neither supported the manager nor his system, and have, by their demands, and by their subsequent neglect, brought the opera into a degree of unpopularity which it will require some time to do away with.

The "People's Opera," first introduced by Marti, at Castle Garden; afterwards established by Maretek, at the same place; and finally localized at Niblo's by the Artists' Union, will, we think, hereafter continue in successful operation during a large season of each year. The arrangements just completed by Mr. Niblo in Europe warrant us in such an expectation. The Royal Opera of London should have its counterpart in the People's Opera on this side the water; and it may happen that the Grisis and the Lablaches of a future period shall find their best encouragement and their most splendid triumphs in the great American cities.

Brackett's Wreck.

The Shipwrecked Mother and Child is the title of a group of statuary, wrought by Mr. Brackett, an American sculptor, and now on exhibition in the city of New-York. It has also been exhibited in Philadelphia and Boston, and is universally recognized as one of the finest works of art which this country has yet produced.

Our range of selections between the creations of American genius is limited. Comparison in the present instance seems to vibrate between the "Wreck" and the "Greek Slave;" but the critical value of this comparison is small. Powers labored abroad; Mr. Brackett, not so fortunate, labored at home. In this country models are rare; facilities for study are deficient; the range among works of art is exceedingly narrow. Upon the greater advantages enjoyed abroad it is unnecessary to enlarge. The production of a work of art like this group of Mr. Brackett's, amid the various deficiencies of observation and study which he must have severely felt, leads us to believe that a residence abroad would place him among the first of modern sculptors.

This is our candid impression. We have no intention of flattering. We wish simply to be just, to award praise where it is due, and to criticize as seems necessary. The "Wreck" is a work that fastens attention; it is full of the elements of power. And, what is of equal consequence, it shows correctness of eye and skill of hand in its author. The anatomy of the figure is open only to trivial criticism. Two things alone show the inexperience of the artist: the comparative want of finish throughout the entire execution, and the choice of inanimateness in place of the expression of passion. The former, time and practice will remedy. The latter need not be repeated unless the sculptor has a particular design in so doing.

By natural laws, a form and face redolent of passion and feeling, interest us more than when devoid of these emotions. In art, the difference is increased, for the reason that no human face can be either as passionless or as full of passion as it can be represented by art. A true picture or statue is always an exaggeration. We involuntarily regard it as such, and our pleasure at beholding it is regulated accordingly. A wax figure can be made into a perfect fac-simile of the character whom it represents, and a wax figure is always monstrous, and in the majority of cases disgusting. But this is a digression.

The bearing and the countenance of the "Apollo" express exultation; the forms of "Laocœon and his Sons" writhe in anguish, and their faces are distorted in mortal terror; the "Venus" is contemplative. These statues are alike emotional, and the world will never cease admiring them. The power of representing these various passions raises its possessor to the first grade of artistic excellence. Another artist may handle the chisel equally well, but confines himself to inanimate subjects, to rigid forms, and to features locked in lifeless repose. His task is easier, and his skill is just so much the more limited in its range.

The critical value of a comparison, we repeat, is small. We regard the perfect delineation of a form full of life and passion, with enthusiastic pleasure. We look at the perfect delineation of fixed and expressionless repose with simply calm satisfaction. The only comparison that suggests itself—a comparison in whose conclusions we do not solicit implicit credence—is, that the genius involved in the execution of the latter is not of an order equally high with that involved in the creation of the former. Or perhaps, assuming that genius can ascend or descend at will, we should say, that genius would recreate itself over the inanimate statue, while it would be laboriously tasked over the statue whose expression was that of life and emotion.

The application of these remarks is obvious. The shipwrecked mother, *not* dead, but extricating herself and her child from the whirl of the breakers, or gazing from some safe eminence at the tossing fragments of the ship,—hope for the safety of one whom she sees struggling with the waves, yet lively on her countenance,—would be a work from which, as to a pleasurable relaxation, the sculptor would turn to moulding the calm, beautiful, passionless features of the sleeping form before us.

Hints to Employers. By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON.
New-York: M. W. Dodd. 1852.

The Clerk's Journal: a Weekly Gazette, advocating Clerks' Rights. New-York. 1852.

The book we have quoted has been lying beside us unnoticed for a long time, and we should probably have finally dismissed it with a brief mention, but for the appearance of the journal whose title we have also given. The articles in the few numbers of this journal which we have seen, are such as we should have expected; somewhat querulous, very declamatory, without definiteness of purpose, and hinting at measures altogether impracticable, and yet suggestive of facts in which every one is more or less interested.

Whoever has carefully noted the various "labor movements" that have taken place both in this country and abroad during the last few years, cannot have failed to remark the strong tendency among men of capital toward centralization, and the equally strong antagonism manifested against it by workingmen and salaried dependants. The luxury of power, at all times coveted by men of every rank, instead of being found, as formerly, in the command of troops of idle retainers or gay companions, is manifested at present in the disposal of the greatest possible number of workmen, or of clerks, attached only by the payment of wages, and submissive in proportion to the wealth of the master whom they serve. Manufactories, as in the case of the cutlery-rooms of Sheffield, or the looms of Manchester and Lowell, have a tendency to increase in size rather than in number, and so to centre round a given point, that a few owners shall direct and keep in virtual subjection an indefinite number of operatives. Mercantile establishments, as in the large cities of Europe and America, are constantly enlarging, while their actual number, in proportion to the amount of population they supply, remains comparatively stationary. It follows that the number of persons engaged independently in the various industrial crafts, and in commercial pursuits, is but little greater than many years ago, while journeymen of every trade, and clerks in every branch of business, are much more numerous. Hence arise antagonisms between capitalist and dependant; disposition on the part of the one to compel as great a quantity of work as possible, and on the part of the other, to escape as much as possible from its performance; mutual dissatisfactions and aversions; secret councils on the part of owners, and "strikes" on the part of operatives; complaints from one side of the inefficiency and idleness to which all dependants are tending, and complaints from the other side of the rapacity and selfishness displayed by all capitalists and employers.

That this state of things is not without many disadvantages, and that for some reasons a great manufactory or a great store may be truly styled a "moral evil," we are not disposed to deny. But we cannot admit that the world is the worse, after all, for this constantly increasing centralization of industry. If the mass of mechanics have not precisely that independence which they would enjoy, did each one labor at his last or his loom under the shelter of his own roof, the average of their

wages is not less, and their wares are furnished to buyers at vastly lower prices. The amount of distress at present existing in Manchester or Sheffield is no greater, in proportion to the number of workmen within those towns, than it formerly was among the cutlers and spinners scattered throughout York and Lancashire, while the fabrics which they produce are furnished at a price which would formerly have been deemed impossible. The wages paid to competent journeymen in our various manufactories amount to a sum fully as great as would be realized by the average of workmen from the exclusive management of their own industry, while the lessons of order, regularity, and economy, which, in the discreet management of a large establishment, they cannot avoid being taught, are of great practical value to them in the disposal which they may have to make of their surplus time or earnings. Society, it may fairly be said, loses nothing in morals, and gains much in wealth, by the centralization of mechanical industry.

So, too, in the matter of trade, it is sufficient for us to quote the universal saying, that the largest houses, that is, the houses who transact the greatest amount of business, are enabled to sell the cheapest. A very small portion of arithmetic is required to calculate the difference of profit upon a given amount of sales, if in one case the goods are sold from a dozen different stores, and in the other are passed through the door of a single establishment. And although it does not follow in the latter instance, that because the profits of the proprietor are larger, the pay of those whom he employs is proportionately increased; yet it will be found that the average of their wages is hardly inferior to the average profits of the proprietors of the dozen smaller establishments which we have supposed, and might, if we consider the risks and losses to which small proprietors are always subjected, and from which *employés* are of course free, be called absolutely, and in the long run, equal.

Whatever may be the amount of dissatisfaction constantly exhibited by workmen and operatives, and whatever may be the circumstances that justify it, it will, we think, be difficult for any of the class who are employed in mercantile establishments, either in our cities or our smaller towns, to find reasons in their own case for similar manifestations of feeling. We should have supposed that no such feeling existed among this class, and that no such comparisons were being instituted between themselves and those engaged in the mechanical arts, were we not furnished the clearest proof to the contrary. We are told at one time of the superior wages enjoyed by the mason or the carpenter; at another, of the vastly smaller portion of time which the artisan is obliged to devote to those pursuits by which he gains his living; and at another, of the various institutions and journals devoted to his interests and his advancement. We are not told what we wish were never true, but which, in all fairness, should have been put in as a *per contra* argument, that the artisan's chances of acquiring name, fortune, or high position, are much less than those of the clerk; that society—and we must take society as it is, however false its decisions may be,—looks down upon the one, while it regards the other with sufferance, if not with kind-

ness; that the mill-owner will take his salesman or book-keeper into partnership, where he will not admit one of his workmen to a like privilege; that the lawyer's daughter will marry the shopman, when she would feel insulted at an offer from the blacksmith; that the great mass of property about our centres of civilization is owned by men who commenced life behind the desk or the counter; and that the ambition of most young men who do not enter professions is directed by their older friends to business rather than any one of the mechanical arts, as a road to the possession of the enjoyment of the good things and good opinions of the world. Nothing of all this are we told by any one of the eloquent advocates of "clerks' rights," and denunciators of hard-hearted and selfish employers, to whom we are at times forced to listen; and it is for this very reason we are tempted to doubt both the information and the wisdom of such as are foremost in disseminating this dissatisfaction among mercantile subordinates, and to question whether the responses they may receive from the more intelligent portion of their audience will be of precisely that nature on which they may have reckoned.

A little misguided enthusiasm, with a reasonable space of time to gather materials on which to employ itself, might be sufficient to conjure up a picture of mercantile servitude such as would appear positively appalling. For a picture like this the strongest tints need not be disallowed, nor the outlines of facts prohibited from swerving and varying as occasion should require; but a great deal of truth might be incorporated into the coloring, and the sketch still remain to call forth our aversion, and our desire of interference with the circumstances portrayed. In such a picture we might behold the spectacle of thousands of young men engaged from morning till night in the occupation of writing down figures, sitting in uncomfortable positions, breathing an unwholesome atmosphere, unrelieved by relaxation, and cheered by very faint hopes of soon extricating themselves from their burdensome employment; a much larger number endlessly flitting to and fro behind counters, assiduously and yet unwillingly handing up and taking down bundles, rolls, and boxes, displaying wares in which they have no interest, before the eyes of people with whom they can have no possible acquaintance, obliged to talk fine when they would much prefer being silent, to smile whether they feel sober or gay, to appear active when they are ready to drop with fatigue, to overlook all affronts, however insufferable, and to affect pleasure at all witticisms, however dismal, often remaining at their station late at night, and only inhaling the out-door air on Sundays and occasional holidays; another large number in establishments of a somewhat different nature, working amid piles of bales and boxes, compelled to deliver orations to "close buyers" over the superiorities of this or that style, or the cheapness of this or that assortment, hoisting at the ropes like porters whenever there is necessity for such services, working till midnight for weeks and months at a time, and always expected and obliged to appear affable to all with whom they come in contact, and enthusiastic in the performance of their various duties: then we should

notice the wages allowed for so much exertion; we should find here and there a lucky man earning a handsome support; a larger number making shift to live without denying themselves necessary comforts or running in debt; a large number gaining a subsistence only by close economy, and still a large number in part or entirely maintained by their parents, and preferring to work for nothing at all rather than to lose their "situation."

Then again we should be pointed to the spectacle of old men, with gray hairs, and with shoulders stooped by confinement and hard work, toiling amid those petty and uninteresting details of business which are handed over to them by their employers as too difficult for boys and too tedious for themselves; receiving no more salary than they were receiving a score of years back, and still less able to look forward to competency and retirement; subservient and faithful, manifesting no inclinations of their own, enduring to live in the shadow of men who have been more enterprising or more lucky than themselves, and knowing no higher ambition in life than that of giving "satisfaction." We might be taken home with these men, and be shown how they live, and after what fashion their families are brought up; and we might derive some idea of the limited knowledge they possess of the enjoyments of life, of pleasurable relaxation, of independent enterprise, of travel, of literature, of active benevolence, of refined society, and of mental cultivation. Then we might be shown how much their children have lost in the way in which they have been brought up; how little of free, wholesome, healthy existence they have enjoyed, and how little they were likely to enjoy; and the picture would be one from which we should gladly turn away.

But what, after all, is the mercantile system as displayed in our great centres of business? Simply one where the natural selfishness of men finds its widest range; in which his acquisitive faculties may be kept, and are for the most part kept, in unremitted exertion; where incitements to lose sight of the interests of others, and especially of dependants, are most tempting; and in which there are the greatest chances both of success and failure. Men who have been accustomed to rely on others for aid and advice; or who have by nature so much of veneration that they dare never venture into the way of those who are older or richer than themselves; or who have been taught that if they devote their time to the pecuniary interests of others, their own will be reciprocally cared for; or who are conscious that they are not fit to take the foremost rank in a busy, selfish, jostling crowd; such men, if they are wise, will avoid mercantile subordination in large towns, and leave that position, which ought never to be one of permanency, for those more ambitious and self-reliant individuals who enter upon its duties only as a means to an end, and who in their turn will give place to others of like stamp. Men of this latter class are the only ones who realize at once the duties and the profits of clerkship.

In no case, and in no department of business, has any man a right to complain. It is one of the most practical of our every-day remarks that this is a free country, and it is every one's privilege to choose his calling for himself. We confess, that

amid all our sympathy for the discomforts and the positive hardships to which many of our clerks are subjected, and our sincerest wishes that all practicable measures for their alleviation may be speedily brought about, we cannot enter into their complaints, or lend an open ear to the recital of their wrongs. In this country—and we are not now speaking of any other—each individual's place is of his own choosing. If he is born and brought up amid city walls, he has it in his option to enter business or to earn his living by the plough or the plane; or if he possesses the requisite talent, and will make the necessary sacrifices, he is free to undertake any one of the professions: if he has been educated in the country, his facilities for disposing his own course are equally good. Circumstances may control him for a while, but his time of election will always come. There is always one time in a man's existence when he chooses his pathway for life with his eyes open; and no matter how rigorously he may have been kept down before that event, for all after disadvantages of position he has chiefly to thank himself. We can hardly conceive of any degree of healthiness in that state of mind in which an individual shall remain, year after year, blaming others because he is not advanced, when he has been the sole means of placing himself and keeping himself where he is, and when he has allowed others, with no greater advantages than he might have possessed, to pass by and to rise above him.

This is very far from being a perfect world; and in the relations of master and subordinate, employer and employed, there is a vast deal of tyranny and selfishness displayed by those who enjoy the superior power. But in the immense majority of instances, the subordinate is partly to blame for this. A man who is worth the wages paid him does wrong, unless he is hampered by contracts such as very few Americans are willing to make, when he gives his time and labor to a tyrannical master, and he is justly punished in the endurance of inflictions from which it is his duty to escape. The question of demand and supply enters largely into the readiness with which this principle is acted on, but its ethics are the same every where. When labor is scarce, employers will be considerate and gracious; when it is plentiful, they are apt to be imperious and exacting; but there is a *vice versa* to this proposition also; and the laborer who submits to insults or injuries when labor is plentiful, is as much to blame as the employer who puts up with injustice or fraud on the part of his men, when labor is scarce. The

obligations on one side, to be considerate and not to suffer injustice, are as binding as on the other, and would be equally recognized, did not the lack of capital and the pressing necessity of present subsistence stupify the discernment of that large part of society who would be most benefited by promptly acting up to this proposition.

So long as men are selfish, we may expect to find many individuals dissatisfied with the treatment they receive at the hands of those who possess authority. Clerks, undoubtedly, come in for their full share of the incitements to this discontentment; and the only recipe for the evil is self-denial and hard work. With this specific, and in this rich, republican country, no man need be long blaming fortune because he is a subordinate.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Hydropathic Management. By JOEL SHEW, M.D.
New-York: Fowlers & Wells.

To those who wish to be posted up in measles, croup, whooping-cough, and other infantine diseases, this is an interesting work. We had no idea they could be made so pleasant. Our readers, however, must not misunderstand us. We recommend the volume, not the complaints in question.

We particularly admire the 27th chapter, on Scarlatina. It cannot be too extensively read. It has touches of the poetical worthy the pen of Mr. Willis. Indeed, we suspect, if he were accused of it to his face, his blushes would be the frontispiece of scarlatina.

Home Narratives; or Stories from Household Words. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS. Putnam's Semi-monthly Library, No. 6. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1852.

Isa; a Pilgrimage. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO. New-York: Redfield. Clinton Hall. 1852.

Madeline; a Tale of Auvergne. By JULIA KAVANAGH, author of "Nathalie," "Women of Early Christianity," &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

Springlers and Tinglers. Adventures of Colonel Vanderbomb. Hart's Library of Humorous American Works. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1852.

Hearts Unveiled. By SARAH EMERY SAYMORE. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

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National Convention, these resolutions should be rejected, would it not throw upon the party, during the entire canvass, the burden of explaining their position, and subject them to the ceaseless attacks and catechisms of the opposite party—thereby distracting the public mind, and throwing completely into the background our glorious national principles? The Democratic party will seize with avidity every pretext that may assist them to avoid issue with us upon the measures of the American system. Its past history warrants this assumption. I give its leaders credit for sagacity enough to perceive the growing popularity of the Compromise measures in all sections of the Union; and they will make a desperate attempt to use them as vehicles to convey them to political power. They have tried coalition with secessionism in the South and with abolitionism in the North, until they have satisfied themselves that it is unavailable as a means of permanent success."

These sentences were written when the matter did not appear so entirely settled, in fact, without resolutions, as it does now. But should it be so introduced to the Convention that a negative vote upon it would have the effect to unsettle what we suppose by general assent to be settled, then these views are worthy of the most serious consideration.

The admissions now made by those from whom there is or has been any thing to fear are of so positive a character, that we cannot see how they can refuse to give in their assent to, or at least acquiescence in, the measures under consideration in a definite form, if called upon to do so. The following appears in an organ which has always been considered the strongest exponent of their views in the State of New-York. It is in reply to comments made by other journals on the election of a majority of Scott delegates at the primary elections just held :

"The discomfited Silver-Gray organs seek to have it believed that the triumph of Gen. Scott's friends at the primary elections is nothing but a triumph of Free-Soilism. *They know this to be untrue.* They know that the nomination of Gen. Scott has never been advocated on Free-Soil grounds, or with any reference at all to feelings of opposition to slavery. On the contrary, those who have worked to secure the present result in the State, have from the first and throughout earnestly contended against mixing the slavery question

in either the nomination or the election. It has been their wish, and still is, to fight the battle on the old Whig grounds, such as the Whigs of the nation can unite upon, and such as they have always been united upon. They have said and still say, 'Let us leave this whole matter *just where it is.* It is not to be expected that all Southern Whigs and all Northern Whigs should agree in their opinions upon slavery. Nor is it necessary that they should agree. There is no question involving slavery now before the country. But there are other questions of great importance, as to which all Whigs are agreed, upon which a decision will be made in the approaching election. Let us unite, then, as Americans and as patriots, to secure such a decision as we believe will be most conducive to the well-being of the country.'

"Such is the language and such the aims of the friends of Gen. Scott in New-York. What an absurdity, then, for *The State Register, The Express,* and that class of papers, to say that the victory we have achieved is one of distinctive Free-Soilism. These journals must know that what they say is not true.

"*Quite as false is it that the opposition to Mr. Fillmore is based on his having stood by the Compromise.* Mr. Fillmore has been opposed by some on the ground that he could not be elected, and that his nomination would be folly; by others, because since he has been in office he has proscribed Whigs who are loved and confided in by the majority of the party, and has generally used his appointing power not for the benefit of the whole party, but of a small and malignant clique. Those are the true and the only reasons why he has been opposed. *It is a malicious perversion of the facts to pretend that his fidelity to the Compromise has overthrown him here in his own State.* That fidelity has nothing to do in the case; and had it been ten times as complete, and evinced with zeal a thousand times wiser than it has been, it would not have been thought of or used at this election as a reason against his nomination. *We repeat that the slavery question has not been brought into the election thus far; and as far as we are concerned, we do not intend that it shall be. We go for Scott and Union, and a straight-out Whig victory.*"

This is from the *New-York Tribune* of the 21st of May. We have emphasized some of the expressions, to call attention to the indignant manner in which they repel the imputation that there is any want of acquiescence in the "compromise measures," or that the result is in any way attributable to opposition thereto. After this, it will surely be asking no sacrifice either of principle or profession to call upon them to join in a general expression of the sense of the Convention on the subject, if that should be deemed necessary to effect the very purpose they avow in the quotation we have made, namely, the securing of that unanimity of action and sentiment which will

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AMERICAN REVIEW.

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FOR JUNE, 1852.

THE CONVENTION—THE PARTY AND THE COMPROMISE.

IN the April number of this journal we presented what we sincerely believe to be a faithful picture of the present Whig Administration. No one, we think, can read that record without admitting the conclusion to which it leads, viz., that Whig principles and Whig men are essential to the country in all great emergencies, and that this Administration, or its counterpart, must be perpetuated, would we avoid internal discords and disaster, or external strife and dishonor. But inasmuch as the honor and renown with which the party has been covered by this Administration have not been sufficient to produce a perfect unanimity of sentiment as to who should be placed by the party before the country as its candidate for the Presidency, we followed this by a discussion of the claims and merits of the three distinguished men who are presented for that honor. We have done this with all candor, and endeavored to show the principles upon which the choice should be made by the National Convention which is to assemble for that purpose, and have so tried to contribute to that harmony which is essential to success. It now remains for us to grapple with that question on which alone any difference of opinion exists, and which, we think, is the sole barrier to a triumph on which depend the most vital interests of the country.

A preliminary word or two, general and
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personal, seems necessary before we enter upon the question itself. Were it not for personal motives, the self-aggrandizement of professed politicians, and the bitter remaining dregs of a sectional question affording the material for their purpose, it is obvious that there would be no difficulty in the choice of a candidate by the Convention to assemble at Baltimore, and but little uncertainty as to his election. These personal motives are the bane of our politics. Why they should exist in a country where every avenue to *honorable* success is so freely open as in this, is a matter which we confess we could never understand. The *principle* discernible in most of the discussions we see is as the grain of wheat to the bushel of chaff, so obvious is the ulterior purpose through the pretended matter in hand. This has become so common that to *account for* the line of argument, or the sentiment uttered, is the first thought of the reader of an editorial leader in a newspaper, or the speech of a representative in Congress. Why should not men—even politicians—enjoy that greatest luxury of conscious intellectual existence, the having an honest, disinterested opinion and purpose, and fighting for *that*? There are, however, let us thank Heaven, many such, although they have but the reward of their own consciences. In the first of the two articles referred to, we made a

defense of the present Administration from the broad platform of Whig principles, without a thought of gratifying any personal predilection, or of advancing any ends but those of the cause and the country. We see it charged in one journal that that article was written by some one who is dependent upon the President for his bread. To those who, like that editor, can form no conception of the possibility of a man being devoted to any thing but his own personal interests and aggrandizement, we will take this opportunity of saying—for what it may be worth to them—that the writer of that article has not the most remote connection with the Administration, save being a Whig and an American, and that his *first* choice for the Presidency even is not Mr. Fillmore. In addition to which we will go further, and defy the closest scrutiny to show that this journal has ever, from the first day of its existence to the present hour, asked or received any interest or patronage from any leader of the party, in or out of power, except their simple subscriptions and good words so far as they could conscientiously give them. This position we shall maintain to the end, come what may; and those who cannot believe in it, or appreciate it, had better keep their belief and their conjectures to themselves, lest they betray their own secrets more than they condemn others.

But to the question which we propose to discuss. What is the true line of policy to be observed by the Whig Convention for the nomination of the candidate for the Presidency on the question of the Compromise measures of 1850? In order to a clear presentation of the views which we conceive should decide this important question, it is necessary to review some points in the history of the agitation which those measures were intended to allay.

For many years previous to the annexation of Texas, the question of slavery had only been agitated as a moral subject. Fanatics had not been able to get it into the political arena, although they kept up a constant endeavor to do so by petitions to Congress upon the subject. They succeeded for a time in this by exasperating their opponents into a denial of the unlimited right of petition, and the passage of a rule that such petitions should not be received. The false position thus assumed by their opponents gave them a vantage-ground, from

which they were enabled to agitate the country and open the whole battery of controversy upon the political field. The receding by their opponents from this false position, and the rescinding of the rule, threw back the agitators into their abstractions, and compelled them to abandon the political field. There is a lesson in this which cannot be too frequently pondered by statesmen and people.

The proposition for the annexation of Texas, a measure instigated and upheld by the Democratic party, presented the very occasion required by the fanatics, by forcing the slavery question into the national politics. The Whig party, seeing this as the inevitable consequence, and looking too to the other results, which have since become matters of history, to grow out of this transaction, which must so intensify the political aspect which the question would assume, as to eminently endanger the very existence of the nation as such, opposed the measure with the whole force of its moral and political influence; feeling that, however desirable it was to extend the area of the country, the vast and fertile regions we already had were valueless without union, and that whatever acquisitions might be obtained at the price of sectional discords and internal strife were worse, far worse, than nothing.

The measure, however, was consummated. A delusive peace ensued. Then followed the fulfilment of the prophecies of those Whig statesmen who through obloquy and scorn had battled for the future prosperity, peace and union of the nation, warning against the glittering apple of discord thrown in the midst of a happy and prosperous people. An unnecessary and unjust war was precipitated; but the great party of sound conservatism, union and peace did not shrink from the new and distasteful duties devolved. They unshrinkingly and victoriously fought the battles required of them, to the end; and when the external difficulty was happily adjusted, and the real internal danger came upon us in all its magnitude, although the fulfilment of its own predictions, it did not leave those who were the cause to brave it as best they might, aggrandizing itself by the country's distress, but with that true patriotism which sacrifices all selfish considerations for its country, as in the field so in the coun-

cil, it addressed itself to the work of warding off or mitigating the consequences which it had foretold. Its great champion and leader, he who now declines to his setting, flushed though burthened with the toils of a beneficent life-day, and radiant with the glory which his own light and heat have spread around, and which irradiate even the clouds that attend his departure — he, our unrewarded Aristides, addressed himself, as the last task of his beneficent career, to the godlike work of bringing good out of evil. Nerved by the inspiration of that patriotism which has ever animated his career, he shook off the infirmities of disease and age, and, as in the prime of his manhood, framed and advocated that series of wise measures which, whilst sacrificing or compromising no principle, conceded to each party the rights they claimed under the Constitution; on the one hand admitting to the Union a large free State that had suddenly sprung into existence on the western shore of the continent, and on the other purchasing from Texas her unjust claim upon New-Mexico, and erecting it into common territory without any act excluding the introduction of slaves; to this side granting the abolition of the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, long an eye-sore to the North, and to the other giving a law which, though stringent, was required by the exigencies of the time and the obstacles thrown in the way, to give efficacy to a plain and undenied requirement of the Constitution.

The discussion of these measures aroused all the elements of sectional strife that exist among us. The North and South stood in fierce hostility. A Southern caucus was held, and the members of it threatened a secession from Congress. So bitter had been the contest, that the hostility and excitement was by no means put at rest by the passage of the laws in question. Extremists North and South kept up the clamor. Both these factions contended that their respective sections had been sacrificed. Long-tried and faithful Whigs on both sides threatened to give up all those principles to which their whole political life had been devoted, for the views they entertained on this one subject, so great seemed to them the danger of the dissolution of the Union of the States. The gravest and best men in all parts of the country, whether politicians

or not, regarded the peril as imminent. Meetings were held, speeches made, and resolutions adopted, in various parts of the country, that seemed to show that it would be impossible for the old parties to come together again on common ground for that necessary *national* action which was approaching—the nomination of candidates for the Presidency. Congress in the mean time adjourned, and gradually the pacific measures it had passed began to produce their legitimate effects. The incessant attacks of the extremists of Massachusetts and South Carolina awakened men's minds to the equality and justice of the measures against which they were directed. A general acquiescence became obvious throughout the country. The whole force of the Administration was brought to bear to recommend the measures to the free assent of the country; and the provisions of such as the President was required to act upon were rigidly executed without fear or favor. Thus was the country brought back to a condition of harmony and peace.

In illustration and confirmation of the conclusion to which we have thus far arrived, we may refer to the operation of these matters in the State of New-York, which presents a fair epitome of the general condition of the question throughout the country. At the Whig State Convention held shortly after the adjournment of the Congress which passed the measures in question, so hostile were the feelings manifested upon them that a division took place, and a part of the body seceded, and two Whig State Central Committees were formed holding hostile opinions upon them. The discussions that followed were bitter, and the breach seemed irreparable; but the causes we have mentioned operated so effectually that a committee of the Legislature, confiding in the effect of reflection and the patriotism of the party, confidently invited the two Committees to meet in Albany, with a view to harmonize the Whig party of the State. The invitation was accepted. A conference was held, and a statement of principles and measures was made, which was agreed to with great unanimity.

We wish at this time to call particular attention to that statement, as being especially instructive and suggestive for the future. Its preamble was worded as follows: "Believing that an expression of the

views and principles of the Whigs of this State, as they are understood by us, *in relation particularly to questions which now agitate the country*, should be made, in order to induce an intelligent, cordial and honest coöperation among ourselves, *and with the Whigs of the other States of the Union*, the State Committees appointed have agreed upon the following, as presenting what they believe to be the sentiments of the great body of the Whigs of the State of New-York." After setting forth the well established and distinctive features of the party, such as are every where assented to, they lay down the following as the doctrines agreed to upon the questions before us :

"That the Whigs of the State, as a body, are inflexibly opposed to the subjection of any territory of the United States, now free, to laws imposing involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, and they rejoice that no proposition to that effect is now pending, or is likely to be presented ; while, at the same time, they unqualifiedly acknowledge the right of every sovereign State to regulate its own municipal institutions, in such manner as its people may deem most conducive to their safety and happiness, *without interference, directly or indirectly, by citizens of other States, or subjects of other countries :*

"*That the Whigs of this State will abide by the Constitution of the United States, in all its parts, and that they will receive its true meaning and construction from the judicial tribunals it has created for that purpose, and will always sustain and defend such decisions, as the law of the land, until they are reversed by the same tribunals :*

"That the laws of Congress and of the State Legislatures, pronounced constitutional by the judicial tribunals, must be enforced, and implicitly obeyed ; and that while this is cheerfully recognized as the duty of all, as subjects of the laws, yet that the right of citizens, as voters, is equally undeniable to discuss, with a full and mutual regard for the rights and interests of all parts of the confederacy, (which is as necessary now to maintain, as it was indispensable to achieve the blessed Union of these States,) the expediency of such laws, and the propriety of any of their provisions, and to seek by constitutional means their repeal or modification :

"*That all who are animated by a sincere desire to preserve the Union unimpaired, and the free institutions which it sustains and guarantees, by which alone individual security and national peace and prosperity can be perpetuated, must condemn all attempts to resist, defeat, or render ineffectual any laws passed by constitutional majorities of legislative bodies, in either the Federal or State Governments ; and that the Whigs of New-York will ever be found prompt to render a patriotic acquiescence in all such laws :*

"That the National Administration is entitled to the confidence and support of the Whigs of

New-York, for the eminent ability and patriotism which have characterized its measures ; for its successful management of our foreign affairs ; the generous sympathy it has exhibited toward an oppressed people struggling for freedom ; the force and dignity with which it has maintained the right to indulge such sympathy, and with which it has rebuked the threats of an imperious Government to violate the immunities of an accredited public agent ; and the determination it has evinced to repress and defeat all movements tending to impair the public faith, and all unlawful enterprises calculated to disturb the public peace and provoke civil war, or to sever or weaken the relations of any State with the Union."

On the doctrines thus set forth, we made, at the time, the following observations :—

"It will be seen that reflection and patriotism have combined to produce a reconciliation of the conflicting elements. There must in all questions be some absolute principles, which are ascertainable by reason and candor combining to discover them. In this case we believe these principles have been ascertained and set forth. In this statement we conceive each division has conceded to the other the abstract principles that lay at the foundation of their opinions. The *right* of objection and *constitutional* resistance has been conceded, whilst on the other hand the policy and necessity of *acquiescence*, submission to and maintenance of existing law, has been admitted and enforced. This is in perfect accordance with the very genius of our political institutions, and must command the approval of all candid minds.

"There has undoubtedly been, as we have already intimated, a reaction in the public mind ; and it has become generally apparent to all, that no practical good can result from the agitation of any of those questions which were intended to be settled by the compromise measures. Parties, it has at last become perfectly plain, can accomplish nothing towards their ascendancy as such, by incorporating into their legitimate creeds any thing sectional. Very properly, therefore, these Committees have repudiated for the Whigs any such idea, and have prominently set forth those doctrines which have distinguished them heretofore, and which have animated those known by this name in every part of the Union, North and South.

"Responding to the call of these Committees of the Whigs of the great State of New-York, we have thus endeavored to present in bold, though rude outlines the principles and measures that have heretofore bound together the great constitutional party of the Union and the laws. We have done this that we may show the imperative reasons for a universal acquiescence in the principles upon which they have agreed to forego all action upon sectional issues ; holding each to their own opinions and rights, yielding only, but implicitly, to the Constitution and the laws, respecting the rights and opinions of others, but demanding the like obedience.

"The opinions that divided the party were upon matters that have been settled after the most

thorough discussion. These Committees express no desire to disturb that settlement, but, on the contrary, yield an unqualified submission to the laws that have been passed to effect it. They recognize the right, without any reservation, of every State to regulate its own municipal institutions without any interference, directly or indirectly. Any action tending to resist, or defeat, or *render ineffectual* any laws passed by Congress, they unqualifiedly condemn. They have unreservedly expressed their confidence in, and demanded the support of the party for, the administration of President Fillmore; an administration whose principles in reference to that subject are emphatically summed up in the following sentiments:

"The series of measures to which I have alluded are regarded by me as a settlement, in principle and substance—a final settlement—of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embraced." * * * *

"By that adjustment we have been rescued from the wide and boundless agitation that surrounded us, and have a firm, distinct and legal ground to rest upon. And the occasion, I trust, will justify me in EXHORTING MY COUNTRYMEN TO RALLY UPON AND MAINTAIN THAT GROUND as the best, if not the only means, of restoring peace and quiet to the country, and maintaining inviolate the integrity of the Union."—*President Fillmore's Message.*

"The President's Message, at the opening of the present session of Congress, expresses fully and plainly his own and the unanimous opinion of all those associated with him in the executive administration of the Government, in regard to what are called the adjustment or Compromise measures of last session. That opinion is, that those measures should be regarded in principle as a final settlement of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embrace; that though they were not free from imperfections, yet, in their mutual dependence and connection, they formed a system of compromise the most conciliatory and best for the entire country that could be obtained from conflicting sectional interests and opinions, and that therefore they should be adhered to, until time and experience should demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against evasion or abuse. That opinion, so far as I know, remains entirely unchanged, and will be acted upon steadily and decisively. The peace of the country requires this; the security of the Constitution requires this; and very consideration of the public good demands this. If the Administration cannot stand upon the principles of the message, it does not expect to stand at all."—*Daniel Webster's Letter to the Union Meeting at Westchester.*

This brings up the history of the question as near to the present time as is essential to our purpose.

From the points we have brought out, it has been our purpose to exhibit the character and temper and the action of the Whig party upon the vexed questions involved. We have shown how it strove to avoid their introduction at all on the

political arena, by resisting those projects which it saw would inevitably lead to this. That failing in this, it addressed itself to an amicable arrangement of the difficulties entailed, and that to its great champion and leader are we mainly indebted for the wisdom upon which the final adjustment was made. And now we ask whether the country, which we know as a whole desires that this question should no more impede legislation and excite internal hostility and sectional bitterness, requires any more assurances from this party than it has in these its acts? It surely may be trusted not to reopen a subject which it sacrificed so much to prevent the introduction of; a subject that has separated it into geographical divisions, rendering utterly inoperative and dormant all the great principles for which it has heretofore existed; so that during a Whig administration the ascendancy of false principles of economy and finance have been maintained by the opposition, to the destruction of the manufactures, and great injury to the general industry, of the country.

We say, that a party which has this history and these motives can surely be trusted without any further pledges, to not reopen a subject from which no possible practical good can come. Certainly no *party* purpose can be served thereby; but, on the contrary, a breaking up of parties must inevitably ensue therefrom, to the detriment of every interest and the leaving in abeyance of every principle of governmental policy and action.

The sensitiveness of the South on the question we can fully understand and appreciate, and we would have the North never to lose sight of its reasonableness. It is cruel and unjust to do so. The danger to them is not merely, as they conceive, political, but social and vital. If an opening is made in the political walls which protect them, they feel that an element would break in upon them that would desolate and destroy, drenching the country perhaps in blood, and covering it with ruin. On the other hand, opposition to human bondage in any form is a principle of conscience in the northern mind; one of those things for which men sacrifice every thing else, even life itself, if individual responsibility for it is forced upon them. It stands in this country in that position where this is not the case to

them, and the great duty of all to every interest or right involved is to leave it in this position. It has become plain to every rational person that it is as it were fighting against Providence to attempt to change this relation by political action, and that every attempt made to do so by either section reacts directly upon themselves, either by aggravating the evils complained of or arresting the national progress in other matters.

The political barriers, which on the one hand guard the firesides of the South from desolation and blood, and on the other the conscience of the North from violation, being disturbed and shaken by the causes we have referred to, it became necessary to readjust them precisely upon the ground on which they were originally built. This was done in the adjustment, or as they are called, Compromise measures of 1850, by which California was admitted into the Union; the disputed region was purchased from Texas; New-Mexico and Utah were erected into territories; the sale of slaves was prohibited in the District of Columbia; and a law was passed to render effectual the provision of the Constitution giving to the master the right to recover his runaway slave in all the States of the Union.

Thus the whole field of controversy, opened up by the acquisition of this new territory forced upon us, was covered by the adjustment; and at the same time, the opportunity was taken to grant the demands of the two sections upon each other, in reference to the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, and the constitutional provision for the recovery of fugitives in the non-slaveholding States.

With this cursory view before us of the whole matter, which we have endeavored fairly to present, let us come to the direct question as to the action which should be taken by the National Convention upon it. In the first place, it would be entirely legitimate and in accordance with the great majority of sentiment in the party, for the Convention to pass resolutions directly approving of the settlement made; but at the same time it is perfectly obvious, from the view of the history of the matter we have given, that this would be only adding a verbal approval to what has been more legitimately and forcibly approved by the acts of the party, and really acquiesced in, if not warmly

upheld, by almost the entire body of its individual members. This being the case, we can conceive of no reason drawn from the subject itself that renders any resolutions by the Convention on it at all necessary. Those men who, although generally acting with the party, most opposed, and endeavored to keep up prejudice to these measures, do not even offer a candidate to the Convention who they will dare to say represents their views upon the subject. One of the three distinguished men from whom the choice will be made, whose name has been for so many years in a position to be suggested to any national nominating convention, is by the common voice named with the other two. The men we have referred to conclude to give their support to him. Why? Not because he is an exponent of their views upon this question; not even because they expect, or probably even desire, to sway him to their purpose; but solely because, the other two having been in the thick of the fight, although the victory they achieved was a beneficent one to all alike, the personal enmities engendered remain, and the aim is to displace them rather than to disturb their measures. Besides which, political positions are to be regained, which, being a personal matter, requires attachment to some man, even at the sacrifice of some principle; or probably, as we should rather say, the relinquishment of a position which they find to be mistaken and untenable.

That this is the fact of the case we think will be obvious upon the slightest reflection. For who is the man they are willing to support? He is one who, so far as we know, is in no quarter suspected of holding or of having held their former views. There is no evidence that, on any occasion, he has ever opposed any of the adjustment measures. On the contrary, Southern gentlemen themselves, of the highest standing, assert and maintain his entire soundness in this respect; and state that he used his influence to obtain the passage of those measures. The recent letter of Mr. Botts, of Virginia, is positive and conclusive upon his present opinions, and in other respects sustains the view we are now illustrating. We present the following from it in confirmation:

"General Scott occupies no doubtful or equivocal position on the Compromise, nor does he desire to

do so; and if he did, I would not support him, even if nominated. His views are freely expressed to every man who approaches him, no matter to what party or section he may belong. He is accessible to every respectable man in the country, who chooses to approach him; and he has never hesitated to say that he is in favor of the Compromise measures in all their parts, and opposed to any disturbance, agitation, or alteration of the Fugitive Slave Law; and he enjoins confidence and secrecy on no man to whom he makes this communication.

"For my own part, I cannot perceive the wisdom of the South agitating this question at all, and especially of *our* agitating for the benefit of those we have labored for more than twenty years to defeat. *I think the Compromise has no business in either the Whig or Democratic National Convention.* The fugitive law has passed; it remains not only unrepealed, but no proposition is made, nor, as I believe, ever will be made to repeal it; and if it is, it cannot succeed. It is acquiesced in by the North more and more every day, and if the South will let it alone, all opposition to it will cease in two years. It has already been reaffirmed by the representative body that has been elected since its passage, and since the 'appeal to the higher law;' and I see no more propriety in pressing the North to the wall on this subject, when they are submitting to the quiet and peaceable execution of the law, than there would be in requiring them to reaffirm the principles of the Missouri Compromise, which is quite as likely to be repealed as the Fugitive Slave Law. In point of fact, I question if in a few years the fugitive law will not have fulfilled its work and become inoperative, as it will have been enforced against all those slaves that are now settled in the North; and it is only as to those that have been long settled and have made friends that we can have any serious trouble; and already the practice of slaves leaving their masters for the North has been greatly arrested.

"If we know that our candidate is sound, what do we care for the abstract opinions of Mr. Seward and his associates upon the general principles of the Compromise? If the law was not already on the statute-book, there might be some show of reason and good sense in requiring the North to yield their idiosyncrasies before we would coöperate with them; but when before was it known that our party, or any other party, objected to Abolitionists, Free-soilers, Native Americans, Democrats, or Whigs, helping them to elect their own candidates in a presidential or other election? *What party or candidate ever yet complained that those of another party would help them to success?* If Mr. Clay were now before the people, I do not doubt he could get a large Free-soil, Abolition, and Democratic vote; and would he or his friends complain of it or make it an objection to him? And why should we object to their support of General Scott, if he should be the nominee of the party? For myself I can say, (however it may be with others,) that when I have been a *candidate*, I was never so proud or so foolish as to object to any good vote I could get. This absurd cry in the South against the Abolition vote for Scott in-

dicates a want of candor that is without a parallel, or it betrays a want of reason that amounts to foolery. It can only serve to create prejudices, that we ourselves may be called on in a few weeks to remove, when, in the meantime, we have put the weapon in the hands of our adversaries to be used against us. The truth is, all the Democratic candidates, and all their friends, want the vote, and because they can't get it, they unite in a complaint against Scott, because he can. They know that none of them can be elected without it. These same gentlemen could do a great deal to get it for Mr. Fillmore, and the Democrats would move the "very stones of Rome" to carry it for their candidate, shocked as they profess to be, that the Whigs should trust any man for whom they would vote. For my part, I hope Mr. Fillmore, General Scott, or Mr. Webster, whichever may be the candidate, may get every Free-soil and Abolition vote in the country, with a small sprinkling of the Democracy; and I should not apprehend that either of them would thereby become either Abolitionists or Democrats. But so far from Mr. Seward's leading and managing this matter, he is only following a current of public sentiment that he has not the power to resist, and he is striving by this means to get back himself into the Whig ranks.

"By the way, let me ask, *who are the agitators, now?* No matter which section presents this question, the other must and will oppose it. Now suppose those in favor of the repeal of the law were to omit no opportunity, when Northern and Southern men were collected together, to introduce resolutions declaring the Fugitive Slave Law unconstitutional and unsatisfactory, and that it ought to be repealed; would they not be denounced by the South as agitators and disturbers of the public peace? And if, on every like occasion, the South will persist in presenting resolutions of an opposite character, do they not themselves become agitators and disturbers of public repose? As long as we have the law, and it is executed, we should be satisfied. What more should we ask? What more have we a right to demand?"

Thus, we conceive, is it plain that the settlement of the question is a fixed fact, and even so regarded by those who apparently think otherwise. This action of theirs, in favor of a man who does not represent their professed views, is stronger confirmation of this than any words they could be required to endorse. Why, then, need any portion of the South or of the North (for it is only a portion of either) require the introduction of resolutions upon this subject into the National Convention? Such resolutions, as we have said, we do not conceive would be at all wrong in themselves, as they would only reassert what we maintain is a fixed fact; but the danger is that they would disturb the harmony of the Convention and of the party. They would throw those in

the Convention who have heretofore committed themselves to speculative objections to such resolutions upon the defensive. They would, too, in all probability, embody some interpretations of the measures abstractly objectionable, although being of no practical importance. But, above all, their passage would be regarded, however unjustly, as a *sectional victory*, and so present an issue directly opposed to the very spirit of the adjustment measures themselves, which were intended as concessions in equity to each party of whatever was just in their respective claims. Considering the question, therefore, from this abstract point of view, it must be apparent that the true policy to be pursued by the Convention would be to leave the question as it stands, and take for granted the fact that it requires no further action, or expression of opinion; and this, we trust, will be seen and admitted by all, when the Convention assembles. But as practical men, we must not rely upon abstract views, but consider contingencies that may arise. And this brings us, in the second place, to consider the question, supposing it is deemed necessary by any that some expression of the sense of the Convention should be made upon the subject, what that expression should be? We have referred to the history of the agitation in the State of New-York, and again put upon record the statement which the contending parties agreed to, with a view to the contingency now under consideration. To meet, then, this case, we would point to that precedent as showing the possibility of making a statement that would satisfy all parties.

There is less difference of opinion now than there was then. Indeed, we think we have shown that there is no practical difference between any considerable bodies in the party, but that the only obstacle to entire harmony now arises from personal objects, predilections for men, and the desire to inflict punishment upon those with whom there has been collision in the contests of the past.

We know that the opposition to Mr. Fillmore in this State is entirely of this character. The most strenuous opponents that we have met have nothing to say against his administration, but admire the wisdom and firmness that have characterized it. Towards Mr. Webster—who, in our judgment,

and we believe in the real opinion of the majority of Whigs who have no ends to serve but that of the party's success and the country's peace and welfare, is entitled, above all others, to the first choice of the Convention—the opposition is of the same character; made more effective, however, by the supposed effect among the people of the systematic detraction and slanders of his enemies and the enemies of the Whig party, which no vigorous application of his mighty intellect to the hardest work in the administration of the affairs of the nation, and in his own and others' private affairs in which he is called to act, no active and beneficent interest in literature, science, and art, has been or is able to shame into silence or repentance.

Thus, then, we say, the differences that will exist among the members of the Convention being confessedly of this personal character, and not of principle, there should be no difficulty in agreeing upon such a statement in relation to the measures in question as would be satisfactory to all.

But, lastly, supposing that some gentlemen have committed themselves so far, or have such unreasonable fears upon the subject, as to deem it incumbent upon them to introduce resolutions directly and simply affirming the finality and inviolability of the adjustment measures, as long as either section considers them necessary in the form they now stand: what then should be done? We answer unequivocally and unhesitatingly, *they should be immediately passed*. As we have said, we trust such resolutions will not be introduced, for we know there is great danger by so doing of kindling into a flame the embers which are now, as we have shown, rapidly expiring. Yet, if they are introduced, there is no safe or honorable course left but to pass them. To reject them would be to falsify, the on all hands admitted, position of the party. It would be saying that the settlement is not made or not acquiesced in. A gloom would be cast over the entire country, foreshadowing the coming of another storm of sectional strife and bitterness. A letter addressed to us by a gentleman of Tennessee is so much to the point in this connection that we must take the liberty of quoting from it, and commending its views to the good sense of the members of the Convention, of all shades of opinion. "Suppose, in the

National Convention, these resolutions should be rejected, would it not throw upon the party, during the entire canvass, the burden of explaining their position, and subject them to the ceaseless attacks and catechisms of the opposite party—thereby distracting the public mind, and throwing completely into the background our glorious national principles? The Democratic party will seize with avidity every pretext that may assist them to avoid issue with us upon the measures of the American system. Its past history warrants this assumption. I give its leaders credit for sagacity enough to perceive the growing popularity of the Compromise measures in all sections of the Union; and they will make a desperate attempt to use them as vehicles to convey them to political power. They have tried coalition with secessionism in the South and with abolitionism in the North, until they have satisfied themselves that it is unavailable as a means of permanent success."

These sentences were written when the matter did not appear so entirely settled, in fact, without resolutions, as it does now. But should it be so introduced to the Convention that a negative vote upon it would have the effect to unsettle what we suppose by general assent to be settled, then these views are worthy of the most serious consideration.

The admissions now made by those from whom there is or has been any thing to fear are of so positive a character, that we cannot see how they can refuse to give in their assent to, or at least acquiescence in, the measures under consideration in a definite form, if called upon to do so. The following appears in an organ which has always been considered the strongest exponent of their views in the State of New-York. It is in reply to comments made by other journals on the election of a majority of Scott delegates at the primary elections just held:

"The discomfited Silver-Gray organs seek to have it believed that the triumph of Gen. Scott's friends at the primary elections is nothing but a triumph of Free-Soilism. *They know this to be untrue.* They know that the nomination of Gen. Scott has never been advocated on Free-Soil grounds, or with any reference at all to feelings of opposition to slavery. On the contrary, those who have worked to secure the present result in the State, have from the first and throughout earnestly contended against mixing the slavery question

in either the nomination or the election. It has been their wish, and still is, to fight the battle on the old Whig grounds, such as the Whigs of the nation can unite upon, and such as they have always been united upon. They have said and still say, 'Let us leave this whole matter *just where it is.* It is not to be expected that all Southern Whigs and all Northern Whigs should agree in their opinions upon slavery. Nor is it necessary that they should agree. There is no question involving slavery now before the country. But there are other questions of great importance, as to which all Whigs are agreed, upon which a decision will be made in the approaching election. Let us unite, then, as Americans and as patriots, to secure such a decision as we believe will be most conducive to the well-being of the country.'

"Such is the language and such the aims of the friends of Gen. Scott in New-York. What an absurdity, then, for *The State Register, The Express,* and that class of papers, to say that the victory we have achieved is one of distinctive Free-Soilism. These journals must know that what they say is not true.

"*Quite as false is it that the opposition to Mr. Fillmore is based on his having stood by the Compromise.* Mr. Fillmore has been opposed by some on the ground that he could not be elected, and that his nomination would be folly; by others, because since he has been in office he has proscribed Whigs who are loved and confided in by the majority of the party, and has generally used his appointing power not for the benefit of the whole party, but of a small and malignant clique. Those are the true and the only reasons why he has been opposed. *It is a malicious perversion of the facts to pretend that his fidelity to the Compromise has overthrown him here in his own State.* That fidelity has nothing to do in the case; and had it been ten times as complete, and evinced with zeal a thousand times wiser than it has been, it would not have been thought of or used at this election as a reason against his nomination. *We repeat that the slavery question has not been brought into the election thus far; and as far as we are concerned, we do not intend that it shall be. We go for Scott and Union, and a straight-out Whig victory.*"

This is from the *New-York Tribune* of the 21st of May. We have emphasized some of the expressions, to call attention to the indignant manner in which they repel the imputation that there is any want of acquiescence in the "compromise measures," or that the result is in any way attributable to opposition thereto. After this, it will surely be asking no sacrifice either of principle or profession to call upon them to join in a general expression of the sense of the Convention on the subject, if that should be deemed necessary to effect the very purpose they avow in the quotation we have made, namely, the securing of that unanimity of action and sentiment which will

compel the enemy to fight us upon the solid grounds of the principles which divide the two great parties; and not upon the shifting quicksands of a sectional issue in which both alike may be engulfed, honor and patriotism swallowed up, and the country left a prey to internal discord and civil strife.

As the partisans of no faction, but desiring only the success of the party, no matter who may be selected as its chief, because we believe this to be essential to "the safety, honor, and welfare of the nation," we plead for union and conciliation in our ranks. We ask of the South not to demand what is unnecessary, and of the North not to refuse from a mere punctilio to put their signature, as it were, to an agreement which they are already fulfilling, and have avowed their willingness to fulfil, should it be required.

We think that a point has at last been reached where our severed ranks may approach each other near enough to be again firmly united. A few conciliatory words only are needed. We look to the great National Convention about to assemble to accomplish this, not only by giving us the right man for the occasion, but by such posi-

tive expression as will satisfy all doubt upon the question that has distracted us; or by such wise silence and harmony as will confirm what we have endeavored to show is the fact, that the party has and does acquiesce in the adjustment made, and will see it faithfully executed. A heavy responsibility will rest upon any delegates to that Convention who shall destroy this hope of the nation for the purpose of revenging any personal disappointment, or for any selfish aggrandizement. Let such remember that they hold their positions for the country's and not their own gratification and good, and that the people will hold them responsible if, through their perverseness, want of patriotism, or dishonesty, the great party should be divided and *defeated*, on which depends the great cause of protection to the national industry, the safety and development of our internal intercourse and resources, sound finance and economy; and the conservation of those principles of wisely regulated liberty, national self-independence, and the "divine right" of man at home or abroad, upon which were founded this most perfect of all the governments of the world.

RESEARCHES OF BARON REICHENBACH

ON THE

"MESMERIC," NOW CALLED THE ODIC FORCE.*

It is not yet a hundred years since the grand discovery of the composition of water, and not twenty since the completion of the magnetic telegraph. We stand upon the threshold of science; we see before us a boundless prospect of discovery; the laws of the material universe are not yet fully investigated; upon those of life we have but just entered; facts have been observed, but the laws have thus far eluded us. The laws of electro-chemistry, of the composition of bodies, of temperature, (*thermism*), and the mechanism of solids, fluids, and gases, have been detected through a haze of hypotheses; but for these the connecting links are, in many respects, deficient. It is known that all bodies, without distinction, are affected by magnetism and electrism, and that both magnetism and electrism depress and exalt the nervous energy of the human body. The relations of chemism (the decomposition and recomposition of bodies) were connected with electrism by Davy, and by many European savans, and, in our day, by the researches of Faraday. The laws of atomic mechanism, of elasticity, of solidity, and gravitation, were reduced to mathematical formulas, but remain, in many respects, together with the phenomena of temperature, entirely separated from chemism and magnetism. The effects of light upon the human eye were reduced, by Sir David Brewster, to three elements, the red, yellow, and blue; otherwise we had no theory of light, and only an "undulatory hypothesis" of its motion, disconnected from all other hypotheses. We know, indeed, that chemical action (chemism) elicits all other physical phenomena; that thermal changes, in fact, all changes

and motions of bodies, are attended with electrical and magnetic phenomena; in a word, that *every* particle of matter lies in universal equilibrium with every other particle, and the least motion of an atom disturbs all its physical relations. It has been observed that the heating of a bar of iron not only affects its chemical relations and affinities, increasing its disposition to combine with the oxygen of air and all other negative substances, but that it destroys its magnetic power, causes it to emit light, and alters its electrical relations at the same time with its volume and hardness. In a single experiment, the heating of a bar of iron, all the *physical* laws of matter are illustrated. Philosophers foresaw the final connection of all physical phenomena, but cannot yet give a name to that connection.

Meanwhile, a class of phenomena more immediately important than those of magnetism, or light itself, have remained uninvestigated. The effects of the magnet, of the human hand, and of various physical operations, upon the nervous system, have been consigned over to empirics, and treated by the learned as a mass of inextricable absurdity or of superstitious delusion. Empiricism has ruled, without invasion, a vast domain of knowledge. The limits of the senses are still uncertain; have hardly been made a subject of inquiry. Whether the effects of the magnet were a delusion or a reality, or whether, by the exaltation of the senses of sight and touch, phenomena might not appear to some persons that remained imperceptible to others, were questions even unasked.

Simultaneously with the great discoveries

* *Physical-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemism, in their Relation to VITAL FORCE.* By Baron Charles Von Reichenbach. The complete work, from the German second edition, with the addition of a Preface and Critical Notes, by John Ashburner, M.D. First American edition. New-York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1851.

of Liebig regarding the laws of animal and vegetable growth and decomposition, Baron Reichenbach of Vienna commenced a series of observations upon the physiological effects of the magnet, in order to understand and reduce to certainty the pretended sensibility of certain persons to the power of the magnet and of crystals. The series of papers illustrating the observations of the Baron were composed for the periodical of Liebig, the *Annalen*.

These observations were begun in 1844, and continued, almost without intermission, for a series of years upon a vast number of subjects, under the advice and criticism of some of the most learned and judicious savans of Germany. Their results are contained in the volume before us, translated in England, and republished, a few months since, in New-York.

The old observation of the effects of a magnet upon certain highly nervous and sensitive temperaments was repeated by the Baron, whose laboratory and scientific apparatus allowed him to pursue all the necessary investigations without hindrance or interruption. He soon discovered that great numbers of persons—in fact, a much larger proportion than would be supposed, of the healthy as well as of the sick, and of males as well as females, many of them robust persons, who had hardly known illness—were susceptible to an influence then called “magnetic,” because it was supposed to have its residence in the magnet.

The magnet, which ought to be a large one, capable of supporting at least ten pounds, is drawn downwards from the face to the knees, and produces peculiar sensations of cold or warmth, “resembling a cool or a gently warm breath of air.” Sometimes this feeling is attended with sensations of pricking or creeping in the skin. In men more rarely, in women and children very frequently, these sensations are strongly perceived. Nervous depression from any cause, especially among women and men of sedentary habits, produces the most vivid susceptibility. These sensations, in extreme cases, where there is a disposition to catalepsy and somnambulism, or to any variety of hysteria, sometimes rise to an extraordinary intensity, and throw the subject into rigid spasms.

By these experiments, the Baron satisfied himself, and those who followed his

researches, that cold and heat, electricity, medicines, and food, are not the *only* material agents that react upon the human nervous system. He was enabled to detect remarkable and uniform effects from magnets upon a very large number of persons. He gives a list of not less than sixty individuals, some of high standing in the scientific and social world, and of all ages, sexes, and conditions, affected by the magnet, and who felt its approach and movement over their bodies, without contact.

This point established, he proceeded to an examination of the *lights* seen by the sensitive over magnets. His first experiment was upon a person confined to a dark room with illness, who saw a phosphorescence or luminosity upon the furniture of the chamber. With this subject, he was enabled to detect fiery bushes and clouds of light issuing from the poles of an open magnet; and by a repetition of the experiment upon fifty or sixty different individuals, during several years of investigation, he established the luminosity of the magnet beyond a doubt or question.

This luminosity presented phenomena to the more sensitive class of subjects, especially to somnambulists and the cataleptic, when awake and observant, of a brilliant and regular character; and the Baron finally discovered, not only that all the subjects whom he tested in his dark chamber agreed in their representations, but that the perfection in which they saw the lights (called by him “odid lights”) was in proportion to their *natural* sensibility of sight, heightened only, in some instances, by nervous illness. His final and most satisfactory series of experiments enabled him to analyze these lights, reducing them to the prismatic colors, and assigning the places of each at the poles of excited bars of iron, according to the points of the compass.

The appearance of the “odid flames,” “glow,” and “smoke,” was more delicate and pure than that of common fire, and the colors like those of steely iridescence, or sometimes of the rainbow; not that they actually varied, but were seen more or less perfectly, according to the varying susceptibility of the eyes that beheld them. The differences were only of more or less. When great flames were seen rising from the poles of powerful magnets, or other

bodies, "*odically*" excited, rising sometimes to the height of five or six feet, and illuminating the chamber, their descriptions were the same by different observers. The entire magnet appeared in a state of incandescence or translucent glow, and the long flames shot out from the poles and curved upwards, showing a force that threw them out, and a tendency *upwards*. These flames fluctuated when one of them was made to rush against another; they moved also with the currents of air, showing their connection with particles of air.

It was found that the magnetic poles must be separated and distinct, for, when joined, the great flames disappeared, and only the glow remained. Electro-magnets presented the same appearances.

The next series of experiments was made with crystals. The crystal has always been a tool of magic and delusion; we have now one at least of its "magical" properties brought within scientific limits.

First, however, we must direct the attention of the reader upon another property of magnets, by which their analogy with crystals was powerfully confirmed. It had been observed by the older physicians, that the hands of cataleptic patients adhered to magnets. This adhesion was wholly unexplained. Preparatory to his investigation of the odic force in crystals, the Baron undertook to elucidate the phenomena of physiological attraction. The subjects upon which he experimented experienced an irresistible desire to grasp the poles of powerful magnets with their hands. In the state of catalepsy or rigid spasm, the hands moved powerfully toward the magnet, (the patient being in a state of unconsciousness,) and grasped their poles with unnatural force, the fingers closing over, and seeming to adhere to the metal bar. These phenomena were the same when the subject was awake and fully conscious. The subject seemed to be impelled by an irresistible and agreeable attraction, as if the hands were drawn by a thousand fine threads, to approach and seize the poles of the magnet, from which a gentle, cool wind seemed to flow, playing over and enveloping the hands. The hand adhered to the magnet, as though it were a piece of it, and could be moved in any direction; *but did not exert the slightest power over the magnet*, to affect it in any discoverable way. The attraction was *not*

reciprocal. Other experimenters have carried this to much greater lengths than the Baron; subjects have been operated upon, who would rush forward the moment the magnet was brought within forty feet of them, and grasp its poles, falling, at the same moment, into a state of sleep, or of cataleptic spasm. Reichenbach's experiments upon a variety of subjects having fully satisfied him of the power exercised by the odic force in magnets over the nerves of the human body, he entered next upon an examination of the "force residing in crystals."

To ascertain whether the odic force might not reside also in other substances, the Baron undertook an experiment which absolutely shocks "the scientific mind," as he remarks, which was no other than the magnetization of water!

His subjects, however, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of the scientific societies, and of the "scientific mind" in general, did not fail to distinguish immediately a glass of water which had been immersed in the odic flames (in other words, a glass over which a powerful magnet had been held for a few minutes) from common water. The glass of magnetized water exercised the same, but a much feebler attraction upon the hand of the subjects, and gave them peculiar pricking and warm sensations in the act of drinking.

The Baron having thus developed a new fact of the ancient "magic," immediately prepared a number of substances, minerals, metals, and animal matters, including the human hand itself, by simply rubbing them with, or placing them in, the odic flame or sphere of a powerful magnet. Forty or fifty different substances, taken out of his cabinet without arrangement or choice, were treated in this way; and the magnetized were invariably and instantly distinguished from the unmagnetized, by the more susceptible patients. These experiments were made with singular care and perseverance, and yielded always the same results. Regular crystals and groups of crystals, with some exceptions, were found susceptible of receiving odic force in a greater or less degree. Not a single confused uncrystallized substance was among those that received the force. In general, the more regular and perfect the crystallization, the more decided was the effect upon

the subject. The general conclusion was, that the property of retaining and originating this force did not belong as much to the substance as to the form of bodies.

Finally, it was discovered that this force resides *permanently* in regular and perfect crystals, and appears at their poles. Its manifestations are different at opposite poles of the same crystal. More than half the persons examined by the Baron, among his acquaintances, were found sensitive to crystals. On these being drawn perpendicularly along the inside of the hand, they invariably communicated the sensation of a warm or cool wind blown through a quill: the sensation delicate and fine, but in cataleptic subjects powerful, and causing the hand to close upon the crystal.

Further investigation showed that this property was *transiently* communicated to various substances by merely passing the crystal over them with the point downward. The power that was permanent in the crystal and magnet was transient in other masses of matter.

The effect of the crystals and magnets upon the susceptible cataleptic patients was not impeded by the interposition of other substances, but passed through them; requiring, however, a short period of time for transmission, whereas magnetism permeates instantly. In all respects, the odic force was found to differ entirely from magnetism, though the magnetic condition of iron was found favorable to its development. The odic poles, distinguished by the color of their light, and by the cold and hot sensations produced by them, could be reversed in the same magnet by change of position, an effect which sufficiently distinguished the new force, to say nothing of its permanent residence in crystals, where magnetism has no place. The crystallic or odic force was found to have no attractive power over any besides living substance, the organized human body, principally upon the hands, slightly upon the feet. The mouth was very sensitive to the odic effects.

An examination of these crystals in a dark room, after the eyes of the subjects had become thoroughly accustomed to the darkness by a confinement of several hours, established the existence of odic flames shooting from the points of crystals. The base of the crystal gave *cool* sensations, (called negative.) The points gave sensa-

tions of *warmth*, usually pleasurable. The points and bases of crystals are, therefore, oppositely endowed with this force: the evidences of polarity given by the Baron are complete.

The next series of experiments undertaken by Baron Reichenbach enabled him to discover certain laws of the operation of the odic force upon the human system, of which the phenomena hitherto imperfectly observed have given rise to the absurd hypotheses of "Animal *Magnetism*." It was already known to him that the new force was strictly polar, and that it was referred regularly to *certain quarters of the heavens*. He now found that the earth itself *polarizes* the human body, odically, from north to south, and from east to west. A conjecture, which was afterwards strongly corroborated, had presented itself, that the Aurora Borealis is in fact an odic light, arising from the odic polarity of the earth. He found that many of his susceptible patients were painfully affected by lying with the head toward the west or south; some of them becoming violently ill in these positions, sitting or lying for any length of time, but that a change of position relieved these symptoms, and that they were entirely obviated by placing the head to the north or north-east. The symptoms are minutely detailed, but we must hasten on to the more important and interesting observations which follow; observing only that the Baron dwells much upon the importance of keeping the north and south position in the treatment of nervous diseases; more especially with the bed-ridden. He considers, indeed, that it is important for all delicate and sedentary persons to sleep with the head to the north.

The experiments on the effect of human hands are, perhaps, the most interesting and important of the series. At these the very learned and excellent botanist, Professor Endlicher, was often present. Professor Endlicher found, that after he had passed the magnet over his own person, the hand of the cataleptic subject attached itself to his, just as it had done to the magnet, to the crystals, and to the glass of water. He, on the other hand, perceived no attraction in *his own* hand toward that of the subject. A great variety of experiments followed, all demonstrating the communicability of the odic force, not only to inorganic matter, but to the human body, by

the passes of a crystal, or of a magnet; i.e., by causing the odic aurora to play over the surface, and penetrate the substance of the body.

An examination was now made in the dark chamber, and the sensitive eyes of the subject perceived the hand of the operator surrounded and penetrated by a luminosity, and streams of light (odic flames) issuing from the tips of the fingers. Above water "magnetized" there was also a visible luminosity, and above all substances that could be made to receive and retain the odic force.

It was found, further, that the human hand, without odization, produced the well-known and now familiar effects upon the susceptible; and, what was still more remarkable, that these effects passed along and through rods of glass and iron, and other materials serving as conductors of odic force. And further, to reduce all these phenomena to a single law, bodies touched with the hand were found to be magnetized; and if any thing had been held in the hand of the operator, it was immediately distinguished from another that had not been thus treated. In these experiments, every precaution was, of course, taken to avoid error and delusion, as might be expected from so skilful and practised a sava as the Baron Reichenbach.

Next follows the remarkable discovery of the same odic polarity in the human body as in magnets and crystals. An odic circle was established that was powerfully felt by the patients, by merely grasping both the hands in left and right, and holding them, while the operator stood face to face with the subject. In fine, all the phenomena of the new power, previously observed in crystals and in magnets, were now found in the human body. The two hands, presented crossed to a susceptible patient, produced illness after a time; the right hand odically *opposing* the right, and the left hand the left.

The Baron found the left side of the body, in general, negative, and producing sensations of cold; while the right side communicated warmth. The mis-called "Animal Magnetism" was finally identified, in these experiments, with the force residing in magnets and crystals, and in the earth itself.

In the fourth treatise or book of this truly extraordinary work, we find experi-

ments upon sunlight and moonlight, and other sources of heat and light, and all of them were found to be powerful sources of odic force.

The subject was placed in the usual dark chamber, and a long wire conducted from the outer air to the hand. When the sunlight acted upon the wire, or upon a plate of copper or other metal to which it was attached in the outer air, a stream of odic flame issued from the end in the hand of the subject in the dark chamber. A sensation of cold was also communicated by the wire in the hand, showing that the sunlight communicates a *negative* odic polarity. When, on the other hand, moonlight, instead of sunlight, fell upon the outer end of the conductor, a sensation described as "heat" (the *positive* odic quality) was communicated in the same manner. Iron, laid in the sunshine, became odic, and acted upon the subject like odized water or a crystal, though it showed no sensible magnetic property. It was found that the odic power of the magnets used in these experiments was quickly and perfectly restored by laying them in sunshine. In fine, substances of every kind, including the human body, were thus affected by the sun's rays, though in various degrees, and made powerful exhibitions of odic light in a dark chamber, or through a conductor carried from out of doors. This conduction through a wire forty feet in length, required some time to develop itself, the flame requiring a minute or more to rise from the end of the wire in the dark chamber.

It is impossible to follow all the experiments of Reichenbach on the conduction of the odic force; it was found that all substances were capable, in different degrees, of receiving it; that it was generated more especially by sunlight, by the moon's rays, by the stars; the planets giving sensations of heat, like the moon, and the fixed stars of cold, like the sun, to the eyes of odically susceptible persons.

After several hundreds of experiments, it was finally established that all the internal changes of matter, by friction, heat, electricity, galvanism, magnetism, crystallogenic force, and especially chemism, generated an odic influence which could be felt by conduction through wires of any length, through glass rods, and through the human body; in fine, that all bodies were odic conductors,

though in different degrees, and communicated the polar sensations, and gave rise to the luminous appearances.

The odic influence enabled the susceptible subject to *classify all substances* by the sensation they produced when held in the hand; *all the electro-positives creating one sensation, and the negatives its opposite*; the right and left hands of the subject being also affected with opposite polarities. *The classification given by the touch of the sensitive established a correct electro-chemical arrangement.* The odic power and light generated by the human body is attributed by the Baron to the chemism of digestion, assimilation, &c., and that of plants and trees, also, to the process of internal growth. By the mere dissolving of common salt in water, odic sensations were communicated through a long thread, a glass rod, or a wire. The same produced odic flames, visible in darkness to great numbers who investigated this new power in conjunction with the Baron.

The famous "tub of Mesmer," a collection of crudities thrown promiscuously into a vat of water, from which an influence ("mesmeric") was communicated through rods of iron, was found, in the course of these experiments, to owe its power over the human nervous system to irregular decompositions and solutions, which *odized* the water. Small animals laid upon a plate of copper sent an odic influence through a long wire, perceptible to the sensitive person by light and the sensation of warmth.

All decompositions gave rise to an odic light and current. It was therefore naturally inferred that the ghostly appearances in graveyards were, in part, odic lights issuing from corpses in a state of decomposition. Susceptible patients were accordingly taken to the graveyards, and saw luminosities over graves. One of these subjects, it was found, had customarily seen them from infancy, but had been instructed by her parents to conceal the fact, for fear of exciting superstitious prejudice.

The latter half of Baron Reichenbach's work is occupied with his researches upon the odic lights of magnets, which he has succeeded in identifying, in all particulars, with the Aurora Borealis. By an artificial hollow globe of iron, containing a powerful electro-magnet, he was enabled to produce all the appearances of the Northern Light,

and to ascertain the law of terrestrial odism independently of magnetism, but excited or developed by it. The appearances produced upon the north and south poles of his iron terrelle or little earth were described, by several witnesses, as an iridescence of the most brilliant colors, arranged in polar series, the reds appearing at the south, the yellows at the west, and the blue at the north; the east and north-east gave only cold gray tints. The ball itself, like all other objects giving out or receiving powerful odic lights, became incandescent and almost transparent, and the auroral flames sprang from its poles and bent over like a tree on all sides, every thread or branch having a different and splendid iridescence.

The above very meagre and imperfect sketch will give the reader some idea of the new phenomena observed by Baron Reichenbach; but it would be impossible in the limits of a review to allude even to the fiftieth part of the conclusions to which this discovery must lead. The work itself is one of the most brilliant examples of the application of the Baconian method of induction to a class of phenomena hitherto looked upon as inexplicable, and given over to magicians and charlatans.

The author of these brilliant discoveries does not open a controversy on the nature of the source of odism. Sometimes he insists very strongly upon its substantiality, but with the advance of his own knowledge inclines rather to regard it as a *force*; that is to say, a peculiar endowment or property of motion inherent in the *atom*, or in substance. That the reader may be prepared for a philosophical examination of the experiments of Reichenbach, we propose to enter upon the general subject, and lay before him a brief statement of the present condition of material philosophy.

Savans recognize at present only *four* distinct forms of activity in matter devoid of life. (The powers of life itself are recognized only by their concrete results; but as yet we have no scientific idea of them.)

1. Mechanical conditions of matter, static or dynamic: repulsion, (hardness;) attraction of nearness, (cohesion;) attraction of distance, (gravitation;) elasticity, (vibration;) internal condition, (crystalline, liquid, æriform;) all the merely *external* relations of one particle of matter to another, with-

out regard to differences of kind, or of polar or temperatural condition.

The statics and dynamics of the solar system, under the law of gravitation, occupied the attention of the most powerful calculators and acute logicians the world has ever known. Their labors resulted in the establishment of an almost perfect system of dynamical astronomy. It is considered that we understand very well the motions of the solar system, both in itself and in relation to other systems like itself. More recent investigations have added the knowledge of *aërolites*, or "falling meteors," and has tenanted the interstellar spaces with crowds of planetary bodies from the size of grains of dust to the dimensions of Jupiter.

Geology has made known to us the structure of the earth's surface, and offered reasonable conjectures in regard to its interior condition. It has also originated a history of the earth, anterior to the creation of man, and carried that history backward even to the "vortical epoch" and first crude extrication of the sun and earth from the original *aëriform* chaos.

Mechanical science, in some degree aided by calculation, has explained the laws of persistence, hardness, and elasticity, in gases, liquids, and solids. By the investigations of Wollaston, and, in our own country, of Dana, we have achieved a very exact theory of the interior structure of solids, and the laws of crystallization. The laws of motion and elasticity in liquids and gases have also been painfully investigated, with complete success, by European experimenters.

In a word, we are quite familiar with all the permanent and mobile conditions of matter: our human intelligence harmonizes in its thoughts with the hidden *mechanism* of the universe.

All our investigations end in the discovery of *forces*, or rather, of modes in which forces act. The universe is no where found to be at rest; every atom is in motion and in vibration; and the motions of each part affect and are affected by those of the whole. We banish the idea of chance, or fortune, as an empty phantasm; and in every law and every atom, or concentration of *forces*, we discover the immediately active and expressed Creative Power. Thus much we have learned, that there is a Creative Power, an infinite and eternal Will, the original

substratum and source of what we call *physical* force, or more largely, of the infinitely extended physical universe. To this eternal Will we have not as yet ascribed a moral nature; no, not even a highly intellectual one: our attention has been occupied with the lowest expression of the eternal Will, with rigid, blind, unthinking *force*. We have not "looked through nature up to nature's God," nor can we; since it is not through nature, but through spirit, that we behold Him.

2. Next in the usual and necessary order of discovery, we are interested in the phenomena of TEMPERATURE.

Because the investigators of the last century devoted themselves almost entirely to the laws of *weight*, or of mechanical resistance, they were forced, for want of better knowledge, to give the name of "*imponderable*," or that which cannot be weighed, to those phenomena which lay beyond the circle of their studies; and made thereby a very uncouth division of all things into "*ponderable* and *imponderable*;" meaning to say that there were other laws besides gravitation, and that all things could not be compared by heaviness and lightness. When *modern* savans talk of light and heat as "*imponderables*," they merely use an antiquated phrase, for the convenience of it. Wherever we discover the effects of gravitation or of elasticity, we can measure those effects by weight, and these are ponderable phenomena; whereas the temperature or the electrical attraction of bodies is not measurable by weight, and is consequently not ponderable. All substances are indeed elastic or ponderable, but that is not their entire history: they are also chemically related, and the *forces* of chemism cannot be measured by the ounce or by the pound.

All bodies, without distinction, tend together, and move toward a common centre; and this we call gravitation. The effect is general and *reciprocal*. They are subject also to another law, equally universal: they tend to *occupy certain spaces*, or to have a certain relative *dimension*; and this we call their *temperature*, or, in the awkward phrase of the last century, one of the forms of their *imponderability*, or *unweighableness*.

The laws of thermal expansion and contraction have been very imperfectly investigated; and to reduce them to a consistency,

it will be necessary at some future time to clear away a huge mass of cumbersome hypotheses, which it is painful even to name, and which at the present day throw the most patient investigators into a silent despair.

Dynamical and statical science observed only the permanent conditions of matter, as liquid, solid, or aëriiform: the study of temperature begins where that of ponderability and elasticity is exhausted. The first observation is, that the space occupied by a solid body *varies* continually; that is to say, it expands and contracts: further, that these changes are strictly reciprocal, with compensatory changes in other bodies. A perpetual struggle for a general equilibrium of size, i. e., of the space that each particle of matter shall occupy, goes on without intermission through the entire universe. The different kinds of substances behave differently, it was observed, in this general struggle for space. One body being taken for a measure of all the rest, (quicksilver,) scales of *relative* expansions and contractions were established for each kind. The present condition of this part of science is the disgrace of the scientific world. Even the thermal equilibriums of solids, liquids, and gases—the three conditions which every atom of matter *voluntarily assumes* to sustain its special relationship to surrounding atoms—are only grossly investigated, and lie almost disconnected.

The *ponderable* relations of matter showed all the atoms, without distinction, striving to occupy a certain relative *position* in space, approaching and receding according to certain unchangeable values and relations, called laws of motion:

Their *thermal* relations, on the other hand, show them striving to occupy, not a certain position, but a certain *size* or sphere of space, with a total disregard of their position in space.

The observation of these "struggles" of the particles to maintain their proper dimensions, individually, in equilibrium with others, (thermism,) gives rise to the science of temperatures.

If through "*ponderability*" alone we could discern an infinite Creative Force, are not our ideas of that Force, merely as such, wonderfully exalted by the view of an universe composed of an infinite multitude of active atoms, all in a state of mutual under-

standing (if we may so speak) with each other as to what space each and all of them shall occupy, whether in immediate contact or removed upon the utmost verge of the universe, if it have a verge? And yet to this idea we are led, by observing the three conditions of solid, liquid, and gaseous, and the laws of their equilibriums, remote and near.

3. We have studied, and think we understand, the weights of substances—the forces that rule their relative motions in space; we will *suppose* that temperatures, the relations and changes of size, are also well understood: we now come upon Affinities, or relations of combination; we enter upon the vast domain of Chemism. Here we are presented with a general fact, that while two particles of matter, of the same kind, insist upon occupying different spaces, and are regulated only by their ponderability and their temperature, two that *differ* in kind, or that have different measurable ponderabilities and temperatures, are "willing" to occupy the *same* space, under certain conditions, and to act for the time as if they were one and identical. In general, all chemical combinations are the union of two or more substances in the same space, so as to perform the part of one.

Immediately on observing the combinations of bodies, which usually take place when they are in a liquid or gaseous condition, we are struck with the observation that some *prefer* others; that there are affinities, and that those which are strongly opposed in their specific traits combine eagerly, to the exclusion of the others, or drag these with them in a system of subordinate combinations.

By a careful study of affinities in solutions, combustions, triturations, and mixtures, chemists have detected the several kinds of atoms; catching them alone, and studying their individual traits, their peculiar ponderability, temperature, &c., or noting their secret effects in combination with others, or on the way from one to another.

During these researches, the chemists established the affinities, compatibilities, and complements of the *species* of atoms; as, in the researches of temperature, they had discovered their individual opposition and independence. By the study of ponderability alone, they could arrive only at the idea of matter in general, of particles and masses. By thermism and chemism, they were now

first able to individualize and finally to classify them in species and genera. From the relations of masses and particles, they had advanced to those of single indivisible atoms. These continued to occupy them until the opening of the fourth field of observation, that of electrism and galvanism.

4. Three kinds of *forces* had become known; but a fourth kind remained to be investigated.

The science of ponderability began with the common observation of heaviness and lightness in the human hand: resistance to the forces of the muscular system, and perception of *motion* by the hand and the eye. Temperature was studied at first by the sense of heat and cold; chemism by the effects of caustics, by taste, and by all the senses. Strictly speaking, all the senses are employed in every department of science, but some much more than others.

Masses of matter, whether liquid, solid, or gaseous, were found to exercise a peculiar attraction and repulsion, which, after flashes of light, followed by sharp sounds, were found to have disappeared.

These phenomena took the general name of electrical. Soon it was discovered, further, that bodies affected by chemical changes, and those whose temperature was relatively lowered or raised; finally, that *every* change, of whatsoever nature, affecting the internal condition of bodies, generated attractions and repulsions, which disappeared suddenly and with violence under certain conditions. It was at length established that *a general equilibrium of attraction and repulsion exists between all particles and masses of matter*, whether near or remote; and that the disturbance of this equilibrium by changes of combination among the atoms, or by changes of temperature, or any description of change, propagated through all surrounding bodies, according to certain laws of intensity and distance, a disturbance and a readjustment of the universal equilibria.

A vast and admirable system of analogies was built upon the first original observations of electricians, ending in the general fact, that the electrical, as well as the chemical, mechanical, and thermal relations of substances, are inherent in them, and do, in fact, confer upon them all their characteristics; that, in a word, substances are composed of these forces, and have no other

distinguishable existence until they become a part of a vital organism. As a consequence, every atom stands in absolute equilibrium with all other atoms in the universe, near or remote, at all times, and under conditions regulated by all the properties of the atom.

At this point, the idea of *polarity* was developed. Certain substances were found *permanently* disturbed by the electrical force operating on their surfaces. These substances were called magnetic. They exhibited an attraction toward each other, and also affected all other bodies (diamagnetism.) This condition was limited to their surfaces, like the electrical. The earth itself was found to be a magnet. The *atom* itself was conceived to be capable, like the mass, of a superficial polarity, with two powers, opposed to each other, superficially affecting it, which powers rushed always into a state of equilibrium, and so remained until disturbed by change of temperature or some other physical alteration.

Polarity itself, the idea of two forces complementary and necessary to each other, was only a finer application of the idea of equilibrium.

RESUMÉ.

(a) Every atom had a certain ponderability, or tendency toward others, which was *relative* and reciprocal in all.

(b) Every atom had a certain *relative* size, which was its temperature, and also strictly relative and reciprocal.

(c) Every atom was willing to occupy, and hastened to fill, the same point of space with others that were specifically different from it. This tendency was also purely relative and reciprocal.

(d) Every atom had a certain superficial attraction or repulsion for every other, until the conditions of all were balanced, and the forces opposing and concentrated had distributed and equalized themselves through circles and spheres of all the neighboring particles.

Finally, not one of these conditions but was found to be intimately related to all the others. The individual atom was then conceived to be a point, or perhaps a minute sphere, or spheroid, made up entirely of *forces*, (Herschell,) which extend themselves through all the spaces of the universe, and maintain the intimate oneness, wholeness,

concentaneity, and perfect mechanical equilibrium of the so-called "material world," but of which the mechanism appears no longer dead and sullen, but to be the instant and present fiat and sustaining will of the Creator, operating in this way to form a basis for the higher creations of life and spirit.

After achieving this prodigious conquest over the original gross materialism of the atomists, and having disencumbered itself of the dull and awkward "hypotheses," as they were called, of later days, modern science stood and now stands free, and ready to grapple with the more potent delusions of ignorance and superstition in the regions of empirical physiology.

While the chemists, the geologists, and the astronomers were investigating *laws*, the physiologists were limited to the knowledge of forms; in other words, to the study of comparative natural history and the characteristics of species. Until chemistry had exhausted itself upon the laws and properties of inorganic matter, it was almost hopeless to attempt any investigation of the laws of life.

The ideas of Oken first, and, afterward, of the vegetable morphologists, raised the study of anatomy from a mere detail of particulars to a system of analogies and harmonies, both of internal and external structure. The same formative power began now to be recognized in the development of an insect and a man, of a hand and a foot. Owen, the English anatomist, in conjunction with many others on the continent, following, one after another, in the footsteps of Oken and Cuvier, established the unity of animal nature, as to the laws of its growth and propagation, by finding in all the same organs, developed in regular series and corresponding organs in the same body. The study of the tissues reduced the entire organism to a few simple elements, the nervous, the glandular, the muscular, and the varieties of the cellule.

A parallel series of investigations, carried on by the microscopic botanists, made all plants to be composed upon a single system of vegetable growth, from the same elements.

Liebig, meanwhile, had demonstrated the absolute conformity of the laws of life with those of chemism, and made it appear that the elementary substances do not lose their inferior properties when they are so com-

bined as to compose a basis of vegetable or animal species. He did not fail to show that every law of chemism is fulfilled in the animal and vegetable body; both in the assimilation of food, the process of growth, and the process of decay. By his researches, our ideas were carried to the verge, and touched the lower stratum of the really vital processes. They did not introduce us into the midst of those processes, but showed only the last stage of preparation to which dead matter must be raised before life can seize upon and transmute it, and the first descending grade upon which it falls in death. All above that remained unknown, a region without ideas, almost without facts. Beyond and above, superstition and charlatanry have ruled a wilderness of wonders and delusions; the realm of magic, of mesmerism, of phrenology, of clairvoyance, and the entire accompanying crowd of vital phenomena, the scandal and the horror of savans, and the profitable spoil of travelling empirics.

It is perhaps impossible for any but the experienced to appreciate the position of a savan like the Baron Von Reichenbach, entering, with the torch of observation, into this spectral region; nor does the entire history of modern science offer a more brilliant instance of discovery by the method of induction.

Mechanical attractions are, as we have seen, invariably and immediately *reciprocal*. We venture to assert that, by the discovery of attractions that are *not* immediately reciprocal, Baron Reichenbach has taken the *first step* in the establishment of a science of life. Not that others have not observed the same phenomena, but that Reichenbach was the first to apply the method of induction, by which they are reduced into a scientific order.

The power exerted by the magnet, by crystals, and by other bodies in the *odic* state, over the nervous system of sensitive persons, has been separated by the researches of Reichenbach, not only from magnetism, but from all other forces hitherto known to the scientific world.

Its effects upon the *eye*, in the *odic* lights; its effects upon the nervous and muscular systems, in the attractions described by him;

Its effects upon *taste*, in the *odized* water: all these effects have been analyzed and

classified by the results of more than ten years of experiment, with all the necessary apparatus, and witnessed by persons of all degrees of judgment and knowledge.

The effects of the new force were not, in any case, *reciprocal*, in the experiments of Reichenbach; i. e., the human body was affected by, but did not affect other bodies *odically*. Two material substances were not found, in any instance, *moving* or changing each other *odically*, but only receiving, one from another, the power of affecting the human body.

The odic force was not found to be reciprocal between living and dead, but only between living substances alone, as between the right and left sides of the human body; therefore it cannot be classed among mechanical forces, in the category of gravitation and magnetism. It does not belong to any one of the four orders of physical forces above described and classified; all of these orders being strictly reciprocal.

All chemical changes elicited the odic force; but in no instance was it shown (by Reichenbach) that the odic force directly elicited them.

Electrical, magnetic, thermal, in a word, all internal changes in matter, operate odically upon the human body; but in no case was there a reciprocal effect established or even suspected. Odism is consequently not proved by Reichenbach to be a phase of magnetism, electricity, or of any other physical force.

The similarity of two natures is proved by their reciprocity.

The effects of rays from incandescent bodies upon the eye are not reciprocal; the effect of medicines upon the nervous system are not reciprocal, the medicines acting upon the nerves without being acted upon, as far as we know, in their turn; witness the effects of alcohol, or of a narcotic rubbed upon the skin: the *sensations* of the nervous system, and the interior physiological and mental changes resulting therefrom, are not reciprocal in the order of a magnetic, electrical, chemical, or thermal equilibrium. The physiological does not reciprocate *directly* with mechanical nature, but only with its own kind. Living organized bodies have reciprocities and balances of their own, proper to their spheres; but these are not physical reciprocities.

When the skin is destroyed by the touch

of a hot iron, the thermal and chemical reciprocities and balances of the skin with the hot iron destroy the vital relationships of the particles of skin; and these particles are taken out of the sphere of organization, and fall into the lower sphere of the atomic equilibriums. One set of forces ceases to move them, under the too great intensity of another set. Vital organisms continue their existence and maintain their equilibriums only in a certain range of temperature, and under certain chemical conditions; but these effects are not reciprocal between the vital forces, *as such*, and the forces of the atoms. Organized matter remains chemically and mechanically atomic, as before, and its reciprocities with dead matter are not vital, but only atomic.

A leaf of tobacco, or a few grains of morphine, in simple contact with the mucous membrane, will always produce a sensible derangement of the vital functions, and sometimes suspend them altogether; and so of all other medicines whose action is not chemical or mechanical; but the action is not atomically reciprocal, as far as we know; the medicines do not necessarily undergo *atomic* changes.

The effects of a crystal, or of a glass of water *odized* by a crystal, upon a susceptible human subject, do not seem near so wonderful, and are by no means so universal and powerful, as the contact of morphine or calomel with the mucous membrane of the body.

The contact of rattlesnake's poison with a great nerve will sometimes kill instantly, like a heavy blow upon the brain.

A thousand examples of relation without physical reciprocity might be given, as remarkable, in all respects, as the phenomena of odism. The odic light appeared only to persons of a certain susceptibility, as the odor of roses excites catarrhs only in constitutions apt to be affected by that odor, and in various degrees. The analogy of nature goes with us here, as in other deductions from the experiments of Reichenbach.

Odic phenomena have this peculiarity, however, to separate them from those alluded to, namely, that they are apparently incidental to the form only, and not to the matter; proceeding from nearly all kinds of regular crystals, as well as from chemical and electrical motions.

Animals and vegetables were shown, by

Reichenbach, to be a *source of odism*, or of the odic influences, not from the fact of their being organisms, but from the chemical changes going on within them, in the processes of respiration, solution, digestion, &c. Even in the human organism itself, *odism* betrays a relationship, without mechanical reciprocity, between the inorganic and vital forces. The form of the atoms, their arrangement and vibration in certain lines, as in the galvanic lines in fluids undergoing an electro-chemical decomposition; all arrangements that are *analogous* with those which develop galvanism in general, also develop odism, but independently, and under a different system of laws.

The earth itself, odized by the sun, by the moon, by solutions in its soil, by its magnetic currents, and by a variety of other causes, such as the crystalline structure of its crust, is shown to be the principal source of odic force. The odism of the earth has its poles analogous, but distinguished from the magnetic poles; and the magnetism of the earth giving rise to odic changes, and variations of the odic polarities, was for a long time supposed, by reason of this coincidence of two distinct orders of phenomena, to be the cause of the grand *odic light*, known as the *Aurora Borealis*. Magnetic disturbances in the earth affect the magnetic needle, while they also affect the Northern Lights; and the disturbances of the needle were consequently connected with the appearance of the lights, and these latter immediately classed with electrical and magnetic phenomena, until they were separated and distinguished by Reichenbach.

The classification of substances by their effects upon the nervous system of susceptible subjects, was found to be very nearly the same with the electro-chemical classification of Berzelius. They produced opposite sensations, resembling those of heat and cold; the negative producing cold. The *odic* rays from candles and wood-fires also produced an intense sensation of cold; a hint to all experimenters in this field, to beware of sensational analogies. Pepper on the skin produces all the effects of heat; another deceptive sensational analogy, where there is no chemical action, no "burning."

Through the entire range of Reichenbach's experiments, *not a single authenticated instance appeared of one inorganic body producing atomic changes or vibrations*

odically in another. All the phenomena of odism were physiological. But for this we were already prepared by the unreciprocal action of certain medicines, already noticed. The odic beams of the *Aurora Borealis* move across the heavens with enormous velocity, but they do carry streams of air with them. The odic flames that shoot upward from the poles of a magnet, and which formed a magnificent *aurora* about the poles of Reichenbach's artificial earth, do not carry currents of air: the odism of the earth itself combining with that of an artificial magnet, gave the artificial odic auroral beam an upward tendency, like flame issuing from the mouth of an oven, and curving upward. Yet there was no motion of air itself, but only a motion of the odic light, as of an auroral beam, like a beam of light traversing a cloud of dust. The entire atmosphere about the magnet, as about the human body, or a crystal, or any source of odism, but especially the earth itself, is odized; and, if our eyes were sufficiently delicate, would appear so. The odism communicated to the particles of air and other bodies, makes them faintly luminous; the odic condition passes over from one particle to another, by contact, like heat, but with much greater rapidity, and a luminosity, in most cases, accompanies it.

That these lights were actual luminosities, was shown by collecting them in foci by lenses.

Any source of odism, such as a crystal or magnet, communicated its physiological power to substances held near in the sphere of its influence; but all bodies were not equally susceptible. But the powers thus communicated were not magnetic, nor chemical, nor in any sense mechanical or reciprocal; they were those only of luminosity, and capable of affecting the odic susceptibility in the human nervous system. They were also transient, beginning to pass out of the bodies which had received them, as soon as the active source of the influences was removed.

The experiments of Reichenbach number several hundreds, and a complete analysis of these would occupy ten times the space assigned us for the present exposition. We must, therefore, hasten prematurely, and at the risk of offending our scientific readers, to conclusions that will be much agitated

and discussed before they are either accepted or refused.

1. The experiments of Reichenbach were sensational, and not physical.

Sensational science is in its infancy, and hardly distinguished from physical. There is no treatise of light, as a sensation, except the very crude one of Göethe, which has some good ideas. Wheatstone's beautiful experiments with optical delusions open a new field. There is not even the attempt at an investigation of sensational *heat*, taste, smell, &c.; and some senses, like that by which the body poises itself, have not even a name assigned to them, much less an investigation of their laws. No savan has ventured to ask himself, by what sense the somnambulist walks in the dark. Again we repeat, sensational science is as yet in its infancy. We have occupied ourselves entirely with the physical relations of matter; that is to say, with the reciprocal atomic forces of chemism, mechanism, &c.; and the first analytic inquiries made by any savan concerning the relationship of (physical) chemism, magnetism, thermism, &c., with the nervous organism, (*as such*, and not as mere physical matter,) have been instituted by Reichenbach, and are recorded in the volume before us.

2. The odic force operates primarily on the vital, not upon the *physical* organism. When the odic flame communicated a *cool* or *hot* sensation to the hand, it did not first "heat" or "cool" the hand, physically. The physical *equilibriums* were not disturbed in the human body acted on. The odic condition passes by contact from one particle to another, communicating luminosity, and moves through rods of glass and metal wires, and a variety of bodies, carrying with it luminosity, and a certain power of affecting the nervous organism alone.

3. It is also *radiated* as well as transmitted, as is shown by the effect of sunlight and moonlight odizing plates of copper.

4. Odism is known primarily only by its effect upon the human nervous system. The luminosity of odized air about crystals, over graves, &c., must be regarded as a secondary phenomenon: odism can no more be confounded with light than with heat or magnetism. Odism makes gases luminous, and so also does chemism, as in the combustion of hydrogen; and so also does the electric shock.

5. Odism does *not* pass, like magnetism, through all bodies without obstruction. A magnet operates as powerfully through a stone wall or a vacuum as through air. Odism, on the contrary, traced by the luminosity it confers upon them, moves from particle to particle. It is subject to certain laws of transmission and communication, differing entirely from those of thermism, of magnetism, and of electrism. Odism was proved to be communicable, like magnetism and heat, from one material substance to another; but the proofs of this communication, like the proofs of odism itself, were purely and strictly physiological, and, in that respect, entirely different from those physical and mathematical proofs which are looked for in the science of inorganic forces.

6. All that has been proved by the experiments of Reichenbach is the general fact, that physical changes and motions, electrical, thermal, and chemical, propagate through contiguous matter a certain condition or motion, called by him the odic; of which the effects discovered by him were purely *sensational*; but manifesting a distinct *polarity*, of positive and negative, by contrasted sensations, as of warm and cold; a luminosity of all the colors of the spectrum, having also a polar arrangement; and a positive and negative relationship with the elementary substances, as these are classified by Berzelius.

Thus far the experiments of the now illustrious Reichenbach, the first in this field. He has detained us in this volume along the verge, where sensational arose out of physical phenomena; he discovers effects, but not causes; he shows no physical reciprocity of forces, no equilibriums, no action and reaction of odic forces. From the field which he has cleared for us, we may go forward boldly and securely to the investigation of phenomena still more mysterious and repulsive to the physical mind than those explained and reduced into their order by his accurate and severe deductions. A general survey of the various orders of phenomena which must in future occupy the attention of the physiologist, and whose reduction to their laws will compose the hitherto desired but unattained science of dynamical physiology, will form an appropriate close to this article.

The attention of the curious in scientific matters, in this country as well as in Europe, is at present much more occupied with physiological than with physical phenomena. Physical researches have no longer the attraction of novelty, and the laws of mechanism and electro-chemism have become blended with the mass of ordinary knowledge, and valued for their practical use. Phenomena as singular and inexplicable as the motions of the heavenly bodies, or the vibrations of the magnetic needle, are rising up to notice, and demanding the undivided attention of the scientific mind. Only the first and lowest series of these have been scientifically studied by Reichenbach. The success of that illustrious experimenter has tempted others into the field. The phenomena which must occupy their attention may be rudely classified as follows:

1. "Odic lights," seen by susceptible persons. Sensations communicated by the magnet, by crystals, by the sun, moon, and earth, and by all bodies, whether solid, liquid, or æriform, undergoing any species of physical change. Phenomena investigated by Reichenbach.

2. Phenomena of spontaneous sleep-walking. The earth itself, acting as a source of odic influence, like a powerful magnet, upon constitutions of a certain susceptibility, produces the condition of somnambulism. Effects of moonlight and sunlight upon the human nervous system and brain. The *double state* or condition of double consciousness, induced by physical causes hitherto unexplained, but now, by a rational hypothesis, attributed to what Reichenbach would call odic influences, intermediately physical and physiological. Induction of the "mesmeric" sleep, of catalepses, or rigid spasm, and of trance, by odic influences proceeding from various sources of odism; as from the human hand, or from a crystal.

3. Phenomena of cerebral communication without the intervention of the senses. Public exhibitions of these phenomena are given in all the great cities in all parts of the world. In these exhibitions, great numbers of persons have been found susceptible of trance and cerebral communication. By any cause that suspends thought, and fixes the attention of the subject; but especially by establishing through the nervous system the odic circle of Reichenbach, as by holding the right hand in the left, or by one

person holding the hands of another, right in left, a condition of the brain is induced which enables it to communicate with, and subjects it to, another brain. The communication is established with the operator by the mere contact of his finger with the forehead, or, perhaps, with any portion of the body in which this condition has supervened. Immediately after contact, the brain of the subject is affected by that of the operator, and follows his will and his imagination; the brain of the operator being in its regular or normal state, and not conscious of its own power, except by observing its effects upon the behavior of the subject.

It was shown by Reichenbach that the odic force was communicated along the particles of matter, through air, water, glass rods, wires, &c., by a regular conduction of which the time was observed and measured. It was also shown by him that the human body was itself the most powerful and constant source of odic influence, because of the various processes of digestion, assimilation, circulation, &c., going on in every part of it. The sole evidences of this power given by him, were in certain effects upon the brain and nerves of susceptible patients, ending sometimes in mesmeric sleep and catalepsy, during which, as well as in the wakeful and sensible state, the nerves of the hand, and of other parts of the body, were under the absolute control of a magnet, a crystal, and of other sources of odic power.

When, on the other hand, it is remembered that the control of the entire nervous and muscular system is concentrated in the thinking organ or brain, we have all the *conditions of probability* to form an idea of the nature of the phenomena so commonly witnessed at public exhibitions. Thus:

A magnet or crystal can govern a hand or a foot, operating externally.

A brain already possesses this power over its own proper body, but in a degree infinitely greater than a magnet.

If a living brain were then to operate *odically*, like the magnet, the crystal, &c., it would display a much more complex and complete result, acting by *all* the powers with which it is naturally endowed.

If, then, the subject is in the state necessary for odic susceptibility, and is placed in communication, by contact or otherwise, the

brain of the operator should produce all the phenomena improperly styled "biological," as witnessed at public exhibitions. The existence of a force capable of nervous transmissions has been demonstrated by Reichenbach, but in his experiments only with the simple and physical sources of odism. If the brain itself becomes a source, as it clearly should in certain instances, the brain being the most *active* of all organisms, there is no conceivable reason why the phenomena spoken of should *not* occur; but they *do* occur; *wherefore*, &c.

When the connection (odic) has been once fairly established between one brain and another, we begin to comprehend the possibility of many extraordinary phenomena hitherto regarded as of a magical or spiritual nature; as when the motions of a very susceptible subject respond, at great distances, to the will of an operator, which is only an extended instance of what is daily witnessed by thousands at public exhibitions. It is unnecessary to say, that if the odic power can act through a distance of fifty feet, it may act through much greater distances. The communication once established by touch, we know not how far it is necessary for the operator to withdraw himself, in a given instance, to destroy it. It may remain unbroken for days and weeks, and act over miles of space. Reichenbach's experiments proved the excitability of subjects by a magnet forty or fifty feet distant, with walls intervening; but the force was sensibly weakened by such intervention, and required time to penetrate an obstacle.

4. The most remarkable of all the phenomena of sleep-walking is that of clairvoyance, or sight without vision. The sleep-walker rises in total darkness, and, without the aid of light, indites letters, completes elegant works of art, painting, drawing, needlework, mathematical calculations, &c. At other times, the sleep-walker traverses the most dangerous paths, moving without accident along the eaves of tiled roofs, and accomplishes feats of equilibrium which would intimidate a rope-dancer, while remaining in a state of unconscious somnolency. The brain of the sleep-walker is in perfect sensuous communication with the earth and all objects, but without the ordinary information of the external senses. He does not perceive any thing but the inanimate masses of bodies around and beneath,

and is generally unconscious of the presence of living beings as such, avoiding them only as material obstacles. Sleep-walking, in various degrees, is one of the ordinary phenomena of nervous disease; but the real mystery of sleep-walking, namely, its clairvoyance, is passed over by savans with a discreet silence, at the moment they are covering with ridicule the far less wonderful phenomena of clairvoyance, exhibited by those susceptibles who, with bandaged eyes, read names *through* a card, or give the time in darkness from the odic lights on the dial-plate of a watch.

Many readers will incline with us to believe that the sense which guides the sleep-walker, and enables the susceptible subject, in a clairvoyant condition, to read through a card, is a connection established by the odic power of all bodies between themselves and the brain of the subject; an odism, in short, communicated, like normal magnetism, by the earth itself. And as we know, from the experiments of Reichenbach, that each material substance has its own *specific* odism in relation to the human organism, we need not be surprised to find the susceptible subject distinguishing the forms and qualities of substances one from another, by a sensuous perception wholly independent of the ordinary external senses.

Savans have not *dared* to examine the common phenomena of sleep-walking, under which *all* the disputed "facts" of "mesmerism" are included, and their laws indicated; because, in applying themselves to such an examination, they have found that it would be necessary to originate new ideas of forces, for which the physical sciences have no category. Had they had the courage to do this, Reichenbach's elaborate experiments would not have been needed for the discovery of the only physiological *force* at present known. Reichenbach must be, consequently, regarded as the Newton of physiology, as he first gave us the idea of a force or law controlling the operations of life, on the *basis* of the physical forces, but without their *immediate* intervention.

5. We have no accurate selection and arrangement of facts upon which to establish a scientific *idea* of catalepsy, or of the "mesmeric" or odic sleep, induced by the mesmeric or odic influence. The one well-established and general fact of all these phenomena may be stated as follows: *that*

the nervous organism, in parts and as a whole, may be placed in connection with the earth and all surrounding bodies, at distances not yet ascertained, so as to have an immediate and sensuous knowledge of their forms and qualities; and to act, in regard to them, without the regular information of the senses. This general proposition covers all the sensuous experiments of Reichenbach; all the phenomena of somnambulism, and of genuine clairvoyance; all the commonly exhibited wonders of the "mesmerizers," self-styled "biologists," or "physiological alchemists," together with a vast variety of well-known but hitherto unexplained physiological and psychological phenomena, which the physical philosophers, from inability to explain them by chemism, &c., have studiously shut their eyes upon, or consigned over to the empirics and dealers in humbug. These phenomena, together with the astounding and incomprehensible effects of alcohol, the narcotics, and other physico-physiological wonders, have now to be examined, the first step being already taken by Reichenbach.

Having established the existence of at least one new power, much more universal than gravitation, since it accompanies and is elicited conjointly with *all* the physical forces, and places the nervous organism in immediate sympathy with every motion and change in the material universe, we are not now to busy ourselves with the invention of a quantity of *new* powers, of whose existence we have no proofs; but only to observe how far the one discovered can be carried in explanation of the mysteries of life. The discovery of gravitation harmonized the entire system of the heavens. The discovery of the odic force has already led us to important conclusions, in regard to the connection between life and matter. We can now understand that the nervous organism, in a perfectly healthy condition, is isolated and protected from the influence of the earth and planetary bodies, and that the connection established between the brain and outward nature by the senses, is of a *secondary*, intermediate kind, so adjusted as to be broken off at will, when the safeguard and convenience of the vital system require it. *If the peculiar repulsive and isolating power of the nerves of sense (the periphery of the nervous system) can be abated or suspended, (as it can in a great number of*

persons,) and the defenses of the brain removed, it falls under the nearest external influence; as of a magnet, a crystal, a chemical process, a human hand, or a human brain; and is subjected by this external force, and made to conform to it, whatever be the nature or extent of that force. Among ignorant barbarians, the effects of a dose of morphine or alcohol are as mysterious as the sympathy of two magnets. Magnets act upon each other, not only through spaces devoid of air, but through heavy walls, without regard to the nature of the intervening substance. Nothing is more inexplicable than this, nothing less likely to have been predicted. That a human brain, an organ infinitely more powerful, complicated, and extended in its sphere than a magnet, should be able to affect another brain and nervous system, is, on the contrary, a thing highly probable and predictable. We need not torment ourselves with the improbability of any such phenomena, when we see a simple piece of iron not only giving motion to another piece, at great distances, but throwing the human organism itself into spasms resembling death, by its mere presence.

Unwearied study and observation will be required to separate the *facts* of physiological science from the mass of delusions that have gathered over it, through the interested frauds of mesmerizers and charlatans. Alexis, in Paris, who was able in his youth, in a state of partial somnambulism, to read names through a bandage and several thicknesses of card, by a simple odic perception, now tells fortunes like a common soothsayer in Paris. Savans who occupy themselves in these important researches must either engage secretly, as Franklin did, with his paper kite, when he identified lightning with electricity, or they must patiently endure the stigma of credulity and superstition.

Hitherto we have spoken of a force operating *upon* the nervous system of the human organism, and not of a reciprocal action of the converse of that force (the odic) operating upon inanimate nature. Odism of nature, acting upon the nerves and brain, is a scientific fact, demonstrated by the most elaborate and extended researches that have, as yet, conferred honor upon the name of a physiologist. Odism upon inanimate nature, the power of the brain acting reci-

procally, to produce physical phenomena, should be esteemed among scientific possibilities, but at present holds no higher title to our confidence. It is not, however, without a powerful body of analogies, and a host of crude, disconnected observations to sustain it.

Many experimenters claim, that persons of a certain susceptibility have power to excite magnetism in steel by the touch. If this is true, odism, like light, is indirectly and *secondarily* reciprocal with the electric currents. Odically excited subjects occasionally give out electric sparks.

Odic subjects are able to produce sounds of a very remarkable character, at a distance from themselves, resembling percussion with the fingers upon resonant bodies; an effect for which various explanations have been offered, none in the least degree satisfactory. It is said that Reichenbach has himself undertaken an examination of these

sounds or knockings, to ascertain the law of their production.

The process of assimilation and digestion is certainly a reciprocal action of the animal organism upon the chemical forces, and we see no reason why the chemical forces alone should be subject to this reciprocity. We have entered upon a field of *analogies*: let us beware of conjecture, lest we identify ourselves with the pretentious and the ignorant. Let us have a body of well-substantiated facts, collected by the intelligence of a true savan, who knows how to distinguish physical from physiological phenomena, and upon these step cautiously and modestly upward toward that glorious consummation of knowledge which awaits, if not ourselves, then (let it be) the more fortunate of future generations, who will not confound the modest caution of their predecessors with the dull skepticism of incapacity and envy.

MY FIRST NEW-YORK BILL.

It was not such a very difficult thing, after all; and although I don't intend to tell the reader how it was done, he may take my word for it, that I assured myself of the affection of Clara after the most unequivocal fashion, and thus passed from a state of anxious uncertainty to certain happiness in a very short space of time, and by a method as easy as it was delightful. And if I inform the reader as much as this, that the scene of my declaration was a retired corner of a Western steamboat, and that the subsequent day of happiness was passed upon the decks and in the saloons of that conveyance, keeping, all the while, as near to Clara as possible, he surely ought to be satisfied with the extent of my confessions.

Clara was the daughter of a widely known business man in New-York, and, at the time of which I am speaking, I was partner in a very well-to-do establishment in Louisville, in which we sold any thing and every thing "in lots to suit purchasers." Indeed, I was not ashamed to acknowledge myself a retail merchant, and would not have taken

offense had I heard myself styled a tradesman. Nor on this point was Clara particularly scrupulous. Women, at that time, were more sensible than now, and were not in the habit of accepting or rejecting a lover according to conventional caprice.

Clara took me for what I always, in good faith, thought myself to be, an upright, well-intentioned gentleman, who earned his living honestly, and enjoyed it bountifully, and without blushing at the manner in which it was acquired. I owned a good house, several thriving city lots, and kept a flourishing bank account; and all this, with a prudent woman, was very far from disqualifying me from obtaining favor. Not that she was at all mercenary: a mercenary woman is a monster. Clara was a frank, free, hearty, handsome girl, brimfull of romance and life, had read a vast deal of poetry, and was an excellent musician; but she had no absurd ideas about love in a cottage, or "mutual affection dispensing with the necessity of fortune." She knew that domestic comfort was a large ingredient

in the happiness of two persons who were about committing the serious step of uniting themselves for life; and although she might have accepted me without a copper, she would not have been one half so easy in her mind as in the present case. Nor, on the other hand, would I have enjoyed my present satisfaction. Harassing thoughts about the future would have constantly intruded themselves into my dreams of happiness, and the ominous question, "Well, sir, are you able to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" would have haunted me day and night with resistless pertinacity.

About an hour before the boat was to touch at Cincinnati, where I was obliged to stop, I was sitting with Clara in the saloon, winding up a somewhat lengthy *tête-à-tête*. Clara's aunt, with whom she was travelling, —a good-natured soul, in spectacles, and a brocade dress, single, but by no means suspicious—began, at the very discreet distance at which she kept herself, to manifest signs of impatience.

"Does your father surmise any thing of this?" I whispered to my fair neighbor.

"Nothing whatever. Such a thing as my falling in love has never entered his mind. Nor has your name ever been mentioned to him. I suppose, now, like a dutiful daughter, I must enlighten him."

"Trust your aunt for that," said I; "and besides, it is something which I should prefer to do myself. So let me ask it of you as a favor, for a few weeks at least, not to mention it to Mr. Blanford, and I will be first to communicate the 'alarming intelligence.'"

At this juncture, the worthy soul who had been the sole watch of our proceedings came up and interrupted us.

"Clara, my dear, is your baggage ready? I am really very sorry to take Miss Blanford away, Mr. Jones, but we change boats at Cincinnati, and we are hardly prepared. You mustn't fail to call when you next visit New-York, Mr. Jones; Mr. Blanford and myself will be delighted to see you at any time. Come, Clara."

I expressed myself flattered by the invitation, which I promised to accept; and as the lady who tendered it found it necessary to lead the way out of the saloon, and was for the moment so oblivious of our company as to shut the door behind her, the reader

will not be offended with the slight liberty which the occasion allowed me to take with my intended, especially as the trespass appeared to be readily pardoned by that very amiable individual.

About two months after this date, I woke up from a somewhat unrefreshing slumber, in the sixth or seventh story of the Strangers' Hotel in the city of New-York. The sun had gained the start of me by more than an hour, and was just showing his great red disk over the roof-tops across the way. As most of my readers are acquainted with the peculiarities and the effects of a warm autumn atmosphere in a large and crowded city, I need not describe its condition in an upperstory of a hotel, or my own feelings both of body and mind, after having been subjected to its enervating influences during a night which seemed to me to have been as long as a dozen ordinary nights confused into one. My window was already open, and no further improvement was to be hoped for in that quarter. I made an ineffectual attempt to cool my face and hands with the pint of water which the chambermaid had dexterously contrived to insert into a very narrow-mouthed jug upon the washstand—the days of Croton had not yet arrived—and, hearing the morning bell sounding through the corridors below, descended to breakfast.

An American shows his power of locomotion to its full extent only when he is rushing to his meals, or, as he quaintly expresses it, when he is in a "hurry for his grub." The immense army of boarders at the "Strangers" was equally divided among four large rooms, each paved with marble, and decked in the centre with a huge coal stove, which, I firmly believe, had not been removed during the entire summer. Each stove was circled by a dozen or more individuals, sitting in perfect silence; their heels upon the top of the stove, or resting on the pedestal; one or two of the number reading the morning paper, and the remainder amusing themselves by spitting into the stove doors, of which there were four in its circumference. These persons appeared to be the most indifferent about their breakfast. The other guests were not so easy. It was already some five or ten minutes past seven, and the avenues leading to the dining-hall were lined with hungry boarders.

There was a good deal of muttering, and, I am sorry to say, a trifle of swearing. At last the gong sounded, the halls immediately became black with moving figures, and, not being able to get out of the way, I found myself violently borne through the passage, and jammed into a seat at the table, surprised to find that no one was injured, and that my next neighbor, whom I had caught sight of in the crush, only a few paces off, had already ordered a second cup of coffee, and was transferring to his plate the remains of an omelette which he had devoured by several successive instalments.

I had seen something of "life" at the West, but the manner in which my neighbors ate their breakfast convinced me that I had much to learn. Had I not descended the river the day previous with several tons of produce, I should have imagined that the inhabitants of the "Strangers" were preparing for an immediate famine. A foreigner might have been appalled at their hasty rapacity: to me it was simply ludicrous. But perhaps there were not a dozen persons in the hall who thought any thing about it. The waiters seemed to understand it perfectly, and no doubt congratulated themselves that, if their labors were severe, they were also brief. In five minutes, by the clock, the tables were two thirds cleared, and most of the guests had disappeared. In five minutes more, only a few stragglers were left at a side-table, and I found myself the object of playful remark among a knot of waiters at the foot of the table, who were anxious to remove the cloth. I ordered another cup of coffee, simply to spite the black rascals, and having consumed it, leisurely folded my napkin, rose from the table, and left the "banquet-hall deserted."

It was not till I had nearly finished the morning paper and a cigar, sitting on a sofa by the window, that I became aware of the presence of an individual in a chair near me, evidently waiting a favorable moment to speak. This personage was of a very unreadable physiognomy, and indeed appeared to have succeeded in banishing from his countenance all expression whatever. His face was very sallow, and his hair, which was black and thin, was elaborately curled. His teeth were white, and were set off to good advantage by a pair of dark whiskers. His neckcloth was tied with great care, his linen was spotless, and the

cut of his broadcloth was unimpeachable. He wore a very heavy seal-ring and a massive guard-chain; and it was this latter circumstance only that caused me, in spite of myself, to feel a little uneasy in his society.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Jones," remarked this young gentleman as soon as our eyes fairly met; "it is a pleasure which I hardly expected."

"Indeed!" I gasped, somewhat taken off my guard; "really—it is so long——"

"No apologies, Mr. Jones," interrupted my unknown friend, gracefully extending his hand to mine; "our memories are somewhat treacherous, and we often forget those whom we have known most intimately. I have often had the pleasure of seeing you at Louisville, sir, and at various times, when you have visited New-York, have supplied you with goods. Although I have never personally attended to your wants as salesman, I have cast my eye over your bills, and it gives me much gratification to see you once more in our city;" and, suiting the action to the word, he grasped my hand, and squeezed it most cordially. "Lest you should forget my name," he continued, "I will tender you my card, which you will confer an infinite favor on me by accepting." So saying, he put into my hand the accompanying document:

Mr. Adolphus Greville.

"Upon my word, sir," replied I, making an effort to return the card, "you must have taken me for somebody else. I have never yet, to my knowledge, purchased a bill of goods in this city; nor do I recollect ever having seen you in Louisville."

"I ask a thousand pardons," answered Mr. Greville, in a bland and undisturbed voice; "your name and countenance seemed perfectly familiar, but I was in error. You will not, at least, refuse me the honor of an acquaintance thus strangely begun, though I hope not ended." A low bow succeeded this flattering insinuation.

Who the deuce can this be? I mentally exclaimed. "I am afraid, Mr. Greville," I finally answered, "that, amid the whirl of your business, you will find little time to

devote to so unprofitable an acquaintance as myself." It can't be, I again soliloquized, that I have fallen into the hands of a gambler.

"As for that," replied my mysterious friend, "I have retired from business, as too exciting an occupation, and not affording sufficient scope for the cultivation of refined society. I am at present enjoying a moderate competence, and, having very little to do, was just congratulating myself upon dissipating a few hours of *ennui* by making a short excursion with you through the various localities of—ah—interest in our city."

Good Heavens! I mentally exclaimed, as Mr. Greville finished this fearful oration, a recollection flashing across my mind—Mr. Jones, you are at last in the company of a "drummer."

"And," said Mr. Greville, "I had proposed to myself that we should survey the business arrangements of some of our best mercantile houses. Perhaps," he added, scrutinizing my countenance very carefully, and yet affecting an air of indifference, "perhaps I may be of assistance to you in your purchases. There is a great deal of swindling going on now-a-days," he continued, hitching his chair to my side, and speaking in a whisper, "a great deal of rascality; and I consider it only my duty to caution you against it. With me, sir, with me you will be perfectly safe."

I murmured my acknowledgments. Mr. Greville pulled out his repeater, and declared it to be nine o'clock.

"Very well," I said, "I will go with you."

"Here now is a remarkably fine establishment," exclaimed my companion, after we had proceeded a few rods up the street, "a truly magnificent establishment; a bazaar, sir, a genuine bazaar, stocked with the most seasonable and fashionable goods; and its various departments will amply repay a few moments' examination. I happen also to be slightly acquainted with the proprietors, very gentlemanly men, sir, and—ah—uncommonly easy in their accommodations."

"Ah! Good morning, 'Dolph, my boy," said a fat, dapper little man, rushing up to us; "how do you do? Busy as ever, as you see. Eh! beg pardon, sir;" turning to me; "didn't observe you, being a stranger; buying goods this morning? Magnificent as-

sortment here, on every side; five stories high; do the honors, 'Dolph; nothing accomplished without an acquaintance;" and, without stopping to take breath, the little man seized my hand, and wrung it with a fierceness that caused me almost to doubt his sanity.

"Excuse my negligence," replied the individual thus called upon. "Mr. Jones, let me introduce to you Mr. Osnaburgh, of the house of Tweed, Osnaburgh & Co.: Mr. Osnaburgh, Mr. Jones, of Louisville, merchant; and a deuced close buyer you will find him, I assure you."

"Ah!" exclaimed the little man, rubbing his hands, after relinquishing his hold on my digits, "we must expect to be ruined by these wide-awake customers, and we must bear the misfortune patiently. I see it in your eye, Mr. Jones, that it would be of no use to put you in the hands of one of my salesmen; you would be too sharp for him—too sharp—much too sharp, Mr. Jones. I will make you out your bill myself. And now, what shall we go at first, Mr. Jones? Here are our calicoes," pointing to the heaps of prints that reached on all sides to the wall; "farther on are our woollens," dragging me deeper into the store; "beyond, lace goods, trimmings; above, clothing—clothing, sir, for an army, especially adapted to the Southern and Western trade. Mr. Greville, you will be kind enough to accompany Mr. Jones and myself, if you please. This way, sir; the hosiery department, saxony, lambs' wool, all styles; silks at the other end. Don't wonder at your admiring that case of prints, sir; newest pattern, warranted fast colors; terms made easy, sir; or would you prefer dealing for cash, or short paper?"

"Really, sir," I replied, "I can hardly say just at present. I came out this morning entirely unprepared for buying; but I have generally bought at twelve months."

"Humph!" said the little man, slowly drawing in his breath, "it makes a difference—a mere trifle, indeed; still, a difference. We must use a little caution, sir, simply for formality; entirely for form's sake, my dear sir; but, as I was saying, in such cases, it is advisable to have a reference or two, so that, if any thing should happen—you understand me, sir, you comprehend me perfectly."

I certainly did comprehend him, and I

also observed that Mr. Greville had managed to slip away from me, and was now leaning over the desk at one side of the store, talking furtively with an individual with spectacles and round shoulders, who could have been none other than the "Co." Stepping behind a pile of calicoes, out of their sight, I detained the little man in conversation, and kept my ears open to what was passing between the parties at the desk.

"Twelve months' paper," said I, "can surely be easily negotiated in this city."

"Are you certain about your man, Bags?" whispered the "Co."

"Your references, I am to understand, are undeniable," observed the little man, whom I had got fast by the button-hole.

"Know the name well enough," said the euphonius Greville, *alias* Bags, "but curse me if I am so positive about the man. Rooms in the sixth story of the hotel, and doesn't drink. Took his valise in his hand from the carriage, and gave the waiter a quarter this morning for blacking his boots. Says he never bought a bill of goods in the city before."

"I omitted," I continued, "on coming from home, to procure references; and being just started in business, I am afraid you will hardly consider me responsible."

"I guess you have made a bad job of it this time, Bags," growled the Co.; "Osnaburgh is dicking with him yet, and it doesn't usually take *him* long to decide whether a man is all right or not."

"We are obliged to be very cautious," said the little man, growing restive, and endeavoring to break loose; "we have suffered several serious losses lately, and we should hesitate to make you a bill on the terms you propose."

"I don't like the looks of things myself," muttered Bags. "Never once thought, upon my word, of pumping him on his references. Don't believe any body in town knows him. Heard him saying something about twelve months just as I left him. Bags must give up this time, and try again."

"You see, sir," broke in the little man, "we *must* be cautious. I don't doubt your intentions, sir, but I can't imagine how you *could* have expected to make a bill without references."

"I don't know," said I, "that I have requested you to sell me any goods."

"What!" roared my captive, fairly jumping to get rid of my grasp, "didn't you tell Ba—— ah, that is, Mr. Greville—that you wanted to buy goods, and was able to pay for them? If you didn't come here for goods, what the deuce *did* you come for?"

"I came in," replied I, "to pass a few spare moments in inspecting your house, solely at the request of your highly accomplished friend, Mr. Adolphus Greville, who, I take it, is better known among his acquaintances as plain Bags, drummer by profession, and not always successful in his calling."

"If the gentleman means to insult me," exclaimed the martial Bags, stepping down among the calicoes, "then"—

"Then what?" I observed, turning quickly about, and looking him in the face.

"Then I shall regard him with silent contempt," continued Bags, suddenly stopping short.

By this time a knot of clerks and buyers had gathered around, and I found myself the object of a greater number of observations than was altogether pleasant. The tendency of remark was not at all unflattering to myself, and if I had had any other feelings towards poor Bags than those of genuine pity at his being so effectually exposed in his miserable calling, I should have felt a little exultation at the very disparaging sentiments uttered concerning him by the bystanders. But I felt it was time to bring the scene to a close. So I released the little man, who had been writhing most painfully in my grasp during the last ten minutes, and drew out my pocket-book.

"In the first place," said I, "let me hand you my card—William Jones, merchant, Louisville; and now, though I don't intend to buy any of your goods, and haven't any references to show, I must satisfy you that I could have made a profitable bill with you, if I had wished it, and you had given an opportunity. Please examine this slip of paper," I continued, handing him a draft; "you will see it entitles me to two thousand dollars at the Bank of New-York; not a very large sum, perhaps, in the eyes of the owner of so amplified and tasteful an establishment as the one in which I am now standing; but yet a comfortable sum for a man destitute of 'references.' Then," said I, "I have, in addition, a few bills; examine them. I

am not afraid to put them in the hands of so responsible an individual as yourself. I hope now that you are satisfied of my capability of becoming a customer; and if you will return me my draft and notes, I shall be happy to bid you good morning, wishing you all success, and leaving my especial regards for your disinterested friend, Mr. Bags;" and I bowed myself into the street.

Late in the afternoon, having given my final order to a very obliging, but somewhat tired salesman, Mr. Blanford, ready dressed for his homeward journey up town, came up to me as I was leaning against a pile of prints, and said, "What! Mr. Jones, finished so soon? Is there nothing more you want?"

"There is only one thing more I stand in need of," I replied.

"Eh, Roberts, find out what Mr. Jones wishes."

"I am afraid Mr. Roberts will not be able to attend to my wants just now. I will call perhaps to-morrow."

I called again next day, but not to inquire after goods. During the evening, I had visited Mr. Blanford's house, much to his surprise. My appearance also seemed to astonish Miss Clara. This was the more strange, as she and I had arranged my visit only a day or two previous. Mr. Blanford and myself found it necessary to go into the library for a short consultation; and when we reappeared in the parlor, you would have said that, considering the usual

discontented appearance of fathers-in-law, he looked remarkably well for one who was about to undertake that relation. Clara cried most dutifully, and I did my best to console her; and the old gentleman having occasion to pay a short visit to a neighbor, I am happy to say that, before he returned, my efforts had been perfectly successful.

A few days since, I advertised for a salesman, (for I must inform the reader that Clara's father would never wholly part with her, and that, in consequence, I exchanged my Western connexions for the metropolis,) and among the applicants was an individual whom I thought I had known before, and, as appearances indicated, in more prosperous days. It was no other than Mr. Adolphus Greville, who had lost his former "situation," and, having taken to drinking, had not yet been lucky enough to get another. I was forced to tell him that an engagement with Mr. Greville was impossible, but that if Mr. Bags would sign the temperance pledge, I would see what I could do for him. Mr. Bags accordingly returned in the course of a week, bearing a certificate of admission to the Order of the "Sons," and is now serving a six months' probation as light porter, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers, having no desire to reenact his former profession of drummer to country merchants without references.

J A P A N—T H E E X P E D I T I O N .

OFF the eastern coast of Chinese Tartary, and separated from the mainland by a sea of five hundred miles average width, a range of islands extends in a semicircular form from the thirtieth to the fifty-fourth degree of north latitude. Four of these islands are of conspicuous size, and stand prominently forth upon the smallest map of the eastern continent. The sea about and between them is marked by four thousand much smaller islands, which, with the quartett of their larger neighbors, make up the empire of Japan.

The accounts which the adventurous travellers of various ages furnish us respecting distant and partially civilized nations are often highly amusing. The details of savage life are simply repulsive; but our smiles are frequently provoked at the uncouth and unreasonable attempts made by nations struggling into civilization to assert their place in the better ranks of humanity. The idea of the ancients touching the antipodes was very far from being irrational. There was something intuitive in their belief that the men who lived on that side of the globe opposite or below themselves walked on their heads instead of their feet, swallowed their food upward instead of downward, and talked backward instead of forward, if, indeed, they talked at all. The ancients were credulous, but their credulity was limited. They almost transcended their own faith when they believed that men on the surface of the globe below them hung off into the air, and walked and lived in this unnatural state of suspense. Monsieur Jacob, however, and the man at the Museum, have done all this in our own day. But what would the ancients have said had they been told of nations who squeeze the heads of their children into triangles to make them symmetrical; who reckon murder and self-torture as the rarest of amusements; who esteem earth-worms as the most delightful of luxuries, and would hang Lyon, the rat-killer, by the heels, as a direct robber of the delicacies of their larder; or who live ten months of the twelve in holes dug in the

snow, and speak with compassion of those unfortunate beings who are compelled to enjoy the warmth, eat the fruits, and drink the wines of the southern latitudes? Parts of these and similar narratives they would have declared impossible, most of them improbable, and all of them ridiculous. In comparison with ourselves, the ancients knew very little. With human follies and weaknesses they were but slightly acquainted. The satirist of our polished nation, however, has an abundant field for the exercise of his talent at home, and by widening his researches among other and less highly civilized countries, he can gather the materials of manifold and exhaustless amusement.

But in his fertile range he will sometimes fall in with a desert. There are some men on whom or with whom it is impossible to be witty. There are some nations with whom satire is at fault. They furnish few materials for mirth. Their history is as tedious as the biography of a Saxon prince. Neither in their manners nor their literature would you discover any recognition of the faculty of laughter. They seem to have been produced merely to populate a given portion of the soil; and when you have packed a thousand years of their existence into a few sentences, you have earned the everlasting gratitude of your readers. If you apply at the Circulating Library for a history of their "Manners and Customs," for the purpose of talking down a professor at an evening party, you involuntarily select the smallest volume offered. You congratulate yourself that there is no danger of an invasion from so stupid a race of beings, and never cease your devout thanks that no accident of birth put you within the range of their leaden influences.

As we feel safe from the wrath of the Japanese, we will apply these characteristics where they especially belong. Beyond all civilized nations, of whom we have any accounts, the Japanese are the least interesting. They are, for that matter, about on a level with the Feejees of the South Seas,

or the Esquimaux of the northern continent. So grossly have they abused their privileges, we are inclined to rank them even below these very inferior portions of our human brotherhood. Inhabiting a fertile country, and possessed of the elements of a civilization which seems, whatever may have been its origin, to have been capable of indefinite progression, they have blocked the rest of the world wholly out from any intercourse with themselves, and have grown gray in national stupefaction. Some centuries ago, they expelled the Portuguese, the only nation with whom they allowed traffic, from their ports. At a comparatively recent period, they opened a harbor to the Dutch ships alone. The accounts given by the Portuguese then, and by the Dutch now, so nearly tally, that the different sketches, if read by one unacquainted with their respective dates, would be pronounced to be contemporaneous records. In fact, the Japanese hardly go forward a year during a century.

The sullen and malignant humor, for which we have all along given the Japanese credit, has, indeed, formed the chief point of interest in their history. It has been difficult to say how much of this is true, and how much apocryphal. But our navigators, with their peculiar habits of belief, have spoken of a shipwreck on the coast of Nippon or of Saghalien as the most terrible disaster which could befall the mariner. The most facetious cruelty, it was said, was practised upon any one who had been spared by the waves to the tender mercies of the Japan islander. His nose was amputated, and his ears cut close to his head. His alternate fingers were dexterously removed, and his feet were deprived of even the semblance of toes. Sometimes his cheeks were drilled, and sometimes his eyelids were sewed together. Mangled after one or another of these fashions, he was exhibited from town to town as a specimen of the physical education of foreigners, and as a warning to all beholders how they ever suffered themselves to contemplate the admission of such outlandish customs. What eventually became of these unfortunate witnesses to that "barbarian" system of decoration, in which the Japanese of the inland so firmly believed, no one could say. It was sometimes hinted that they were made the subjects of cannibal appetite, and the mildest form of death imagined for

them was held to be torture, inflicted by some one of those ingenious methods for which, in cases of criminal punishments, the Japanese executioners are so deservedly remarkable.

It would be unjust to the Japanese to deny them the merit of these *recherché* cruelties altogether, however much they may have been magnified by the nautical imagination. In matters of revenge, the reverse of the golden rule is always to be expected, and we may fear that others will do to us as we have done to them. An honest Dutch traveller, Dr. Van Siebold, who has written a book upon Japan, was present at the shipwreck of a Japanese vessel upon the coast of China. There were no inhabitants within many miles, and the crew of his own vessel were the only individuals who could possibly give assistance to the drowning Japanese. The latter were with difficulty saved, since they obstinately preferred to drown rather than fall into the hands of strangers. Such an incident may hardly be worth relating, but it gives rise to a conjecture touching the grounds of that belief which the mariners of other nations indulge respecting Japanese clemency. Were the Japanese accustomed to observe the rites of hospitality, their sailors would not be apt to prefer going to the bottom of the sea rather than escape on a strange shore or a strange vessel. Their government also makes it a high offense to accept foreign hospitality, and cannot, therefore, be supposed to be very liberal in tendering its own.

Of a past instance of national malignance of disposition, not unparalleled, it must be owned, in the history of other nations, we have better proof. For many years, the Dutch residents, and such of the Japanese as had been deflected from their national religion by the Jesuit missionaries, were required to abjure Christianity by insulting the figure of Christ and the Virgin, or be put to death. St. Francis Xavier, known as the most successful apostle of all whom the modern Church has canonized, having obtained admission to Japan, converted in a short time some two hundred thousand of the natives. As soon as St. Francis was out of the way, the government attempted to convert them back again, giving them the alternative of trampling on the cross or of being tortured. The Jesuits assert that scarce an instance of apostasy occurred. When the

Japanese were tired of torturing and slaughtering—a weariness which their national idiosyncrasy put off till a very late period—the remaining multitudes were locked up in prison, and kept at hard work, until the appetite for execution should revive again. At the present day, every Japanese is required to prove his non-Christianity by insulting the cross. The Dutch have but recently escaped the choice between this ordeal and being baked in hot ashes, or converted into crucibles for the reception of melted copper.

To add to the difficulties which one encounters in the attempt to render these ferocious islanders a matter of interest to his readers, most of the accounts we have of them are derived from Dutchmen. The Dutch are a very well-behaved nation, and we would hesitate to accuse them of any great national crimes; but candor compels us to the statement that they are as heavy in mind as they are ponderous in body, and that the reading of one of their books is but one degree removed from the hot ashes and crucible operations just mentioned, or the famous *hara-kiri*, which a Japanese performs on himself when his wife has proved unfaithful, or when he has dishonored his promissory note. A Dutch writer labors under a “feeling sense of his responsibility,” and, like a solemn believer in the doctrine of remote influences, is careful how he compromises his dignity. He gravitates continually, and each successive chapter of what he writes is a serious accumulation upon the foregoing matter, not to be lightly or unthinkingly passed over. A translation does him no good. He is too well ballasted to be swamped by a voyage into a foreign language. We will change the figure, and compare his luckless translator to the adventurous Sindbad, staggering under the weight of the old man of the sea whom he cannot shake off, and who grows heavier and heavier each moment he is carried.

Dr. Van Siebold seems to have been the coryphæus of stupid Dutchmen, and his translator has been fairly smothered. Removed to the third degree, we ourselves experience a depression; and, although vastly more exempt from his influence, we doubt not our readers feel the presence of the incubus. Many thousand years ago, before the days of modern authorship, the patriarch exclaimed in bitterness of soul, “O that

mine enemy would write a book!” The enemies of Van Siebold have full satisfaction in the heartfelt execrations which we are mentally heaping on the author of the work over which we have several times fallen asleep, that our readers might know something about Japan.

Dr. Van Siebold sailed from Holland in 1835 with a Dutch deputation. He has given us very few details of his voyage, probably for the reason that he was too seasick to write.

Off the coast of China, as we have mentioned, his crew rescued a party of Japanese sailors; and on his entrance into the harbor of Nagasaki he was received with more cordiality than if he had done the Japanese no favors, although for a similar kindness an American or an Englishman might have rendered himself liable to being hung by the heels, or paraded through the rural districts with the embellishment of a slit nose, or a pair of feet made a trifle shorter than the measure prescribed by nature.

On coming to anchor, Dr. Van Siebold’s vessel was boarded by a company of Japanese officers and interpreters. With great modesty, our traveller avers that the interpreters spoke better Dutch than himself, and immediately declared their disbelief of his being a native of Holland. He assured them, however, that he spoke a Dutch *patois*, and by dexterously flattering them on the purity of their accent, succeeded in satisfying them as to his citizenship. The Bibles and guns—in all exploring or colonizing expeditions Bibles and guns go together—were removed from the vessel, and she was towed safely to the dock. The land rises in terraces from the water, and in contemplating the fair prospect before him, the worthy Dutchman breaks out into the following majestic platitudes:

“The bay becomes more animated as we approach the town, and offers, on both sides, the most delightful variety of objects. How picturesque those green mountain tops, with their volcanic formation! How luxuriantly do those ever-green oaks, cedars, and laurels clothe the declivity! What activity, what industry does nature thus tamed, as it were, by the hand of man, proclaim! As witness those precipitous walls of rock, at whose feet corn fields and cabbage gardens are won in terraces from the steep; witness the coast, where cyclopean bulwarks set bounds to the arbitrary caprice of a hostile element!”

Here some fresh cabbages came on board,

and the admiring Doctor went down to dinner.

The place of landing is not Nagasaki proper, but Dezima, a small island near at hand, connected with the town and mainland by a bridge a few rods in length. A high wall, however, is interposed between the town and Dezima, by which all ocular scrutiny on the part of the Dutch is effectually cut off. The number of European residents on the island is limited to eleven: the president of the mercantile establishment, the overseer, a book-keeper, a physician, and seven clerks and porters. No attendants are allowed, native or foreign; the inhabitants of the island, as our traveller pathetically avers, are "left without the means of even getting the tea-kettle boiled for their evening tea," and their only companionship is found in the society of Japanese ladies of dubious virtue, who are exempt from the regulations by which their less complying sisters are restricted, and who, both on the mainland and the island, appear to enjoy peculiar immunities.

With each arrival of merchandise at the island, a great deal of formality takes place between the Japanese authorities and the Dutch president. In this formality the overseer and book-keeper are made to join, and we do not doubt that the clerks and porters come in for their full share of diplomatic obsequiousness. The Governor concludes his mandates, whenever a vessel sails, after the following fashion:

"These imperial commands you will duly observe, and the President will moreover command the Netherlanders who remain behind to behave well."

Whereupon the compliant Dutchman responds:

"I shall duly observe the imperial commands made known to me, and communicate them to the High Government at Batavia. Moreover, I will command the Netherlanders who remain behind to behave well."

Little danger, however, is to be apprehended by the Japanese from the insurrection of a book-keeper and half a dozen clerks who are not allowed to set foot on the mainland without permission. So jealous are the authorities of their commercial guests that a separate petition must be drawn up, and all the formalities of a presentation must be gone through with, before

any one of the Dezima colonists is allowed to visit Nagasaki even for a few hours. Van Siebold obtained this permission after a somewhat tedious delay, and, having wandered through the town and neighboring country, devotes a great many tedious pages to the recital of his observations.

Van Siebold admires the rural taste of the Japanese in laying out pleasure-grounds in the rear of their houses; and is peculiarly affected by the religious zeal which they manifest in building temples, there being no less than sixty-one in the small town of Nagasaki. He rambles into the tea-houses, of which there are seven hundred and fifty in the town, and which afford peculiar attractions to the Nagasakian disciples of Pericles. There is no Maine law in Japan; and the people are passionately fond of dancing, so that the tea-houses are very well patronized. They are under the direct license of government, and are frequented by all classes of citizens.

A day or two after, our traveller witnesses a Japanese military inspection, with which our annual militia trainings might bear some comparison. The procession extends through a dozen pages, and we give a specimen of its organization.

"Eighteen huntmen in flat straw hats.

"Six huntmen with metal blunderbusses.

"The Burgomaster, Vaksizi Kuizaymon Sama, on horseback.

"A *tcha-binto* or tea-equipage, consisting of two cases hanging on the opposite ends of a pole, the one containing fire, and a kettle of hot water, the other the remaining requisites for drinking tea at any moment.

"The Burgomaster, Firamats Kifey Sama, on horseback.

"Fourteen servants, each with two swords.

"Ten huntmen with common blunderbusses.

"Six ditto with blunderbusses of extraordinary size," &c.

Certainly an array of blunderbusses, hot tea-kettles, and fat burgomasters with unpronounceable names, calculated to terrify all barbarians who might chance to behold it.

The periodical journey to Jeddo was the great event of our Dutchman's visit. To offer homage and presents, at the new year, to the head of the empire, at Jeddo, is esteemed the highest honor that can befall native or foreigner, and this honor Van Siebold was permitted to share with two other members of the establishment.

The journey from Dezima to Jeddo is estimated at about one thousand miles, and is divided into three portions: the land journey upon the island of which Nagasaki is the chief town; the sea voyage through an archipelago of small islands to Nippon, and the second land journey, across Nippon to Jeddo; the whole occupying about seven weeks.

Despite the Dutchman's ponderous style, and his prosaic way of mentioning nature, the many attractions of this journey force him into certain romantic passages, which sheer stupefaction at his own brilliancy could alone have kept him from afterward expunging. He ascends mountains, verdurous from base to summit, and overlooking vast portions of sea and land; he traverses defiles bristling with toppling rocks and crossed by rapid and often swollen torrents; he discovers great trees scored by the knives of travellers three hundred years before, each capable of containing a dozen or two of men within its ample hollow; he crosses a sea thickly set with fruitful and lovely islands; is ferried over rivers whose beds are yellow with gold, and is carried on men's shoulders over torrents whose fury renders either bridge or ferry impracticable; winds cautiously around the craters of volcanoes; and creeps up the long sloping ridge of an immense sierra, until, on the forty-eighth day of his journey, he reaches the famous and populous capital of Japan.

Into the wearisome detail of ceremony, through which our traveller was obliged to pass, we have no inclination to enter. The formalities exacted by the supreme lord of the Japanese, from those who attain to the high honor of admission to his presence, seem even beyond those demanded by a Chinese Emperor. The deputation, having consumed some three or four days in smoothing the way for their final introduction to his Japanese Majesty, delivered themselves of their brief messages, and were summarily dispatched homeward; so summarily, indeed, that Van Siebold's description of the great Jeddo is cut short before it is fairly commenced. Of the immense size of the town, however, he is able to speak in tolerably definite language; and, making every allowance for exaggeration, we must imagine that Jeddo cannot contain less than three millions of souls.

Van Siebold's personal investigations into

the manners of the Japanese seem to have ceased with his return from Jeddo, and in the remainder of his book he has drawn his information from Japanese histories, and from conversations with those of the natives who were allowed to visit him within his confined quarters at Dezima. Accordingly, that part of the volume is of little interest, and, with the reader's permission, we will drop it altogether.

A good deal of feeling has been occasioned throughout the country by the departure of a portion of the United States Navy for the Japanese Islands. Before the object of this expedition was generally understood, the public ear was daily distracted with the most absurd and contradictory statements, in which the Administration came in for its full share of misrepresentation. At one time, the most blood-thirsty orders had been given to Commodore Perry. At another time, secret commands had been issued to occupy the Sandwich Islands, and dispossess the Nephew of his Uncle from the slight foothold he has acquired in that delightful nook of the Pacific. Then again, China was the real destination of the squadron; and our next information was, that the squadron was not to sail at all; until, finally, we were very glad to see our journalists disposed to state the true aim and end of the expedition which is now in progress.

While the public mind was in this state of uncertainty, we were not at all surprised at the tone of foreign, and especially of English journals, with reference to the expedition. Our neighbors, of necessity, knew much less about the matter than we, but the information of which they were in possession was sufficient to indicate the course which they should pursue. Having, indeed, their conclusions drawn ready to hand, and not being at all scrupulous at distorting facts so as to suit their own peculiar wishes, they found themselves in a position to bestow upon us a portion of magisterial advice, which was as dangerous in its intentions as it has proved itself to be utterly uninfluential in its results.

Foremost in pressing its sage conclusions was the London *Times*. The *Times* is the most influential journal abroad; and although it locates Harrisburg in Georgia,

and styles our friend of the *Tribune* Horace Gruby, and congratulates little Mr. Walker upon his bright prospects for the next Presidency, its opinions are never undeserving of at least a hearing. But its articles relating to the Japan Expedition were a mere tissue of foggy deceit, which would have been still more deceitful and dangerous had their writer been in possession of a greater amount of knowledge. We quote one of these articles entire, and beg the reader to mark its arguments and its tendency:—

“The empire of Japan has long remained a sealed book to the various nations of the civilized world. The rulers of that rich and populous country have for a long period continued to act on maxims of exclusiveness so complete as to put even the policy of the court of Pekin to shame. There is but one European people—the Dutch—with whom they have consented to hold the most modified intercourse; and that intercourse has been limited to the admission of two ships annually from Batavia into the port of Nangasaki. The value of both cargoes is said to amount to about \$300,000. We have lying before us an account current of the Dutch consignments and returns for a particular year. We find the imports into Japan consist of sugar, tin, cotton thread, black pepper, cloves, seed cloves, lead, sapanwood, Patna chintz, cloths, woollens, camlets, and a few minor articles of the like description. The return cargo is in the main made up of copper and camphor. In former days Japanese exports included timber, wheat, rice, cotton, silk, ambergris, &c. Nor has the rigid policy of exclusion been applied only to the nations of the Western world. All Eastern peoples, with the single exception of the Chinese, have been put under the ban of the Japanese empire. Ten Chinese junks are annually admitted into the port of Nangasaki, as a set-off against the two Dutch ships from Batavia. But for these trifling exceptions, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, the empire of Japan might as well have no existence. *It is a fair question how far any tribe or race of human beings possesses the right of excluding the rest of mankind from all participation in the benefits to be derived from an extensive and beautiful region.* That it abounds with mineral and vegetable productions, and is admirably adapted for carrying on commercial intercourse with advantage to the inhabitants and profit to the rest of mankind, may not affect the properties of the problem, but at least it quickens our desire for a solution. Is this right of exclusion founded on reason or on force? If on reason, we should be curious to see the arguments by which it can be maintained. If the right of exclusion is simply the right of force, why, let those who appeal to such a principle be prepared at all times to make it good. They may feel well assured that, some time or other, their pretensions will be put to the test. In any case, they can lay little claim to sympathy. They have, by their own acts, put themselves out of the pale of the great

brotherhood of nations. *They have refused all aid to others; how can they ask it for themselves?*

“The Tartar dynasty had long contrived to exclude the world from any but the most humiliating intercourse with China. That pretension has been set at rest for ever by the operations of the British forces. Now it would seem the term of civilized exclusion from Japan is at hand, although, happily, we are not in this instance to be the executioners. The expedition is to be undertaken by the United States. If carried out in a spirit of humanity and sound policy, without unnecessary waste of life, and under the full impression that the agents of the government, and not the great mass of the population, are in fault, *Commodore Perry will be backed by the sympathies of all European nations.* That our friends on the other side of the Atlantic are in good earnest, sufficiently appears by an announcement which will be found in another portion of our columns this day. The enterprise is undertaken by the government at Washington, and one of the best officers on the navy list of the United States has been appointed to the command. The squadron will consist of the *Susquehanna*, steam frigate, which is now cruising in the Eastern waters, and of the steam frigates *Mississippi* and *Princeton*; a frigate, a sloop of war, and a store ship. The officers intrusted with the command can have little difficulty in dictating their own terms, both at Nangasaki and Jeddo, with such a power at their disposal. An expedition against Japan is a much simpler affair than our own operations in China. We are not, indeed, sufficiently aware of the internal politics of the country to know whether or not the Emperor of Japan has as much to dread from his own subjects, in case of reverses, as his Celestial cousin at Pekin. The Japanese are, undoubtedly, a more military nation than the Chinamen; but it is not likely they can offer any effective resistance against the howitzers and rocket-tubes of the United States squadron. Above all, the operations can be mainly conducted without quitting the sea-coast. The surveys of the Nangasaki waters have been very carefully made. The United States whaling ships are intimately acquainted with the navigation along the eastern shore of Japan, and so through the Straits of Sangara, which divide Nippon from Jesso. Whatever else of this kind may be necessary, is easily to be accomplished by the armed boats of the expedition.

* * * * *

“Enough has been said to show that *public opinion in England will run in favor of the expedition which is about to sail from New-York.* It should not, however, be forgotten, that both humanity and policy recommend moderation in the midst of success. Wiser maxims than of old are now beginning to prevail among civilized nations; mere territorial acquisitions are known to yield but slender gains. If only we can establish a free commercial intercourse with Asiatic nations, conquests must be regarded as mere burdens. *We can have little doubt but that the United States expedition against Japan will prove the counterpart of our own late operations in China. May Commodore Perry and his forces meet with a like success, and*

use it to as good a purpose."—*London Times*, March 26, 1852.

There is something in this article to set us thinking. The English press—for the great mass of the English journals have echoed the sentiments just quoted—has endeavored and is endeavoring to flatter us into the perpetration of a violence which the Administration has had no intention of committing, and which the nation would not have suffered to be put in operation. The English are not a sentimental people, but they like sympathy. They wish to keep on good terms with us, since, in spite of their prejudices, they find us very pleasant neighbors. They have, at the same time, indulged in various national peccadilloes, in which they desire the countenance of the world, and especially of the United States. A little injustice on our part, here and there, draws the bonds of affinity closer between themselves and us, and puts both nations on a more equal footing in point of morality. A series of measures committed by the United States upon a foreign and less civilized nation, corresponding to the policy of England in India or China, would insure a reciprocity of feeling such as at present does not exist, and which, if once induced, would bear the English out before the world with twice the influence they now possess. The English do not wish to see us fall into disaster or disgrace. They never wish to see our national downfall. But their foreign policy has lost that purity which belongs to ours, and which seems inherent in its very nature; and they are uneasy at the contrast. They are not unwilling that we should lose a portion of our conscience. Hence, while our inbred vices are lashed without compunction, we are never cautioned against dubious measures in our policy abroad, and as soon as an opportunity offers, we are plied with a delicate flattery, the object of which is not concealed so effectually that it cannot be discerned. In view of the tone of the English press with reference to the Japan expedition, we cannot resist the conclusion that forcible measures, on the part of the United States, towards opening the ports of Japan, would be agreeable to the English people.

A portion of the quotation we have given would be amusing, were it not for the grim and blood-thirsty satire that seems to lie

beneath it. The American expedition, it is thought, will "prove the counterpart of our own late operations in China." Deliver us, we fervently exclaim, from this raw-head and bloody-bones jester of the *Times*, who recommends us to use a "spirit of humanity" in our intercourse with the Japanese islanders, and then, diverging to the welcome topic of the "howitzers and rocket-tubes" with which the United States squadron is supposed to be furnished, winds up with the remark, that our operations will "prove the counterpart" to the cruelties of the English in China. The genius which prompted a prophetic expression like this equally astonishes us, whether we contemplate its sublime impudence or its grisly and malignant humor.

We are happy to inform our sympathizing friends across the water, that the United States is not at present emulous of imitating the example which Great Britain has displayed in her foreign policy, and least of all do we intend to establish a counterpart to the English operations in China. The Japanese are a rude, intractable nation; selfish, unsocial, and uninteresting; the devotees of a system of religion destitute of joy, and remarkable only for those austerities which render worship a rarity and a penance; and, more than all, are suspected of an inhospitableness far beyond that of which we have read in the history of any civilized nation, and by which, if it actually exists as stated, and as we have reasons for believing, they would be effectually shut out from the pale of human brotherhood. Yet we do not know that all this is a reason why we should make war against them, or should even set ourselves in that hostile attitude towards them into which other nations, whose foreign policy has been less pure than our own, would tempt us.

Setting aside the many difficulties with which military operations on our part against Japan would be surrounded; the great expenses in which we should become involved by prosecuting so distant and tedious a war; and the chances of defeat, which, after all, would assume a very imposing attitude; there is not only no necessity for any such belligerent operations, but they are entirely contrary to the spirit of our institutions. Once only in our national existence have we been drawn into the commission of a similar error, and from this we

retraced our steps before the gateway of honor was fairly lost sight of. We were unjust to Mexico, but we amply indemnified her for the injuries which we caused her to suffer. Our national spirit would not allow us to persevere in the oppression which we had unthinkingly commenced. Nor was the nation in that instance so much to blame as the Executive. We maintain now, what we asserted in the columns of this Review during the administration of Mr. Polk, that the great body of the people were opposed to the Mexican war. They would be equally opposed now to a war with Japan. But we can congratulate them on an administration that has no intention of provoking their righteous indignation by outraging a weaker nation, about whose alleged offenses there is certainly much doubt.

The principle for which we contended at the time of the Mexican war has lost none of its force. We have referred to the sentiment of this journal as then expressed, and we offer no apology for quoting a single sentence, containing the essence of a principle which we pray this nation may never again lose sight of:

"The States of this Union, as they are founded in principles the most elevated that human nature can attain, as they are a union of private and State liberties with equality of rights, are bound, in their treatment of foreign nations, to observe a conduct dictated by the principles to which they owe their existence. If the properties and liberties of our own, then the properties and liberties of the citizens of other nations, must be held also inviolable. If the States of this Union claim a perfect independence and equality, each in their own limits, the States of other Republics must be admitted to the same equality. If the nation claim the public domain by an indefeasible right, they must accord the same right to other nations, especially republics, over their domain.

"If, on the contrary, each citizen of the Union considers himself as holding his property from his State on sufferance, and at the will of the government; if he regards his life as subject to the will of a superior power; if the States of the Union look upon themselves as enduring but a little while, like a disreputable chartered company, liable to dissolution; if the citizens of a nation look upon themselves as subject to the autocracy of the States, and liable to be severed from the protection of the whole by the will of a part, and no wrong done; why, then, it were difficult indeed—with no private or public rights, no liberty, no nationality, no State, all floating in a godless chaos of accident and policy—it were then hard indeed for even the true man to find a reason, and say why wars of robbery and conquest should not be pursued by this Union. But, thanks to

God and our fathers, it is not so; we have a light to guide us, a greater than the light of experience, namely, the light of principle, whose rays, if we abide by the Power from which they emanate, will make us fortunate and powerful."—*American Whig Review*, Nov., 1847.

We should not have devoted so much time to the explanation of the policy which it is intended to carry out in this instance, had it not been for the poisonous insinuations of the English press, and the unworthy constructions which have been put upon the course of the Administration, with reference to Japan, by a portion of the opposition journals. The reasons, however, for the intercourse which we propose to establish with Japan, and which we shall establish peacefully, if at all, have been made so obvious by the late publication of the official letter of the Secretary of State to Commodore Aulick of the expedition, that there can be no further excuse for any misstatement of this important commercial enterprise.

From this letter, to which many of our readers are not strangers, we make the following extracts:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, 10th June, 1851. }

"COMMODORE JOHN H. AULICK: Sir:—The moment is near when the last link in the chain of oceanic steam navigation is to be formed. From China and the East Indies to Egypt, thence through the Mediterranean and the Atlantic ocean to England, thence again to our happy shores, and other parts of this great continent; from our own ports to the southernmost part of the Isthmus that connects the two western continents, and from its Pacific coast, north and southwards, as far as civilization has spread, the steamers of other nations, and of our own, carry intelligence, the wealth of the world, and thousands of travellers.

"It is the President's opinion that steps should be taken at once to enable our enterprising merchants to supply the last link in that great chain which unites all nations of the world, by the early establishment of a line of steamers from California to China. In order to facilitate this enterprise, it is desirable that we should obtain from the Emperor of Japan permission to purchase from his subjects the necessary supplies of coal, which our steamers in their out and inward voyages may require. The well-known jealousy with which the Japanese Empire has, for the last two centuries, rejected all overtures from other nations to open its ports to their vessels, embarrasses all new attempts to change the exclusive policy of that country. * * * * *

"By the President's direction, I now transmit to you a letter to the Emperor of Japan, (with an open copy,) which you are to carry to Jeddo, his capital, in your flag ship, accompanied by as many

of the vessels of the squadron under your command as may conveniently be employed in this service. A Chinese translation of this letter will be furnished to you by the United States Legation at Canton, and sent to your anchorage at Hong Kong or Macao.

"At one of the latter places you will probably meet with a national vessel, detached by the Commodore of the squadron in the Pacific, (as you will perceive by the inclosed copy of a correspondence between this and the Navy Department,) to carry to you a number of shipwrecked Japanese mariners, who were, some time ago, picked up at sea by the bark Auckland. These men you will take with you to Jeddo, and deliver them over to the officers of the Emperor, giving them, through your interpreter, the assurance that the American government will never fail to treat with kindness any of the natives of Japan whom misfortune may bring to our shores; and that it expects similar treatment of such of its own citizens who may be driven on the coasts of Japan.

* * * * *

"It is considered important that you should avail yourself of every occasion to impress on those Japanese officers with whom you will be brought in contact, that the government of the United States does not possess any power over the religion of its own citizens, and that there is, therefore, no cause to apprehend that it will interfere with the religion of other countries.

"The President, although fully aware of the great reluctance hitherto shown by the Japanese government to enter into treaty stipulations with any foreign nation—a feeling which it is sincerely wished that you may be able to overcome—has thought it proper, in anticipation of this latter favorable contingency, to invest you with full power to negotiate and sign a treaty of amity and commerce between the United States and the Empire of Japan. * * * * *

"Every treaty has to be submitted to the Senate, for ratification, as you are aware. In consideration of the great distance between the two countries, and unforeseen difficulties, it would be prudent, should you succeed in effecting the object proposed, to fix the period for the exchange of the ratifications at three years. I am, Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant.

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

The line of policy suggested by this letter is certainly the only one by which the Japanese can be brought into commercial and friendly relations with other nations.

We have no wish to force our acquaintance upon countries who are not desirous of the advantages which would accrue to them from such an intimacy; but, where our own interests can be advanced by cultivating the reciprocities of commerce, good sense dictates an adoption of the measures that shall most easily and quickly accomplish the desired object. What we shall gain by treaty with Japan is sufficiently indicated in Mr. Webster's communication.

We have been led into a vein of reflection far more grave and more important than was indulged in at the outset. It is only a few years since steam navigation on the Atlantic was a problem; since our western cultivated territory was bounded by the Mississippi; and since that broad country on the Pacific coast, which is now enriching us with its almost daily shipments of gold, was an unknown land, peopled only by savages, and blindly shunned by adventurous mariners as a region of pestilence and dearth. *Now*, we count the passage to Europe or to California only by days, and start on either voyage with certainty of safe and pleasurable transportation. Reaching eastward and westward, we contemplate steam voyages in either direction beyond both countries. The establishment of a steam marine on the Californian coast, by which the celerity of our commerce with China will be vastly increased, and the influence of the United States extended over the entire East, is vividly suggested by this step towards opening an intercourse with that long-secluded and inhospitable nation of which we have been speaking. It is as if the last barriers in the way of forming a community of nations were being broken down; nor, if we are pleasantly affected by this, is it less a satisfaction to feel that when this step of progress is consummated, the destiny of the Republic of the United States will but have commenced.

RECOLLECTIONS OF POETS LAUREATE.

WORDSWORTH: TENNYSON.

WORDSWORTH.

WE seldom think of the venerable author of the "Excursion" without involuntarily associating him with Isaiah. Wordsworth embodied, to a great extent, the idea we had formed of that most inspired of the Hebrews. There was a simplicity about the old poet which carried the mind naturally to the sublime heights of the prophetic character. His very eyes were dim and dreamy, as though, gazing inwards, they were abstracted from the every-day world around us.

The writer of this sketch had the pleasure of bringing Leigh Hunt and Wordsworth into friendly intercourse, after an estrangement of above twenty-eight years; and, as the reunion of such eminent spirits is interesting, we quote the bard of Rimini's own account of that meeting. It will be observed that the Hebrewish Association was likewise felt by him:

"I did not see this distinguished person again till thirty years afterwards, when, I should venture to say, his manner was greatly superior to what it was in the former instance: indeed, quite natural and noble, with a cheerful air of animal, as well as spiritual, confidence; a gallant bearing, curiously reminding me of a certain illustrious duke, as I have seen him walking, some dozen years ago, by a lady's side, with no unbecoming oblivion of his time of life. I observed, also, that he no longer committed himself by scornful criticisms, or, indeed, in any criticisms whatever, at least as far as I knew. He had found out that he could at least afford to be silent. Indeed, he spoke very little of any thing.

"Walter Scott said that the eyes of Burns were the finest eyes he ever saw. I cannot say the same of Mr. Wordsworth, at least in the sense of the beautiful or the profound; but certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixtured regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."

While he stands before us "in our mind's eye," let us sketch the aged poet, who might be really called the Old Man of the Moun-

tain. Tall, bony, and broadly formed, these features were made the more prominent by his careless style of dressing. His face was oval, nose slightly aquiline and large; his forehead of a moderate height, and somewhat narrow; his brow not altogether bald, a few gray locks still lingering, to keep the fragments of his silvery whiskers company. His mouth was large, but his lips were generally compressed. As Leigh Hunt says, the most peculiar feature were his eyes, which were deeply set, dim, dreamy, and abstracted. His face was furrowed with the hard lines of thought, while his deep guttural voice gave a peculiar emphasis to all he said. Indeed, he seemed to be too emphatic, as though he tremulously italicized his most commonplace remarks for special attention. In the street he generally wore green glasses to protect his eyes, which, with the stoop in his shoulders, and the ungainliness of his walk, really gave him the appearance of a blind man being led by a friend. He had a habit of digging his hand into his bosom, and excavating his shirt till it formed a kind of pyramid of linen. His favorite attitude was sitting with one leg crossed over the other, his head drooping a little, with his hand in his breast, as aforesaid. In this position, he would converse for the hour together, and mix the sublime and ridiculous most wonderfully; one minute descanting on Milton and poetry with a freshness and force worthy the author of "Laodamia," and the next uttering such astounding opinions touching human progress as would positively make a child of ten years old smile. Ever since a steamer had plied on one of his favorite lakes, and a railroad was being made through the heart of the Westmoreland Eden, he denounced steam with a vigor perfectly amusing. Seldom visiting London, the world had stood still in his estimation for thirty years: he was eminently patriarchal. He undervalued scientific education to an extent really puzzling, valuing

a man more who had noted some peculiarity of a peddler or a cuckoo than the inventor of the spinning jennies. He had a born sympathy with the farmer, the shepherd, and the vagrant; a natural repugnance to the dealer and the manufacturer. He bewailed the degeneracy of rural manners, and mourned over the extinction of that respect which, when he was young, a squire-dressed person invariably received from the laboring poor. Wordsworth was eminently *feudal* in its *best sense*. Simple, candid, prudent, yet liberal and kind-hearted, he had a holy horror of insolence and oppression; for while he rebuked every disposition of the peasant to tread on the courtier's heel, he liked to see the dignity of human nature respected. Of the two, however, he leaned to the conventional, having an undue veneration for rank. If he had promised to dine with a baronet, and an invitation came from an earl, he considered it a part of his social duty to forfeit his prior engagement; and he could never realize the idea that the baronet could possibly feel offended. In this respect he had a perfect sliding scale. We recollect on one occasion, when Mrs. Talfourd was respectfully reproaching him with not fulfilling his promise of dining with them, he said, very petulantly, "Why, my good lady, the Chancellor of the Exchequer sent me an invitation, and what could I do?" This, of course, in his eyes, settled the question.

Another remarkable trait in his character was his apparent ignorance of modern literature. The poetry of the last thirty years was either unknown or disregarded by him. No solicitation could induce him to read it. For a personal friend he might, *possibly*, make an exception; but it was altogether abhorrent to his feeling. He only acknowledged as his contemporaries Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Rogers, and Landor. He had a very mean opinion of Byron, and said that Leigh Hunt was a mere essayist. An enthusiastic friend of the latter once persuaded Wordsworth to listen to his tragedy of the "Legend of Florence." Being a very short drama, the old bard managed to keep sufficiently awake to form an opinion, which was given in these words: "Have you done? It is really a very *pretty* tragedy."

Neither was he able to comprehend a joke. Even when some unfortunate wit

explained it to him, he would look incredulous. Taking nothing for granted, but putting it on a logical rack, every thing with him was either absolutely true or *absolutely false*. He made no allowance for pleasantry, badinage, or even playfulness. He took every thing literally. His own idea of wit may be better gathered from a little anecdote than an elaborate definition. At a party, one evening, the subject of conversation turning up wit, Wordsworth said that he did not think he could be called a *witty* poet. "Indeed," said he, "I do not think I was ever *witty* but once in the whole course of my life." This naturally roused the curiosity of all to hear the special witticism, which, after some coy reserve, the old poet told in these words: "You must know I was standing one afternoon near my gate, at Rydal Mount, when a laborer came up, and said, 'Pray, sir, have you seen my wife pass this way?' *Whereupon* I said, 'My good friend, *I did not know till this minute that you ever had a wife.*'" As he paused here, and laughed himself, the whole company laughed too, of course, at his extraordinary notion of wit, and this he always received as a genuine acknowledgment of the great excellence of the joke in question.

This peculiarity or deficiency in his mind sometimes led to embarrassing situations. A distinguished artist (Margaret Gillies) told us of an amusing instance which happened during her sojourn at the poet's house. It being her first visit to that part of the country, Wordsworth, who had a personal acquaintance with almost every tree, waterfall, and mountain, took great delight in introducing her to these inanimate friends. They were consequently out for hours and hours wandering together; for, notwithstanding his age, which was above seventy-three, he was an admirable pedestrian.

During an evening party at his own house, a niece of Lady Farquhar (whose grounds join the poet's garden) said, in all the thoughtless gayety of girlhood, "*I saw you this morning, Mr. Wordsworth, before any body was up, flirting with my aunt on the lawn; and then how silyly you stole away through the back entrance.*"

This alluded to a gate made from one lawn to the other, to save a long *détour*. The words had scarcely passed the girl's lips, ere she was painfully aware that she had committed some tremendous crime. Words-

worth looked solemn and distressed at his wife. His wife looked muffled horrors at her daughter Dora, and then all three had a triangular interchange of silent counsel. Inspiration and speech came to the poet first. Assuming his favorite attitude, he turned solemnly to Miss Gillies, and said, as though he were grand inquisitor putting the question to some important witness, "Miss Gillies, you are young and lovely. You have been alone with me repeatedly in solitary spots, and I now put it to you if I have ever acted towards you in a manner unbecoming a Christian and a gentleman?" Our friend, thus appealed to, had a hard matter to refrain from laughing; but knowing from experience how awfully literal the Wordsworths were, she thought it best to answer in accordance with the family spirit. Having considerable tact and good temper, she managed to patch this dreadful *faux pas* up; but a damper had been thrown upon the evening's entertainment, and it broke up drearily.

We might recount many other instances of the unpoetical thralldom to which constant association with a few old ladies of the Rydal neighborhood had bowed down the once vigorous intellect of the great philosophical poet of England. Yet even in these absurdities, he retained a simplicity and earnestness of character which almost supply the want of that geniality and dignity with which we generally invest a great writer.

The undue attention which he bestowed upon what other men considered trifles, was another remarkable feature in his character. He would correspond perseveringly with the secretary of a railway concerning an over-charge on a parcel, and walk a dozen miles, and hunt over as many houses, to recover an old cotton umbrella not worth a shilling. The importance of these small matters had been forced upon him by his early poverty, and retained by the manly independence and integrity of his character.

Exact himself, he required exactness from others; and if, when in company with a friend, they took a cab together, however small the fare was, he would on no account suffer his companion to pay more than his precise share. When the conveyance stopped, he would inquire of the driver how much he charged, pay his own half, and leave his associate to do the same.

Not aware of this peculiarity, on one occasion we got out first, and paid the Jehu his whole demand. Wordsworth, not observing this, gave also his half to the knowing charioteer, who drove off. When he discovered the imposition, the indignant poet wanted us to run after the man, and recover the over-charge, which we, of course, declined. At dinner, that day, he regaled the company with an energetic denunciation of the deplorable degeneracy of cabmen and the extravagance of youth; the latter being aimed at his companion, who would not give chase to a carriage down Holborn to Heaven knows where, after eightpence.

Wordsworth was a most domestic man; indeed, he was as admirable as a husband, father, and brother, as he was great as a poet.

His tender and watchful solicitude over his insane sister, who constantly resided under his own roof, was a most touching sight. It was truly scriptural. He waited on her like a child. His patience with her caprice was invulnerable. There was a very sorrowful interest attached to this Dorothy Wordsworth. When young she was very handsome and intellectual. She had become attached to Coleridge, who fully intended to marry her, when his weak, unstable mind was persuaded by Southey that his honor was pledged to Sara Fricker, whose sister Southey had married. The unfortunate result of this union is well known; but it did not end with domestic misery to only Coleridge and his wife, it preyed upon the disappointed one, and, after much illness, finally closed in insanity. Several of Miss Wordsworth's poems are included in her brother's volumes, and display great merit. The poem called "The Mother's Return," commencing,

"A month, sweet little ones, is passed,"

is by her, with several others, which we cannot at this minute remember. In *Tait's Magazine*, some twenty years ago, were some papers by De Quincey, alluding to this lady, but concealing the name. We believe she still lives. We ought to name that she accompanied Wordsworth to Germany, and is specially mentioned by Klopstock, the author of the "Messiah," in some very complimentary verses.

The marriage of his only daughter Dora

with Mr. Quillinan was also a trial to the old poet, as his son-in-law was a widower previously, and a Roman Catholic. He had also been a bankrupt. These three qualifications were all equally distasteful to him. He knew Quillinan well, and his whole history, and ever felt a great regard for him. He was a scholar, a Christian, and a gentleman: three offsets against his other misfortunes of Papist, widower, and bankrupt. When young he had been left, with considerable wealth, under the guardianship of that monomaniac, Sir Egerton Brydges, Baron Sadelez, at Chandos, who spent his ward's money in law-suits and printing presses. Notwithstanding the grievous wrong the young soldier had received, he ever spoke with great affection of his unfortunate guardian.

Wordsworth had scarcely recovered the vexation of his daughter's marriage, when her health began to break so rapidly that a trip to a warmer climate was recommended.

Quillinan, having a brother who was established in the wine trade in Oporto, carried his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, (their courtship being a siege-of-Troy affair,) to that port, and then to Lisbon. A temporary improvement in her health tempted them to return; but the disease was too deeply rooted for eradication, and, shortly after the publication of her pleasant volume of a "Voyage to Portugal," she died. This was a great blow to Wordsworth. Indeed, he had a remarkable share of domestic sorrow. When young, his brother, the captain of the Abergavenny East Indiaman, was lost with all hands close at home. He also out-lived all his companions except Rogers and Landor, with the latter of whom, however, he had little sympathy. His marriage with his cousin Mary Hutchinson was a very happy one, although she was too narrow-minded and puritanical a woman for a great poet like her husband, more especially as his circumstances and taste alike counselled a retired, almost a secluded, life. Indeed, he seldom saw any society, except the few of his friends and admirers who had occasion to pass through the Lake districts. His only relaxation was a month in London, about every two years, when his wife accompanied him. She was a small woman, with a quiet, precise face, disfigured with a slight squint.

Her conversation was cold, but sensible. She either echoed or originated her husband's reverence for social position, and never could account for Charles Lamb's peculiar fondness for "all sorts of queer characters," to use her own definition of Elia's friends, including Godwin, Hunt, Holcroft, Hazlitt, Kean, and some other of that peculiar class, which Leigh Hunt himself calls "*divine* blackguards."

When Wordsworth came to London, his chief delight was to see a ballet at the Queen's Opera. He cared little for music except that of the thrush, the nightingale, and the lark.

Notwithstanding his inexorable piety, and strong love of all outside religious ceremonies, he had a great dislike to go to a London church. On one occasion, when the Rev. Mr. Harness, the minister of Bloomsbury church, had persuaded him to attend Divine worship in his church, the old bard managed, by a piece of great generalship, to take the very friend who was appointed to lead him captive to the temple into the gardens of Russell square, and there outstay the time. In the country, however, he was a pretty regular church-goer, not unfrequently mixing quotations from himself and Milton with the Litany.

In his younger days, Wordsworth had been much pinched for money—so much so, we have heard him say, that he has made his dinner off some nuts and a draught of spring water; and it was a custom, when any friends visited him and his sister, to carry their share of the provender with them. He had also been, like Southey and Coleridge, a fierce Jacobin; and when the French Revolution first broke out, so delighted was Wordsworth, that he said "he went out into the open fields one fine night, and shouted to all nature to rejoice in the deliverance of man from the thralldom of ages." The mad excesses of that singular people, the French, soon, however, threw him into the other scale. It is a curious fact, that when Wordsworth was in Paris, he lodged in the same house with Brissot, and twice met Robespierre at supper beneath this roof. He said his personal impression was, "that Robespierre was a gentlemanly, obliging person, of great vivacity and mildness." This opinion now reads more like a joke than a fact, but it was the poet's un-biased impression at the time.

Forty years ago, he had been appointed by Fox, the great minister of England, Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland; and, on the death of Southey, he accepted, after some little hesitation, the office of Laureate-ship. This somewhat surprised us, as he had rebuked, only a few months before, a mutual friend for writing a complimentary sonnet to the sovereign lady of England. Wordsworth himself said that it was no disgrace *to be* what Chaucer *had been*, and we know he had the idea that at his death the office was to be abolished. This was a pleasant thought with him, seeing that Geoffrey Chaucer was the first Poet Laureate of England. He had no objection to be the Omega of an alphabet which had such an Alpha. Fortunately, however, for Tennyson's cigar-smoking, the office still remains intact.

We have merely noted down a few trifling traits in the character of this good man and great poet. That he has written much which is nothing but sensible and high-sounding prose is evident; but, as an embodiment of the poetical character in its loftiness and purity, he stands the great twin brother of Milton.

Poetry was to Wordsworth a solemn calling. It was at once his vocation and his religion, and he served with all the fidelity and belief of a high priest. His altars were the bare mountains; his ministers, clouds, cataracts, and storms. The sunlight was to him a glorious creature. The visible face of nature was his book of prayer, and not a flower, bird, star, or sound, but had a meaning for him. Nature was his moral code and his theology. He counselled patriotism; he put a trumpet in nature's mouth, and here is one of its blasts. What sermon ever breathed more defiance to the invader than this?

"This land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit or die:
This is our maxim, this our piety,
And God and Nature tell us it is just.
That which we would perform in arms we must;
We read its dictates in the infant's eye,
In the wife's smile, and in the silent dust
Of those who were before us. Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart;
Give, flocks and herds, your voices to the wind,
While we go forth a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert
Our freedom and to vindicate mankind."

He lived to hear his own immortality pro-

claimed, and died full of years and honors, on St. George's day, 1850.

TENNYSON.

NEARLY twenty years ago, two youths entered the shop of Effingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange, London, and, blushing excessively, requested him to publish a volume of their poems. After cautioning the "*arcades ambo*" as to the melancholy fate poems generally met with, only escaping the Scylla of a trunkmaker to fall into the Charybdis of a butter shop, he agreed to put his *imprimatur* to the volume, at their expense. The youths in question were Alfred Tennyson and a son of the poet Milman, the author of many ponderous semi-epics. The first part of the volume was to consist of Tennyson's muse, and Milman was to bring up the rear. While the printing was progressing, the friends of the latter persuaded him to abandon his share of the design, and Alfred Tennyson consequently entered the world of authorship alone, and not as part of a pair of twins. It was said at the time that the old prebend thought so little of the present Laureate's poetical genius, as to dread his son sharing the ridicule of appearing in his company. If this be true, the author of Fazio's *critical* powers are on a par with his *poetical*.

This volume, although displaying much of Tennyson's peculiar genius, was not of a sufficient *calibre* to make a great or a decided sensation upon the public mind. It told, however, upon a few of the *nicer* critics; among these were Horne, Bell, and Forster. *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly Review* helped it amazingly by their fierce attacks, which called more attention to Tennyson's verses than the combined efforts of his friends. The onslaught of these Tory organs also, as a matter of course, engendered a host of defenders, who entered the *mêlée* more out of hatred to the *assailants* than admiration of the *assailed*.

Tennyson is not a great poet, except in a limited range. His appeal is not to the natural *heart*, but to the peculiarly trained mind. He is the poet of education. His strength lies in the subtle tenderness and apparent simplicity with which he clothes objects of little interest to the masses. His muse is "*simplex mundities*." He is the

Laureate of the aristocracy; the poet of the refined classes, of the mentally sensual. His strength lies in his sweetness; like the enigma of Samson, the solution is honey. In this peculiar range he is unrivalled. He resembles a fine singer whose voice is limited, but whose intonation is perfect. He is the *first* of his *class*, but the class itself is not the highest.

To a certain extent he deserves every praise for this attention to the mechanical part of his art. Modern poets are too apt to trust to inspiration, and this absurd idleness leads to that *slipshod* species of writing so much in vogue. Every word should undergo the filter of fine taste, and the very properest one selected. Words are a power, possessing a certain value, as exact as though they were money. Men never think of giving five-dollar bills for one-dollar bills. Why, then, should authors not show a just regard for the value of an adjective? They are the coin of thought; the circulating medium of the mind.

The great evil of authors is the putting down all they have to say on a subject. They should only say the best that can be said. Coleridge was partly right when he defined prose to be good words in their proper place, and poetry the best words in their best place. This definition, however, covers the mechanical part of thought; the living spirit is not there. Writing the name of Coleridge reminds us of an anecdote which will, no doubt, be interesting to the American reader.

Brougham was discussing the subject of religion with Coleridge one evening, at Highgate, the peer arguing on the side of Unitarianism, and the philosopher on that of the Trinitarians. Coleridge closed his part of the conversation by adopting his favorite system of analogy. Taking up a magnificent specimen of the cowry shell, which was the pride of Mrs. Gillman's heart and mantel-piece at the same time, he said: "Look at this shell; it is an admirable illustration of the difference between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism. How exquisite the workmanship; how symmetrical the shape; how glowing and radiant, yet how delicately tinted the coloring; and if you hold it to the ear, imagination conjures up a voice sounding mysteriously in its recesses; but it is only a shell after all! Where is the living animal? It is now only a sepul-

chre. Equally so with Socinianism. How perfect is its morality; how logical its system! Its intellectual beauty is apparent. Even the voice of charity sounds in its code; but it is only a code, an empty system. Where is the living animal? Where is Christ? Alas! as the disciples said, 'They have taken the Lord away, and we know not where they have laid him.'"

We cannot say whether this was a convincing argument to the skeptic's mind. We only know the Chancellor was fond of quoting it as one of the most perfect illustrations he had ever heard. We must, however, return to Tennyson, whose verse has in its outer shape much of the "Ancient Mariner's" manner, but, as in the cowry shell, the living animal is not there.

Every one of these poems displays a perfect mastery over the lute strings of language, and a sweet and dreamy music, languishing almost to faintness, pervades every line, more especially of the "Lotos Eaters;" but they resemble the opium state of a gorgeous and subtle mind, rather than that fine, healthy, breezy, sinewy, active, large-hearted thoughtfulness, so characteristic of the Shakspearian and Homeric muse.

The most genuine outpourings of Tennyson are his simple songs, his ballads, and that unmatched Idyl, "Dora." Had he only written the "Lord of Burleigh," "Dora," "Lucy Morland," "The Lotos Eaters," and "Locksly Hall," the world would have concluded that the avatar of poetry had been prematurely cut off. Each of these is a masterpiece in its own line. An American critic, of fine taste, ignorant of Tennyson's peculiar habits, in conversation the other day with a personal friend, hit off his psychological nature to a nicety, simply by studying his "Lotos Eaters" as a guide. Abhorrent as smoking is to many, and fatal as its results are when intemperately indulged in, there is no question but that certain natures require it. Indeed, to deprive them of it would be to take away their sustaining power. The present Laureate of England is one of those; and although we have heard him say he meant to abandon tobacco when he married, he always coupled it with the saying, "You may judge from this of the probability of my becoming a Benedict." If he has thrown off the habit, it is a mere change of one

excitement for another, and will not, we should say, be permanent. Its soothing power over Tennyson we had once an opportunity of observing. Having lost the chief part of his patrimony in a foolish speculation of imitating old oak carving by burning wood into a peculiar shape, we were present when he was told of his loss, which roused him to the unusual extent of declaring that he would go to his lawyer and lecture him for his doubtful advice. Lighting his cigar, he sat down to smoke, while his servant cleaned his boots. When she brought them up, he coolly said, "See the advantage of smoking. I was going to throw away much virtuous and valuable indignation upon a rascally lawyer, who is paid for looking after my interests, when this silent monitor has demonstrated the absurdity of my intention. If Lamb had not written on the glorious weed, I would myself become its Laureate."

He is also fond of avowing that he can translate the curling poetry of the ascending smoke into the common words, which men, who are not worshippers of the *divine aroma*, understand. ●

Much of his verse has been composed under the influence of music, his sisters being most admirable proficient in that sister science. All these tend to demonstrate the voluptuous nature of his imagination, and to illustrate his vocation. His great defect is a want of earnestness. He treats every thing not philosophically, but *skeptically*. He *feels* every thing mildly, dreamily, languidly, in a sort of softened intensity; but he believes *nothing*. The world floats off in the distance like a scene of twilight, beautifully vague, the colors mixing so softly and so insensibly, that Nature seems a glorious and conscious rainbow, not of hope so much as beauty. Melody and beauty are the pillars of fire and smoke which lead Tennyson through the pleasant wilderness of every-day life to the promised land of his poetical immortality.

Our space forbids us enlarging upon this theme. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a brief recapitulation of his literary life. In 1833, he published his first volume, already alluded to. Three years afterwards, Moxon, of Dover street, the "Poet of the Publishers, and the Publisher of the Poets," issued a second, partly made up of the previous one. Six years

subsequently he gathered up his "mentalities," as he appropriately terms his poems, in two volumes. Then came his epic called the "*Princess: a Medley*." This was written, so he told the writer of the present notice, as a sort of female companion to Shakspeare's "*Love's Labor Lost*." Carlyle said it was founded on an impossible mania, *the misanthropy of woman*. The first time the Scotch philosopher of Aberdeen met Tennyson after the publication of this *Shepic*, (not *Hepic*, as he called it,) he said, in his narrowest Scotch, "Mister Tennyson, I have met many women in my time, but I never came near a genuine *man hater* among them, however badly they had been treated." The poem has, notwithstanding its want of human interest, many exquisite passages, and displays great finish of style.

His latest production is "*In Memoriam*," a series of funeral poems. They are written to commemorate the death of his friend Hallam, who was betrothed to his favorite sister. We confess to a great doubt of the sincerity of these lachrymal verses. We think with Hamlet's mother—no bad judge of the human heart—

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much;"

and exclaim, with Dryden, that sorrow is too sacred a mystery to be profaned by turning it into a ballad:

"Great grief is dumb,
As tho' the soul retired to its most secret room."

One of the sweetest poems Tennyson ever wrote is called "*The Lover's Tale*." It contains nearly two thousand lines. It was printed, but suppressed by the advice of Forster of the *Examiner*, on account of its being a revelation of the poet's own nature too visibly made. It was founded on a young poet telling to another the processes of love upon his heart and mind. One passage, in particular, where he describes the delusions rising around him, owing to this negation of his own being, was an admirable specimen of what words, felicitously arranged, can effect. Tennyson defined this poem as representing "the psychological phases through which the inflamed soul of a lover passes, ere it subsides into the divine content of marriage." The suppression of this fine and *honest* poem, at the instance of Forster of the *Examiner*, is a singular proof of Tennyson's want of force and faith in himself.

This principally arises from his fastidiousness, which is becoming a disease with him. With the exception of Campbell, no poet ever elaborated so carefully as Tennyson. Both Wilson, who published "Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons," and Moxon, our poet's publisher, abound with instances of their undue care. Effingham Wilson informed us that Campbell would drive to his shop in a whirlwind of horror, to point out some comma placed wrong, or a colon put for a semi-colon. So with Tennyson; his muse is never sufficiently refined. In some of his later editions, he has materially injured the force of certain passages by his supervision.

Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire in 1808, educated at Cambridge, was appointed Laureate on Wordsworth's death, married in 1849, and has since then lived as almost entirely secluded as he did in his bachelor days. For the last fifteen years he was in London only about a month or two in the year; the rest of his time being passed at a farm-house near Maidstone, in Kent. His habits are temperate in all things, save personal indolence and smoking, in both of which he indulges to his heart's content. The first thing he does in the morning is to light his cigar; the last thing at night is to smoke it out. His chief delight is to sit under a fine old tree, either alone or with a friend, smoke and talk discursively at intervals. He won't argue; he likes to brood and ruminate by the hour together. Strange to say, he undervalues mountain scenery. His pet landscapes are the low, fenny, extra-green meadows of Lincolnshire. The Medway is a favorite river, and in a boat, idly swaying, he will be content the whole day. He generally writes down his verses on a little ivory tablet which he always carries with him. This he copies on his return, and then rubs out. It is curious to see the pile of stray verses he has on all subjects, though generally on moods of mind. We strongly suspect that his insane indulgence in smoking has injured his mind, and predisposed him to a languor of "mental activity," which has materially circumscribed his range of poetic vision.

He frequently will begin a conversation, and let it drop out of pure indolence. He always seems thinking of one thing and talking of another. Vivacity is a mood he never was in during his life. Nevertheless

he is irritable, but not for a sustained flight of indignation. He was so stung by Christopher North's attack or rather abuse of his volume, that he sat down resolved to answer it by a bitter satire. His rage evaporated in these lines, which we quote from memory:

ALFRED TENNYSON TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ON A RECENT CRITIQUE.

"You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Fusty Christopher;
The blame itself repays,
Musty Christopher;
But I can't forgive the praise,
Gusty Christopher."

This is but a singular reply, beside the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" of Byron.

Tennyson's personal history has little interest. His father, a Lincolnshire clergyman, was a man of fine education, and with just enough wealth to leave his children to maintain them in the necessities of life. Poetry and music seem to be common household gifts with his family; for the girls are most exquisite musicians, and Alfred's brother Charles published a volume of sonnets of such remarkable beauty, that their immediate friends considered him the greater poet of the two. That more enlarged audience, the public, has, however, decided otherwise, and Charles himself is of the same opinion, for he never repeated the offense, notwithstanding the commendation his sonnets received. We ought to mention that Charles published his volume two years before his more celebrated brother.

As a curiosity, (the volume being scarce,) we give his "Sonnet to Evening:"

"Seest thou how clear and sharp the shadows are
Among the cattle on yon ridgy field?
So softly glooming amid light so fair,
You mighty trees no blasts may dare to wield.
The things that own most motion and most sound
Are tranced and silent in a golden swoond.
Where is the wind? Not in yon glassy sky;
Not in the trees; that deep tranquillity
Has hushed his voice. Methinks so calm should fall
The eve before the great millennial morn,
Before the first of those high days is born,
Whose placid tenor shall be peace to all.
Sink deeply in my thought, surpassing scene,
And be thy memory clear, for I would live therein."

MORMONISM IN ILLINOIS.**No. III.**

THE year eighteen hundred and forty-four was an eventful one in the history of Mormonism. Early in that year, the Prophet announced himself a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. However ridiculous and presuming the impostor may have appeared, in the eyes of sensible people, in arrogating to himself a position of so much dignity, yet his course was not wholly devoid of policy. His assumption of a position at once elevated and commanding tended to dazzle and captivate the minds of the ignorant and vulgar populace who acknowledged his leadership. It was admirably calculated to give color and consistency to the lofty pretensions claimed for Smith by his emissaries engaged in the propagation of Mormonism abroad. In every country of Christendom, Smith had established his missions; and the apostles of the new faith had even visited the most distant portions of Asia. They had propagated their wild and absurd vagaries in the land where the Jewish prophets communicated their visions of hope to the world, on the soil consecrated by the example and teachings of the Saviour of mankind. These missionaries of fanaticism endeavored to inculcate the principles of their faith by fanciful and exaggerated descriptions of the growth of Mormonism, its political importance, and the brilliant destiny which awaited it. In confirmation of the elevated position they claimed for their Prophet, they called attention to the fact that he was, even now, an aspirant to the highest office in the gift of the American people. To create a political party, and announce himself as a candidate for the Presidency, was a bold stroke of policy on the part of the Prophet, which, if not attended by any immediate or practical results, gave importance to his propagandism abroad, and secured its success. Smith had accomplished much in his short life, in the face of the most serious opposition, and his head was now well nigh turned with the

success of his enterprises. He had been trained in a school of severe adversity; his very name had been a by-word of scorn. In his eccentric career, he had been compelled to endure every personal indignity. He had been driven from New-York, where he first divulged his mysterious communications with the world of spirits, by a prosecution for vagrancy. In Ohio, much against his will, he was compelled to wear a coat of tar and feathers, imposed upon him by the ungracious hands of an excited mob. In Missouri, he had been immured in the walls of a dungeon, where he awaited a traitor's doom, to be pronounced upon him by a jury of bitter and vengeful enemies. In Illinois, he had been reduced to the condition of a wandering vagabond, subsisting on the benevolence of strangers. He suffered these outrages on his person and on his liberty with the constancy and heroism of a martyr. Unwavering and decided amid his most trying reverses, he never for a moment entertained the thought of the abandonment of his startling and revolutionary theories; but, during the infliction of wrong and persecution, he hopefully pointed with the finger of prophecy to a brilliant epoch which would yet grace his history, when the last enemy should be subdued; when the empire of the world should be given to the saints for an inheritance, and the millennium, with all its Apocalyptic glories, should be ushered in. In contemplation of his almost uninterrupted prosperity, and his advancement in power, Smith began to fancy that the dreams of his ambition might all be realized. He was yet young, just approaching the meridian of life. During fourteen years only had he propagated his doctrines; and, amid perplexities which no one else would have labored to surmount, with indefatigable zeal he still persevered, until he now counted his proselytes by hundreds of thousands. The Moslem prophet, whose brilliant and almost superhuman achievements startled

the world, and have continued in all subsequent time to excite wonder and admiration, toiled, and fasted, and prayed for twenty years in the solitary desert, before his creed was acknowledged, before his star of empire sparkled in the orient, or his crescent banner was given to the winds.

Smith had accomplished much in his short mission besides fasting and prayer. He had agitated and excited the public mind. He had acquired notoriety; and he lived in a country where notoriety was more highly appreciated, and more frequently rewarded, than exalted talent. He had seen obscure and unprincipled politicians thrown to the surface by the waves of popular excitement, who were drifted into places of power and influence by the mere force of the current; and why should not the burly fanatic impostor, by the interposition of some fortunate wave, ride safely into the goal of his ambition?

The Prophet, although much interested in the success of his political movement, was in no way neglectful of the immediate interests of his colony. Nauvoo continued the most prosperous of western cities. The rude cottages which first sheltered its inhabitants were gradually disappearing, and the march of improvement was manifest in the respectable and commodious dwellings which succeeded them. An association under the direction of the Prophet laid the foundation of a first-class hotel, the estimated cost of which was three hundred thousand dollars. A suite of rooms were to be reserved for the use of the Prophet, which were to be furnished in a style of surpassing magnificence, and were to descend to his lineal representatives for ever. The building of the temple was progressing, under the direction of a superior architect from Liverpool, with a rapidity which promised its early completion. The singular design of the architecture of this vast building already made it an object of interest to the curious and observing tourist, who, on account of this and many other attractions, was always induced to take the city of Joseph in his route. The city was becoming a resort of the fashionable class engaged in the laudable enterprise of killing time. Parties of pleasure arrived daily by the steamboats, and were received by the Prophet with punctilious courtesy, and entertained by him with generous hospitality.

Social amusements were concerted by the saints, and the surrounding gentiles were invited to participate with them in the pleasures of the social circle, in the fascinations of the ball-room, and in the more exciting amusement of the card-table. The Prophet was prosperous; he began to fancy he was secure. Fortune of late had smiled on his policy. The citizens of the county had arrayed themselves against him, and by the superiority of his diplomacy he had vanquished them. Hinkle had raised the standard of insubordination in the encampment of the saints, and by the divine power of the priesthood he had delivered him over to Satan, and his rebellion had been crushed, and his spirit withered by the potency of the curse. Bennett had lectured on the vices and wickedness of the Prophet, until he was compelled to desist from the disgusting recital for want of auditors.

But the spirit of mistrust and disaffection had not perished with the departure of Hinkle and Bennett. The former had not sufficient capacity to give vigor and efficiency to an opposition to the unbounded popularity of the Prophet, and the latter was too notorious for his vices to inspire confidence in any pretensions he might make to reform. The material, however, still slumbered there, which, if once aroused and rightly directed, might have well caused the Prophet to tremble for the security of his power, and the safety of his person, despite of the devotion of the masses to his will.

The necessary leadership for a spirited and vigorous opposition to the despotism of Smith was found in the persons of William and Wilson Law, two brothers, who, notwithstanding their Mormonism, were respected by the Anti-Mormons for their moral worth and the correctness of their general deportment. These brothers had become alarmed at the sensuality of the Prophet, and the open encouragement which he gave to a system of polygamy, which threatened to invade the sanctity of the marriage contract in every family in Nauvoo. Suspicious husbands and fathers found it necessary to arm themselves, for the purpose of guarding their wives and daughters from the seductive arts of the Prophet and his twelve apostles. Fears of the invasion of their own domestic felicity, by a licentiousness established by revelation, and

which appealed to the sanction of religion for its observance, impelled the Laws to excite and give system and tone to a vigorous opposition to Smith. Neither they nor their partisans renounced Mormonism in their contest with its leader. And it may well be observed that, so strange is the infatuation of this singular people, a complete renunciation of their religion has perhaps never yet taken place. We have seen the devotee of Mormonism, ruined in property, blighted in character, haggard with famine, with no prospect but starvation before him, with his nerves steeled with hopeless despair; we have heard him denounce Mormonism as the cause of all his distress and degradation, with a bitterness and energy sufficient to make the blood run cold; yet challenge his opinion to the truth of the new system, and he would still claim that Smith was a prophet, with the seal of divinity impressed upon his mission.

The Laws contended that, although Smith had been invested with the prophetic character, and for years exercised it to the edification of the saints, yet, from the grossness of his passions, the spiritual existences, offended with his depravity, had refused any longer to use him as a medium of their communications; that his pretended revelation having reference to the doctrine of spiritual wives, (for so was his system of concubinage denominated,) was the offspring of corruption, or an emanation from hell. They contended that it was necessary to remove the Prophet from the exalted position which he had so shamelessly desecrated, lest the light of prophecy should be finally extinguished in their midst. There were many among the saints who were not wholly lost to morality and the decencies of life. These the Laws labored to rally against Smith; but their effort was only partially successful. The administration of the Prophet was vigilant, as well as corrupt and oppressive. Devoted and indefatigable spies, in the pay of Smith, dogged the heels of every suspected person, whether citizen or stranger. To render as vigorous and efficient as possible his system of police, the city authorities organized the "Danite Band," so conspicuous in Mormon history for reckless villany and lawless desperation. Never, perhaps, in the annals of high-handed wickedness, not even among the mountain passes of southern Europe, was

ever collected together a body of outlaws more determined and unrestrained than this same Danite Band. These villains were to look after the interests, personal and political, of the Prophet, and to act as a guard on the suspected. They were bound to their chief by the strongest possible ties. The most of them were fugitives from justice, who, after having forfeited the protection of the law, were kindly received into the "Holy City," where the influence of Smith effectually shielded them from the danger of pursuit. In addition to the debt of gratitude which they owed the generosity of their protector, the Prophet held out the still stronger inducement to their loyalty, that any moment he chose he could hand them over to justice; and as this might be considered an insufficient guarantee to their fidelity, it is said that the most horrible oaths were exacted from them, by which they bound themselves to observe the commands of the Prophet, and do his bidding, regardless of the consequences resulting from their acts. It was not surprising that, with such a police as this, bound to the Prophet by so many ties and such horrible pledges, continually dogging their heels and watching their movements, the disaffected, however much they may have sympathized with the Laws in their effort for reform, fearful of midnight assassination, or some terrible injury inflicted by the machinations of Smith, should prudently keep silence, and by every artifice labor to conceal their hostility to the Prophet.

The Laws were bold men; and notwithstanding the desertion of the timid and prudent from their ranks, they were still resolved to overthrow the despotism established by Smith, and, if possible, restore purity to the Church. Not content with exposing and denouncing the corruptions which had crept into the Church through the instrumentality of the Prophet, the Laws determined to issue a weekly paper in the city, which should boldly speak out the views of its proprietors, regardless of the influences of the corrupt and intriguing policy which would be brought to bear against them. In this enterprise they were aided by the means of one Dr. Foster, a broken-down speculator, who had united with the Mormons for the purpose of fleecing them. This man, by means of the Mormon vote, had been elected to the office of school com-

missioner, in the exercise of which he squandered or embezzled the funds, and failed, without being able to make restitution. Foster could have forgiven any amount of moral turpitude in Smith, but it was not in human nature to forgive the wrongs he had himself perpetrated on the Prophet's followers; and it was not strange that he should unite with the more virtuous Laws to persecute those whom his villany had beggared.

This junto of conspirators was enabled to procure a printing-press early in the summer, and one number of their journal was issued and circulated. Smith expected to be abused, but the boldness of his enemies and the graveness of the charges which they preferred against him took him by surprise. He had never imagined that a set of men could be found in the midst of his dominions—in his own city, at his very door—who should possess moral courage sufficient to assail him with so much license through the public press. To think of tolerating a journal which at once threatened and defied him was out of the question; but how to rid himself of the nuisance was a matter of the greatest perplexity. To call out his military, destroy the press, and hang every person concerned in the publication of the paper, would scarcely have been a proceeding sufficiently summary to satisfy the vengeance of the incensed Prophet. Had he acted from the first impulses of his murderous inclinations, the Laws would have atoned for their temerity with their lives. But Smith was too politic to adopt illegal measures, whilst there was any hope that the matter could be satisfactorily accomplished under the authority of the law. Smith was determined to head the "law-and-order party," and throw upon his adversaries the odious imputation of mobbers. In this dilemma he took counsel of one Style, a Mormon lawyer, who advised him that the obnoxious paper was, without question, a nuisance, and as such should without delay be abated; that the Municipal Court of the city of Nauvoo had jurisdiction of all such offenses; that the character of the journal should be immediately brought before the court for the grave deliberation of its judges, who had an undoubted right on a proper investigation to make an order requiring the city Marshal to cause its abatement.

This counsel was adopted and acted upon. A petition was filed charging that a certain weekly newspaper, called the *Nauvoo Expositor*, had advocated seditious and disorganizing doctrines, derogatory to the peace and good order of society at the city of Nauvoo, and praying that an order might be made in the premises declaring the same a nuisance, and requiring its destruction. The judges acted on the petition, and gravely declared the press a nuisance, and made the necessary order for its abatement. This decree was immediately carried into execution. The Marshal summoned to his assistance a cohort of the Legion, numbering two hundred men, with which he proceeded to the office of the *Expositor*, and carried away the press, type, paper, and all the fixtures of the establishment, beyond the corporation limits, where he completely destroyed the whole apparatus "according to due form of law." No resistance was made by the parties interested to this wanton destruction of the press, but there was a settled determination on the part of the Laws to bring Smith and his associates to justice. A writ was taken out for him and the principal persons concerned with him in the late transaction, before a Justice of the Peace at Carthage, and a special officer appointed for its execution. This officer, without any delay, visited Nauvoo for the purpose of arresting Smith. With this intention he called on him, exhibited to him his authority, which the Prophet unequivocally refused to obey, alleging that the Laws and their abettors had fomented an excitement against him in the country, particularly at Carthage, which would be dangerous for him to encounter; that he had no protection but what was guaranteed to him by the true hearts and the truer steel of the Nauvoo Legion; and until his own military refused to give him their support, he never would surrender himself to his enemies, who had sworn to take vengeance upon him whenever he should be placed in their power.

The officer, unsupported by any assistance, was compelled to return to Carthage without any prisoners. A large and excited meeting was soon collected at the court-house, to which the officer reported his failure, and the determination of Smith to resist his authority. This report tended to inflame the passions of the already ex-

cited masses beyond all control. There were those who advocated the policy of instantly arming the masses, marching to Nauvoo, and driving the insubordinate Mormons from the State. Others no less determined, but more prudent and rational, recommended that the warrant which Smith had refused to obey should be placed in the hands of the sheriff; that he should summon to his aid the power of the county; that, at the same time, a delegation should be appointed whose duty it should be to visit Springfield, and make a full statement of the facts to the Governor, and invoke the aid of the State in support of the law. This moderate counsel prevailed. The delegation to confer with the Governor was appointed, and departed for Springfield.

In the mean time the sheriff issued his proclamation to the people of the county, and never was a proclamation received with more delight or obeyed with more alacrity. The farmer abandoned his field, the mechanic his shop, the merchant his counting-room, and the professional man his books, and all hastened to vindicate the outraged law, and restore the reign of order and justice. All sorts of arms were called into requisition: old fire-locks half eaten with rust, fowling-pieces guiltless of the blood of bird or beast, pistols and bowie-knives, were all pressed into the patriotic service, and furnished for the day of battle. Squadrons of horse and detachments of infantry were organized, officered, and equipped with wonderful facility in every part of the county, and marched into Carthage, where the Sheriff had established his head-quarters.

Nor was the delegation to the capital less successful, and on the receipt of the intelligence of the insubordination of the Mormons, the Governor immediately departed from Carthage. As he proceeded on his route, he collected, as occasion offered, a volunteer force, which, on his arrival, numbered five or six hundred men. The forces now assembled at Carthage under the command of the Governor were, in all, about one thousand men, which was less than one half the numerical strength of the Nauvoo Legion, with which they were to contend. Notwithstanding Smith was aware of the inferiority of the Governor's troops, he exerted all his vigilance to guard against surprise. All his forces were marshalled and placed under arms. The note of prepara-

tion for the approaching battle was heard in every quarter of the city. A night-watch patrolled the streets; pickets were stationed on the outskirts, and bands of horsemen by day and night scoured the adjacent forests and prairies. The Prophet, refusing to surrender himself to justice, had placed himself under the ban of proscription; he was in open war with the executive of the State to which he owed allegiance, and with lofty resolution he determined to bravely fight it through. The position of Nauvoo is naturally a strong one. The Mississippi river, by the curve which it makes at that point, protects three fourths of its boundaries from invasion. It is accessible to an enemy only on the east and north-east by the Carthage and La Harpe roads. One of these, the Carthage road, was flanked on each side with deep ravines sufficient to protect a large army from the raking fire of artillery. Also skirts of forest, interspersed with dense undergrowth, overhung this road, and afforded an impenetrable cover to the saintly forces, who, concealed by this covering, could, unperceived, pour a destructive fire on the approaching enemy. Under such circumstances, the Prophet fancied he could hold out successfully against any force which Governor Ford could bring against him.

The Governor, on his arrival, immediately dispatched a small detachment of troops to Nauvoo, sending by them a letter to Smith, in which he informed him of the danger which he would incur from the excited masses in case he continued to resist, and threatening him with the concentrated power of the State if he still refused to surrender himself. Smith still determined to resist. To obey the authority of the State would seal his doom. The excited countrymen who had been pouring into Carthage were impelled by an uncontrollable desire for vengeance, which nothing would satiate but his blood. On this refusal of the Prophet to accompany them, the troops, with the exception of one of their number, returned to Carthage and reported the fact to the Governor, with the representation that Yates, the person who remained behind, was compromising the dearest interests of the county to the Mormons.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence, a troop of horse, under the command of Captain Dunn, was dispatched to Nauvoo, with a requisition for all the arms furnished by

the State to the Nauvoo Legion. This expedition had advanced less than half the distance, when it was met by Smith and his brother Hyrum, and several other distinguished Mormons, who were included in the writ for riot. Through the representations made by Yates to Smith, he had concluded to surrender himself to justice. His fears had been aroused by the bustle of preparation which was heard in every part of the county, and which was rapidly extending throughout the State. He justly feared that, although he might readily vanquish the force now assembled at Carthage, the authority of the State would eventually triumph, and the scenes of violence from which they had just escaped in Missouri would be reenacted in Illinois, and the faithful would be again driven in hopeless exile from their homes.

Under this impression, the Prophet and his friends surrendered themselves. When they arrived at Carthage, they were great objects of curiosity to the Governor's troops, many of whom resided at a distance from Nauvoo, and never had caught a glimpse of a genuine prophet of the latter days. To gratify this natural and laudable curiosity, the Governor requested the Sheriff to parade the troops and introduce to their notice Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, who, by the way, was second in the Church, and very frequently assumed the prophetic character, to the great edification of the saints. This request of the Governor was strictly complied with by the Sheriff; the troops were placed on parade, and the Prophet was introduced as General Joseph Smith to the army. But as he and his suite rode along the extended lines, bowing with the most respectful courtesy to the "citizen soldiery," no response of welcome or approbation greeted his overtures for friendship; no kindly sympathy sparkled in the eyes of the sullen Anti-Mormons; no shout of applause burst from the embattled host! All was cold, grave, silent, and threatening; and as the proscribed impostor passed, every countryman in the ranks, nerved with intense hate, convulsively grasped his weapon, his respect for the law and the fear of its penalties only preventing summary vengeance from being taken at that moment. The troops muttered their disapprobation of the conduct of the Sheriff in presenting to them an impostor and vaga-

bond under a military title which they had been taught to respect. It was impossible to conciliate the wrath of the troops against their prisoner. They were determined in their hatred to the Mormon character; and no overtures made by Smith or his friends, amongst whom they began to regard the Governor, could ever induce them to look upon him with any degree of allowance.

The vindictive troops were dismissed from parade, and immediately afterwards, Smith and his fellow-prisoners were brought before the justice of the peace who had issued the warrant, to be examined on a charge of riot for the destruction of the printing-press. It was claimed by the prosecution that they were not ready for trial; that, owing to the resistance which the prisoners had made, and the probability that they would still continue to resist, no effort had been made to procure the necessary testimony in the case. The surrender of themselves as prisoners had taken the prosecution by surprise, and found them without witnesses; it was therefore asked that the case should stand over until the 27th of June, which was only three days, but would be sufficient time for them to procure the testimony; and during which time it was asked that the prisoners should be committed to the common jail at Carthage, to await their examination. The course proposed by the prosecution was adopted by the justice; the continuance was granted, and the prisoners were remanded to jail. But whilst the justice was preparing the commitment, they demanded their right to enter bail for their appearance at the examination, and thus discharge themselves from arrest. This was their unquestioned right, and the bail proposed being unexceptionable, the justice was compelled to accede to this request; but, before the necessary bonds could be prepared, and the bail formally accepted and approved, another process was issued and served upon the Prophet, Hyrum Smith, Willard Richards, and John Taylor, charging them with treason against the State, in resisting the authority of government, in levying troops and fortifying the city, with the avowed purpose of giving battle to the Governor and the State troops. This grave charge was, of course, notailable. The prisoners were now compelled either to procure their discharge on examination, which

was doubtful, or be confined like common felons in the county jail. The prosecution urged the same reasons in this as in the former case for a continuance, which was granted; and the Prophet and his associates were fully committed to await their examination, which was to take place three days afterwards.

Shortly after the imprisonment of Smith and his associates, Captain Dunn, who had been dispatched to Nauvoo to demand of the Mormon authorities a surrender of the State arms, returned, bringing with him four pieces of artillery, with a large quantity of musketry and other small arms, which had been delivered up to him as the full quota which had been furnished them by the State. Whether the Mormons acted honestly in this transaction, we have no means of ascertaining. It was charged by the Anti-Mormons, at the time, that the Mormons concealed the most valuable part of the arms; but of this there is no very satisfactory proof. The Mormons unquestionably carried with them, on their migration from the State, some fine pieces of artillery and large quantities of small arms of every variety. It has, however, never been conclusively shown (though repeatedly alleged) that any portion of these was the property of the State. In anticipation of their emigration westward, the Mormons, as opportunity afforded, negotiated for arms, until their legion had become the best armed military in America. But whether the Mormons acted in good faith or otherwise, the Governor was fully satisfied that all that could be attained at this time, in disarming them, had been accomplished by Captain Dunn, and no further effort for that purpose was made.

Governor Ford now concluded that the ends of justice were fully attained. The factious Prophet had surrendered, and was in prison; the public arms had been delivered; the riotous spirit of the Mormons had been quelled, and the necessity for "the armed occupation" of Hancock had ceased. It was consequently determined to disband the military; but every precaution was taken to guard against outrage. Separate pledges were exacted of every person enrolled in the service, to exert his influence to preserve the peace, and make every effort to protect the prisoners. A volunteer company, the "Carthage Grays," was retained

for the purpose of guarding the jail against any attempts which might be made by the Mormons to rescue the prisoners, as well as to protect them against the assaults of their enemies. This company was placed on duty, and all the residue of the troops were disbanded, and were earnestly advised by the Governor to quietly return to their homes, and, by an orderly example, assist him in the preservation of the peace. This advice was only partially acted upon by the dissatisfied troops. There were many who, even then, regarded it their imperative duty to drive the Mormons out of the State. This violent procedure they regarded as the only possible measure to restore peace and tranquillity to their distracted community. As long as the obnoxious sect remained, the same jealous antipathies would continue to agitate the public mind, and tend to disorganize society. They believed that the time was rapidly approaching when a grand rally to rid themselves of the Mormons would become an absolute necessity, whether the movement should be sanctioned by the executive or otherwise; and they believed that this object could now be accomplished with less peril than at any subsequent period. Dissatisfied as they were, however, there was no open mutiny. A large majority, immediately after their discharge from service, retired to their homes; others, more reckless and excitable, and who cared but little for the maintenance of social order, remained sauntering through the streets or collected in threatening groups, where they discussed the policy of the Governor, and muttered deep curses against the Prophet and his allies.

It must be observed that the order to disband the troops had taken effect before all who had been required to rendezvous under the command of the Governor had reached their destination. Colonel Levi Williams, who commanded a regiment of the Hancock militia in the south-west of the county, had been required to organize and equip his command, and march it to Point Golden, which is a skirt of timber projecting into the prairie five miles below Nauvoo, and near the Mississippi river. The Colonel, who was an ultra Anti-Mormon, and extremely violent in his prejudices, exerted all his influence and authority to rally his men. In a short time he had them on the march, every heart animated with the hope

of a fight with the Prophet. They had marched less than half the distance to their point of destination, when a dispatch was received from the Governor, countermanding their order to march to Point Golden, and requiring them to instantly disband. This course of the Governor both surprised and disappointed them. Inflammatory and denunciatory speeches were made, arraiging the character of the Governor, and charging him with being confederate with the Mormons.

In the meantime, Governor Ford, gratified with the happy termination of his labors, thought it prudent and advisable to visit Nauvoo, and, by a candid statement of facts, and a fair promise of protection to his prisoners, win back the Mormons to their allegiance to the State. The Mormons received him with the respect due his station. Their interest in the fate of their Prophet was so general, so lively and intense, that no difficulty was found in collecting the whole population in one vast assemblage, in the open commons, where the Governor, in default of a rostrum, mounted a log cabin, from the roof of which he addressed the multitude for two hours or more, during which time the Mormons listened with the most anxious and profound attention. He admonished them against suffering any influence or policy to divert them from a due and implicit obedience to the law; threatened them with the power of the State if any attempts were made at insubordination, and guaranteed the public faith for the protection of the prisoners at Carthage. The Governor was earnest and sincere in the whole tenor of his remarks, and was greeted with frequent and enthusiastic bursts of applause from the assembled multitude, won over by his candor and apparent impartiality. The anxious suspense of the Mormons was measurably removed by the definiteness of the Governor's pledges. Addresses were made by the leading men of the city, in which assurances were given of the loyalty of the Mormons and their disposition to sustain the law. That Gen. Smith had only hesitated to surrender himself a prisoner, on account of the excitement and unjust prejudice of the public mind occasioned by the misrepresentations and falsehoods of the renegade Laws, who were plotting for the death of the Lord's Prophet and the destruction of the Church.

That in future, assured as they now were by positive pledges from the executive, the officers of the law would have no further cause of complaint against them. The meeting dispersed in good order, cheering the Governor for his liberality, and rejoicing in the pledges of his protection. They pressed upon him the hospitality of their city, which was declined, owing to pressing engagements at Carthage. The Governor accordingly left Nauvoo about sundown, well satisfied that the wrathful storm was quelled, angry passions were allayed, and peace, with its manifold blessings, was restored to "Hancock."

But, to return to Carthage, notwithstanding the absence of the Governor and their disaffection to his policy, there was no actual outbreak amongst the disbanded troops. The angry groups which were collected in the streets, indulging in surly comment on the Governor's conduct, were gradually talking away their wrath, and were silently dropping off to their homes. The little village of Carthage, which for a week past had been a scene of bustle, animation, and excitement rarely witnessed, was resuming its usually quiet, dull air. The only feature which marked that any thing extraordinary was transpiring, was the guard on duty around the jail. The unsuspecting citizens rejoiced at the quiet of their streets, and congratulated themselves on the restoration of order in their midst.

Their joy, however, was of but brief endurance. Near sunset, and at the very moment when the Governor was pledging the public faith on behalf of the Mormon prisoners, an armed mob, numbering about one hundred men, was seen advancing stealthily, in single file, from the Nauvoo road, in the direction of the jail. On their arrival at the place of their destination, several shots were fired, and a scuffle ensued with the guard. The successful mob forced their way to the front door of the jail, burst into the lower room, which was instantly filled by the excited and determined crowd. There was no hesitation; they instantly poured in one dark and threatening mass up the stairway which led to the room where the prisoners were confined. Arriving at the head of the stairs, a volley was fired through the door into the prisoners' apartment. One of these random shots

passed through the panel with sufficient force to inflict a wound on Hyrum Smith, from which he instantly expired. The door was now forced, and the excited mob precipitated themselves in the very centre of the room, shouting and firing volley after volley. The contest was too fierce to continue long. The prisoners vainly attempted to parry the guns of their assailants. Taylor was severely, and at the time it was thought mortally, wounded. The Prophet was armed with a six-barrelled pistol, with which he defended himself with a bravery inspired by desperation. Three times did he discharge his weapon, and every shot was effectual, wounding one of his assailants mortally and two others slightly. Having been already severely wounded, and having fired all the barrels of his pistol which could be discharged, the Prophet turned to an open window with the intention of precipitating himself below. But the terrible appearance of the wrathful and determined mob without caused him to abandon his purpose. He was now exhausted from the loss of blood flowing from numerous wounds, yet he labored with the energy of despair to recover himself. He clutched the window sill to which he was suspended, and cast a wild and imploring look at the angry faces below. A volley was fired by the unrelenting mob, and the Prophet fell lifeless to the ground.

Thus fell a martyr to licentiousness and ambition the most corrupt, successful, and wicked impostor of modern times. Far from being animated by a desire to reform and purify the spirit of religion, he took a retrograde march from enlightened virtue, and introduced into the sanctuary, dedicated to the solemnity of Christian worship, vices which out-distanced the obscene rites of paganism. Mahomet, to whom the Mormon Prophet has been frequently compared, was a reformer. Amid the corruptions of paganism, surrounded by the temples of polytheism, he declared to his countrymen his sublime creed, there is "no God but God." However crude may have been his conceptions of the Divine character, however much the worship he established may have been blended with superstition and error, yet the noble principle of the unity of Deity—the base of his splendid superstructure—was in itself a mighty triumph over the corrupt mysteries of

pantheism, which it demolished and succeeded. In an age when Christianity had but little of the purity, and shed but little of the radiance which distinguished it when it first dawned upon the world; when its light struggled feebly with the clouds of monkish superstitions and ignorance; when its spirit was crushed by corruptions within and corruptions without; it was not singular that the Moslem Prophet failed to discover the just attributes of Deity, and entirely misconceived his character. But, in an age when Christianity shone with full lustre, Joe Smith propagated the notion of a material God endowed with the same gross and debasing passions as himself; a Deity pleased with licentiousness, and delighted with the commission of crime. In Mahomet's time polygamy was recognized and sanctioned by the observance of a long series of ages. True, he suffered it to remain, not however as a distinguishing feature of his theology. Smith, on the contrary, in an age and amongst a people where the doctrine and practice were alike repudiated, outraged virtue and decency by its revival and its practice.

In the mean time, whilst Carthage was thrown into consternation by the murder of the Smiths, the Governor was quietly jogging on his way from Nauvoo to Carthage. He had not proceeded far when he was met by a messenger, spurring in hot haste, who informed him that the jail had been invaded by an armed mob; that the guard had been overcome, the prison stormed, and its inmates murdered. This news effectually paralyzed him. The causes of a catastrophe so dire and so unexpected were to him entirely unaccountable. For days he had labored by the most accomplished diplomacy to restore peace to the turbulent factions. He had succeeded. He had quelled the waves of agitation and restored the supremacy of law; and, in the moment of his triumph, all his plans were defeated, and the reign of anarchy introduced. So sudden was the intelligence communicated, that he had neither the power nor the inclination to analyze the causes which produced this strange revulsion in the affairs of Hancock. He thought only of his personal safety. He directed his course towards Quincy, turning his back on the storm of passion which his wisdom was insufficient to control.

But, to return to the perpetrators of this tragedy, it is only necessary to state that so soon as the bloody deed was consummated they fled in the wildest confusion, impelled by vague fear of immediate danger, spreading in their flight the news of the catastrophe.

When the citizens of Carthage saw the mob investing the jail, it was supposed to be a party of Mormons endeavoring to effect the rescue of the prisoners. After they became aware of the true nature of the riot, and learned the murder of the Smiths, an immediate rising of the Mormons was anticipated for the purpose of avenging the death of their leader and Prophet. They reasonably expected that their first rush would be to Carthage, which would fall a sacrifice to their blind and avenging fury. Under this fearful impression the village was entirely deserted; men, women and children, panic-stricken, all fled in the wildest disorder and confusion. Mr. Hamilton, the proprietor of the "Carthage Hotel," with his family, were the only persons who had sufficient presence of mind to remain. To this hotel the remains of the Smiths were removed from the place where they had been abandoned by the mob in their blood. As the news of the death of the Smiths extended, the same panic which was manifested at Carthage communicated itself all over the county. Every one confidently believed that the desolating march of the Nauvoo Legion would bring terror and death to every home.

The news of the violent death of their Prophet was received by the Mormons with mingled emotions of surprise, horror, and rage. Their first impulse was to collect their forces and revenge themselves by the desolation of the county; but their desire for vengeance was instantly smothered by their cool and politic leaders, who at once saw the impropriety of permitting the infuriated multitude to take vengeance in their own hands. A delegation composed of the least obnoxious of their number was sent to receive and bring to Nauvoo the mutilated bodies of their Prophet and Patriarch. The Legion was paraded, placed under arms, and marched on to the prairie to escort the remains into the city. The bodies of the deceased were received with the greatest ceremony and solemnity. The whole populace was assembled to take their last look

of affection on those whom, in life, they had venerated and loved. Never was mourning more general or sincere. With all his vices, the impostor had been true to his people. In all their reverses, amid all their persecutions, he never thought of deserting them. They had listened to his teachings as the voice of God, and now the light which in all peril had shone on their pathway was for ever extinguished. The funeral of the deceased was attended by an immense concourse of people. The city authorities, the Nauvoo Legion, the Masonic lodges, the agitated and sorrowful populace, and the curious inquisitive strangers whose love of novelty had induced them to visit the city, all fell into the procession and followed the remains to their last resting place.

The perpetrators of this murder were never clearly identified. The Mormons, at the time of its commission, alleged that it was accomplished by their old enemies in Missouri, who had taken advantage of the existing disturbances in Illinois to satiate their malice and revenge. A letter was written by Elder Richards, who was confined with the Smiths at the time they were murdered, exculpating the people of Carthage from any connection with the riotous proceedings, and charging the Missourians with the murder. That Elder Richards was right in exonerating the citizens of Carthage from all participation in the transaction, there can be no shadow of doubt; that he was mistaken or wilfully lied in seeking to attach the guilt of the murder to the Missourians, there can be just as little doubt. In fact, the notion that the Missourians had any thing to do with the matter was almost immediately abandoned by all the Mormons, who now labored with much zeal and plausibility to fasten guilt on a part of Col. Williams's regiment, which we have seen was disbanded on its march to Point Golden. But their very exertions to bring the murderers to justice were so mixed up with cunning expedients and unequivocal malice, that they manifested a disposition rather to secure victims to gratify their revenge than to procure a correct and impartial administration of justice. The witness by whom they sought to fasten guilt on the expedition under Col. Williams, was a fellow by the name of Daniels, without character or common decency, who had

lately by sudden, and as he claimed supernatural means, become a zealous convert to Mormonism. This Daniels admitted that he himself was in the conspiracy, and assisted in the murder of the Smiths. To give color and consistency to his story, he published a narrative purporting to be a statement of the facts connected with the Carthage murder. In this narrative, he in substance states that he marched with Col. Williams's regiment from Warsaw to the point where the troops were disbanded. That on the dismissal of the troops, an inflammatory speech was made by the editor of the *Signal*, an Anti-Mormon journal published at Warsaw, in which he boldly proposed to march to Carthage, and murder the prisoners in jail. This proposition, he informs us, was rejected with disgust by a large number of the company, who were indignant at a proposition to murder men in the confinement of a prison, whatever guilt they may have incurred. That a portion of the company, less scrupulous, of which number he himself made one, organized themselves and marched to a point within four miles of Carthage, where they communicated with the prison guard, who entered heartily into the conspiracy. That they then immediately marched to Carthage and consummated the murder, without any

hindrance from the guard. That the rencontre of the mob was only a sham to keep up appearances, and that the shots which were fired by the guard were blank cartridges.

On the testimony of this witness nine persons, all of whom belonged to the regiment referred to, including Col. Williams, were duly indicted for the murder. This indictment came on to be heard at a special term of the Hancock Circuit Court, in June, 1845, about a year subsequent to the commission of the crime. Every effort was made to procure an impartial jury. A number of days were consumed in challenges. A jury was finally procured which has never yet been arraigned by public opinion, but has uniformly received the credit of having discharged their duty fearlessly and impartially. The Attorney-General of the State prosecuted with a vigor and ability rarely equalled. Yet the testimony of Daniels, who was his principal witness, was so inconsistent and contradictory, that he frankly admitted to the jury that the witness was wholly unworthy of credit, and that no attention should be given his testimony in the formation of their verdict. The prisoners were consequently, without any hesitation, found "not guilty" by the jury, and were accordingly discharged.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF P. Y.

No. II

MEPHISTOPHILES THE POLITICIAN.

PROLOGUE.

Good people of this happy and thrice happy Republic, you who were conceived in the self-satisfaction of the most accomplished liberty, and brought forth into a world of the most brilliant intelligence, and the most intolerable and incomprehensible virtue; lights 'of the century,' shall I say, or of all time? independent sovereigns, Agamemnons, and robustious, brazen-throated vendors of your own unspeakable virtues and immaculate and patient courage; I have a little secret in my heart, O my countrymen! a very little and insignificant one, of which I desire your acceptance. I wish to whisper it in your ears, and let it slide gently along your auditory nerves, until it finds a lodgment in that ventricle, or if you please, that organ, or that spiritual chamber, or (as you are learned to a man in this department of mechanics) that galvanic division of your brains where lies self-love: into which nook my secret having fallen, will beyond a doubt remain; and if your cerebrum, or thinking machine, be not a composition of flint and gold, a slander I repel, it will then find a soil and moisture, and mayhap fructify like the good seed of the Word.

In the language of the classics, I conjure you, "most illustrious drinkers" of water, who by the copious imbibition of that universal solvent, and liquid of life, have achieved heaven and an office; and you, "indefatigable toppers," and pious "martyrs of the flesh,"—for in these days there are but two kinds, the sot sober and the sot drunk, the sot vindictive and virtuous, and the sot pot-valiant and sullen,—I conjure you to observe what I have herein written; for in my story, as in a lock of wool, I have wrapped up my little secret, to let the air of fancy waft it towards you; and if you catch it, and unfold it, and rub your eyes, and, after a deep and full draught of your favorite liquid, be it the cold ooze of mother earth, or the warm

and genial spirit of the vine, as you are in the mood of sot vindictive and virtuous, or sot pot-valiant and sullen, then, having laid aside your political spectacles with the colored glasses, you will look at it and find it physic for pride; for my secret is medicinal to gentlemen of your faith and origin. Immediately, like a company of young girls, you wish to have my little secret in a word. Ah! you must read, and find it; the harder the filbert, the sweeter the kernel. I shall whisper it only, to your infallible acuteness in my veracious narrative of "Mephistophiles the Politician," his arts and ways, which I have written for your entertainment in the coming hot weather and dulness of trade. I am reduced to this, in spite of my teeth and the spleen, *videlicet*, my organ of pride, by your horrible laziness and jolly contempt of every thing profound or dull: understand, I am speaking only to *you*, the select ones, who are neither the "martyrs" nor the "saints," neither pot-valiant nor pot-virtuous, neither liquorish nor waterish, neither vinophobic nor vino-hydrophobic; into which two parties of the sots and the swillers, the hot heads of this glorious and enlightened country are divided; who seek truth neither in a bottle nor in a well, but on the broad and smiling face of the world. As for you, ye captains of the watery host, ye Tritons and salt Neptunes, ye rivers of cool virtue and fountains of aqueous eloquence, there is that in you I dread, as if it were hot ice or burning snow; burning froze with all the effects of fire, like that antique puritanical zeal. Have I not seen Asmodeus and Mephistophiles in the garb of saints, leading on your ranks, while Bacchus and Silenus cheered the others? Did you not elect the hooved and horned Quaterdoller to lead one of your brigades, when both hoofs and horns were open and palpable? Ah! my sacro-sanctimonious friends, it was Quaterdoller himself who took you by your long and soft ears

which resemble those of very young and tender rabbits, but so many of you ran away and slunk into the bushes when you realized the hoofs and horns, poor Quaterdoller found himself captain of a handful of hot ice, *enfants d'eau*, against the roaring devils of the powerful god Bacchus.

It is said by the voices of this generation, "Formerly men were fools, but now they are grown wise;" so it was said also three centuries ago. "How many and what dispositions made them fools?" asked a classic author of three centuries ago, struck in his day, as we are, with the wonderful purity, wisdom, and virtue of his time. "How many and what dispositions were wanting to make them wise?" Instead of Quaterdoller for a lord and master, alas! had they only a Chevalier Bayard, or Henry IV.? Unhappy! "Why were they fools?" Because, having no engines, they went a-horseback! Alas! poor fools! "How should they be wise," these benighted unfortunates? In finding no commercial pretext for a crusade? Alas! poor simpletons! "Pray, how came you to know that men were formerly fools?" By comparing Henry the Eighth, of England, with Bomba, King of Naples, or Shakspeare with Mr. Plagiary Puff, or Signori Galileo Galilei and Copernicus with your favorite tutor on the globes; or the valiant Mahomet with Joe and his Mormons; or the courtiers of Charles the Second with the lobby gentry and defaulters of your own legislatures? "How do you find that men are now wise?" By the grandeur, urbanity, and dignity of your divine press? "Who made the men of old time fools, and who made you wise?" "Who do you think are the greater number, those that loved mankind foolish, or those that love it in these days when it is wise?" Whence comes wisdom, from the heart, or from the head, or both? And if from both, who finds the hearts and heads of these days better than those of old? "Why did the old folly end now, and no later?" says our classic three hundred years ago; and why, if it ended then, did it begin again? "What were we the worse for the former folly, and what better for the succeeding wisdom?" Why has the ancient folly come to naught, and why is it succeeded by the following wisdom?

Now do I swear to you, though I love you, by the valor of my whiskers, and the wisdom of my tailor; by the votes of the felons, and the shouts of the sots; by the

bribes of the lobbies, and the consciences of the pardoning governors; by the purity of the traitorous firebrands, and the eloquence of the sots sullen and virtuous; by the noses of the multitude, and the freedom of the press; by the heroes on the thrones, and the demagogues in the saddle; by the valor and stomach of the men whose wives and daughters are at the women's conventions; by the pious enthusiasm and self-devotion of the gold crusaders; by the unity of the Church; by the harmony of creeds; by the profundity of modern philosophy; by the numbers of the wise; by the honesty of the little traders; by the rarity of suits at law, and the rapidity of decisions; by the integrity of the clerks of justice, and the infallibility of juries; by the death of humbug, and the rise and prevalence of holy truth; by the speedy conversion of the heathen, and the suppression of the slave-trade; by the brilliant scintillations of your own genius in arts and letters, my proud and happy countrymen; by all of these, I swear to you, I have my doubts and difficulties, though I say it with modesty, that we are no nearer the image of the Most High God than our valorous ancestors.

Beyond a doubt, however, we are all in right good earnest to be rid of what little remnant of folly remains among us, and every reasonable plan for the rejuvenation of the time will be greedily hearkened to. I have a little pet one of my own, which I shall make bold to lay before you, nothing doubting that, if it be logical and rightly mechanical, you will immediately call a mass meeting of your fellow-citizens, and have it put in execution.

In this my plan for the sudden and final extirpation of folly, which we all know is the true fountain and source of all the evils that afflict us, I go back to the past, and profit by its experience. The past, we know, is totally a mistake. We reap from it, however, much valuable experience, and maintain our self-respect. In a certain country named France, which you will find laid down upon the old maps, but which has been abolished within my recollection, though I am not yet a century old, there sprang up a sort of men, very great philosophers, who undertook the reformation of the world, and the total extirpation of folly. These good people, who were also very pious men of God, and dead set on executing the will of Providence, looking up and down, here and there, above and below, about and beside them for the roots, foun-

tains, or origins of folly, found it all flowing down upon themselves from the people above them, perched on the privileged altitudes of the church, the law, and the aristocracy. In every thing that bore the mark or carried the symbols of power, they discovered a monstrous and intolerable source of folly and corruption. This discovery made, they fell to remedy the evil; and after expending a good deal of vain talk and lamentation, with many futile attempts at closing up and palliating, they began at last in a fit of desperation to cut right and left, indiscriminately, and in a short time took off the heads and buried the carcasses of all those who had so afflicted them. When they had fairly extinguished their kings and nobles, they fell upon their philosophers and savans, and, finding it logical to do so, ended by guillotining each other. Like the noble Cocles, they plunged into the gulf, and made a brilliant end. This grand suicide of all the wisdom and nobility of a great nation is an example of little profit, unless we, of the wiser, less enthusiastic, and more practical generation, may see proper to take advantage of its converse, and, as one wise man is any day valued above a thousand fools, put the very reverse of their plan in operation, and in revenge, as we are the wise, fall to in our turn and decapitate the fools. Instead of that ridiculous blunder of the French savans, the cutting off and utter extinction of the wise in behalf of the fools, let us immediately establish the contrary, and commence marking, denouncing, and hanging out of the way, every sot, fool and ruffian on the face of the continent. Would not that be in the order of nature, my philosophical and logical friends? I beg you will think well of it. It has been fairly proved to you, in your books of political economy, that population, when it is poor, mischievous, and miserable, is a curse; and if so, as the ministers of wisdom, you are bound to diminish it. Have you not before your eyes the example of a country that has pursued the reverse course, and by cutting off the heads of all her wise and good men, or banishing them to pestilential climes, converted herself into a mass of mere population, instead of a great nation? O my country, be warned in time! Do not allow yourselves to be called "a population;" there is very little credit in it. Neither you nor I wish to be regarded as population. We do not care a button for population. We never shed a

tear for population. Population is no more to us than a buffalo, or Cincinnati hogs. Think then of what I submit to you. You wish to become a wise, and an incredibly wise people. You and I, and some two or three millions more, are the wise; and to be the most wonderfully wise, the most incredibly sensible nation that ever frowned at the sun, we have only to exterminate the fools. Let us without delay agitate this great enterprise. It is sure, it is simple; it is grand in conception, and will be heroic in execution. It is a divine work. Do not the laws of creation make the folly of man his destruction, and have not our divines assured us that to merit the favor of Heaven, we must execute its wrath? Is not a fool the subsistence of a knave, and if all the fools were taken away, whereby could knavery thrive? Think of it, I say, whether you drink water, or drink wine. It is no party matter, but a question of necessity and mercy, and by all means I would have you begin with the fools who differ with you in regard to the policy of this and the policy of that; and I do not much care how you commence your system of extermination, you can be as indirect as you please, and begin at any point, so you will persevere manfully to the end.

WHEN I was a blackguard at the law school, it was my privilege to turn over the leaves of treatises in the office of one Mephistophiles, an orator of great reputation, whose declamations made a mob prick up their ears more quickly than apes do at the sound of a fiddle. An uglier wretch I did never set eyes upon; but many women admired some of his features, for I know not what reason. His head was full of plots, and they ripened all the year, like oranges; some in bud, some in flower, others coming to the fruit, but always lusty and bearing. In him I saw the vices of humanity epitomized, and his life and deeds were to me a perpetual miracle. After him followed a train of human vermin of all colors and sizes, treasury rats, spies, panders, and disreputable agents; all eager, longing, and with open jaws watching for the morsels of plunder which he threw to them from time to time. He beckoned them to him and away, like dogs, and dogs they were.

He and his fellows lived upon the hopes of men; reaping from these a species of plunder not noticed in law or equity, and which

they called "contingency." The scouts of Mephistophiles hunted up new projects and taking inventions, and brought them to his door. His vandogs and bullies managed the mob, and had him always elected to offices of power. Now he was a judge, now a councillor, now an intermediary contractor of public roads, bridges, arsenals, vessels of war; a manager of suits at law; a lobby legislator; a lecturer, and above all, a negotiator of loans, and patron of new inventions. Every where mole-hills became mountains where he went; fortunes sprang up at his touch, and vanished in a day; he gathered the fruit while it was growing, and daily squeezed the leeches whom he kept about him. In him were united the waste of a prodigal with the avarice and cunning of a Jew; the sottishness and sensuality of a debauchee with the activity and coolness of an old gambler, for such was Mephistophiles.

Of his origin I can give this account: The spirit Mephistophiles, wandering up and down to find a proper body for itself, in which to carry out a new kind of wickedness suited to the age, found the carcass of a dead drunkard lying along in a sewer, and immediately took possession of, and reënnimated, the bloated corpse.

He did all he could to furbish up his new tenement, but could never make it look well. He dressed it, adorned it with gold chains, brooches, rings, fine linen, silk, and broadcloth, but it still wore a shabby, slouchy, gallows look. The complexion red, bloated, freckled, pitted, and stained with the purple tinge of venous engorgement; the limbs strong enough, but ungainly, and vile in motion. The appetites gave him infinite trouble, and kept poor Mephistophiles up to his eyes in debt, running all kinds of debauchery, and half his precious time wasted in satisfying the lusts and insatiable hunger of his adopted carcass. Still he would not quit the poor earthy monster, for it was full of talent, with a pair of strong lungs, a capital organ of talk, a good ear, and a taste for poetry.

Never was a poor devil more lucky in the choice of a carcass. Its horrible ugliness removed the suspicions of disaffected husbands; its eloquence charmed the uninstructed ears of the people; its stolid face betrayed not the most violent internal emotions. With an eye like a chameleon's that

looked all ways, it could see two thirds of the horizon, and watch a dozen rogues at once.

It had been the property of a jockey, who had previously been a pedagogue, and Mephistophiles found much trouble in breaking the creature of its old habits of horse fancying. He found its brain full of oaths, bargains, and the small cheateries of minor corruption, which he had much ado to find a use for. Being, however, a very devil, he neglected nothing, and finally brought the small vices to serve as whippers-in and decoys for the large ones.

Since his great affair with Faustus had turned out so badly, Mephistophiles found himself sick of philosophy; and being quite disgusted with the rabble of small sins and peccadilloes, invented a new art of wickedness, which he now put in practice, and found the world much riper for it than he had anticipated. In this new career of politician, he had, indeed, been forestalled by many; but he put a new face upon it, and introduced a variety of phases, equally original and effective. He let himself out as under-jobber to a number of great men, and, by involving them in difficulties to which he alone had the key, drew large shares of spoil.

He kept open table in the city for all comers, and, cultivating a liberal manner, laid himself out for the borrowers, who were thus caught in a trap of their own setting; for, instead of money, he required service in return.

He frequented gambling hells, and drew to them troops of jobbers, contractors, and political agents. To these he would furnish money at a last extremity; and because he played higher than the rest and always lost, they took him for the most liberal and careless fellow in the world; a good soul, who would soon run his race. But of all these he took a memorandum, and laid them by to serve him upon occasion.

If any man saw him receive a large sum, he would give it away by tens and hundreds to poor fellows, of whom a crowd continually waited in his ante-room, and immediately borrow double the amount, which no one who saw what he had done could refuse to him.

Men of wealth he treated with consideration, and by raising in them a high opinion of their own prudence, plunged them into

enormous enterprises, in which he invariably held a share for his assiduity. These he sold to others, and drew in great sums.

His spies and beagles, travelling in all directions, kept him informed of private and public enterprises of magnitude that were on foot. Before these he raised innumerable obstacles, vilifying those who proposed them, circulating his superior knowledge of their character and affairs, and finally, by the impression he created of his incredible talent, foresight, and influence, forced the management of all to be intrusted to himself. If any doubt of him arose, he would manifest an indignant generosity and resign; whereupon all would be given back to him, with more power than before.

He always swore that if all failed he would himself indemnify the losers; and for appearance sake he would seem to do this, and immediately, on the strength of it, borrow ten times what he restored. He had always by him two or three rogues in the grain, experienced bankrupts and pettifoggers, to manage all the tricks and intricacies of the law; but these he kept dry and hungry, and borrowed of them their earnings in his service, which they dared not refuse, for he had a great deal of virtuous indignation that is terrible to think of.

For all enterprises he named the contractors, and secretly arranged with them for half the profits. But first he would have it advertised, as they do at Washington, to the lowest bidder; with a reservation, that power should be given to consider the merits of the bidder, whether he were able to fulfil his engagements and give the bonds; but this always failing through his secret contrivances, he gave the contract where he pleased, and divided the spoil.

Mephistophiles set no value upon money, except as it was the readiest means in those days for accomplishing his ends; and these were, to pollute and defile the souls of men, and draw them on to dishonesty. For the rest, he let it take care of itself.

With one hand he drew in millions, and with the other gave them away; so that no man living was more beloved and sought after by the people; but it was the gold of Mephistophiles, and no good ever came by it.

In every great city he built a palace of pleasure, with a domain and country seat in its vicinity. These were the enticements

of his followers, where he would feast, caress, and terrify by turns, those whom it was a point to subdue. But if, by chance, any person of virtue was present, he would assume an air of courtesy, and manifest a full appreciation of their worth.

In the brain of the body he had taken for his service, Mephistophiles found a few fag-ends of Greek and Latin and Scripture quotations, (for the poor thing had once been a pedagogue;) and these gave him the hint of setting up for a scholar. He would burst out upon a modest company with a philological correction, or a new rendering of a Latin phrase, to the wonder of all; and thus he added a new style of respect with little cost.

Wherever persons of note came together, Mephistophiles was among them; for it was his trade to make fools equally of great and little men; and few saw his drift, for he was a cheerful, jovial fellow, and had his bawdy jokes and good things, carried plenty of fun and flattery about with him, and had ready for each an insinuation which worked upon avarice, and made all who knew him desire more of such a golden promise. You hear it commonly said, that boasting is the mark of a fool; but Mephistophiles boasted upon principle, and made foolish fellows follow him like dogs, by the pictures he drew of his own achievements, and of his boundless generosity and power. Herein was he no fool, for he boasted only when to boast was politic.

To have heard him and his crew (they took him for the god of gold) hatching their plots, all on the windy side of the law, you would have fancied yourself fallen among the privy council of Mammon.

Passing one day with a number of his under-devils and beagles, on the shady side of a wall, it was a Sunday in July, hot as Erebus, not a breath stirring:—Mephistophiles complaining of his carcass, which was too small and hot for him in all weathers:

Asmodeus paring his nails, and whistling an opera tune:

Robin Goodfellow eating peaches, and throwing the pits at the pigeons:

Puck sitting on the wall, very sullen, and drumming with his heels:

All the little underling devils and beagles, gaping and fly-catching:—

Mephistophiles, stopping in the middle of his walk, struck with his left hand his projecting brow. "My children," said he, staring intently at one and another, "I have an idea." We were all up in a moment, and listened as if it were the music of the spheres. Mephistophiles raised his cane, which it was a custom of his to slip up and down through his fingers, poising and whirling it, while he modulated and emphasized, and with the feruled end administered Asmodeus a poke immediately between the fifth and sixth ribs. The poor devil could not forbear shrinking a little, though he used his utmost resolution to appear insensible.

"Asmodeus," said he, "you, who are a devil of talent, will correct me, while I review our little enterprises. We have this year drawn together two millions five hundred and sixty-four thousand, seven hundred and ninety-four dollars, eight cents, two and a half mills."

"You are a perfect Colbert, a Walker, a La Place," replied Asmodeus with a grin, fretting secretly with pain, after the devilish poke he had taken in his side.

"And by the skilful sprinkling and pouring away of the same," continued Mephistophiles, "as a cunning housekeeper scatters the juice of cicuta and subtle powders of quicksilver, to suffocate and poison pernicious vermin, we have ensnared and choked therewith the souls of seventy and seven persons. A number I like; for though small, it is scriptural."

Robin Goodfellow jumped off the wall, half choked with a pit that went the wrong way, when he heard Mephistophiles utter the sacred number; so wild a little devil was he with the fun of any thing that struck him. "Throw me," said he, "from the highest pinnacle of the White House into the lowest pit of the kitchen of the universe, if this time the good Mephistophiles be not mistaken. The number of souls baited and fairly strangled and sent below is eighty-five, the number of persons seventy and seven."

"How is that?" growled Mephistophiles, with a side look at the others, as if to say, Hear him.

"We must not forget," said Puck, with one of his mischievous winks, "that Robin is a great psychologist, and has experimented time out of mind on the imaginations of country bumpkins and milk-maids."

"Until I took him into my service," said Mephistophiles; "since when he has occupied himself among stock speculators and buyers of land. Go on."

Asmodeus, burning with vexation for the poke in his side, had taken a bit of hard thorn-wood out of his pocket, and very quickly cut it into the shape of a caltrop, which he threw down in the path. Mephistophiles, returning as usual on his own foot-tracks, thrust the little wooden torment through the sole of his slipper, and began at that instant to curse and damn himself so horribly, you would have thought it was the evening of fast day in the household of some worldly formalist, who had lost his temper with his dinner, and swore before supper, in order to get the wind out of his stomach.

It was a trait of Mephistophiles that he never laughed, and disliked it in others, as an ungentlemanly excess. This rally of his underling pleased him so much, however, he sent immediately for brandy, and began to drink like a sponge. When the fume of the liquor had ascended to his brain, he grew jovial and familiar, which put us all in terror for our ribs; for at such times the cane was in eloquent agitation, to say nothing of knocks, jerks, and rousing slaps upon the back, enough to bang the breath out of an Irish porter, which came to us as tokens of good favor, accompanied with rolling looks from the chameleon eyes, that made one's blood curdle; but all in good part and the best temper in the world. Asmodeus, who was a tender chicken, a kind of feeling devil since the fall of man,—on which interesting occasion, overcome by curiosity, he had ventured too near, and, reckoning without his host, which was a trick of all the imps in that epoch, else had they not made the nine days' somerset, got himself shut in, and jammed like a toad in the gate of Eden,—Asmodeus, I say, hopping always upon crutches, took Mephistophiles to task for slapping his hunch, which, he said, pained him like a forger's conscience whenever it was touched.

Mephistophiles, who was that day in an excellent humor, for that he had succeeded in persuading a very honorable merchant to engage in a swindling speculation, listened quietly; and in reply declared the habit was in his carcass, and that for his life he had never been able to eradicate it. The

poor pedagogue he now inhabited had been used to frequent country taverns, and be at hail-fellow well met with the oafs and drunkards of the village.

Mephistophiles then called upon Puck to enumerate the exploits of the year; for, said he, it is best that we review our failures and successes, and so open upon a new enterprise with all the virtue of experience. Puck, a thin devil with a large head and wide ears, a sort of hobby-de-hoy, very prettily dressed, and of agreeable manners, but always discontented and scandalous, began by mentioning a plan of his for washing the mud of sewers, to find therein gold and silver. And of this they had made a company, and by shares had drawn to themselves and appropriated the fortunes of a great number of widows and orphans, and devoted one half to the founding a hospital for diseased rakes and drunkards; and the other to keeping twenty or thirty poor wretches idle, in expectation of something, they knew not what, had they died for it, until they and their families were utterly demoralized and starved. Of these, ten committed suicide, six became forgers and burglars, and the remainder fell into low offices on starving salaries, ready for any villanous job that might be offered to them.

Asmodeus then reminded them of his, which was the second in order; a project for a brokerage of maids, widows and concubines, by which they had succeeded in putting off a great number of she demons upon very honest men, to serve as decoys and instigators, with great utility and profit, even to this day.

Robin Goodfellow, the jolliest and best-natured devil in the world, told how he had drawn four great merchants into a net of speculation, and made scoundrels of them all in spite of their teeth. All the devilkins took each his turn; which was a mighty entertainment to us, and passed off the hot weather like the stories of Boccaccio.

"Children," said Mephistophiles, "I shall by-and-by propound you my idea, which has so long revolved in this brain of mine," said he, striking his enormous eyebrows with his hand; "it will no longer be contained, but must enter the outer air. But first," said he, willing to enhance his own by comparison with theirs, "let us hear what new thing you have, each of you, to offer." Then we saw it was a kind of trial

to prove us all, and none were ready to speak.

At length, a wretched, squat figure, like an apothecary's chemist, stepped forward, and with a serious phiz and a husky voice offered a new discovery of the philosopher's stone, found out by clairvoyance, by which he proposed to delude and bankrupt a goodly number of moneyed idlers. The project was approved, and each one had his share set by for him of the profits.

Next to him followed one who had been formerly a very popular preacher, unchurched for defamation and debauchery; and he, with a sweet and mellow voice, solicited our aid in the building of a church for himself, in which he was to preach a new religion, promising large perquisites from the ardor of female devotees. This fellow took mightily with his project; and being a person of a soft address, with a good voice and Cyprian eyes, we doubted nothing of his promised successes.

Robin Goodfellow then made us all merry with a new kind of insurance for unmarried women, who were to have each a dower given them by the company on the day they married, on the payment of a certain annual tax to the company. This same company would also open books of inspection, in which all the qualifications of the insured were to be registered; the most beautiful to pay the highest tax, and their own valuation of themselves in regard to beauty taken for the rate of tax. Mephistophiles, however, treated this project seriously, and not only demanded a share, but would be made President of the Board of Inspection; the whole to be managed secretly and with decorum.

Puck, always fond of mischief, absolutely alarmed us with a proposition for a grand incendiary association, for setting fire to all uninsured domiciles; promising for this brilliant operation to draw large sums from speculators and stockholders of insurance, who, he swore, would thereby make great sums by the sudden rise of their premiums, and become as wicked as so many fire fiends. This project was laid by for consideration and experiment.

Many others were offered, but the one that most of all pleased and excited us was the project of Asmodeus for a grand periodical of smut and blackguardie, which he did not fail to prove would make the fortunes of all concerned in it.

Asmodeus entered first upon a very grand discourse, in which he set forth the excellent virtue of courage. He showed, first, how there were occasions when courage was quite as serviceable a merit as that shrewdness and cunning in which we took so great a pride; how Alexander the Great was a brave man, and very frequently displayed much resolution. Then he told us of occasions when it was necessary to be bold, in order to cheat; and finally, by the method of Socrates, convinced us all that the greatest rascal in the universe is by far the bravest, since he incurs the most imminent and pressing danger. Having thus insinuated into us the very soul of heroism, he broached his project, which, he said, required as great a sacrifice as though one should expose himself naked in some indecent posture on a pedestal in the square of a great city: but as the sacrifice, so the profit; that, of all the works of human genius, smut, obscenity, and blackguardism were most prized and universally sought after by the multitude. "Man," quoth Asmodeus, "is by nature a smutty, obscene, indecent animal; for to him only, of all living beings, is given the sense of shame or of modesty—a weakness which great men and heroes set themselves diligently to overcome. Witness," he continued, "the tremendous obscenities of Tiberius, of Cataline, of Catharine of Russia, of Wilkes, of Mirabeau, to say nothing of the racy and pointed conversation of great politicians in our own land, and the places where they are discovered by the Sergeant-at-Arms, when called upon to exercise their legislative in lieu of their sensual talents. Are not the sensual appetites those by which *we* operate in all our experiments on human nature? And shall we wilfully exclude ourselves from the widest field of all, that of literature, when it requires only the by us too long neglected and despised virtue of courage to do this?"

Eloquence being prodigiously unfashionable in the private life of Mephistophiles, except as used by himself, Asmodeus felt that he had ventured too far. So he adopted a quaint comical look, puckered up his mouth, and ducked his head to the master, as if to say, "I'll not venture further on your ground;" and it was well he did so, for Puck had just swept up a great handful of flies, wasps, and skippers, to let off under his nose, had he been a whit more wordy; while two little devilkins were each busy fill-

ing up the heels of his slippers behind with pebbles. "We appoint Asmodeus," said Mephistophiles, with a wink at the others, "to conduct this enterprise. The journal in his hands will become a constant record of lies, blasphemy, scandal, impudence, obscenity, and demagogism; and we feel a confidence he will conduct it with equal credit to himself and the region from which he ascends. This journal," continued Mephistophiles, "cannot fail of an enormous circulation, especially if it be written in that crimson blackguard style, of which our talented friend Asmodeus is so great a master. We have heard it said by those of old time, 'Brevity is the soul of wit;' but I say unto you, 'Blackguardie is the soul of tediousness, whereby the drowsy carcass of a long and pointless paragraph is made lively and readable.'"

Mephistophiles was here seized with one of those fits of literary vanity into which his restive carcass often led him, and, to the dismay of all of us, who had been repeatedly bored in that way before, delivered from a pamphlet, which he always carried about with him, a thundering Fourth-of-July oration, which made us all so dry we had like to have choked with thirst and vexation.

I know not how long our misery would have continued, had not Asmodeus, by good luck, cast his eyes upward to the roof of the arbor under which we shaded ourselves from the sun, and discovered there a huge hornets' nest, into which, without delay, reaching up, he thrust one of his crutches, and rousing the testy paper-makers, brought them all about our ears. Mephistophiles put up his pamphlet in great wrath, and letting fly a volley of oaths wicked enough to have astonished a Jesuit, moved off into the house beckoning all to follow him. When we were seated, and a quantity of cool drink distributed to clear the dust out of our jaws, Asmodeus resumed as follows:

"I decline," said he, "the editorship of our journal, for reasons incident to my hunch, which is in no sense qualified to receive the numerous thumps, kicks, thwacks, switchings, swingings, and other diverting accidents, which will without fail be visited upon it, were I openly and without disguise to undertake the dangerous but profitable function of quill-driving ruffian, or blackguard editor. I have always held before myself the classical example of Thersites,

who, though in all other respects he resembled the ruffian ink-spatterers of our day, and was, if the truth were known, and all poetical disguises stripped away, the true hero of the Grecian army, yet suffered the fire of genius to impel him too far, and, with an imprudence which disgusts me when I regard him as one of us, openly and in the light of day maligned Ulysses, and for his reward and praise received a horrible cudgelling and bastinado drummed upon his tender hunch. Mine aches to think of it."

"It is not in any event necessary," said Mephistophiles, "that you should hold the position openly. Indeed, I would recommend it as in all respects a preferable arrangement, and conducive to the reputation and influence of our journal, that it be conducted anonymously. As it is necessary, however, that the labors of the printer and publisher be not interrupted by the violent attacks of those who have been roasted and carbonadoed and blackened over in the columns of the journal, I will station there a stout ruffian, who, for a per diem, shall consent to receive any measure of chastisement these irritated gentry may see fit to administer; whereby all parties will be contented. As there is nothing more pleasing to him whose character has been maligned than to cudgel his slanderer, and the greater number of those who adopt this method of rectification would sooner incur the slander than lose the notoriety and pleasure of personally punishing its author or his substitute, we may trust by this arrangement to secure impunity in the personal department. The danger of legal actions, as they are a waste of time and money, may be obviated by a proper attention to the wording of paragraphs; for which we rely upon the talent of Asmodeus, who writes with equal skill in all imaginable styles, from simple Billingsgate to rose-colored, aromatic insinuation."

Asmodeus was ridiculously pleased and puffed up with these compliments; for the weakness of the poor hunchbacked imp was the vanity of a good style, and being told he was master of a dozen was more than he could bear, so that for mere praise he undertook the editorship gratuitously, by which he very justly drew upon himself the scoffs and jeers of the other imps, and the silent contempt of Mephistophiles, who knew vanity by heart in all its phases, as the chief handle by which he steered and directed the

souls of men in the way of perdition. "Do you not observe," said he to me, on another occasion, in a confidential mood, "that the spiritual diet of men is, for the most part, hope; the hope they shall one day have the means of gratifying an inordinate vanity and lust of folly? Study them well on that side, and you will become great as I am, and be a leader of the people." And I confess, though the advice did come from the devil, my studies have lain very much in the way he recommended.

Evening had now come on, and we sat down to an excellent supper, over which we made ourselves merry until Mephistophiles should communicate his grand project; and as we all expected the discussion of it would carry us far into the morning, we laid in a good stock of provision for the voyage, and soaked up a reasonable quantity of wine against the heaviness of sleep.

Being now very deeply in his confidence, a privilege for which the devil takes payment in kind, I made an opportunity of asking him aside, why it was he had chosen to inhabit so detestable a carcass, and had not rather taken up the figure of a fine gentleman in good society; a man of fortune, with the occupation of a nobleman and diplomatist?

"To say nothing," he replied, "of the difficulty of finding a suitable tenement,—most of your fine gentlemen leaving behind them only a half-decayed and unserviceable carcass, a body worn and debilitated with inordinate luxury, a brain stuffed with shallow diplomatic ideas, and a face covered with lines of grimace,—I need not remind you that it is the policy of a shrewd devil to be always on the prevailing side, which, among yourselves, is emphatically that of the unthinking multitude. I confess to you the habitation I have adopted gives me infinite trouble, being not only infested with the remnants and sequelæ of base diseases, which no skill of mine can eradicate, but so exasperated and unruly with the continual pricking and goading of desires and appetites, I am out of patience with it and resolve to leave it every day, were it not for the favor it finds with the common sort of the dishonest and ignorant. 'You do not know the power of my ugliness,' said Mirabeau, and say I. It is a secret of popular eloquence to make it issue from a vast, frowzy, hideous, squash lantern face. Your

taste is, no doubt shocked with the ursine roughness of my looks, my black and starting hair, my hands like the talons of an eagle, my chameleon eyes, and my manners, a composition of the great orator, the gambler, and the bar-room roarer. All this is not more disgusting to you than to myself, time out of mind a devil of rank, and a great chief of the propaganda. But as the revolutions of the heavenly orbs will not be stayed, nor conform themselves to our desires, and nature and men are ruled only by those who observe and conform to their condition, I, without enforcement, have buried the elegances of my former life in forgetfulness, and, for the end towards which I work, adopt all the rudeness of the demagogue. When the silly multitude see a man outwardly resembling themselves, rough, boisterous, and covered with the scars of common debauchery, they are not displeased, nor is any fear, malice, or envy waked in their dull and sensual brains. Therefore, though I, aristocrat by function and by spirit, do loathe and detest the rough and earthy shell in which I have taken lodgment for the time, as it shares in every particular the deformity of base and brutal natures, yet do I retain it as a mask. For, when from this deformed body the listening multitude hear sounds issuing, mellow and grandly cadenced; the voice of noble oratory, shrill as the bugle, and far heard as the morning clarion of the cock, piercing their dull ears with sharp and familiar phrases, musically ordered and winged with passion; entering their very souls, and starting up in the inner chambers of their hearts the slumbering ambition, the pride, the avarice, the hopes of youth and sympathy, the consolation of all; they say to themselves: 'He is one of us, but stronger; he has our desires, vices, passions, but in a larger way. Had things turned differently, we might have been as he is. Let him then represent us and stand for us; be our chief and sovereign.' "

It would have made you burst with laughter to have seen the countenance of Puck, who had gradually come near as the voice of Mephistophiles grew louder in the delivery of his sentiments to me. Simulating the most profound attention, he made his great ears twitch to and fro, and in all his gestures and attitude mimicked the astonishment of a raw countryman listening to a popular demagogue. Asmodeus, who had

drunk a great deal of black wine, as strong as bromine, and of a horrible flavor, had by this time recovered his balance, and applauded the speech of Mephistophiles with a sarcastic leer. "I resign," said he, "the editorship in favor of a superior genius." For it was a rule of this devilish company to let nothing pass without ridicule, unless it were sheer cunning and avarice. To be deficient in these qualities was to rank among fools and innocents. Nor could Mephistophiles indulge his baser imps with the contemplation of the majestic ideas that agitated his thought, so easily were they mistaken by inferior spirits for the inspirations of an immortal philosophy. In communicating with men, on the contrary, it was his study to appear magnificent; addressing always the profound and serious passions, and tempting the golden wings of hope to lean and soar upon the warm airs of imagination.

The poetry of hell was familiar to him; and I have known him to repeat entire passages in a public oration, which you would have sworn came out of some modern rhymester, breathing the sad music of disappointed vanity or lust; and if asked who wrote it, he would say, "Byron, for aught he knew;" and then they gave himself the credit of it, and the gorgeous plume of his reputation gained a new feather.

Though I confess I relished nothing that was eaten or drunk at this feast—everything having about it "the tang of Mephistophiles," which I cannot describe to you by the name of bitter, sour, acrid, or by any word of our meagre English—there was nevertheless an unaccountable excitement in being thus admitted into the company and counsels of veritable devils; and so I drank of the wine, though black and bitter as the spring-tide of the Cocytus, tasting of blood and tears, and partook of viands innutritious to a man. Of these and common food there was abundance, and Mephistophiles ate enormously of both, and tippled and swilled like some old Scotchman of the past age, with a head of *lignum-vitæ* and of that color; for of all people in the world, these are your hardest drinkers, and never drunk.

At ten they split into parties and played, Mephistophiles and Asmodeus playing together, like the King of Prussia and Voltaire. But the game was, who should outdo the other in cheaterly; and they lost and won

riches incalculable, treasures buried in the bosom of the sea, gold mines hidden under the woody skirts of volcanoes; and when they had clogged, and swindled, and cheated, and made the dice and cards walk to and fro, and go hither and thither, by a diabolical sleight of eyes, for they did not touch them, they began to bet upon guessing, and solved remote chances on a monstrous wager by a kind of clairvoyance.

After this, Mephistophiles showed us his picture gallery. It was a low rotunda hung round with what appeared to us to be a collection of those obscure discolored daubs that go under the significant name of "Old Masters." Groups of ghastly figures, whose meaning it was impossible to ascertain, such as may be seen at any picture auction. We stared at them awhile, until ennui and disgust made us gape like hounds, when all at once Mephistophiles began to play the cicerone, and expatiate upon their merits. It was truly wonderful to see the change that took place while he descanted on them. The dome of the gallery rose and enlarged, until, as Mephistophiles assured us, it was quite equal in size to St. Peter's at Rome. The pictures increased proportionately, and, either by a magical change or by the effect of our servile imaginations, became instinct with life. Here Cain seemed to fly from the corpse of his brother Abel, with an expression of horror that froze the vital spirits in our brains. Here Cataline administered the oath and the blood, which seemed to live and curdle in the cup; while the pale conspirators, glaring on one another, shudder and tremble, and one of the number starts, with horrent hair, looking behind him at the shaking of a door. Nay, it was all magic and delusion; for when we had gone the circuit of the gallery, and seen a hundred wonderful works of art, Mephistophiles, either for his own sport or through forgetfulness, for he was blind drunk, began to descant eloquently upon this same piece as if it were a group of five Nullifiers conspiring against twenty-three millions of people, and an excellent Old Master at that; which made us laugh like a company of swallows. Against the wall, in a dark niche, there stood what seemed to us a blank canvas, painted black, in a frame of great dimensions, and which Mephistophiles bade us regard attentively. When we had done so for a little time, he inquired whether we liked the piece; to

which Asmodeus replied angrily, that there was no piece. "See," said Mephistophiles, "how great cultivation is required to appreciate an Old Master. On that canvas I see and enjoy a brilliant and inimitable piece of art. I am enchanted and carried beyond myself with the wonderful beauty of the work." Mephistophiles, with a gesture of profound and serious admiration, bade us look upon the canvas. "Behold," said he, "the tender dignity of that marble countenance; the eyes closed in death; while the weeping figure of the daughter, stooping over the corpse, seems about to kiss away a tear she has let fall upon the cheek. Do you not see it? *I do.*"

"In my mind's eye, most eloquent Mephistophiles, but not there," replied Asmodeus, with his bitter laugh, pointing to the canvas with his crutch.

"I see," said Mephistophiles, "what picture I please, executed in the most admirable style of Titian or Zampieri, upon that canvas. Asmodeus has no imagination, no perception, no taste. What!" said he, vehemently, "do you tell me that a picture is a composition of colored powders and oil? You might as well say, a fortune is gold eagles or bills. I tell you 'tis all an affair of imagination. If men imagine they are poor, immediately they suffer all the miseries of poverty; but let them once fancy they are rich, they are as proud and happy as princes."

"Ah! that is our secret," said Asmodeus; "but knowledge, as it is the beatitude of angelic, is the bane of our evil natures."

Mephistophiles replied, that of all creatures in the universe, angels seemed to him the worst informed, especially those who had no bodies, but only a head and a pair of wings; and that the best of them were ill-provided with the means whereby human creatures, feeble as they are, attain to quite a tolerable knowledge of good and evil. That he had seen of late many of the quivering tribe who had taken up with very indifferent human bodies, and who went about with these, much to the injury of his own projects. These, he said, were grim and sanguinary fellows, with as little remorse as when they fought against Satan and his powers in the ancient wars.

Descending from the rotunda, we passed through a gallery of virtue, where Mephistophiles showed us a multitude of absurd and

unique relics, no where else at any time to be found. All these, you may imagine, were mere abstractions, preserved in the finest quintessential spirit, in cut crystal cases of mediæval make, and logically labelled.

Among them was a very pure specimen of free-will, quite innocuous and tasteless, without any grain or direction, like a bit of glass. A quantity of powerful motives were on the shelf below it; and Mephistophiles assured us that when these two came together, there was the deuce to pay.

On another shelf rested medallions of distinguished patriots, with reverses, very curious to look at alternately.

Here also was the difference between the two parties. You would have sworn it was nothing more than a piece of gold.

The first principles of international law, reduced to their essences, attracted much of our attention; and of what do you imagine they reminded us? No matter. Your dog and your neighbor's have settled that long ago.

But the most wonderful of all that we saw in this cabinet, was the original *vox populi* standing in a corner behind the door. Mephistophiles kept us a long time in admiration of it, and it was indeed a very wonderful and ingenious piece of mechanism, resembling a Dutch automaton, with wheels and levers in the belly. Mephistophiles made it talk like the wooden dolls that say, "Yes, papa," and "No, papa," when you pull a wire. But this one went by mesmerism. Mephistophiles fixed his eyes upon it, and made motions with his hands, after which we heard the voices, which were those he had put into it. The machine was very much out of order when we saw it, and gave incoherent replies. Asmodeus said it had been tampered with by the Jesuits; but just as we were going away, I saw a shaggy Irish rat put his head out through the mouth.

Mephistophiles prided himself upon his library, in which he had works of all ages, and the rarest manuscripts. Here were all the written agreements to which he had set his hand, from the contract of Jacob and Esau, written on the shoulder-blade of a sheep, to the latest made between the Four Powers of Christendom. Our entertainer was grave, witty, and profound upon the general subject of treaties, and told us that many centuries ago, when he was a Floren-

tine Secretary, he had drawn up rules for the composition of them, which had since then been closely followed by diplomatists. Of these rules, which he gave us *vira voce*, I remember only a few of the principal, as follows: "The object of a treaty is to gain time on the weaker side, and to make advantages secure on the stronger. Treaties never change the policy or conduct of those who make them, but only furnish new pretexts. They should be made capable of contradictory meanings, else they will clog the operations of both parties, being for reference only, and marking the degree of confusion attained in the negotiations. They should be made always after midnight, one of the parties, if possible the stronger, being drunk, which enables either side to break away with a fair excuse."

At twelve o'clock, our entertainer led us back to the banquet room, towards which we went in haste, being frightfully bored and ready to faint with weariness, after the variety of curious and entertaining things we had seen. But here the appearance of every thing had changed. Instead of a table, there were piles of cushions about the room in Asiatic fashion; and when we had taken our places, pipes of all imaginable shapes, for smoking every imaginable thing, were offered to us. Whatever happened, we put it in our pipes and smoked it; and, as if the deuce was in it, something always came out of it. It was a great room with black and red hangings, embroidered with death's heads; but we were not at all afraid, which I thought very extraordinary. Of all this I have written a horrid and truly popular account in my great Treatise of the Thrilling and Marrow-Stirring. Also of the Scheme of Mephistophiles, which he communicated that night, to spread a snare to catch the feet of the righteous, and involve half the world in corruption and calamity; but which he was prevented from putting into operation by a fistula that seized him, in consequence of the vast quantity his ravenous carcass ate and drank that night.

I have meditated long and profoundly, even to dozing, upon the character of this great person, with whom, however, it became necessary for me to dissolve the bonds of amity, and enter into relations of an unfriendly kind, in point of fact, for fear of being included in the list of the goats. How long he will continue to inhabit the

carcass of the drunken pedagogue, his physician will better inform the reader. At his next avatar we shall behold him (and I have his own authority for this) high in office, managing the affairs of nations. At present his influence and reputation are

at ebb ; and as the cycle of political opinion moves round upon the despotic quarter, he must soon disappear as Demagogue, and try the more agreeable, and to him facile part of the Aristocrat.

LAND REFORM.

CONSERVATISM is a term of broad and far-reaching import. It implies not stagnation, but vitality—not the torpor and “cold obstruction” of death, but the potency and facility of enduring life. The barnacle on the ship’s bottom is no conservative, though he clings with desperate tenacity to the last ; the carpenter on deck is a conservative, though he often encounters and obeys a necessity to repair, alter and transform, and, in some desperate extremities, is even obliged to cut away and cast overboard. He is the true conservative who intelligently and warily remodels and readapts to strengthen and save, and he a real destructive who blindly clings, and feeds, and rots.

An independent yeomanry must ever be the chief conservative element in a republic. The city’s industrious and thrifty classes may be equally essential to the greatness and power of the commonwealth, but in a different sphere and manner. The urban population is naturally more intelligent, mobile, vivacious, impressible ; while the rural is slower, more cautious, averse to change, distrustful of innovation, and inclined to venerate the wisdom and cherish the maxims of antiquity. Of this truth the word *pagan* (with many others) will long remain an impressive memorial. Republics have often been founded, rarely maintained, by a population composed mainly of traders and artisans. Unless counterpoised and ballasted by a population of farmers, their state becomes a mere obligarchy, like Carthage or Venice, or a turbulent and demagogical anarchy, oftener covering a ferocious and unchecked despotism with the cloak of liberty and equality, like Rome under Marius, Paris

(paralyzing France) under Robespierre, or Buenos Ayres under Rosas. From the rural fireside and the plough, Heaven sends to the rescue of imperilled liberty a Cincinnatus, a Tell, and a Washington.

We repeat :—a republic can only be expected to endure under the guardianship and control of an independent yeomanry. A bold peasantry has many virtues, including courage, faith, and patriotism ; but it is not in human nature persistently to pour out blood like water for firesides which other men own, and fields which are reaped to fill a landlord’s granary. Noble deeds have been done by armed bands of tenants, or hireling rustics ; but it is no disparagement and no injustice to them to say that neither our revolutionary war, nor any similar contest, could or would have been prosecuted by them to a successful issue. And, whatever historians may say of England’s freedom and happiness under her Saxon kings, we may be sure that the few were lords, and the many serfs or hirelings ; else no single battle, even so decisive as Hastings, would have sufficed to uproot the native dynasty, and seat the Norman family on a conqueror’s throne.

The subject of LAND REFORM, or of so adjusting our public policy as to secure to the landless the easiest possible access to the soil, as independent cultivators, is emphatically the question of the age. That it should present different aspects to diversely constituted minds, is inevitable. Apostles of hatred and social anarchy will view it through the medium of their own jaundiced vision ; believers that whatever is, is *wrong*, will make that dogma prominent through the medium of their advocacy of

this, as well as of any other measure; yet it is not the less demonstrable that Land Reform, legitimately construed, and fairly executed, is eminently conservative in its tendencies and natural effects. Let us see what are the measures which their advocates commend, under the generic appellation of Land Reform. They are:

1. The allotment of public lands in limited areas to actual settlers, otherwise landless, each being allowed to settle, improve, and occupy in perpetuity, any quarter-section (160 acres) of such lands not previously purchased, legally claimed, or occupied.

2. An interdiction of each future occupant from acquiring more than his quarter-section aforesaid, or transferring his right in the same to any but a person otherwise landless.

3. The gradual, and ultimately perfect transformation of our system of landholding, in the old as well as the new State, into conformity with the principles above indicated. This is to be sought and effected, not through the divesting of any person of his estates and possessions in land; no matter how extensive, but by establishing a legal maximum for future acquisitions of land, and requiring each individual to respect it in his purchases; as also by selling, within a reasonable period, any excess over the legal maximum, which, by bequest or otherwise, may fall into his hands.

These measures form a system, whereof the object and tendency are the securing that, as a general rule, *the soil shall be owned by its cultivators, and cultivated by its owners*. A perfect accordance with this rule is not expected, nor aimed at; but it is expected that such an approach may be made to it that no baronial estates, tilled by a dependent tenantry, will be found within the wide area of our Republic, and that each citizen, desirous of applying his energies to cultivation, may find easy access to a modicum of earth at a price not exceeding the cost of the labor devoted to its improvement by clearing, fencing, fertilizing, building, &c. In short, the end of the Land Reform policy is the abolition of landlordism, and the securing to our country, through all future ages, of a freeholding yeomanry commensurate with its voting population.

This is a grandly inspiring aim; let us

carefully consider it. It were cowardly and dishonest to exhibit only the point of the wedge, and say: "We seek but the apportionment of our wild and (so long as wild) worthless public lands among those who pressingly need and are unable to pay for them; who can object to that?" when we know that the roots of Land Reform strike deeper and its branches prospectively wave higher than this. No such ostrich stratagem is worthy of the age wherein we live, or the cause we advocate. If Land Reform is not commendable as a whole, it were idle to seek support for any part of it. If it be not desirable to render cultivators generally freeholders in the old States, we see not how it can be in the new. The Homestead Bill now before Congress must stand on principles of general application, or it cannot deserve to stand at all.*

And first, let us consider in succession the grounds of objection upon which it is commonly and naturally resisted:

1. *It is Agrarian, and invades the Right of Property.*

We answer: No more so than usury laws, or any other which recognize and affirm that those rights are subject to limitations. That a man may do what he likes with his own, is an assertion not warranted by any civilized nor even savage code. Property has its rights, but they are bounded and controlled by the higher law of social and general well-being. The law recognizes no right in any man to burn his own house, though it were the product solely of his own honest labor. No man may poison his own well, though dug with his own hands and secluded from public approach. The right to set man-traps and spring-guns, even for the punishment of depredators, is one which our laws do not recognize. The right to hazard his fairly-earned money in gambling is denied by our laws to every citizen. On every side, our laws affirm and establish limitations to the right of the citizen to do as he will with his own, and the propriety of such limitations is not seriously questioned. A Land Limitation law would affirm no new principle, but simply involve a new application of one of

*We do not understand our contributor to mean that this apportionment of land shall conflict with personal present ownership. Lest he should be so understood, we have entered this caveat.—Ed.

the most vital and universal laws of civilized society.

2. *It would discourage Industry, Thrift, and Frugality, directed toward the accumulation of Property.*

We answer: No more than the usury and other laws just indicated now do. No man now refuses to labor or save, because the laws limit the interest on money to six or seven per cent. Then why should a limitation of the area of land which one man may legally acquire to a square mile, or the half of it, discourage thrift or paralyze the arm of industry? On even a quarter-section of arable land, a man may accumulate every thing essential to living in comfort, in luxury, and even in princely splendor. Fields, gardens, orchards, woods, shrubbery, and every thing calculated to delight the eye, or gratify the palate, may be brought within this limit. We do not admit that a man must own the entire landscape in order to render it attractive to his vision. On the contrary, we hold that a wise man would gladly permit his neighbors to share the expense and trouble required to render it beautiful. The most lovely landscapes we remember were not formed or fashioned by the genius of one man, but rather by the efforts of hundreds, unconsciously conspiring with nature to render them magnificent and delightful. And there are very few quarter-sections in this country, on which the labor of years might not be profitably expended in increasing their fertility, their value, and their beauty.

But in fact, the application of wealth to land and its improvement in this country is very seldom the dictate of thrift. The merchant or lawyer acquires wealth in his store or office, and buys or improves a farm with no idea of pecuniary profit therefrom. He rather expects to sink money in his new investment, and often avers that he will be satisfied if henceforth his business shall support his farm. Few wise men of affluence, save thoroughly practical farmers, ever buy more than a hundred acres for personal use; and those who do, generally expect to lose by the investment, or *do* lose without any such expectation. And, as to farmers themselves, every one is aware that the master vice of their vocation among us is the passion for grasping too much land. All writers on Agriculture, from the earliest ages to the present, have deplored and de-

nounced the blindness which leads farmers to overrun more land than they can properly cultivate, and to grasp more than they can even overrun. "Sell half your land for the means of properly stocking, fertilizing, and working the residue." This exhortation has been dinned in the ears of farmers by their wisest and most experienced monitors from the age of Columella, and doubtless from that of Hesiod. If farmers only *could* be induced or persuaded to work less land and work it far better, their labor would be better rewarded, and its product decidedly increased.

As to facilities for investment, land never did and never will afford the most inviting, except to its actual and personal cultivator. "He who by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive," is a maxim not more trite than true, and not to be shaken by a few notable exceptions. We are not speaking of corner-lot speculations, which would not be affected by the contemplated restriction, (though it would be no loss to mankind if they were;) but he who seeks safe and profitable investment will find it in railroads, banks, steamboats, insurance companies, loans on mortgage, and a hundred other opportunities daily proffered on all sides, whereby he may secure a larger return, while affording facilities to the cultivator intent on a farm of his own, or increasing the reward of his industry by cheapening and accelerating the transit to market of his productions.

3. *It would be unjust to the Old States.*

If the Freedom of the Public Lands be regarded as an isolated measure, with no purpose and no meaning beyond itself, there would be some force in this objection. The old States *have* rights in the public lands which we should be the last to dispute or destroy. To any disposition of those lands which assumes that they are exclusively the property of the States which embrace them, or are to be disposed of for their special benefit, we are inflexibly opposed. In this respect, as in others, we know no North nor South, no East nor West, but one common country. But we believe the Freedom of the Public Lands, regarded as part of a system, equally beneficial to the old and the new States. No one can so easily doubt that it would immensely accelerate the settlement and cultivation of the Great Valley, thereby dou-

bling and quadrupling the trade of our Atlantic cities, the demand for Eastern manufactures, and the revenues of our canals and railroads. In place of some two millions per annum now paid into the Federal Treasury as purchase-money for public lands, we should have ten, and in time twenty millions of revenue from imports consumed by settlers on those lands; an amount greatly increased by the facility and rapidity of settlement which Free Land would secure.

It is easy to talk of the two hundred dollars which the settler now pays for his quarter-section as an insignificant sum; those intimately acquainted with pioneer life and its struggles well know that two hundred dollars is more than the majority of the pioneers are worth, and more than the larger number receive for all the produce they are able to spare in the course of the first three years following their location respectively on the public lands. For the two hundred dollars he must pay at the Land Office before or when his two years' pre-emption expires, under penalty of forfeiting his claim, many a hard-working pioneer is now paying twenty-five per cent. per annum, having given not a mere mortgage but an absolute deed of his land for security, and taken a precarious article, binding the usurer to reconvey the land to the settler, whenever principal and interest shall have been paid. And this heavy incumbrance will have cost many a settler a thousand hard-earned dollars before it will have been finally and thoroughly extinguished. And besides, immense tracts of public lands have been and are annually being purchased on speculation by those who expect to, and ultimately will, sell them to actual settlers for five, ten, or even twenty dollars per acre, without having done any thing whereby a penny is added to their value. The speculator in public lands simply obstructs their settlement, and thus scatters population, prevents the opening of schools, impedes the influx of clergymen, &c., and thus arrests the arrival of the time when the labor of those who settle on the less inviting lands around his tract shall have enhanced its market value to the point whereat he deems it advisable to sell. It may have been a mill-site essential to the whole township, a grove amidst extensive prairies whereof the timber was required on all sides for habi-

tations, fences and fuel, so that thousands of acres remaining the common property of the people were rendered unavailable by his grasping; but there was no redress. He who does not realize that the system under which such incidents may and do occur, embodies features at war with the true and vital interests of the old as well as the new States, can hardly have considered how intimately and thoroughly the prosperity of each section and each class in our country is identified with the prosperity of every other. The two millions per annum which the Treasury now receives from land sales do not cost the actual settlers less than five millions, for they diminish to a far greater extent the receipts from import duties, the profits of our seaboard merchants, and the incomes of our canals and railroads.

And now let us devote a few moments to the consideration of some advantages not yet alluded to, which the old States would derive from the freedom of the public lands.

And first, with regard to population. No one denies that there is an existing surplus of labor in the old States. Whether that labor might or might not be employed under a wiser public policy, aided by judicious and concerted efforts on the part of the affluent and philanthropic, is not material to the issue, since we know that it is *not*, and is not likely to be in the absence of Land Reform. Europe is casting her destitute and miserable millions upon our shores, at the rate of at least a thousand per day, and these must be employed, if possible; and, whether employed or not, must be fed. A very large proportion of them consist of persons unskilled in any kind of productive labor, but the rudest and least efficient agriculture; and even the few skilful and valuable artisans and artificers among them can rarely be employed in the present depressed state of our manufactures. We must find work for these hundreds of thousands, ultimately if not immediately; and we can only find it while the tariff remains unaltered by considerably enlarging the basis of our national industry—that is, the cultivation of land. Now, it is quite immaterial whether these identical persons, or others, shall be induced to locate themselves on lands hitherto unimproved, for the essential result is the

same. If half a million inhabitants of the old States shall be annually drawn off, by newly afforded facilities, to settle and improve the wild lands of the West, they will inevitably make room for so many others, perhaps less efficient and less skilful than themselves, but not therefore to be rejected. The work must be done, and done with the best instruments attainable. If the foreman of a shop resigns his situation in New-York or Lowell to open a shop of his own at Milwaukie, St. Paul's, or Council Bluffs, he makes room for a new foreman from among his associates, and so gives a chance for a step upward to all employed in the shop, allowing a green hand to come in at the bottom of the scale. And half a million persons, thus attracted by free land from the East to the West, will not merely make room here for so many to fill their places. By settling on new lands, they become customers to the artisans of whom they have hitherto been competitors, and thus sensibly enlarge the demand for our seaboard manufactures. Every new cottage, every new cabin on the prairie, each smoke ascending from a new clearing in the forest, bespeaks a new and enduring customer to the merchants and manufacturers of the Atlantic border. The individual settler will die, but his farm will remain, producing agricultural staples to be exchanged for goods. The expansion and population of the West must ever measure the growth of the villages and manufacturing cities of the East.

The Atlantic States will not be entirely relieved of their suffering classes by the mere opening to them of the prairies and forests of the West. Thousands will lack the energy, the capacity, the means requisite to profiting by this resource. But many who could not even subsist on the best land of the Great Valley if they were transported to and located upon it, will find fit employment and adequate subsistence here by reason of the migration to the West of a more energetic and capable class, when, but for this, they would have been objects of charity through a great portion of their lives. Next to the suppression of grog shops, the success of Land Reform will do most of any measures now practicable toward the diminution of pauperism, paving the way for its ultimate eradication. Those who have watched the growth of pauperism in this comparatively happy land, and

noted how steadily it rolls in upon us in an ever-increasing volume; how alms-houses multiply and expand, and taxes for the support of the poor are steadily augmented from year to year, will not deem this a consummation to be lightly regarded.

To the laboring class—as the workers for wages are indistinctively yet most expressively designated—this subject is fraught with the liveliest and most enduring interest. We talk much in this country of the “dignity of labor,” and this is well within certain limits; but the dignity of working till death as some other man's hireling, is not evident. “Labor is honorable in all;” and it is far better to clean boots for a consideration than to saunter in idleness; but he who sits down to clean boots for life, can hardly be said to indicate in his person the true dignity of manhood. He who does well in any sphere, is naturally fitting himself thereby for a higher sphere, or for more decided usefulness in that which he fills. The laborer in any useful employment, who fairly earns his wages, need shrink abashed from no presence, no scrutiny; but he is not the best workman in any department who is content to remain there evermore. To be a useful dependent is rightfully but an apprenticeship for useful independence. The city artisan who toils steadily and faithfully, rearing his children in some straitened garret, with only a breath of fresh air on Sunday, ought to be sustained and cheered by the prospect of a snug cottage and green fields wherein to enjoy, with lighter labor, the calm evening of his days. And this prospect should be no deceitful mirage, but the foreshadowing of a benign reality. Yet, with the competition of increasing numbers ever crowding down his wages, while lands constantly and rapidly increase in value, or rather in price, this refuge for the evening of his days can rarely, save but by special good fortune, be attained. But let the Freedom of the Public Lands be constantly winning away his fellow-artisans to the broad and genial West, while Land Limitation shall be steadily though slowly breaking up large domains, and putting them into the market throughout our old communities, and he may labor and save in the comforting hope that his days will not end in a poor-house, nor his body be shovelled to its last rest among the myriad undistinguished carcasses of Potter's

Field. To the statesman who scans the future of our country with an anxious yet hopeful eye, this whole subject must be one of profoundest interest. Our institutions, admirable as they are, are destined to encounter ordeals more trying than any to which they have yet been subjected. The Dorr convulsion in Rhode Island, happy as was its termination, revealed plainly the existence of the yawning chasms in our social structure which may not always be bridged over so readily. If there be, as aristocratic writers assert, a natural antagonism between those who have and those who want, it is wise, it is essential, that the party of the former be strengthened for any possible conflict by every means consistent with social justice and individual freedom. He who has thoughtfully passed from poll to poll at one of our more excited elections, and noted how abundant, how zealous, how bent on success were the shirtless, the worthless, the godless, whom rum maddens and demagogues control; while the considerate, the intelligent, the decent, were hardly to be seen in any number, or timidly stepped up to deposit their ballots, and were off and out of sight as soon as possible, must have realized the necessity, or at least the urgent expediency of strengthening the conservative element in our politics, by drawing to its standard all those who properly belong there. The man of steadfast industry, who trains his children in the fear of God and in the practice and love of virtue, ought in no case to be surrendered to the associations and the sympathies of the votaries of the grog-shop and the brothel, who delight in projects of rapacity and carnage, and were the natural advocates of the policy of overrunning and annexing by force and bloodshed Cuba, Canada, Kamschatka, and the rest of creation. "I deny," said Wesley, when remonstrated with for using lively and profane airs in his devotional exercises, "the right of the devil to all the best tunes." In the same spirit, a discerning and considerate statesman should carefully regard the projects of social amelioration which are from time to time presented, in order to distinguish and accept those among them which are calculated to extend the dominion of "peace on earth and good-will to man."

If every family had its own fit and comfortable home, not held on sufferance, to be given up just when misfortune or be-

reavement shall have rendered its secure possession most essential, what a world of misery, of vice, and of crime would be obviated! For the devotees of evil are mainly those who cannot properly be said to have homes, who burrow and lodge and stop, but have no sure and steadfast abiding-place. Those who mainly fill our almshouses and prisons were born in lairs, in hovels, and in temporary lodgings, to which the sacred name of home has no relevancy, and around which its sanctifying influences do not cluster. The armies of despots and devastating conquerors are in good part recruited from the dens of the homeless. No pirate ever obtained a crew from among the possessors of homes. When our little army had made its way to the very heart of Mexican power and dominion, some of its more reflecting individuals stood appalled, as they well might, in view of the hostile millions by whom they were encircled, until they learned, on inquiry, that the great body of these had no homes of their own, and therefore, in the most vital sense, no country. Thousands of them slept in the open air, or under any accessible shelter to which a casual storm might impel them; but the houses, the fertile lands from which they drew their meagre and precarious subsistence, belonged to the Church or to a few great proprietors. Had each Mexican family enjoyed the blessings of a home, the armies of Scott and Taylor, brave as they unquestionably were, would have found many Saratogas and Yorktowns between the Rio Grande and the capital. No undisciplined tenantry, however gallant, ever did or ever will fight such battles as Bunker Hill and Bennington. It is not in human nature that they should. "Defend your hearths and your homes," is an exhortation calculated to inspire the sluggish, and make even the timid heroic. And should despotism ever dare to invade this happy land, its legions, however numerous and formidable, will be speedily hurled into the ocean by a citizen soldiery, who instinctively grasp their rifles to defend their homes.

They were not wholly wrong, then, those Conservatives of a former generation, who insisted on the possession of land as a qualification for the exercise of political power. There is an intimate connection between independence and land-owning, between unyielding patriotism and the secure posses-

sion of a hold on the soil. Their error consisted in the attempt to limit suffrage rather than to extend and diffuse land-owning. Had they labored rather to render each citizen voter the owner of a homestead, than to restrict voting to those already in the secure enjoyment of homes, they would have nobly succeeded. The freeholder is by position a conservative. He cannot afford to plunge the country blindly into war, which implies and necessitates an increase of taxation; he cannot afford to trifle with the nation's industry, tranquillity, or prosperity. He must consider, inquire, and reflect as to the true nature and probable consequences of the measure which his vote is cast to uphold or overthrow; he must weigh arguments and beware of rash conclusions. A nation of freeholders could neither be enslaved themselves nor made the instruments of enslaving others.

Look over the broad extent of our country, and wherever you find a tract originally granted in small allotments, without price, to the hardy pioneer, there you will find a community conspicuous for general intelligence, thrift, industry, and virtue. Contrast it with one settled on the opposite principle, the land first granted by royal dispensation in counties to courtly favorites, then doled out on leases to a dependent tenantry, and you will have the argument for Land Reform in practical shape before you. France cannot be permanently enslaved, whatever superficial appearances may indicate. England must be essentially aristocratic, in spite of her intelligence and love of freedom, so long as a few thousand families shall own nine tenths of her soil.

It is not possible by any legislation, however benignant, by any human contrivance, however admirable, to obviate all the disastrous effects of human frailty and error. The idler, the prodigal, the drunkard, cannot be made reputable, respected, or happy, except by inducing them to become industrious, frugal, and temperate. Nor is it possible to shield their families from some share of the misery which their vices invoke upon their heads. But legislation may say to the

drunkard, 'You can destroy yourself, if you insist on it, but you shall not be aided by law to complete the destruction of your family. You can deprive them of self-respect and of comfort; but you shall not be permitted to divest them of a home.' In taking land measurably out of the list of commodities, and placing it on that of the vital and inalienable elements of life, with air, water, and sunshine, a very great step will have been taken toward the extinction of pauperism and of utter, unredeemed destitution.

It would be unjust to close this article without rendering marked acknowledgment to DANIEL WEBSTER for his early, earnest, and most efficient aid to the cause of Land Reform, so far at least as the freedom of the public lands is involved. Mr. Webster's influence with that portion of the community most distrustful of changes, especially those which affect the foundations and tenure of property, is unequalled, and his unqualified advocacy of a reform so vital as the freedom of the public lands must exert a wide and enduring influence. No other man living could speak with such authority to the understandings and convictions of the wealthy, and no other has spoken more decisively or considerately on this question. He has discussed many subjects with equal clearness and earnestness; some with greater popularity and an immediate effect far more signal and pervading; but none with greater truth nor with a more absolute assurance of ultimate appreciation and concurrence. When the stately pyramid of his fame shall have crumbled beneath the slow ravages of time—when the honored and powerful shall have been tempted by fresher laurels and perchance a loftier eloquence to forget the Great Statesman whose counsels guided and whose wisdom lighted the steps of their fathers—there shall gather around the base of that pyramid the undistinguished children of poverty and rugged toil, to evince their changeless gratitude to him whose mighty voice was raised, at the very outset of the struggle, while the sentiment was yet ill understood, and very widely obnoxious, in behalf of free lands for the landless, and inalienable homes.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

EUROPE.—There has not been a time in many years when the affairs of the Continent have appeared so settled, and have seemed likely to become so hopelessly chronic, as the present spring. Were we to begin with the Spanish Peninsula and progress eastward, extending our observations to the extremities of Italy and Greece, passing over to Norway and Sweden, and finally reaching the boundaries of the Muscovite Empire upon the limits of Caucasus and Tartary, we should find one universal political apathy, which, however attacked by discontent, patriotic ambition, or blind and unthinking fury, possessed sufficient of the power of inertia to withstand all attempted commotion, and keep the people quiet under its stifling and oppressive influences.

We are prepared to make allowances for the exceptions that may occur to this remark: for the local outbreaks that are constantly occurring, and for the unremitting watch that the various governments of Europe are compelled to maintain over their subjects. We admit all this, while we say that Europe is not moving with reference to republicanism; or if she is moving, the movement is a retrograde and not a progress. That the Continent will one day become republican it is not unsafe to prophesy, but the wildest dreams of fancy must be employed before we shall venture to fix the date of that consummation at any period sufficiently near to awaken our imminent attention, or to be looked forward to with anxious eagerness.

During the past six months the eyes of politicians, and indeed of all men who are interested in the great contest between despotism and liberal principles, have been directed with special attention towards France. In that nation, with the accession of Louis Napoleon, the final step of military absolutism seemed to have been taken. The measures of the new dictator had been proclaimed in language the most impressive and unmistakable. The Prætorian guards of the new empire were rallied round the usurper by arguments which no soldiers have ever been found able to resist. The streets of Paris were swept of all disaffected and mutinous citizens, and the martial law by which the city was coerced extended itself throughout the provinces with a celerity which manifested to the entire satisfaction of the older empires of Europe the vigor and determination of Louis Napoleon, now decreed their natural and faithful ally.

It was thought that the French nation would not submit to the usurpations of Louis Napoleon. As barrier after barrier to his complete supremacy was removed, this belief intrenched itself with greater stubbornness behind those that were left.

The army had indeed yielded, but the citizens of Paris were true to their liberties. When the citizens gave way in turn, the fidelity of the province was appealed to. When the laity of the province wavered, the trust of republicanism was placed in the clergy. When all hope of voluntary republicanism in France was given up, it was thought that the outrageous decrees fulminated against Switzerland would cause a reaction on the French borders, and that the influences of this commotion might proceed to the capital. But how utterly futile all such expectations have proved is clearly seen in the steady progress of the French dictator toward the object of his at first chimerical always consistent, and now successful ambition.

The address of Louis Napoleon before the French Chambers shows the confidence which he reposes in his own sagacity and management, and also the line of conduct which he intends to pursue. He is agitated by no scruples as to the propriety or the policy of his past acts. Indeed there is a species of sublimity in the lofty tone of exultation which he assumes.

"For a long time," says Louis Napoleon, "society resembled a pyramid attempted to be turned upside down and set on its summit. I have replaced it on its base. Universal suffrage, the only source of right in such conjunctures, was immediately reestablished; authority regained its ascendancy; at length, France adopting the principal provisions of the constitution I submitted to it, I was allowed to create the political bodies whose influence and weight will be all the greater as their functions will have been wisely regulated. Among political institutions, those are in fact the only ones that endure, which fix in an equitable manner the limit at which power ought to stop. There is no other way to arrive at a useful and beneficial application of liberty. The example of such are not far distant from us. Why, in 1814, was the commencement of a parliamentary régime in spite of all our reverses, seen with satisfaction? It was because the Emperor—let us not fear to avow it—had been, on account of the war, led into too absolute exercise of power. Why, on the contrary, in 1851, did France applaud the fall of the same parliamentary régime? It was because the Chamber abused the influence that had endangered the general equilibrium. In fine, why does France remain unmoved at the restrictions on the liberty of the press and of individuals? Because the one had degenerated into license; and the other, in place of being the regulated exercise of the rights of each, had, by odious excesses, menaced the rights of all.

"That extreme danger, especially for democracies, of incessantly seeing institutions, ill defined

sacrifice by turns authority or liberty, was perfectly appreciated by our fathers half a century since, when, on issuing from the revolutionary storm, and after a fruitless essay of every kind of régime, they proclaimed the constitution of the year VIII, which served as the model for 1852. Doubtless it does not sanction all these liberties, to the abuse of which we were habituated, but it consecrates many of them. On the day after a revolution, the first of the guarantees for a people does not consist in the immoderate use of the tribune and the press; it is in the right of choosing the government that suits it. Now the French nation has given (perhaps for the first time) to the world the imposing spectacle of a great people voting in all liberty the form of its government. Thus, the chief of the State whom you have before you is truly the expression of the popular will. And before me what do I see? Two Chambers—the one elected in virtue of the most liberal law existing in the world; the other named by me, it is true, but also independent, inasmuch as it is irremovable. Around me you observe men of known patriotism and merit, always ready to support me with their counsels, and to enlighten me on the necessities of the country. * * *

"Such facts, and the attitude of Europe, which accepted the changes that have taken place with satisfaction, inspire us with the just hope of security for the future; for if peace is guaranteed at home, it is equally so abroad. Foreign powers respect our independence, and we have every interest in preserving the most amicable relations with them. So long as the honor of France is not compromised, the duty of our government shall be to carefully avoid all cause of perturbation in Europe, and to direct all our efforts towards the amelioration which alone can procure comfort for the laborious classes, and secure the prosperity of the country."

"And now, gentlemen, at the moment when you are associating yourselves with my labors, I will explain to you frankly what my conduct shall be."

"It has been frequently repeated, when I was seen to reestablish the institutions and the recollections of the empire, that I desired to reestablish the empire itself. If such had been my constant anxiety, that transformation might have been accomplished long since. Neither means nor opportunities have been wanting to me."

"Thus, in 1848, when 6,000,000 of suffrages named me, in spite of the Constituent Assembly, I was not ignorant that the simple refusal to acquiesce in the constitution might give me a throne, but I was not seduced by an elevation which would necessarily produce serious disturbances."

"It was equally easy for me to change the form of the government on the 13th of June, 1849; I would not do so."

"In fine, on the 2d of December, if personal considerations had prevailed over the grave interests of the country, I might at first have demanded a pompous title of the people which they would not have refused me. I contented myself with that which I had."

"Consequently, when I borrow examples from the consulate and the empire, it is because I find them there particularly stamped with nationality

and grandeur. Being determined now, as before, to do every thing for France and nothing for myself, I should accept no modification of the present state of things, unless I was forced to do so by evident necessity. Whence can it arise? Solely from the conduct of parties. If they resign themselves, nothing shall be changed; but if, by their underhand intrigues, they endeavor to sap the basis of my government; if, in their blindness, they contest the legitimacy of the popular election; if, finally, they endanger, by their incessant attack, the future prospects of the country; then, and only then, it may be reasonable to demand from the people, in the name of the repose of France, a new title which will irrevocably fix upon my head the power with which they invest me."

Looking at the security of the dictator, and—who shall say to the contrary!—future Emperor of France, at his position, his power, his immunity from attack, and his exalted footing with relation to the crowned heads of Europe, there is great cause to admire the strength of the man, however much we may dislike his principles, or detest his character. From what humble, might we not better say, base beginnings has he brought himself to his present power.

"I remember," says a London journalist, speaking of Louis Napoleon, "I remember his Quixotic invasion of France, via Boulogne, and its result; but his more intimate acquaintance I made during his subsequent lengthened sojourn in London, where he was generally regarded as something between a fool and a madman. What he has since proved himself to be is another matter; yet whilst holding in abhorrence the tyranny and despotism he is displaying, I cannot but admire the quality, which in England is termed 'pluck,' that he has exhibited in his famous *coup d'état*, and in subsequent dealing with the French nation. I became acquainted with Louis Napoleon through a crony of mine, the proprietor of a tavern, not a hundred yards from Waterloo Bridge, where literary men, connected with the London daily papers, loved to congregate during the 'small hours' of the morning, after the house was 'up' and 'the forms had gone to press.' My friend, the landlord, was a speculative character, and the present Prince President—nay, perhaps, embryo Emperor of France—after exhausting all the London bill discounters, who were already 'full' of his waste paper, had applied to the 'Boniface' to do a little bill for three hundred pounds sterling, at fifty per cent. I was consulted on the point, and although I fancied the security somewhat chimerical, my friend 'Boniface' was resolved on having Louis Napoleon's autograph in his cash box; and I can only add that when I left London, in December last, the security still remained in the landlord's possession—a dishonored acceptance."

"Louis Napoleon's departure from London was, in fact, a necessity, and his experiment on the French nation was a *dernier ressort*; for his funds were at the very lowest ebb, and it was with difficulty that the establishment of the little house in King street, St. James's, could be maintained; and no wonder, for the Prince President's days and evenings were spent in expensive society—certainly not of the most *recherche* character; but with the

private amusements, of 'great little' or 'little great' men, the journalist has nothing to do. It is only when such 'small vices' are paraded before the public, that those who indulge in them render themselves obnoxious to censure.

"Well, we have seen Louis Napoleon 'borne on bayonets' to the Presidential chair, and only waiting to exchange it for a throne, a consummation to his ambition which the French people appear to have neither the power nor the will to prevent, if we are to judge by their supineness, under a tyranny that rides rough-shod over their miserable vestiges of liberty. The first great political act of his life ought to have opened the eyes of the French people, who, intoxicated with the success of their newest and latest revolution, and madly shouting 'liberty throughout the world,' yet suffered a French army to be sent to Rome, not to scatter the seeds of liberty, but to crush a people gallantly struggling to obtain that freedom which France had set them the example of demanding, and to assist in perpetuating the reign of intolerant bigotry, ignorance, and priestcraft. If but for sanctioning that deed alone, the French deserve the harvest of despotism they are now reaping. With an army brutalized, cajoled, and devoted to his interest, a people apparently nerveless and sick of revolutions, their master spirits banished, or inmates of a prison, what hope is there for France to shake off the yoke placed upon her then willing neck by Louis Napoleon!

"Yet, notwithstanding all that has been done, and all that is doing, Paris is gay—and Paris is France. Nay, one would suppose such words as *liberté, égalité, fraternité*, had never been shouted in her streets, or posted on her walls; that there had been no gagging of the press, no wholesale arrests, no transportations to Cayenne, no teeming prisons, no *espionage*, no stifling of public opinion; in fact, nothing but unanimous satisfaction with Louis Napoleon and his new and liberal (!) constitution, for my advices from the French capital speak of nothing but balls, parties, and gayeties of all descriptions; a people forgetting past glories in present trifling; a President preparing for the empire, and busy with new schemes of personal aggrandizement. Luckily for him, he has a people of a different calibre from the Americans to deal with."

Is it not a significant fact in the present destinies of this wonderful man, that his official organs find it necessary to deny, almost daily, that he intends to assume imperial dignities? The *Moniteur* states that—

"A great number of persons imagine and report that the Empire is to be proclaimed on the occasion of a *fête*. To attribute to the government the desire of a pretext for changing the established order of things, is to form a very false idea of the manner in which it understands its duties. If necessity should ever lead to such a resolution, it would only be accomplished on the initiative of the constituted powers, and with the consent of the whole people. As to the acclamations of the army, they are, it is true, for the chief of the State a valuable proof of the sentiments with which it is animated, but they cannot produce any political result. Thus, at the ceremony on the 10th of May next, the 60,000 men assembled in the

Champ-de-Mars would in vain salute the President by the name of Emperor, as that act would not advance the reestablishment of the Empire an hour."

And although an official announcement of the same nature is made in the *Patrie*, the public look forward to a speedy assumption of the Empire by the part of their dictator.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

In the Senate, during the last month, the Deficiency Bill, with especial reference to the appropriations for the Government printing and the Collins steamers, has formed the chief subject of debate.

The latter measure, in behalf of the Collins steamers, as it has not taken the shape of a party issue, has been advocated, or argued against, by speakers of very widely different political opinions. Messrs. Cass and Seward, among others, have been prominent in recommending its adoption.

On Wednesday, April 27th, the Senate having taken up the bill providing "for additional compensation for increasing the transportation of the United States mail between New-York and Liverpool, in the Collins line of steamers, to twenty-six trips per annum, at such times as shall be directed by the Postmaster General, and in conformity to his last annual report to Congress, and his letter of the 15th of November last to the Secretary of the Navy, commencing said increased service on the first of January, 1852, at the rate of \$33,000 per trip, in lieu of the present allowance, the sum of \$236,500: *Provided*, That it shall be in the power of Congress, at any time after the first day of January, 1854, to terminate the arrangement for the additional allowance herein provided for," Mr. Seward remarked that the increase of mail service was rendered necessary by the augmentation of our foreign correspondence. If the additional service were not performed by American steamers, the business would fall into the hands of the Cunard line, and such a disproportion should be avoided if possible.

This project of American ocean steam navigation was not erroneously conceived. It was demanded by the progress of the nation. These steamers are necessary to keep Great Britain in check. They can be easily converted into vessels of war. Great Britain has already more than two hundred and fifty steamers armed, and capable of armament. What would be our situation in the emergency of a war, if we were unprovided with a similar force for defense or aggression!

"Consider, moreover," said Mr. Seward, "that England, without waiting for, and, I am sure without expecting, so inglorious a retreat on our part, is completing a vast web of ocean steam navigation, based on postage and commerce, that will connect all the European ports, all our own ports, all the South American ports, all the ports in the West Indies, all the ports of Asia and Oceania, with her great commercial capital. Thus the world is to become a great commercial system, ramified by a thousand nerves projecting from the one head at London. Yet, stupendous as the scheme is, our own mar-

chants, conscious of equal capacity and equal resources, and relying on experience for success, stand here beseeching us to allow them to counteract its fulfilment, and ask of us facilities and aid equal to those yielded by the British Government to its citizens. While our commercial history is full of presages of a successful competition, Great Britain is sunk deep in debt. We are free from debt. Great Britain is oppressed with armies and costly aristocratic institutions; industry among us is unfettered and free. But it is a contest depending not on armies, nor even on wealth, but chiefly on invention and industry. And how stands the national account in those respects? The cotton-gin, the planing-machine, steam navigation, and electrical communication—these are old achievements. England only a year ago invited the nations to bring their inventions and compare them together in a palace of iron and glass. In all the devices for the increase of luxury and indulgence, America was surpassed not only by refined England and chivalrous France, but even by semi-barbarian Russia. Not until after all the mortification which such a result necessarily produced, did the comparison of utilitarian inventions begin. Then our countrymen exhibited Dick's Anti-friction Press—a machine that moved a power greater by 240 tons than could be raised by the Brama Hydraulic Press, which, having been used by Sir John Stephenson in erecting the tubular bridge over the Straits of Menai, had been brought forward by the British artisans as a contrivance of unrivalled merit for the generation of direct power.

"Next were submitted, on our behalf, the two inventions of St. John, the Variation Compass, which indicates the deflection of its own needle at any place, resulting from local causes; and the Velocimeter, which tells at any time the actual speed of the vessel bearing it, and its distance from the port of departure; inventions adopted at once by the Admiralty of Great Britain. Then, to say nothing of the ingeniously constructed locks exhibited by Hobbs, which defied the skill of the British artisans, while he opened all of theirs at pleasure, there was Bigelow's Power-loom, which has brought down ingrain and Brussels carpets within the reach of the British mechanic and farmer. While the American Ploughs took precedence of all others, McCormick's Reaper was acknowledged to be a contribution to the agriculture of England, surpassing in value the cost of the Crystal Palace. Nor were we dishonored in the fine arts, for a well-deserved meed was awarded to Hughes for his successful incorporation in marble of the ideal Oliver Twist; and the palm was conferred on Powers for his immortal statue of the Greek Slave. When these successes had turned away the tide of derision from our country, the yacht America entered the Thames. Skilful architects saw that she combined, in before unknown proportions, the elements of grace and motion, and her modest challenge was reluctantly accepted, and even then only for a tenth part of the prize she proposed. The trial was graced by the presence of the Queen and her Court, and watched with an interest created by national pride and ambition, and yet the triumph was complete.

"In the very hour of this, of itself, conclusive de-

monstration of American superiority in utilitarian inventions, and in the art 'that leads to nautical dominion,' a further and irresistible confirmation was given by the arrival of American clippers from India, freighted at advanced rates with shipments, consigned by the agents of the East India Company at Calcutta to their own warehouses in London. Such and so recent are the proofs, that in the capital element of invention we are equal to the contest for the supremacy of the sea. When I consider them and consider our resources, of which those of Pennsylvania, or of the valley of the Mississippi, or of California, alone exceed the entire native wealth of Great Britain; when I consider, moreover, our yet unelicited manufacturing capacity, our great population, already nearly equal to that of the British islands, and multiplying at a rate unknown in human progress by accessions from both of the old continents; when I consider the advantages of our geographical position midway between them; and when I consider, above all, the expanding and elevating influence of freedom upon the genius of our people, I feel quite assured that their enterprise will be adequate to the glorious conflict, if it be only sustained by constancy and perseverance on the part of their government. I do not know that we shall prevail in that conflict; but, for myself, like the modest hero who was instructed to charge on the artillery at Niagara, I can say that we 'will try,' and that when a difficulty occurs no greater than that which meets us now, my motto shall be the words of the dying commander of the Chesapeake—'Don't give up the ship.'"

On Monday, May 10th, the Senate having the resolutions in behalf of the Collins steamers under consideration, Mr. Wade, of Ohio, concluded his remarks in opposition to the measure, as follows:

"I believe, Mr. President, that we have had some remonstrances here on that subject, yet I have not heard a single word said about them. Sir, if I am not mistaken, we have had a great many of these remonstrances presented here from various branches of the shipping interest, showing that those who were not protected by the Government are materially injured by the protection which is given to this favored company; that they were injured by these boats running once a week in opposition to them, and coming in conflict with their interests. This is a proposition too plain to be argued; any body can see that this protection would be rank injustice to the other shipping interest. Sir, I wish to see a disposition on the part of this Government to build up and foster the great West, to which I belong. You have withdrawn from the West all aid for more than sixteen years. The voice of the Government has not been heard there; and I cannot consent to grant this enormous sum to the Atlantic coast until I see at least a disposition to do something for us. Then, Sir, I am disposed to be liberal; for no man will rejoice in the prosperity of the whole of this country, and in that of every part of it, more than I. I want to see justice done in all its parts; and I must say that in the West, the justice due to that section of the country has been shamefully neglected. I do not hesitate to say that, and I call upon the members of this Senate who live along the Mississippi

river and its tributaries, and along the shores of the great lakes of the West, to join with me, and put a face of brass against any further expenditure along the Atlantic coast until a disposition is shown to do justice to us. When that disposition is shown, we will talk with you, and we will be liberal with you; but until that is done, I will not consent to give you another dollar to foster and build up your navigation interests. Your shipping interest, if I am not greatly mistaken, is now protected, and ever has been, under this government, while all other interests have been comparatively neglected.

"Then I cannot consent to go any further until a disposition is shown here, earnestly, sincerely, to do justice to us in the West. Every body knows, sir, that immense losses in property occur every year upon the lakes for the want of harbors to which our sailors can resort in times of rough weather and storms. We all know the serious obstructions along the Ohio river, and particularly that which has existed for years, for the want of a little help from the Government, at the falls of the Ohio river. These things come more immediately under my own observation; but I have no doubt the same obstruction meets the eye of every Senator here, in his own locality, upon the streams in which he has an interest. They all want the fostering and protecting arm of the Government, and that they have not had for twenty years past. Our people call for it in vain, and almost six months of this session have passed by, and I have not heard a word about it; though they are calling for enormous sums along the Atlantic coast and along the Pacific coast for all sorts of projects. There are your dry-docks, and your marine railways, and you have expeditions to Japan, and you can go over the whole land and ransack heaven and earth for the purpose of finding an interest to be fostered, but you do not yet know that you have a West.

"I do not intend to be illiberal; I will minister, so far as my voice and my vote can contribute to it, to the building up of every great national interest in every part and parcel of this Union, I care not where it may be located. But I know the West and Southwest have been shamefully neglected; and when you talk to me about engaging in the doubtful project of rearing up a great monopoly on the Atlantic coast, and bringing it in conflict with others, until you have at least shown a disposition to do justice by the West, you cannot have my support. I will not say that under any circumstances I would support a measure like this, because I do not think it is just. I do not believe in fostering one company of men and giving them such an enormous sum of money for the purpose of enabling them to compete with Great Britain or any body else. If Great Britain can carry our mails so much cheaper, on the principles of free trade, I would say, let them do it. You say you can buy your iron cheaper in England than you can here. Then why should I protect you? If the mails can be carried cheaper than at present, why not, on the same principle, allow Great Britain to do it? The fact is, that the free-trade principle is either correct or incorrect. There is no principle applicable to the trade in iron, coal, or to manufactures generally,

which is not equally applicable for the purpose of carrying the mails. No Jesuit can draw the line of demarkation on this point, and no senator has attempted to do it.

"These steamers are spoken of as likely to prove an important branch of the naval service, although the senator from Virginia [Mr. Hunter] has shown as plainly as argument can show, and as plainly as the experience of naval men can show, that they would not be worth a straw in time of war; and that comports with what the common sense of every man, even though he were not a naval man, would render apparent. But that was not the object. If the object was merely to carry the mails, then they can be carried at a much less expense than the amendment proposes. Further, if the object was to carry the mails, there was no necessity for this costly furniture, this thousand dollar mirror, and those other articles of luxury which have cost such enormous sums. If your object was any thing more than this, then these articles are equally useless, and show that there is no intention to use these vessels as war-steamers, but that the idea is to foster and build up this line with special privileges, to conflict with every other interest in the country. I, for one, will never consent to it."

The most important Congressional action of the month has been the passage of the Homestead Bill, to some remarks upon which we devoted a page or two of a preceding number. A discussion of the advantages likely to accrue from this measure, with a full notice of the objections variously urged against it, will be found at length in another part of this month's issue, so that it is not necessary to revert to them here.

We have mentioned the length of time during which this bill has been before Congress. The delays to which it has been subjected cannot be too strongly reprehended as precedents in the case of future important issues. In the course of the discussion of this bill, whole days were spent by members of the House, from the Opposition, in unparliamentary mootings of the claims of Presidential candidates, and the veriest and most unprofitable personal wrangling. With each day's announcement of the bill the House became a theatre of noisy strife, and the Speaker's hammer often descended at the hour of adjournment, amid a scene of confusion and tumult such as could only have been occasioned by discussions very remote from the real business of the day.

We are enabled to record, however, the final passage of the bill, in the House of Representatives. On Wednesday, May 12th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the Homestead Bill.

The substitute for the bill offered yesterday by Mr. Brown, of Miss., was adopted—Ayes 68, Nays 56, and proposed to perpetuate preemption to actual settlers on the public lands—that is to say, persons acquiring the right of preemption shall retain the same without disturbance or payment of any kind to the United States on certain conditions, giving the preemptor the right, at any time, at his or her discretion, to enter the lands preempted by paying \$1.25 per acre.

Mr. Stanly proposed an amendment, to the effect to give a homestead, to any person not worth the sum of \$500.

A question was here raised, that the amendment was not in order, and amid the confusion several votes were taken on sustaining the decision of the Chair.

The Committee then rose, and the Chairman reported the bill as amended by the substitution of Mr. Brown's proposition.

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., moved an amendment to the substitute, and demanded the previous question, which prevailed.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., asked his colleague whether his amendment was not, substantially, the bill which was acted upon in Committee?

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., replied, that it was not only substantially the same, but decidedly improved. [Laughter.]

Mr. McMullen, wishing to have an opportunity to examine the subject, moved an adjournment, which was not carried—Yeas 52; Nays 81.

Mr. Johnson's amendment was then agreed to—Yeas 97; Nays 57.

Several other motions to adjourn were made, and severally voted down.

Mr. Jenkins moved that the bill be laid on the table. Negatived—Yeas 57; Nays 112.

Mr. Brown's substitute, as amended by Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., was adopted—Yeas 108; Nays 57.

The bill, as now presented, provides:

"1st. That any person who is the head of a family and a citizen of the United States, or any person who is the head of a family and had become a citizen prior to the first day of January, 1852, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, shall, from and after the passage of this act, be entitled to enter, free of cost, one quarter section of vacant and unappropriated Public Lands, or a quantity equal thereto, to be located in a body, in conformity with the legal subdivision of the Public Lands, and after the same shall have been surveyed.

"2d. The person applying for the benefit of the act to make an affidavit that he or she is the head of a family, and is not the owner of any estate in land at the time of such application, and has not disposed of any estate in land to obtain the benefit of the act.

"3d. section refers to the duties of the Land Register.

"4th. All lands acquired under the provision of the act shall in no event become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or debts contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.

"5th. If at any time after filing the affidavit required, and before the expiration of five years, it shall be proven that the person locating on such lands shall have changed his or her residence, or abandoned the said entry for more than six months at any one time, then the land to revert back to the Government, and be disposed of as other public lands are now by law.

"6th. If any individual, now a resident of any State or Territory, and not a citizen of the United States, but at the time of making application for the benefit of the act, shall have filed a declara-

tion of intention so to do, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, and shall become a citizen of the same before the issuing of the patent, as made and provided for in this act, shall be placed upon an equal footing with the native-born citizen.

"7th. No individual is permitted to make more than one entry under this act."

The bill was then passed—yeas 107, nays 56.

YEAS.—Messrs. Abercrombie, Allen of Mass., Allen of Ill., Allison, Babcock, Bartlett, Bissell, Briggs, Brooks, Brown of Miss., Buell, Busby, Cabell, Campbell of Ill., Carter, Chandler, Chapman, Churchill, Clark, Cleveland, Cobb, Cottman, Cullom, Curtis, Davis of Mass., Davis of Ind., Dawson, Disney, Doty, Durkee, Eastman, Ewing, Ficklin, Fitch, Florence, Floyd, Fowler, Gamble, Gaylord, Gentry, Giddings, Goodrich, Gorman, Green, Grey, Grow, Hall, Harris of Ala., Hascall, Hendricks, Henn, Houston, Ingersoll, Ives, Johnson of Tenn., Johnson of Ohio, Johnson of Ark., Jones of Tenn., Kurtz, Lockhart, Mace, Marshall of Cal., McMullen, McNair, Meacham, Miller, Molony, Moore of Pa., Moore of La., Newton, Olds, Parker of Ind., Penn, Penniman, Perkins, Phelps, Polk, Porter, Richardson, Riddle, Robbins, Robinson, Sackett, Savage, Schoolcraft, Seymour of N. Y., Skelton, Smith, Snow, Stanton of Ohio, Stanton of Tenn., Stevens of N. Y., Stone, St. Martin, Stratton, Thompson of Va., Thurston, Townshend, Tuck, Walbridge, Walsh, Ward, Watkins, White of Ky., White of Ala., Williams.

NAYS.—Messrs. Aiken, (S. C.) Appleton, (Me.) Averett, Baily, (Ga.) Bayly, (Va.) Barrere, Beale, Bell, Bocock, Bragg, Breckinridge, Brown, (N. J.) Burrows, Caskill, Chastain, Clingman, Colcock, Conger, Dockery, Duncan, Edmundson, Evans, Faulkner, Fuller, (Me.) Hamilton, Harper, Harris, (Tenn.) Hibbard, Holladay, Horsford, Howe, (Pa.) Howe, (N. Y.) Jackson, Jenkins, King, (R. L.) King, (N. Y.) Letcher, Martin, Mason, McQueen, Millson, Morehead, Orr, Outlaw, Peaslee, Powell, Ross, Scurry, Seymour, (Conn.) Stanly, Strother, Taylor, Wallace, Washburn, Welch, Woodward.

THE WHIG CONGRESSIONAL CAUCUS.

We give the official report of the proceedings of this body, with reference to which the public mind has lately been agitated. A record of these transactions possesses permanent value, and will hereafter be referred to as a precedent.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE CAUCUS.

At a meeting of the Whig members of Congress, held in the Senate Chamber, on Friday evening, April 9, 1852—

On motion of Senator Underwood, of Kentucky, the Honorable Willie P. Mangum, (Senator,) of North Carolina, was called to the chair.

Joseph R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, and Alfred Dockery, of North Carolina, were appointed Secretaries.

The Chairman stated that the object of the meeting was to recommend the time and place for holding the Whig National Convention for nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States.

On motion of Mr. Cabell, of Florida, the rules

of the Senate were adopted as the rules for the meeting.

There were present, of the Senate, 14; of the House, 56—70 members.

Mr. Cabell, of Florida, suggested that the names of Whig members of both Houses be called over, and the names of those present be noted.

Some discussion arose as to the adjournment of the meeting to some future day.

Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, gave notice that at the adjourned meeting he should offer resolutions sustaining the Compromise Act as a finality.

The Chairman stated that the question was not now before the meeting; but that he deemed it due to the gentlemen present, and to his honor, to state explicitly that he should be called on, by his understanding of the rules of the Senate which had been adopted for the government of this meeting, and the usages of the Whig party, to rule out of order such resolutions, and he took this early time of stating the matter, that the meeting, if they did not approve of this decision, might call another gentleman to the chair.

Various propositions for calling a future meeting and for fixing the time of adjournment were made, when the following resolution of Mr. Sackett, of New-York, was adopted, namely:

"That when this meeting adjourns, it adjourn to meet in this place on Tuesday evening, the 20th instant, at seven o'clock."

And then the meeting adjourned.

ADJOURNED MEETING.

An adjourned meeting of the Whig members of Congress was held in the Senate chamber on Tuesday evening, April 20th.

At a quarter before eight o'clock Mr. Mangum took the chair.

The proceedings of the previous meeting were read.

Mr. Stanly, of North Carolina, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it be recommended that the Whig National Convention be held in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on Wednesday the 16th day of June next, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States.

Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, then offered the following as a substitute for that by Mr. Stanly:

"Whereas, the determination of the time and place for holding a National Whig Convention has been referred to the Whigs of Congress, the Whig members of the Senate and House of Representatives, having assembled in Convention with the explicit understanding that they regard the series of acts known as the adjustment measures as forming, in their mutual dependence and connection, a system of compromise the most conciliatory, and the best for the entire country that could be obtained from conflicting sectional interests and opinions; and that, therefore, they ought to be adhered to and carried into faithful execution as a final settlement in principle and substance of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embrace, and do unite on this basis as well as upon the long-established principles of the Whig party, do hereby recommend the — day of —, and the city of —

as the time and place for holding the National Whig Convention for the choice of Whig candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency respectively."

The Chair decided that the resolution was out of order, and contrary to the established usage of the party. But, as a substantive resolution, it was to be considered and decided by the meeting whether it would be acted on after the transaction of business, upon which alone the meeting had assembled, viz, that of recommending the time and place for holding the Whig National Convention.

From this decision Mr. Marshall took an appeal, and after considerable debate, in which great latitude was allowed, the motion was put, "Shall the decision of the Chair stand as the judgment of the meeting?" and the question was decided in the affirmative by ayes 46, nays 21, as follows:

SENATE.—*Ayes*:—Messrs. J. H. Clarke, John Davis, H. Fish, J. W. Miller, Truman Smith, P. Spruance, J. R. Underwood, and B. F. Wade.

Nays.—Messrs. Brooke, James Cooper, and Jackson Morton.

HOUSE.—*Ayes*:—Messrs. Allison, Barrere, Bowne, Brenton, Briggs, Campbell, Chandler, Culom, Fowler, Goodenow, Goodrich, Grey, Hascall, Hebard, Hosford, Howe, T. W. Howe, Hunter, King, Kuhns, Meacham, Moore, Morehead, Parker, Penniman, Porter, Sackett, Schoolcraft, Scudder, Stanly, Stanton, Stevens, Taylor, Walbridge, Ward, Washburn, Wells, White (of Kentucky,) Williams.

Noes.—Appleton, James Brooks, E. C. Cabell, Clingman, Dockery, Ewing, Gentry, Haws, Haven, Landry, H. Marshall, Martin, Moore, Outlaw, Schermerhorn, Strother, Williams.

Mr. Gentry, of Tennessee, then offered the following in addition or amendment to the resolution of Mr. Stanly:

Resolved, That the Whig members of Congress, in thus recommending a time and place for the National Whig Convention to assemble, are not to be understood as pledging themselves to support the nominees of said Convention, except upon the condition that the persons then and there nominated as candidates for President and Vice-President shall be publicly and unequivocally pledged to regard the series of measures known as the Compromise measures as a final settlement of the dangerous questions which they embraced, and to maintain that settlement inviolate."

The Chair decided the resolution or amendment of Mr. Gentry to be out of order, unless as a substantive proposition. As such the Chair would receive it.

From this decision of the Chair an appeal was taken; and the opinion of the Chair was sustained without division.

The resolution of Mr. Stanly then coming up, Mr. Campbell of Ohio moved to strike out Baltimore and insert Cincinnati, which was negatived. A motion by the same gentleman, to insert Louisville, was also lost.

A motion was then made to strike out Baltimore and insert Pittsburg; which motion was negatived.

Mr. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, moved to strike out Baltimore and insert Philadelphia; which motion was negatived.

General Cullom, of Tennessee, then gave notice that, after Mr. Stanly's resolution should have been disposed of, he would review the resolutions offered by the gentleman from Kentucky, (Mr. Marshall,) and the gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. Gentry,) if they would remain.

The question on Mr. Stanly's resolution was then put and decided in the affirmative without a division.

General Cullom, of Tennessee, then gave notice that, as the particular friends of the resolutions which had been ruled out of order, in connection with the resolution of Mr. Stanly, were not present, he did not feel called on to present the resolution of which he had given previous notice.

It was resolved that the Chairman of the meeting have authority to re-convene this meeting, should circumstances, in his opinion, render necessary such a course.

It was ordered that the Chairman of the meeting cause the resolution recommending the time and place for holding the Whig National Convention, to be inserted in the Whig newspapers of the District, signed by himself, and countersigned by the Secretaries; and then, at a quarter before twelve, the meeting adjourned.

A true copy of the journal of the meeting.

JOS. R. CHANDLER, } Secretaries.
ALFRED DOCKERY, }

CRITICAL NOTICES.

National Academy of Design.

THE exhibition of the paintings and statues collected together by this institution occasions with each annual recurrence increased attention to the genius of our own artists. In this respect it differs from the exhibition of the Dusseldorf Gallery, which is entirely supplied from the studios of Germany; and in a great measure forestalls the Art Union, with which the public is not altogether pleased, and which, from its very nature, cannot offer so wide a field for the display of competing pictures. Most of the paintings upon the walls of the Art-Union have been purchased by that association, and have a similarity of style, a made-to-order appearance, from which the gallery of the National Academy is free. The small number of portraits at the Art Union gallery is noticed by every visitor; and few have failed to observe the disproportionate excess of landscapes over historical and imaginative designs. In fact, we have hardly seen a work of pure imagination in the Art-Union, since the removal of the magnificent paintings of Cole, some three or four years ago.

The main defect of the Academy exhibition this year is its undue preponderance of portraits. We would prefer too many portraits to a scarcity, especially when they represent personages of historical or present fame; but we do not like to be driven to accepting the extreme which the National Academy has forced upon us. Unless remarkably well done, the portraits of unknown and undistinguished individuals are of no interest whatever to the mass of spectators, and, aside from the inducements afforded by personal vanity, are of no pecuniary advantage to an exhibition. The dear "exhibited" may purchase a season ticket, and persuade half a dozen friends to do likewise, but this profit poorly compensates for the distaste which most persons feel to an indiscriminate collection of portraits, and the consequent disregard of the public to a gallery filled in this manner. We attribute

this unwise profuseness of portraits to thoughtlessness on the part of the directors of the Academy and we hope for an improvement another year.

The mere specification of pictures by number and description can be of little interest, although it is a species of composition in which picture-lovers who write for the papers consider themselves bound to indulge. It is, no doubt, gratifying to here and there an individual to know that No. 15 is a cow grazing, and is excellently well done; that the sky of No. 20 would bear improving; and that the posturing of the principal figure in No. 25 is beyond all praise. We are speaking now of an imaginary collection. But such criticisms, although useful in their way, and refreshing to the memory, are of very little service as guides to that knowledge of the advances and the extensions of art, of which the paintings of the day are the exponents.

Looking at the exhibitions of the National Academy year by year, although at times, as on the present occasion, the excellence of the gallery may seem somewhat diminished, a general improvement upon a former epoch is plainly visible. No living American artist can paint landscapes like the lamented Cole, but the generality of landscapes are better than in Cole's time, or than in any specific period preceding. We should name Durand and Rossiter as superior to any two landscape painters who flourished previous to the commencement of the career of these artists.

We have only time at present, although we do not intend to drop this subject with the present number, to touch upon the prevailing fault of American artists, as manifested in other collections as well as that of the National Academy—the great prevalence of imitation; not imitation of nature, but imitation of other works which the painter has seen, and which he has used as models, when he should have employed them only as studies. The reason of this imitative frenzy does not lie very far back of the fact: our artists imitate, not because they have seen too many paintings, but

because they have seen too few. An ambitious painter, whose range of observation has been narrow, falls in love with a certain style, and sacrifices his native genius to the reproduction of that *manner* which he so much admires. His own originality is suffocated, and dies at last through sheer carelessness. He may continue to paint good pictures, but he has lost his claim to the title of artist.

A painter becomes original in proportion to his facilities of observation, provided he possesses genius at the outset. When he has visited the principal galleries abroad, his judgment has become tempered, and while he admires no style or school to the exclusion of all others, he has observed the secrets of the excellences of each, and is prepared to trust his own faculties to accomplish his own designs. The point where imitative dependency ceases, and self-reliance begins, varies with different individuals, but in the case of artists of any note, it can always be defined; and the chief reason of its existence is remembered by no one so well as by the artist himself.

—Were we called on to specify the picture now on exhibition at the National Academy, the most free from this fault of imitation, or indeed from faults of any kind, we should refer to the "Norwegian Forest," by Cappelen. We do not know that all critics will agree with us, but no one who has wandered through our own northern woods can fail to be impressed and fascinated by the singular fidelity of this representation. The rich, rank summer verdure, the rotting trunks, the climbing parasites, the mossy and distorted rocks, and the still, lily-covered pool in the foreground, make up a picture which, in the attributes of quiet landscape, we have not seen excelled in the entire range of American landscape painting.

Anna Thillon and the Opera at Niblo's.

Madame Anna Thillon is one of those charming women who stop just short of fascination; whom very one admires, and by whom no one is very powerfully attracted; an accomplished singer, and yet incapable of creating the enthusiasm that attends many other devotees of the divine art not more celebrated than herself; a brilliant actress, and yet unpersecuted by admirers after the falling of the curtain; she shines and dazzles and bewilders—and is forgotten.

But does the reader imagine that Madame Thillon is therefore unequal to French comic opera? He could not be more greatly mistaken. In this description of music she has never had her equal in this country. Her lack of tragic or even dramatic sentiment, her deficiency of pathos, or indeed of deep feeling of any kind, render her all the more suitable for the gay, light, dancing measures of the French composers whose music she represents. She would be utterly at fault with Meyerbeer; would make terrible havoc with the resounding symphonies of David; and, should she wander into Italian music, she would cause Rossini and Donizetti to turn pale with terror. But no such difficulties attend her amid the pleasantries of French comic opera. Here she is at home. Here her occasional musical errors pass for voluntary variations, and all those liberties which she allows

herself—the pretty posturing; the admiration which she is constantly bestowing on herself; the thousand charming artifices she practises to win the admiration of her audience; and the vagaries of her fluty voice—these liberties exactly harmonize with the spirit of what she is performing, its joyousness, its *abandon*, and its freedom from seriousness or emotion.

Auber, as given us by Mr. Niblo, has been a fair offset to Donizetti, whose acquaintance was tendered us with so much assiduity by Maretzek. We are now ready to enter upon a new season of musical entertainments; and we hope it may be abundantly diversified by the works of not two or three composers, but of a dozen. We wish to hear not only Bellini, Donizetti, and Auber, but, in addition, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Bälfe, and Mercadente. The public is a many-headed monster after all, and its tastes are decidedly in favor of variety. No one, however, understands this better than Mr. Niblo.

Nothing seems to have been yet done in the way of erecting the "People's Opera House;" and our capitalists are evidently afraid of such an investment. Blessings are often slow in coming, and their dilatoriness is proportionate to their value. There is consolation in this reflection.

American Wit and Wisdom.

So many attempts have been made, the last ten years, to embody in a comic shape the intellectual power of our country, and the failures have been so perfect, that the public looked with an apathy unlike their usual character at the present effort. We ourselves, who have narrowly, as became us, scrutinized the *Lantern*, were slow to believe in its being a fixed fact. The rock on which all previous efforts have split has, however, been no rock at all; the Yankee Doodle, Judy, John Donkey, Bubble, and its brethren, never could be said to have fairly floated. It is clear they could not swim. They were merely buoyed up by that vanity which so many of our countrymen mistake for genius. When the small cash the editors had, and still smaller brains, were dissipated, the things of shreds and patches ceased fortunately to trouble the composers, or stick the deluded newsboys.

We must here premise that the public have a very mistaken notion of what they call *American humor*. Humor does not belong to either a nation or a parish; it is universal: no rule is more unerring than this, that if the comic aspect depends upon an American or English ear, it is simply slang, and not humor. It belongs to a clique, and not to the world; it is Cockneyish, and not Shakspearian. Humor is the jocular wisdom of the human heart, and is the voice of truth set to a more genial measure. There can be no humor without earnestness. What the million call humor, is mere horse-laughter; a besotted fool grinning through an ass's collar. A suet dumpling with human features, placed in such a position, would move the risibility of the public; but herein lies its death. Witless as the many are, they never laugh long at these miserable abortions.

A long acquaintance with the public justifies

our belief that it wants a paper like the *Lantern*; and so long as the writers supply that want for the people, and not for themselves, it must flourish. But, we repeat, they must show their object is truth, not a joke; a purpose, not a pun. The human face, with all its shifting expression, its smiles and tears, must be behind the mask assumed for incognito. The motley garb must cover a sensitive heart, alive to all the requirements of the time. The fools of Shakspeare are the wisest of his characters, and uttered truths to princes, peers, and peasants, unbecoming another lip. In like manner, Diogenes must be the chartered Touchstone to tell the world its follies, its vices, and smile them into propriety. We do not believe that murder or burglary can ever be made so ridiculous that Cromwells will be ashamed either of killing or house-breaking; but we know the minor evils of our nature can be more easily and effectively dealt with by a genial sarcasm and profound banter, than by the fiercest diatribes of the moralist, or the vinegar aspect of the Pharisee; and in this faith, we tell Diogenes to go on fearlessly and prosper, remembering always to temper justice with mercy, and adopt Shakspeare's motto:

"Tis excellent to have a giant's strength,
But tyrannous to use it like a giant."

The writers in the *Lantern* must pardon us if we give them a little advice and warning. Nothing tires sooner in company than a professed joker; after a time he becomes a regular bore, a complete nuisance, and gets mentally kicked out of all decent society. It must have been one of these eternal word torturers that drew from Johnson the savage postulate, that "the man who'd make a pun would pick a pocket." We also believe that the man who continually makes puns would soar to even the sublimity of petty larceny. Still, a joke in season is the salt of life. That life is a jest, is an acknowledged fact; but we all know there are two sides to the face, and that men have to laugh on both sides every day of their life. Indeed, none but the bigot or the fool keep laughter for only one cheek. There should be a purpose in even a pun. Truth lies not in a well, but in things well said: the better said, the truer; the shorter, the sweeter. Flesh is a mere collection of atoms; the beauty consists in the arrangement. So in all works, more especially of the *Lantern* genus, symmetry is the outer secret; but even external grace will not go without a soul, an informing spirit; in like manner, a comic journal must have purpose and earnestness. It was this evident pervading spirit that first recommended it to our notice, and gave it an interest in our eyes, which we never accord to the ephemeral literature of the day.

Illustrated Librettos of French, German, and Italian Operas. London. New-York: David Davidson, 109 Nassau street. 1852.

These Librettos are by far the most neat, tasteful, and complete we have yet seen. We have never been satisfied with the editions that have previously appeared from our own press. They were tolerable, because there were none better. But they laid no claim to beauty, and were

hardly worth preserving from one evening to another. Mr. Davidson's Librettos, on the other hand, are printed in a rich, attractive style, are thickly set with musical interpretations of the favorite airs, and are in every way adapted to their object.

These books comprise a number of operas of which we know comparatively little, but which are famous abroad, and will some day become popular in this country. We have yet much classic music to hear, and we are perfectly willing to exchange Donizetti's half-dozen "last," at any time, for an equal number of his earlier and better productions, or of the to us almost unknown operas of France and Germany. We have hitherto been almost suffocated with Donizetti, and were grateful beyond all measure when, a few months back, Maretzek introduced "*Robert le Diable*"—was it not possible for Meyerbeer to give his hero a more gentlemanly name?—and the Artists' Union refreshed our ears with the splendid music of *Don Giovanni*.

We miss the "*Puritans*" from this collection. We do not know how this opera is estimated abroad, but in this country it is a prime favorite, and never fails of securing artists a good audience.

The Future Wealth of America; being a Glance at the Resources of the United States, and the Commercial and Agricultural Advantages of Cultivating Tea, Coffee, Indigo, &c.; with a Review of the China Trade. By FRANCIS BONYNGE. New-York. 1852.

The main design of this work is to prove the suitability of the soil and climate of the United States for the production of tea, coffee, dates, and other articles of luxury, which are now imported into this country. The cultivation of the tea plant is described with a good deal of minuteness, and the argument in favor of the United States becoming a producer of tea certainly looks imposing. A practical test can only determine its real value.

Mr. Bonyngé tells us that we are imposed upon in most of our purchases of tea; and that while we flatter ourselves that we are imbibing the genuine souchong or twankay, we are in reality debasing our palates with foreign herbs, pulverized twigs, and tea-house sweepings. "Things are brought to that pass by the ingenuity of traders, that we get none of the good teas, and that they are mostly retained by the Chinese or sent into Tartary." The English, it seems, are not so well treated as we. Mr. Bonyngé details a few of the impositions practised upon Anglican tea-drinkers, at which we should smile, did we not fear that, in so doing, we should also be making fun of ourselves.

Mr. Bonyngé is much better informed as to our agriculture than our politics. His remarks on the latter show that he is not entirely a Solon. "Americans," he says, "should turn their undivided attention to agriculture, instead of those horrible politics. There are few nations that have an equal number (comparatively) of newspapers and journals; and the whole of them, without an exception that I have been able to meet with, are political."

Mr. Bonyngé cannot have turned his observation to good purpose. We must contradict the state-

ment by saying that it is simply ridiculous, and that any well-informed lad will tell Mr. Bonyng as much.

Mr. Bonyng thinks "it is absolutely necessary to devise some means to insure the prosperity of America." This sentence should have been followed by a dozen exclamation points. "It was only this day," he says, "I read of the return to Liverpool, from these States, of two hundred laborers, and some fifty more who desired to get a passage in the same ship. Two hundred of these friends of society have left these shores to return to the land from which they came. They came here, one solitary hope animating them, that they could earn, by their labor, an honest and humble subsistence. They came young, active, in the prime of life. Their country had had the expense of supporting them from their childhood; and when they came to these shores to give their services to the country, they were rejected, because this country will not study its own interests, or will not know them."

The personal acquaintance we have with Mr. Bonyng and his plans prevents us from taking up such balderdash, as we would take it up, did we not know that its author was entirely beyond his depth, and had no idea of what he was saying. We are receiving a thousand emigrants a day, into the single port of New-York, and providing for them all. We are able to do as much for a long time to come, and, by the blessing of Heaven, intend to do it. The labor market varies with time and place; but no willing and able-bodied man need, in this country, be long looking for work. We advise Mr. Bonyng to cut this nonsense from his book. It is wholly untrue, and destroys the reputation of the entire work.

Mr. Bonyng is a practical tea-grower, and is well versed in the cultivation of cotton, and the other products of warm climates. We wish him all success with his plantations, and our citizens are doing much to expedite his plans. If we have touched upon a portion of his book somewhat rudely, it has been done because we regarded it simply as a necessity and a kindness.

Thirty-first Annual Report of the Board of Direction of the Mercantile Library Association of the City of New-York. 1852.

From the report of this flourishing and highly beneficial institution we extract the following:

"This institution is now entitled to take its rank as the fifth among the literary institutions of our country in point of importance. Its library is only surpassed in number of volumes by the libraries of 'Harvard College,' 'The Library Company of Philadelphia,' 'The Boston Athenæum,' and the 'Congressional Library at Washington.'"

Clifton, or Modern Fashion. A Novel. By ARTHUR TOWNLEY. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1852.

Clifton is the most recent of that interminable series of model heroes whom flash novelists delight to represent. Clifton is of good family, of course; grows up, of course, the best scholar and the best fighter among his associates; studies law,

of course; makes "giant strides in his profession," of course; revolutionizes the politics of his district, of course; and, having rescued the most beautiful of all beautiful young ladies from drowning, in due course marries her, and comes into possession of her estates. His only misfortune consists in being sent to Congress; but, as it is the theory of many novel readers that novels should have a melancholy end, the final mishap of our hero will not, perhaps, detract from his reputation as a model man.

The Paris Sketch Book. By WILLIAM M. THACKERAY. Two vols. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

The "Paris Sketch Book" is a collection of notes, essays, and sketches, suggested by French life.

A book by Thackeray, whether long or brief, ambitious or unpretending, is always sure to be read. The author of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" is the most satirical and brilliant of English writers. We wish he had a trifle more heart; but there is nothing affected about him, and you feel that he writes as he thinks, and makes no pretensions to what he does not possess. Thackeray's satire is often wonderfully bitter, and he never fires a shot without effect. He is just such a writer as Swift would have been, had he lived in the nineteenth century.

The Principles of the Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine, with the Fallacies of the Faculty. By SAMUEL DICKSON, M.D. With an Introduction and Notes by WILLIAM TURNER, M.D., Ex-Health Commissioner for the city and county of New-York. Fifteenth edition. New-York: J. S. Redfield. 1852.

This is a very interesting book, whatever may be its therapeutic value. If there were nothing else to recommend the system which it advocates besides its repudiation of the savage practice of bloodletting, that alone would insure it a fair hearing. If there was any code of the old school that deserved ignominious death and burial, it was that code by which the patient was instructed to suffer the lancet whenever prostrated by illness; and of all the ridiculous nonsense to which human folly ever gave birth, the idea of curing a sick, and therefore enfeebled man, by letting out his life through his veins, was surely the most gigantic in its absurdity.

Essays from the London Times: A Collection of Personal and Historical Sketches. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., Broadway.

A volume just fitted to put in the pocket on an excursion by railway, steamboat, or coach, or on foot. The articles are sufficiently varied, and it is a very fascinating book from the subjects and persons treated of; among whom are Lady Hamilton; Louis Philippe and his family, Howard the philanthropist, Robert Southey, Dean Swift, Stella and Vanessa, John Keats, and others. There is something melo-dramatic in the style, but, like a good melo-drama, it is very interesting. The overpowering influence of Lady Hamilton's

beauty and attractions we seem to feel as much as did Romney, Hayley, and Nelson. We see her as the poor servant-girl, and the all-admired lady, and as the counsellor of the Queen of Naples; and we gaze on her upon the miserable death-bed in Calais, when she was glad of the worst bit of meat you could provide for a dog. Nelson left his daughter, (Horatia,) by Lady Hamilton, to the beneficence of the English government; but they have never paid the slightest attention to her.

Recollections of a Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China. By M. HUO. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

Here is a genuine book of travels. It has been our fortune to read few books so full of interest. The reader is carried across the wild regions of Tartary and on the outskirts of China into Thibet, by the good-natured and simple-minded writer, in a narrative so real and so picturesque, that he is fascinated beyond measure.

The primitive habits and simple hospitality of the Tartars; their romantic life and their strange religion; the cunning politeness and cowardice of the Chinese; the pomposity of their mandarins, and the servility of the people, are all given in the most graphic manner; whilst you move on, as it were, with the little caravan of two camels and two horses, pushing their way through dreary deserts, or the slimy mud of the Hoang-Ho; pitching their tents in solitary places, or finding their way to the flowery-titled taverns of the Celestials: "The Five Felicities," "Justice and Mercy," &c.

The present is an abridged edition of the original, but only those parts are left out which are historical and are derived from other books, and where the travellers return upon a track already described.

There is an extraordinary account of some performances of the native priests, which the writer narrates as facts with all the simplicity of a child; and proceeds to attribute their power to diabolical agency.

Handbook of Wines, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, with a description of Foreign Spirits and Liqueurs. By THOMAS McMULLEN. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is an admirable compendium of the curious and interesting subject of Wines. The author is evidently much versed in it, and has presented his matter in a very well-arranged and convenient shape for reference. The novice will be astonished at the extent and variety of information necessary to the compilation of such a work.

Tales and Traditions of Hungary. By THERESA PULSKY. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

The strong interest which recent events have awakened towards Hungary gives a peculiar appropriateness to this publication. The legends and traditions of a people are among the truest indications of the national character. Madame Pulsky has given us in this volume a fine col-

lection of those of her unfortunate country. She very finely says, in her introduction, that the traditions of a people "are the inartificial tokens of the riches or the poverty of its imagination. But the unruly play of the imagination is not the only source of tradition. If we retrace its source, we get to the wonderful springs of primitive ideas, where feelings and thoughts, phantasy and understanding, are not yet separated from one another, and where the first commencements of poetry and the science of philosophy and mythology coincide."

The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton.

The Messrs. Appletons have incorporated in their popular Library of the Best Authors this famous little book. It is a true work of genius, delineating character with an almost Shakspearian perfection, and at the same time depicting the domestic manners and habits of thought of that most interesting of the olden times, with a quaint freshness and simplicity that will be sought for in vain in any other book of modern times, in equal perfection. It is difficult to believe that it is not a genuine diary; and that the pictures drawn of the domestic habits of the sublime bard, whose majestic numbers are the organ-notes of our English literature, are not drawn from life.

Hungary in 1851: with an Experience of the Austrian Police. With Map and Illustrations. By CHARLES LOBING BRACE. New-York: Chas. Scribner.

The public has looked with great interest for the appearance of this book from Mr. Brace. Nor will it be disappointed in its expectation. The work will do more to settle the mooted questions touching the various points of the Hungarian struggle, than all the discussions that have taken place amongst us.

The author we have known intimately for several years, and have always esteemed him as one of the most candid and impartial seekers for truth, on all questions that interested him, we have ever known. There is probably no one at the present time, not a Hungarian, who has had such opportunities or such qualifications to judge of the Hungarian cause as Mr. Brace.

We have spoken of his native peculiarity of mind. He went into the country determined to mingle with the people themselves. He confined himself, however, to no class, but listened to the opinions of all. The harsh and most unjustifiable treatment which he met with from the Austrian police necessarily aroused his anger; but, whilst it gave him the most tangible evidence of the cruelty and injustice of the Austrian government, we do not believe that even it was capable of arousing in him any unjustifiable purpose of revenge by misrepresenting the facts of the case. No one can read the book without being impressed with its candor. He says in his preface: "I have thought I could not better help on the cause of truth and justice, than by simply presenting the facts, whether they told against one side or the other. I think the book will not be found to have

a *partisan* air." No partisanship, except such as every American must feel in favor of the self-government of man against despotism. In addition to the discussion of the historical and political questions of the country, the narrative of his journey abounds with picturesque descriptions of scenery and manners. The interior life of the people is displayed; their character, political, social and religious; education and modes of thought and feeling; in short, all those things that are required to enable us to form a just estimate of the nation. The statistical and other information given is very valuable. The characters of Kosuth and Görgey, the two heroes of the great tragedy, are drawn with what seems to us a remarkable insight and fidelity. We confess that we are anxious that the book should have a universal circulation, and that the truth should thus be made to triumph on this most interesting and important of modern historico-political questions.

Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone; or, Notes, Social, Picturesque, and Legendary, by the Way. By ANGUS B. REACH. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

We predict an unbounded popularity for this little work. Nothing can exceed the vivacity of the style or the vivid descriptions of scenery. What better companion could one have into the old wine and oil provinces of the *once* La Belle France? We can assure our readers that they will enjoy a real treat. But we shall fail in conveying any adequate idea of the book, except by an extract. The following will show the piquant style of the writer, and at the same time give the purpose and scope of the book:

"All sensible readers will be gratified when I state that, I have not the remotest intention of describing the archæology of Bordeaux, or any other town whatever. Whoever wants to know the height of a steeple, the length of an aisle, or the number of arches in a bridge, must betake themselves to Murray and his compeers. I will neither be picturesquely profound upon ogives, triforiae, clerestorys, screens, or mouldings; nor magniloquently great upon the arched, the early pointed, the florid, or the flamboyant schools. I will go into raptures neither about virgins, nor holy families, nor oriel windows, in the fine old cut-and-dried school of the traveller of taste, which means, of course, every traveller who ever packed a shirt in a carpet-bag; but leaving the mere archæology and carved stones alone in their glory, I will try and sketch living, and now and then historical, France; to move gossipingly along the byways rather than the highways, always more prone to give a good legend of a gray old castle than a correct measurement of the height of the towers; and always seeking to bring up as well as I can a varying, shifting picture, well thronged with humanity, before the reader's eye."

The publication is reprinted from the early proof-sheets of the London edition, and forms one of Mr. Putnam's Semi-monthly Library volumes, at the extremely low price of twenty-five cents.

A Pilgrimage to Egypt: embracing a Diary of Explorations of the Nile; with observations illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the People, and the present condition of the Antiquities and Ruins. With numerous Engravings. By J. V. C. SMITH, Editor of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Shrewd and keen observations of a highly practical man. The reader will find nowhere more common-sense views of this most interesting region, or more practical information conveyed in a clearer manner.

Familiar Lectures on Botany, with a new and full description of the Plants of the United States. By MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS. New-York: Huntington & Savage. 1852.

Mrs Phelps, formerly Mrs. Lincoln, is a standard authority in the science of Botany. The last edition of her work comprises many recent additions to our herbarium, among the lately opened fields of our Western possessions, new varieties of Magnolia, the medicinal plants Canchalagua, Quercitra, &c.

Revue Littéraire Française: A weekly Literary and Scientific Paper, proposing to impart to Americans a knowledge of the French Language in a pleasant and easy manner, without compelling any neglect of business, giving the pronunciation of the French Exercises, with Tables, showing at once the pronounciation and grammatical rules, leading to a knowledge of the French Language in a short time. By Messrs. RICHARD & MOUTON, 115 Chambers street, New-York. 1852.

The design and execution of this work will be noticed at length in a coming number.

The Yellowplush Papers. By W. M. THACKERAY. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

Bronchitis and Kindred Disease. By W. W. HALL, M.D. New-York: J. S. Redfield. 1852.

The American Family Robinson. By LITT. MAYNE REID. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1852.

Woodreve Manor; or Six Months in Town. By ANNA HANSON DORSEY. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1852.

because they have seen too few. An ambitious painter, whose range of observation has been narrow, falls in love with a certain style, and sacrifices his native genius to the reproduction of that *manner* which he so much admires. His own originality is suffocated, and dies at last through sheer carelessness. He may continue to paint good pictures, but he has lost his claim to the title of artist.

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—Were we called on to specify the picture now on exhibition at the National Academy, the most free from this fault of imitation, or indeed from faults of any kind, we should refer to the "Norwegian Forest," by Cappelen. We do not know that all critics will agree with us, but no one who has wandered through our own northern woods can fail to be impressed and fascinated by the singular fidelity of this representation. The rich, rank summer verdure, the rotting trunks, the climbing parasites, the mossy and distorted rocks, and the still, lily-covered pool in the foreground, make up a picture which, in the attributes of quiet landscape, we have not seen excelled in the entire range of American landscape painting.

Anna Thillon and the Opera at Niblo's.

Madame Anna Thillon is one of those charming women who stop just short of fascination; whom very one admires, and by whom no one is very powerfully attracted; an accomplished singer, and yet incapable of creating the enthusiasm that attends many other devotees of the divine art not more celebrated than herself; a brilliant actress, and yet unpersecuted by admirers after the falling of the curtain; she shines and dazzles and bewilders—and is forgotten.

But does the reader imagine that Madame Thillon is therefore unequal to French comic opera? He could not be more greatly mistaken. In this description of music she has never had her equal in this country. Her lack of tragic or even dramatic sentiment, her deficiency of pathos, or indeed of deep feeling of any kind, render her all the more suitable for the gay, light, dancing measures of the French composers whose music she represents. She would be utterly at fault with Meyerbeer; would make terrible havoc with the resounding symphonies of David; and, should she wander into Italian music, she would cause Rossini and Donizetti to turn pale with terror. But no such difficulties attend her amid the pleasantries of French comic opera. Here she is at home. Here her occasional musical errors pass for voluntary variations, and all those liberties which she allows

herself—the pretty posturing; the admiration which she is constantly bestowing on herself; the thousand charming artifices she practises to win the admiration of her audience; and the vagaries of her fluty voice—these liberties exactly harmonize with the spirit of what she is performing, its joyousness, its *abandon*, and its freedom from seriousness or emotion.

Auber, as given us by Mr. Niblo, has been a fair offset to Donizetti, whose acquaintance was tendered us with so much assiduity by Maretzek. We are now ready to enter upon a new season of musical entertainments; and we hope it may be abundantly diversified by the works of not two or three composers, but of a dozen. We wish to hear not only Bellini, Donizetti, and Auber, but, in addition, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Balfe, and Mercadente. The public is a many-headed monster after all, and its tastes are decidedly in favor of variety. No one, however, understands this better than Mr. Niblo.

Nothing seems to have been yet done in the way of erecting the "People's Opera House;" and our capitalists are evidently afraid of such an investment. Blessings are often slow in coming, and their dilatoriness is proportionate to their value. There is consolation in this reflection.

American Wit and Wisdom.

So many attempts have been made, the last ten years, to embody in a comic shape the intellectual power of our country, and the failures have been so perfect, that the public looked with an apathy unlike their usual character at the present effort. We ourselves, who have narrowly, as became us, scrutinized the *Lantern*, were slow to believe in its being a fixed fact. The rock on which all previous efforts have split has, however, been no rock at all; the Yankee Doodle, Judy, John Donkey, Bubble, and its brethren, never could be said to have fairly floated. It is clear they could not swim. They were merely buoyed up by that vanity which so many of our countrymen mistake for genius. When the small cash the editors had, and still smaller brains, were dissipated, the things of shreds and patches ceased fortunately to trouble the composers, or stick the deluded newsboys.

We must here premise that the public have a very mistaken notion of what they call *American humor*. Humor does not belong to either a nation or a parish; it is universal: no rule is more unerring than this, that if the comic aspect depends upon an American or English ear, it is simply slang, and not humor. It belongs to a clique, and not to the world; it is Cockneyish, and not Shakspearian. Humor is the jocular wisdom of the human heart, and is the voice of truth set to a more genial measure. There can be no humor without earnestness. What the million call humor, is mere horse-laughter; a besotted fool grinning through an ass's collar. A sweet dumpling with human features, placed in such a position, would move the risibility of the public; but herein lies its death. Witless as the many are, they never laugh long at these miserable abortions.

A long acquaintance with the public justifies